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PERIODICAL COLLECTION

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND

ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE:

BEING

A PERIODICAL JOURNAL,

**DEVOTED TO MASONRY, ARTS AND SCIENCES, BIOGRAPHY, SKETCHES OF CHARACTER,
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, POPULAR TALES, MISCELLANY, POETRY, LITERARY
AND POLITICAL NEWS, &c. &c.**

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MASONICK RECORD.

AN ORATION,

Delivered at Zanesville, Ohio, on the festival of Saint John the Evangelist, December 27, 5810, before the Lodge of Amity. By Brother LEWIS CASS, late Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and present Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Michigan.

"For whither thou goest, I will go—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—RUTH.

Sweet and soothing to the wounded heart are thy consolations, O! friendship! In prosperity thou givest a zest to every pleasure, and in adversity thou lightenest the burden of every sorrow. Sacred and imperishable be this monument erected to thee—sacred as thy duties, and imperishable as thy virtues!

The glare of conquest and the pomp of war have too long engaged the attention and attracted the admiration of mankind. Those wild and social virtues, which adorn and ennoble the human character, have seldom furnished a theme of panegyric for the poet, or of eulogy for the historian.

The destroyer of thousands, the conqueror of nations, is irradiated with a temporary lustre, which fascinates the imagination and bewilders the judgment of the spectator; but it soon sets in the darkness of the tomb—it is extinguished in that oblivious mansion, which annihilates the spirit of martial glory, and mingles in one promiscuous throng the victorious and the vanquished. But those virtues, which we this day meet to commemorate, shall live when the glory of the warrior and the fame of the conqueror shall have passed away like a dazzling meteor, which is lost in the obscurity of surrounding darkness. They will secure us that happiness, which is independent of wealth and power, and will constitute the pass-word for admittance into that Lodge, whose Tyler is Death, and whose Portal is the Grave.

Upon this sacred and solemn festival, it would be useless, were it possible, to penetrate that mist of obscurity which envelops the origin of our society. Coeval with civilization, and anterior to history, it mocks the inquiries of the curious, and baffles the researches of the antiquarian. But great is our cause of rejoicing and of pride, when we contrast its durations with the fleeting fabrics of man.—Those stupendous works, which excited the wonder of the ancient world, and formed an epoch in history, have ages since mouldered into dust; but this moral edifice, joining the vigour of youth to the maturity of age, has outlived their glory, and now mourns their fall. The lofty and aspiring oak hath yielded to the rude blast of the whirlwind, while the meek and lowly willow, safe in its humility, hath defied the tornado and the tempest. Thus has it fared with the institutions of man. Too proud to seek safety in the vale of obscurity, and too weak to withstand the rude shock of time, they have successively fallen before the mighty destroyer. Few are the works of art, and still fewer of genius, which have escaped the ravages of time and the ruthless attacks of barbarians. So perishable indeed have been the monuments of human industry, that scarcely a shattered column or a broken pilaster now direct the eager eye of the inquiring traveller to the most celebrated scenes of ancient story. The memorials of liberty have been as mutable as the vestiges of slavery, and not a solitary stone now remains of those monuments erected at Marathon & Thermopylae, to commemorate the heroic deeds which secured freedom and independence to Greece, and deathless glory to her history. But far differ-

ent is the picture which our society presents.—Founded upon the eternal pillars of *Charity* and *Benevolence*, its arch has spanned creation, and its walls have encircled the whole family of man. From a weak and feeble beginning, it has arisen to a gigantic stature, unprecedented in the annals of the world. That ray, which once feebly and faintly glimmered in the Porch of the Temple at Jerusalem, has become a glorious and resplendent luminary, cheering with its beams and dazzling with its lustre.

Amid the convulsions which have recently agitated society, and which have unhinged individual as well as national principles, it is rather a source of regret than surprise, that the purity of our doctrines has not preserved us from the effects of that tempest which has desolated the moral world.—Surely when the altar has been prostrated to make room for idolatrous statues, and when the temples of Christianity have been polluted by the unhallowed orgies of infidelity, we had little reason to expect an exemption from the demoralizing calamity. The phantoms of distempered imaginations, and the fables of interested malice, have found advocates and supporters. We too have been charged with wishing to demolish the fabric of government, and to sap the foundations of society. That horror which ought always to be excited by every attempt to shake the pillars of morality, has been transferred to the purest institution which has descended from the wisdom of our forefathers. How unfounded are the suspicions and how unjust the charge, can alone be known by us, who are conversant with its principles and regulations. To those who are ignorant of its aim and object, it is only necessary to recal the memory of those venerable and celebrated men, whose names yet add lustre to our society. Let it ever be recollected, with joy and pride, that *Locke*, *Warren*, *Franklin* and *Washington*, beautified their columns in the Temple of Masonry; men, to whom the pageantry of wealth and splendour of birth afforded no adventitious ornament. If we are accused of entertaining designs hostile to the peace of society, we unroll our records and point to the name of *Locke*, a man whose mental eye penetrated the profound abyss of the human mind, and whose luminous writings established the liberties of the world upon a basis never to be undermined by the approaches of tyranny or the attacks of power. The immortal *Warren*, with a host of revolutionary patriots, upon whom death has served the summons of the Grand Master, upon Bunker's awful mount, sealed with his blood those principles which our society inculcated and he professed. A crowd of virtuous and illustrious men, who are performing their parts with applause upon the great theatre of life, are living witnesses of our purity and innocence. Are we not united to society by the same indissoluble bonds of affection and consanguinity with our fellow-citizens? Is not our country as near and her rights as dear to us, as to those with whom suspicion is proof, and prejudice conviction? Away then with such unfounded suspicions, such injurious surmises—they are fit only to adorn the pages of a venal writer, and to cause alarm where the government is maintained by force, and the people submit through fear.

We have no hesitation in conceding that our principles are more spotless than our practice, and our doctrines purer than our lives; but it surely requires little observation to be convinced that a system and its professors are frequently at variance, and that the conduct of the one furnishes an inaccurate standard by which to appreciate the merits of

the other. Those who are most acute to discern and most willing to acknowledge the obligations of morality, are not thereby exempted from the errors and frailties which are incident to humanity. The abuse of a thing is no valid objection to its inherent goodness. There is nothing which the vices of men may not convert to base and unworthy purposes—the gold will become dim, and the most fine gold changed. Even the benign religion of the Prince of Peace has been made the unwilling instrument of the greatest enormities that have stained the pages of history. Under the pretext of propagating the peaceful religion of the lowly Nazarene, has been established the Inquisition, at whose diabolical cruelty humanity starts back with horror. Hark! that piercing groan proclaims the dying agonies of some tortured wretch. Why is yon miserable victim encircled with the instruments of hell and the ministers of death? Why waves that triumphant banner over his devoted head, emblazoned with a splendid Cross, and inscribed with the words *Mercy* and *Justice*? Is that the banner Cross of Jesus? Are those the insignia of that religion, to propagate and to establish which its Author left the throne of Omnipotence, and descended upon this terrestrial abode? Are those the ministers of the meek and lowly founder of Christianity, who inculcated the blessings of peace and the duties of humanity? Great indeed must have been the crimes of the suffering victim, and inexpressible his offence. Has he murdered his father? has he poisoned his mother? or has he been guilty of any other crime hitherto unheard of in the black catalogue of human enormities? Far otherwise: He was a man whose morals were pure, and whose life was without reproach. He supplied, with alacrity, the wants of the poor and indigent. But his benevolence was forgotten and his charities disregarded! He was so unfortunate as to deny the infallibility of the Pope, and to reject the doctrinal tenets of the Romish church. For this conscientious adherence to principle, he is condemned to a death the most horrible and excruciating that the malignant heart of man can devise. If then, a religion, whose corner stone is *Mercy*, has been thus perverted from its original purpose, let it never be the reproach of Masonry that its members have failed to fulfil its duties and obligations.

That veil, which has preserved our traditional secrets, and which will never be withdrawn to gratify an idle or impertinent curiosity, has provoked the fears of the weak and the malice of the wicked. To the good and the virtuous our hearts are open; nor will they ever be detained at the door of the Temple. With joy and with pride will we receive them, till in the East they hail the glories of the rising Sun. We never assumed the impossible task of eradicating the errors or of concealing the imperfections of our brethren. Though we become Masons, yet we remain men. But so curiously is the mind of man moulded, and so finely tuned is that chord which vibrates to the heart, that we are ever prone to reject those advantages which are most obvious, and impatient to seek those which are beyond our control. Place honour, wealth, and fame within our reach, and, like the Macedonian hero, we shall sigh for new worlds upon which to display our feeble talents. Grant us every wish that the most fertile genius could desire, and every power which the arm of man can wield, our soaring imaginations would burst their terrestrial habitations, and exercise their excursive powers in the regions of unbounded space. Display our sacred principles to the gaze of the multitude; reveal those cha-

acters, which wisdom has established and time rendered sacred, and we destroy at once the distinguishing criterion of our Order. No; wisely has it been directed, that our mystick language should be concealed from the world; and never shall the Masonick veil be rent in twain, nor the glory depart from between the pillars, till the *Supreme Grand Master* shall close this earthly Lodge and open an eternal Lodge upon the *first step* of Masonry!

But to be exempted from evil is to us no praise—we aspire to a far different character. The exercise of our principles calls forth the noblest sentiment engrafted upon the corrupt heart of man. Hail! Heaven-born Charity! Along the bleak and dreary waste of life, how few are the flowers that gild the scene! how scattered the spots which are fertile in happiness! To the hapless and benighted traveller thy rays cheer the solitary gloom, and thy smiles enliven the darksome prospect. But that charity, which constitutes the bond of our union, the cement of our edifice, is not circumscribed within the narrow bounds of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Its influence in the social circle is far more important and extensive: It teaches us candidly to appreciate the motives of others, and to “record their virtues in brass and their vices in water.” It is of vital consequence, in those collisions of interest and conflicts of opinion which agitate society, by checking the turbulence of ungovernable passions. It is the moral rainbow, which, extending its luminous circle over the social hemisphere, tinges every object with its mild and mellow radiance, at once an attendant on the tempest and a pledge of its departure. It is the Corinthian pillar of our Order—the entablature which adds grace, and strength, and beauty to the fabric of Masonry. Without it, the cedar of Lebanon and the marble of Paros would remain rude unshapen materials in the hands of the artist. Upon this rock of ages we may safely build, and bid defiance to the storms of calumny and detraction which exhaust their feeble rage around us.

To this respected audience I will now disclose the great secret of Masonry—I will reveal the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of our institution:—It is to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to cherish the disconsolate, and to introduce into the world a spirit of charity, benevolence and humanity—a spirit which can alone strike the red standard of war, and give to the indigent and oppressed competence for poverty, and freedom for slavery. To lighten the burden of life and to refresh the weary pilgrim on his journey, are our noblest duties and our highest pleasures—they form the key-stone in our arch of virtue. Are these designs laudable and these duties pleasant? Ask the way-worn traveller—ask the shipwrecked seaman—ask the wounded soldier.

When the weary wanderer, far removed from family, from friends and home, is ready to sink beneath accumulated woes, and stands aghast at misery's haggard eye, he is then cheered with the consolations of philanthropy and the attentions of friendship—a balm which Gilead never afforded, and a medicine which no physician there could administer.

When the weather-beaten sailor has seen the companions of his misfortunes overwhelmed by the awful tempest, and when only one frail plank preserves him from the untrodden world of spirits, how grateful must be his feelings, and how exquisite his sensations, to discover that the spectator, who surveys his danger from the distant cliff, is a brother—to call upon him in that universal language, which is intelligible in every country, in characters as legible and as impressive as those which announced to the wondering king of Babylon the destruction of his empire, and the termination of his life.

What sayest thou, stranger, is not the remembrance of such an institution pleasant to the sufferer? Yes, more fragrant than Arabian cassia, more precious than the gold of Ophir.

But the triumphant scene of our society yet remains to be displayed. When the miserable victim of savage barbarity is attached to the stake, and the flames are kindled around him; when this world and its enjoyments are fast receding from his view, and the inexorable tyrant approaches in his most horrible form, then is the firmest mind appalled and the most courageous heart will tremble. To be cut

off in the flower of manhood, and in the full possession of reason and of health; to be driven into eternity by every torture which savage malignity can invent, and to have the agonies of death prolonged till the feeble frame of man sinks beneath him, is horrible beyond description. Who can contemplate such a picture without emotion? Who could sustain such a scene with firmness?—This is not an idle tale of the imagination: It is a situation in which a man was placed, who sustained a most important part in our revolutionary contest, with honour to himself and advantage to his country. The fate of war had placed him at the disposal of the merciless savage, and preparations were made to immolate him to their fury. He was pinioned to the stake, and his funeral pile was lighted around. He was united to the world by all that can render life pleasant and desirable—by the endearments of conjugal affection—by the charms of parental love—and all about him to be severed by one stroke of the fell destroyer! But when the silver chord was almost loosened, and the golden bowl broken at the fountain, when nothing was seen but implacable enemies, and nothing heard but the savage yell, dread herald of destruction! he gave that mystick signal of distress, which never yet was displayed without cause, nor seen without emotion. The effect was instantaneous: His foes were scattered, his funeral pile was demolished, and himself relieved by an arm, which, till then, had been raised for his destruction!

(Conclusion next week.)

SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

SHEEP AND WOOL.

[From the Hampshire (Mass.) Gazette.]

The “Bulletin des Sciences Agricoles,” for July 1827, contains a review of a German work on sheep and wool; by J. C. Ribbe—published at Prague, Bohemia; from which we have translated the following, save what is enclosed in brackets.

The author adopts the opinion of Linnæus, that all the different kinds of sheep which exist are derived from a common stock, the *Ovis Argalis*, [or the wild sheep which inhabits the rocky mountains of Asia and Greece.] The largest species of sheep in Europe is the breed of Flanders, which the Dutch imported from India, about two centuries ago. The smallest race is that of Scotland. [M. Ribbe refers to the Hebridean sheep—a small breed, which weigh from four to five pounds per quarter when fat, and yield about one pound of wool of various colours. These small animals frequently carry four or six horns. This breed was imported into Scotland from Denmark at a very early period. There is now a race in Denmark which have four horns.] The national sheep of Hungary have, in both sexes, straight horns, from twelve to fourteen inches long. The wool is five or six inches in length, and so coarse, that it is fit for nothing but blankets.

Iceland has two sorts of sheep, one large, the other small. Their wool is brown, and the inhabitants do not shear it, but pull it off—a most cruel operation. The Icelanders make great use of sheep's milk. These animals live all the year exposed to the severity of the weather, and their principal food in winter is the moss called Iceland moss, which they obtain under the snow. The small species live among the steep rocks on the mountains, and sometimes a flock is carried over a precipice into a gulph by an avalanche, where they remain until the warmth of their bodies melts the snow which covers them, and announces to their owners, by the steam which ascends, the place into which they have been carried.

In the Crimea, and some places near the Caspian sea, they have sheep that bear when young short curled wool of a blue, brown, or black colour, which is an object of commerce. That the wool may remain in small curls, the Tartars cover the lambs with a fine linen cloth sewed close around them, which is not taken off until the animal is killed.—[These lamb-skins are celebrated, being damasked, as it were, by clothing the little animal.] In some of the vast forests of Russia, there are sheep which live in a wild state; these animals are so much affected by the sounds of drums and trumpets, that they begin to run, leap and dance, as soon as they hear them; and they continue these

motions until overcome by excitement and fatigue, they are no longer able to flee from their enemies.

[The largest breed of sheep in the world, is the fat tailed variety; it is raised in central Asia, China, Persia, Africa, &c. The tail is a mass of fat, and often weighs thirty pounds. Another variety of Asia, is the long tailed breed, with coarse wool; its tail sometimes drags on the ground.]

Europe did not possess any fine woolled sheep until the twelfth century. The Roman writers mention that fine wools and stuffs were imported from Spain, but this only proves that the Spanish sheep were better than those of the rest of Europe. In the twelfth century some African merchants sent to Cadiz a few sheep the wool of which was remarkable for its fineness and whiteness. They were purchased by a Cadiz merchant, and placed on his country estate, where they succeeded, but he found no imitators.

About the year 1350, Peter, king of Castile, having been informed that there was a race of sheep in Barbary, which had precious fleeces, sent several persons into Morocco to buy a great number of bucks. From this epoch commenced the reputation of the wool of Castile. In the 16th century, when Cardinal Ximenes was the Spanish minister, complaints were made to him that the sheep of Castile had deteriorated. To remedy the evil, this minister determined to import a great number from Barbary; but as he could not obtain them by means of negotiation, he kindled a war, and invaded Morocco. The Spanish soldiers had orders to bring away as many sheep as they could; they pillaged the country, and returned to Spain with the precious plunder.

The principal breeds of Spain are those which the monks of the *Escorial* possess; those of the convents of *Guadaloupe*, and of *Paular*; those of the duke d'*Infantado*, and of the counts of *Negretti* and *Montareo*. The sheep of the *Escorial* have the most beautiful wool; those of *Guadaloupe* are celebrated for their form and fleece; those of *Paular* have the head covered with wool, and their neck full of wrinkles; those of *Infantado* are born with coarse wool, which afterwards becomes very fine, and those of *Negretti* have a strong and robust body, with fine wool. All these races are called merinoes, and were formerly the travelling flocks of Spain; since the late wars, they have become stationary. All the fine races of sheep now in Europe were derived from the merinoes of Spain.

OF THE CHANGES WHICH LIFE HAS EXPERIENCED ON THE GLOBE.

[From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.]

Fossil remains of the animals which preceded man upon the earth are every day discovered on both continents; and every day are the documents regarding the history and successive changes of the various races that existed before the present, increased by new facts. This is equally the case with the vegetation which embellished the earth at that remote period, and with which those primitive animals were necessarily in close connexion. New animals and vegetables have assumed the place of those that have been destroyed, and whose ancient existence is only revealed to us by their fossil remains. Thus, in the course of the ages that preceded the appearance of man upon the earth, its surface has successively changed its aspect, its verdure and its inhabitants; the seas have nourished other beings, the air has been peopled with other birds.

The remains of these various successions of animals and vegetables attest that they were at first much more uniform. The vegetables of the coal formation, for example, scarcely present any difference, whatever may be the latitude, the longitude or the elevation at which they are found. Europe, Asia, and the two Americas, alike produced elephants, rhinoceroses, mastodons, &c. The differences which vegetables and animals exhibit at the present day, according to the various climates or situations in which they occur, have been gradually established under the predominating influence of a small number of natural causes, and constitute at length the order of distribution which life now presents at the surface of the earth.

Originally life extended from one pole to the other, and animated the whole of this surface. The frozen regions of the North, and the snow-clad summits of the Alps, were covered with the same ver-

dur, and the forms of the pristine animals and vegetables presented either extraordinary types of which we have now no example, or species which belonged to families and genera still existing, but in most cases only between the tropicks. As we approach nearer to the present times, we find in all places remains more and more resembling those of the plants and animals which now live in the same country. At a later period, the original races of animals and vegetables were gradually expelled from the north toward the south, from the summits to the plains in proportion as the uniform mean temperature of the earth's surface yielded to more powerful causes, which brought about the establishment of climates. These gradual variations in the temperature, the lowering of the general level of the seas, the equally successive and gradual diminution of the energy of volcanick phenomena arising from the original igneous state of the earth, as well as of the strength and power of atmospherick phenomena, and of the tides—such were the regular, general and continued natural causes of the modifications which life has undergone, and of almost all the changes that have been produced upon the earth's surface.

The results of these first causes, such as the establishment of local influences over the temperature of the same climate, the formation of a multitude of particular basins, some containing salt, others fresh water; the pouring out of these lakes into one another, and into the great basin of the sea; the partial debacles which thence resulted; the ravages of the sea on the low parts of the continents at first, and then the formation of vast lagoons in the same places; lastly, the establishment of the general system of draining and watering, or of the hydrographick reticulation which covers the globe—such were the irregular, and more or less violent and perturbing secondary causes of the partial vicissitudes experienced by animal and vegetable life. The beings which were unable to resist the influence of these various causes were destroyed and disappeared from the earth, with the circumstances for which they were created; new species appeared with new conditions of existence. But, in examining the series of fossil remains that are found buried in the strata of the globe, there is no where perceived a distinct line of demarcation between the different terms of that series, so as to prove that life has been once or oftener totally renewed on the earth. On the contrary, we discover in it a proof of the successive and gradual change which we have pointed out. Certain primitive types have indeed completely disappeared, but they are found existing at various epochs, and their remains are blended with those of more modern types; along with new species of types still existing, we find some of anterior epochs; certain genera that yet obtain are common to all the terms of the series; and toward the end of the series, we find the remains of some of our present species along with ancient types and extinct species. In consequence of the establishment of climates, life has almost entirely abandoned the polar countries, and the glaciers have usurped, on the high summits, the place of the verdure of primeval times. Palms, date-trees, cocoas, dracæna, pandani, areca, the great reed, and the arborescent ferns, have forsaken our climates, together with the elephants, tigers, panthers, hippopotami, the gigantic tapirs, the rhinoceroses, palæotheria, anaplotheria, mastodons, and other extinct animals, as well as those enormous reptiles whose forms were so extraordinary. Sole masters, in those times, of the countries now subjected to the dominion of man, these animals are either entirely destroyed, or now live only between the tropicks.

Man appears to have arrived upon the earth only after its surface was adapted to receive him, after the establishment of climates, and when a happy equilibrium among the elements had determined the permanency of the present state of things, or at least had rendered its variations almost imperceptible.

Such is a brief view of the changes which life has experienced at the surface of the globe, and of the causes which have produced those changes.—Our theory, which is founded on all the facts that have been established, can not but prevail over the systems hitherto proposed, for it is in harmony with the natural laws of order and permanency which

rule the universe, and is, moreover, supported by the most accredited physico-mathematical theories; whereas those symptoms, founded upon perturbations of cataclysms, which science, facts and human reason equally reject, only increase the number of those imaginary conceptions which have been successively published for several centuries.

The above will suffice to show, that there is no subject which, in all points of view, is more worthy to excite the interest and meditations of philosophers, and the investigations of geologists and naturalists.

THE GATHERER.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

The difficulties which dramatick authors are doomed to encounter have been often enough complained of. The following whimsical enumeration of the serious annoyances to which the author of a French farce, called *Le Petit Maître malgré lui*, was exposed, places the matter in an odd light. The author states them in his prefaces.

"After writing and getting the following trifles received and rehearsed, not without much trouble, the day for its performance was announced, but, on the instant of drawing up the curtain, the principal performer running across the stage with thoughtless eagerness, met with the head of a candle-snuffer making his way in an opposite direction, full speed; the concussion stunned and laid both parties on the floor; they were much hurt, and the business of the evening was postponed.

"Being advertised a second time, a fortnight after, the principal actress, a woman not given to excess, became so intoxicated with a cordial, called *Parfaite Amour*, which had been recommended by an attendant at the theatre for a stomach complaint, that she was neither able to stand or speak.

"On attempting a third representation, things at the commencement seemed to proceed smoothly, but, in an interesting scene between a lover and his mistress, the actors of which had, in fact, once been the characters they represented, the hero, in a transport of passion, inflamed by the part he played, and probably stimulated by a recollection of his former attachment, ventured on a kiss.

"The lady, disgusted at his former inconstancy, or his present indecorum, saluted him with a smart box on the ear, which he repaid with interest; and they proceeded to abuse each other in gross terms, in the face of the audience; after considerable delay, and an apology from the offenders, they were permitted to proceed, and the piece succeeded."

VOLTAIRE.

In 1760, Voltaire was informed that a niece of Corneille's was reduced to a state of the greatest poverty: he immediately afforded her assistance; observing, at the same time, that it was the duty of a soldier to assist the niece of his general!

DR. CHEYNE.

While some one was talking before this acute Scotsman of the excellence of human nature, 'Hoot, hoot, mon,' says he, 'human nature is a rogue and a scoundrel; or why would it perpetually stand in need of laws and of religion?'

DR. YOUNG.

This divine writer was so much in earnest in whatever he was doing, that, preaching one day at the Chapel Royal before George II. and observing him extremely inattentive, he raised his voice very much; and, finding that ineffectual, he burst into tears.

JAMES THOMSON,

Though a man of an active mind, was oppressed with a heavy and sluggish body, and was extremely inactive and indolent. Dr. Burney, the author of the 'History of Music,' visiting him one day at two o'clock in the afternoon, found him in bed, with the curtains closed and the windows shut; and, asking him why he remained so long in bed, was answered by him, in the Scottish accent, 'Why, mon, I had no motive to rise.'

Thomson lived in Kew Lane, Richmond, in a house which is now called Rosedale, and is in the possession of a lady, who, from her rural propensi-

ty, is with peculiar propriety destined to retrace the footsteps of the refined and elegant author of the 'Seasons.'

DR. DONNE, DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

This learned divine having married a lady of a rich and noble family without the consent of her parents, was treated by them with great asperity. Having been told by the father that he was to expect no money from him, the doctor went home, and wrote the following note to him: 'John Donne: Anne Donne: *undone*.' This quibble had the desired effect, and the distressed couple were restored to favour.

It was said of Donne, as of Picus de Mirandola, that he was rather born wise than made so by study; yet, as his biographer tells us, 'he left behind him the resultance of fourteen hundred authors, most of them abridged and analyzed with his own hand.'

EXAMPLE OF ORIGINAL IRISH GENIUS.

An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and, perceiving that an Irishman standing behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the *curious impertinent*, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words: 'I would say more, but a damned tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write.'

'You lie, you scoundrel,' said the self-convicted Hibernian.

HOW TO CHOOSE A RELIGION.

Karamsin, in his history of Russia, relates that when the inhabitants of Livonia were first converted from Paganism to Christianity, they hesitated whether they should adopt the faith of the Russian or German church; at length in their extreme perplexity, they determined to decide their doubts in a most summary manner by casting lots, when chance prevailed in favour of the latter. There are many cases in which this example might be followed very advantageously, thereby saving a great deal of time and vexation to the parties; for instance, it might be very beneficially introduced into the court of chancery, for then let the decision fall out as it might, the suitors would resign themselves to it as the decree of fate, as they must do even in the end after waiting half their lives. If the adage of *Bis dat qui cito dat*, be true, it is no less certain that he who denies at once, at length gives us something, for he gives us time.

RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

There is an amusing anecdote related of a country curate, who having published a volume of sermons, in which he more particularly pointed out the dangers of a lax morality, and the want of strict religious principles among the higher classes of society, wrote a few weeks afterwards to a friend in town, inquiring in his extreme simplicity, "whether he did not observe any signs of reformation in the fashionable world?" the answer that he obtained may easily be divined. The good man had entirely forgotten that those who most needed his exhortations, were precisely those who would not read them; or who, if they read, would be the last to attend to them. If books could reform the world, it had been reformed long ago; but no disparagement to good books—something else is necessary.

APPEARANCES.

Bourganville, when trading to Otaheite, was accustomed to leave there two of some kind of domestic animals. In his last voyage he had on board a Capuchin and a Franciscan, who differ from each other in the single circumstance of one having the beard shaved and the other wearing it long on the chin. The natives who had successively admired the various animals as they were disembarked, whether bulls and cows, hogs and sows, or he and she goats, shouted with joy at the appearance of the Capuchin, "What a noble animal! what a pity there is not a pair!" scarcely was the wish expressed, when the shaven Franciscan made his appearance, "Huzza, huzza!" exclaimed the savages, "we've got the male and the female."

POPULAR TALES.

THE FORTUNETELLER.

[From "Whimwhams."]

I think Mr. Solomon Logical was the most irascible little old man that ever worsted his antagonist in an argument, or failing to convince and confute, knocked him down by way of coming to a conclusion. He was a short, puffy gentleman of sixty, who had married late in life, to have, as he always said, some one to make gruels and toast cheese for him in his declining years. As a specimen of diminutive obesity, Mr. Logical might claim the first rank among his contemporaries. His figure had a most striking resemblance to the Dutch nut-crackers, I have seen at the toyshops; and, perhaps the comparison might be extended with equal justice to his countenance, which was blown up in his thunder gusts, until it assumed the redness and rotundity which pertains to the mechanical figures before mentioned.

The family of this gentleman consisted of his wife, a daughter of the delightful age of sixteen, and two little sons, who had numbered, the one, five, and the other, six summers. Four children had passed before him to the grave. I do give it as my positive and unalterable opinion, that Julia Logical was the most fascinating creature that ever shattered a heart or a rosebud. I will not do her so much injustice as to attempt a description; but if any of my readers would behold a being bearing a little resemblance to her, let him close his eyes, dream of one of Tom Moore's Peris, and he will be satisfied.

On this daughter, on his pipe, and on an argument, Old Logical doted with childish fondness. "The girl," he used to say, "is a good girl; a good girl deserves a good husband; and d—n me if she shan't have one. She is worth fifty thousand dollars on her wedding day; which she shall never see until a fellow presents himself who can smoke, produce his fifty, and maintain an argument. I know what a husband ought to be.

After an exclamation like this, the old gentleman would puff and simmer like a roasting apple, and finally sputter himself into a great rage; simply because no one ventured to dispute his plans, and argue with him on the subject nearest his heart. This, no person of his own household would venture to do, preferring the minor ebullition of spleen which would attend the neglect, to the tremendous explosion which was sure to follow the display of any opposition to his will. In fact, Old Logical was one of those testy logicians, who are never satisfied with victory or defeat, opposition or submission.

The butterflies in small clothes, who haunted the precincts of his house to obtain a sight of the fair Julia, hated him as they did the prince of darkness. Never had a suitor ventured to intrude his person within old Logical's premises, since he broke his ivory cane over the cranium of a young gentleman in claret *inexpressibles*, who had called after a party to inquire for the daughter. "The rascal," cried the infuriated parent, "the rascal wore a quizzing glass; no man of sense or property wears a quizzing glass; therefore he must be a penniless puppy!"

After this melancholy catastrophe, no beaux hazarded an intrusion into quarters which were guarded by a dragon so outrageous. Julia Logical pined and faded; why, I pretend not to say, but it surely was not for the deprivation that had been inflicted upon her in the exclusion of her admirer. I am quite sure of countenance from my fair readers, when I assert, that could not have been the cause. Her father appeared to grow fatter and redder, and more argumentative every day; and with his increasing size the venom of his disposition towards the young men of his day deepened in bitterness. He would only allow his daughter to walk in the garden pertaining to his house, and not even there, unless accompanied by himself or her mother.

It was during a fine afternoon in September, that the whole family were collected in an arbour at the lower part of one of the shady walks, enjoying the repose and beauty of an autumnal evening, when a figure was seen advancing down the avenue, preceded by a servant. The domestick in a submissive tone, announced a woman who professed to have skill in fortune telling.

"A fortuneteller!" roared Old Logical.
 "A fortuneteller!" echoed Mrs. Logical.
 "A fortuneteller!" sighed Julia.
 "Fortunetellers are cheats," resumed the master, "this woman is a fortuneteller; therefore, turn her out." "But dear father," said Julia, "I never had my fortune told, and I am so curious; do let me speak to her for a few moments." "Turn her out," shouted the tender parent. "But father, who can tell but she may know where your silver knee-buckles are, that have been missing so long. Fortunetellers know every thing; this woman is a fortuneteller, therefore"—Interest and argument never failed to touch the heart of the opposer, and permission was conceded that the gipsy should advance and be heard.

The form, vesture and appearance of the stranger, were in strict accordance with my ideas of a being supernaturally gifted. Her original stature must have been six feet; but age, and her habitual bending to the earth in search of weeds and roots, had nearly reduced her to an unchangeable incurvation. Her outward garment was a robe, rather than a gown, of dark cloth, thrown carelessly, though not ungracefully around her, and bound about the waist with the dried skin of a serpent. This mantle entirely concealed her figure. The face of this remarkable object was imbrowned by toil and exposure; and the singular brilliancy of her large black eyes, contrasted strangely with her stooping figure and gray hairs, which denoted one whose race was nearly finished.

She advanced slowly towards the family party, stopping occasionally to pluck a weed or a flower; and as she came near, murmured the following incantation to the plants as she gathered them.

Weed, and root, and bud of power,
 When the bright dew gems the trees—
 Ye shall yield, at midnight hour,
 Hidden charms and mysteries:
 Then shall be unrolled the leaf—
 Then disclosed the mystick page—
 Tales of joy—and tales of grief—
 The doom of youth—the fate of age.

Old Logical was somewhat startled, as the sybil placed herself directly before him, and fixed her dazzling eyes on his, seemingly awaiting his commands.

"Very well, my good woman, very well; I thought I might make some inquiry of you, but it is of no consequence; you may go, good woman, you may go."

The debater was completely awed. The object of his address paid no attention to the permission for her departure, but turning slowly to Julia, addressed her nearly in these words—

Follow me where none may listen,
 Where yon sparkling fountains glisten;
 Maiden fair, if thou wouldst borrow
 Knowledge of thy joy or sorrow—
 If despair's cold hand shall press thee,
 Or the smiles of fortune bless thee.

The fair girl immediately arose, and placing her hand within that of the sorceress, led the way to the spot she had designated. They were soon concealed from view by the windings of the path. It was not until they had quite disappeared, that Old Logical recovered from the shock he had experienced in the awe-inspiring presence of the fortuneteller. But when his daughter entirely vanished with the gipsy the disputant was "himself again." He shouted for his servants, rated them for admitting the hag, and bade them pursue, secure, and toss her in a blanket for her presumption. The domesticks dispersed about the garden, but their young mistress and the stranger had disappeared. They searched ineffectually through the town, but no trace of them could be discovered. Night closed in and they were still missing. Old Logical was nearly distracted; he argued the matter in every possible light; cursed divination, conjurers, witches, and his own folly.

Poor Mrs. Logical and the little Logical could only weep. The servants pursued their search, taking excellent care to avoid their master, whose cane made itself intimately acquainted with every menial back which it encountered. Ten o'clock! and no tidings of the lost child. The father had fallen back in his chair, entirely exhausted by the violence of his passion; the mother and brothers were weeping beside him; when the door suddenly opened, and a dashing young midshipman entered,

leading the blushing Julia Logical. The father, more rejoiced with the return of his daughter, than astonished at the appearance of her companion, singular as was the presence of a young man in his house, held her for a moment in his arms in speechless joy. It was but for one moment; the next, he seized his cane and leaped fiercely towards the intruder.

"Who the devil are you, Sir?" was the courteous interrogation.

"Your daughter's husband," was the effective and laconic reply.

Had Old Logical, like the inhabitants of the fabled city, been petrified on the spot, he could not have been rendered more completely motionless than he became at the receipt of this intelligence. He stood like a statue, with eyes fixed and jaws distended. Julia went softly up to him, and placing her roguish face close to his, whispered—"Dear father, I never should have consented, had I not been convinced that 'None but the brave deserve the fair;' Henry is very brave—therefore—wont you forgive us?"

Old Logical's features relaxed and softened.

"Come, come, old gentleman," cried the youth, "I will subscribe to your own conditions. I'll smoke with you 'till all's blue; and as you said, the man who possessed your daughter, must be worth fifty thousand dollars, and be able to maintain an argument, why I'll prove to you that I am.

You value your child at a fortune; that child is my wife; man and wife are one; therefore—Eh! father-in-law!"

Old Logical caught the sailor to his heart—They now nightly argue and smoke, and their fiercest disputes are upon this subject—the utility of fortunetellers.

HISTORICAL.

THE RISE OF POPE SIXTUS V.

One of the most extraordinary instances of ambition and hypocrisy in the history of the world is exhibited in the rise of pope Sixtus V. and the manner of his elevation to the papal chair.

He was born of poor parents, in the march of Ancona, at a village called Le Grotte, in the lordship of Montalto. His father, Francis Peretti, who was a common ploughman, could not afford to give him any education, and, when he was nine years old, hired him out to one of his neighbours to look after his sheep and hogs. He did not long continue in this occupation; for, being desired by a Franciscan friar, who had lost his way, to show him the road to Ascoli, he deserted his hogs, and ran before him to the town. The friar, after he had found his road again, desired him several times to return; but the boy refusing to leave him, he at length asked him if he would take upon him the habit of his order, which he described as very austere: to which the boy replied that he would willingly suffer the pains of purgatory if he could be made a scholar. He was accordingly received, with the consent of his parents into the convent of Franciscans at Ascoli, where he made a surprising progress in learning. In his thirteenth year he assumed the habit of that order, but still retained his own name, Felix. He soon distinguished himself at several disputations, and acquired a considerable reputation as a preacher, but at the same time raised himself many enemies by his impetuous disposition. He early discovered a great ambition, and though he was hated by his brother monks, yet by his abilities he acquired the esteem of cardinal Carpi, by whose interest he obtained several promotions; and having ingratiated himself with father Ghislieri, afterwards Pius V. and with the Colonna family, he obtained the office of inquisitor-general at Venice, where, by his overbearing behaviour, he so greatly offended the senate, that, on the death of Paul IV. he was obliged to consult his safety by flight. However, on the election of Pius II. he returned to that city; but at last, being apprehensive of the resentment of the senate, he provided a gondola, by which he made his escape in the night. At his return to Rome he was made consultor of the Inquisition, and soon after went with the legate Campagnon, as chaplain, to Spain. While he was in that kingdom, his friend Ghislieri being chosen pope, he was created general of his order, and afterwards

bishop of St. Agatha, and at last, cardinal; and to enable him to support his dignity, the pope assigned him a pension, and, besides, made him a present of a considerable sum of money.

Upon his promotion to the sacred college, which happened in the forty-ninth year of his age, he quite altered his manner of life; and, to conceal his aspiring views, affected a total disregard of all worldly pursuits, and became humble, meek, patient, and affable; which mask of hypocrisy he wore with great perseverance fifteen years. He led a retired life, exercised himself in works of piety, spent much of his time in the confessional chairs, seldom appeared at the consistories, and during the last three years of the pontificate of Gregory affected to be very infirm, so that he was often saluted in a manner that would not have been very agreeable to any one else, "God help you, poor old man, you have almost run your race!"

To this artifice he owed his promotion, for the conclave being divided between opposite parties, it was agreed upon by both to elect one who was too weak to govern, and could not live long. The cardinals, out of contempt, used to call him *the Ass of la Motca*; so that their astonishment was inexpressible when he threw off his disguise. While they were crowding towards him to congratulate him, he sat coughing and weeping as if some great misfortune had befallen him; but he no sooner perceived, on the scrutiny, that there was a sufficient number of votes to secure his election, than he threw his staff, with which he used to support himself, into the middle of the chapel, stretched himself up, and appeared taller by almost a foot than he had done for several years before. This behaviour alarming the cardinal dean, he called out, "Stay a little, there is a mistake in the scrutiny;" but Montalto, with a stern look, boldly answered, "There is no mistake;" and immediately began himself the *Te Deum*, in such a strong and audible voice, that the whole conclave were at first struck dumb, but at length accompanied him in a tame and spiritless manner. After the hymn, the master of the ceremonies asked him, according to form, "Whether he was pleased to accept of the papacy?" To which he replied, somewhat sharply, "It is impertinent to ask whether I will accept of what I have already accepted. However, to satisfy any scruple that may arise, I tell you I accept it with great pleasure, and would accept another, if I could get it; for I find myself strong enough, by the divine assistance, to manage two papacies." While the cardinals were putting on his pontifical robes, he stretched out his arms with great vigour and activity; upon which one of them said in a familiar way, "I perceive, holy father, the pontificate is a sovereign medicine, since it can restore youth and health to old sick cardinals." To which he replied in a grave and majestic manner, "So I find it." After cardinal Farnese had performed the ceremony of adoration, he said to him, "Your holiness seems quite a different sort of a man from what you was a few hours ago."—"Yes," said he; "I was then looking for the keys of paradise, which obliged me to stoop a little; but now I have found them, it is time to look upwards, as I am arrived at the summit of all human glory, and can climb no higher in this world." In his passage from the conclave to St. Peter's, the people, who at first would not believe that he was the same person with the old decrepit cardinal Montalto, cried out, "*Long live the pope!*" and added, according to custom, "*Plenty, holy father! plenty and justice!*" To which he replied, "Pray to God for plenty, and I will give you justice."

Soon after his coronation, he sent for his sister Camilla, with her daughter, two grandsons, and her niece, the daughter of his deceased brother, who, upon their approach to Rome, were met by three cardinals, who dressed them in magnificent habits, and conducted them to the Vatican. But Sixtus disdaining in such a trifling matter to be obliged to the cardinals, pretended not to know his sister till she had resumed her former dress; then he received her kindly, and declared that nobody should make a princess of her but himself. He assigned her a considerable revenue, and gave her one of his palaces for her residence, at the same time advising her to conduct herself with that sober modesty which became the meanness of her birth, and the gravity of those who were related to the papal chair: he

conferred the dignity of a cardinal on the eldest of her grandsons, Alexander Peretti, who was then about eighteen years of age, and afterwards distinguished himself by his learning and abilities. The king of Spain and the grand duke of Tuscany offered to confer titles of honour on his sister, which Sixtus refused; however, he expressed his satisfaction with the behaviour of the Venetians, who ordered public rejoicings upon his exaltation, and admitted the family of Peretti to the honour of nobility in their state, being afraid of his resentment for their treatment of him when he was inquisitor at Venice.

When Sixtus in his youth resided at Macerata, he went one day to a shoemaker's shop to buy a pair of shoes. After some dispute about the price the shoemaker told him that he would take no less than seven julios, or three shillings and sixpence. Montalto offered him six julios, which was all the money he had, and said, "Perhaps I shall be able to give you the seventh some time or other."—"Some time or other!" replied the shoemaker; "but when will that be? when you come to be pope."—"Yes," said Montalto, "that I will with all my heart, and pay you interest for your money too."—"Well, then," answered the shoemaker, "since I see you are not without hopes of being pope, you shall even have them upon those terms." Montalto having asked him his name, and noted the transaction in his diary, after his promotion sent to Macerata, to know if the shoemaker was alive; and being informed that he was, ordered the governor of that place to send him directly to Rome, guarded by one of his officers. The poor shoemaker was extremely frightened; and having entirely forgot the transaction with the young friar, which had happened forty years before, began to recall to his mind all the sins that he had committed in his life, considering for which of them he could be cited to appear before his holiness. Upon his arrival at Rome, Sixtus asked him if he had ever seen him at Macerata? The shoemaker, trembling, told him no. The pope again asked him if he ever remembered to have sold a pair of shoes to a young friar, and to have given him credit for a julio; but he protesting that he knew nothing at all of the matter, Sixtus related to him the agreement they had formerly made, and ordered his steward to pay him the julio, with the interest for forty years, which amounted to two julios more. The shoemaker went away very much dissatisfied, loudly complaining to every one he met, that the pope had put him to the expense of forty crowns, to come from Macerata to Rome to receive three julios. Sixtus being informed of his behaviour by his spies, ordered him to return, and demanded of him if he had a son. The shoemaker answering—"Yes, and that he was an honest priest of the order of Servi," the pope sent for him to Rome, and, before the departure of his father, conferred on him a bishoprick in the kingdom of Naples.

But he served an Augustine monk, called father Salviati, still better, and this story is more humorous than the former. In 1564, Montalto left the general chapter of his order at Florence, without the leave of his superiour, who sent orders to all the convents that were under him on the road from that city, to stop the fugitive. Montalto was aware of this, and therefore he lodged in a house belonging to his own order. He lay one night in a small convent of Augustines, where father Salviati, then a young man, was prior. He treated the stranger with great civility, and the next morning lent him four crowns on his note, which, however, Montalto gave him in a fictitious hand and counterfeited name. Sixtus, when he became pope, on meeting with this circumstance in his journal, ordered the general of the Augustines to send father Salviati to Rome, as he wanted to speak to him. The prior at that time was engaged in a contest with his bishop, and the prelate had made a complaint against him to the congregation of cardinals. The general thought that his holiness had sent for Salviati to reprimand him upon this account; and what confirmed him in his opinion was the grave manner in which the pope communicated his orders. Accordingly, that he might give complete satisfaction, he gave orders that Salviati should be conducted to Rome under a guard of four brothers. The bishop, when he heard how Salviati was taken to Rome by order of the pope, was wonderfully pleased, and

talked in a high strain to his chapter: "Tis necessary," says he, "to mortify these insolent monks, that they may learn the respect due to their prelates."

As soon as Salviati came to Rome, he was brought into the presence of the pope, who began to interrogate him very severely upon his conduct in office. Salviati, concluding that it was the affair between him and the bishop that the pope meant, began to make the best defence he could. His holiness, who had never heard any thing of the matter, replied—"I am sure you are in the wrong, and have been wanting in respect to your bishop, who is a man of worth; but it was another business that I sent for you about: you are accused of misemploying the revenues of your convent, and I must call you to account for it." Salviati began now to pluck up his spirits, as he was conscious that an inquiry into this part of his conduct would be to his credit. He replied to the pope, that "he submitted freely to any punishment his holiness should inflict, if any mal-administration of the society's revenue should be proved against him." Sixtus answered, "Have a care what you say; for I have in my hand proofs sufficient to convince you." Salviati being well assured of his innocence, shrugged up his shoulders, and was silent while the pope went on: "Is it not true, that in 1564, when you were prior, a Franciscan monk lodged at your house, to whom you gave four crowns! and should you, I desire to know, have disposed of the publick money so?" Salviati now recollecting the thing, but not imagining that Sixtus was the man he had lent the money to, said, "It is true, most holy father, and I should have let him had more if he had asked it, because he looked like an honest man; but I have since found him a cheating rogue, for having signed a feigned name, whereby I never have been able to discover him or to get the money." At this the pope fell a laughing, and said, "Don't trouble yourself about looking after him any farther, as you will not find him; but he ordered me to pay the debt, and return you thanks. Are you not satisfied with my taking his place, and becoming your debtor?" By this time Salviati began to think that his holiness bore some resemblance to the man whom he had called a cheat, and though the last words were encouraging enough, yet the poor man was sadly disturbed how to excuse the affront he had put upon him. Sixtus, however, did not leave him in suspense, but said, "It's time now to give you my thanks, as I am the brother you were so kind to; and, as you gave me half your cell, it is but reasonable that I should give you a lodging." Accordingly he gave him handsome apartments in his palace, and sometime afterwards promoted him to a considerable bishoprick, which occasioned the following sarcasm from Pasquin: "Bishopricks are now four crowns a-piece."

CELEBRATED PERSONS.

When the famous Cornelia, daughter of the great Scipio, was importuned by a lady of her acquaintance to show her toilette, she deferred satisfying her curiosity till her children, who were the famous Gracchi, came from school, and then said, "*En! hæc ornamenta mea sunt.*"—"These are my ornaments."

Cyneas, the minister of Pyrrhus, asked the king (before their expedition into Italy) what he proposed to do when he had subdued the Romans? He answered, "Pass into Sicily." "What then?" said the minister. "Conquer the Carthaginians," replied the king. "And what follows that?" says the minister. "Be sovereign of Greece, and then enjoy ourselves," said the king. "And why," replied the sensible minister, "can we not do this last now?"

The emperors Nerva, Trajan, Antoninus, and Aurelius sold their palaces, their gold and silver plate, their valuable furniture, and other superfluities, heaped up by their predecessors, and banished from their tables all expensive delicacies. These princes, together with Vespasian, Pertinax, Alexander Severus, Claudius the Second, and Tacitus, who were raised to the empire by their merit, and whom all ages have admired as the greatest and the best of princes, were always fond of the greatest plainness in their apparel, furniture, and outward appearance.

Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, who lived unknown and disgraced in Spain, was scarcely able

to obtain an audience of his master Charles V.; and when the king asked who was the fellow that was so clamorous to speak to him, he cried out, "I am one who have got your majesty more provinces than your father left towns."

Camoens, the famous Portuguese poet, was unfortunately shipwrecked at the mouth of the river Meco, on the coast of Camboja, and lost his whole property; however, he saved his life and his poems, which he bore through the waves in one hand, whilst he swam ashore with the other. It is said, that his black servant, a native of Java, who had been his companion for many years, begged in the streets of Lisbon for the support of his master, who died in 1579. His death, it is supposed, was accelerated by the anguish with which he foresaw the ruin impending over his country. In one of his letters he uses these remarkable expressions: "I am ending the course of my life; the world will witness how I have loved my country. I have returned not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her."

Henrietta, daughter of Henry IV. of France, and wife of Charles I. of England, was reduced to the utmost poverty; and her daughter, afterwards married to a brother of Louis XIV., is said to have lain in bed for want of coals to keep her warm. Pen-nant relates a melancholy fact of fallen majesty in the person of Mary d'Este, the unhappy queen of James II., who, flying with her infant prince from the ruin impending over their house, after crossing the Thames from abdicated Whitehall, took shelter beneath the ancient walls of Lambeth church a whole hour, from the rain of the inclement night of December 6th, 1688. Here she waited with aggravated misery till a common coach, procured from the next inn, arrived, and conveyed her to Gravesend, from whence she sailed, and bid adieu to the kingdom.

Pascal, one of the greatest geniuses and best men that ever lived, entertained a notion that God made men miserable here in order to their being happy hereafter; and in consequence of this notion he imposed upon himself the most painful mortification. He even ordered a wall to be built before a window in his study, which afforded him too agreeable a prospect. He had also a girdle full of sharp points next his skin; and while he was eating or drinking any thing that was grateful to his palate, he was constantly pricking himself, that he might not be sensible of any pleasure. The virtuous Fanelon submitted without reserve to the arbitrary sentence of the pope, when he condemned a book which he had published, and even preached in condemnation of his own book, forbidding his friends to defend it. "What gross and humiliating superstitions (says their biographer) have been manifested by men, in other respects of sound and clear understandings, and of upright, honest hearts."

In the churchyard of St. Ann's, Soho, says Pen-nant, is a marble, erected near the grave of that remarkable personage, Theodore Antony Newhoff, king of Corsica, who died in this parish in 1756, immediately after leaving the king's bench prison, by the benefit of the act of insolvency. The marble was erected, and the epitaph written, by the honourable Horace Walpole:—

"The grave, great teacher, to a leval brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learned ere dead—
Fate poured its lesson on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread."

He registered his kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors. His biographer says, "He was a man whose claim to royalty was as indisputable as the most ancient titles to any monarchy can pretend to be; that is, the choice of his subjects, the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of determining to be free."

VITZIPUTZLI.

The chief deity of the Mexicans. The Mexicans ascribed their settlement in that country to the direction of Vitziputzli. The first inhabitants were a set of savages, and were subdued by the Mexicans under the conduct of Mexi, their captain and law-giver. These latter were a northern people, and undertook this expedition at the command of their God, who promised them success.

Mexi marched at the head of those adventurers, and four priests carried Vitziputzli in a trunk or chest made of reeds. Whenever they encamped they entered a tabernacle in the midst of the camp, and placed the little chest or ark upon an altar. They never marched nor encamped without first consulting the idol, and implicitly receiving his orders. Being at last arrived at the promised land, the god appeared to a priest in a dream, and commanded him to settle in that part of the lake where an eagle should be found sitting on a fig tree growing out of a rock. The place being found by the signs pre-appointed, they there laid the foundations of Mexico. This celebrated city was divided into four quarters or districts, and in the middle was placed the tabernacle of Vitziputzli, till a proper temple should be built to receive him. This story of the first coming of the Mexicans into Mexico agrees, in many circumstances, with that of the entrance of the Israelites into the land of Canaan: whence this should happen is not easy to conjecture.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1828.

☞ The Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of New-York, will commence its annual session at the Masonick Hall in this city, on Tuesday next.

☞ The Title Page and Index of the first volume of the Record and Magazine, we shall endeavour to furnish as early as Saturday next. To our mail subscribers it will be sent with the paper of that day.

☞ Such of our subscribers as are in arrears, will render us an especial favour by forwarding the amount due. The many expenses attendant upon our establishment, make it absolutely necessary that we should call upon our delinquent subscribers to assist us.

☞ Post masters and secretaries of chapters and lodges, are requested to act as agents for the Record and Magazine.

☞ We have on hand the results of several masonick elections, all of which shall be published in due time.

☞ We would call the attention of persons using wood cuts, to the advertisement of Mr. John H. Hall, in to-day's Record. The head on our first page was engraved by him.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, and ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

The first number of the second volume of this work is this day presented to the public; and the publication will be continued regularly every Saturday. The volume will be printed in the quarto form, and with an entire new type.

Its columns are devoted to Freemasonry, the Arts and Sciences, Selections from works of recent Travellers and writers upon the works of Nature, Sketches of the Lives and Characters of Eminent Individuals, Essays on various subjects, Tales, Sketches of Fancy, Scraps of Sentiment and Humour, Anecdotes, Poetry, Foreign and Domestic News, Literary News, &c. &c. &c.

The Masonick department contains Essays, Orations, Addresses, Odes, Hymns, Songs, accounts of Elections, Calendar of Regular Communications, and all other Information touching the interests of the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity.

Such portions of the Miscellaneous Departments as are not occupied by Original matter, are devoted to Selections from choice and valuable works. The editor has entered into arrangements by which he receives from Europe, regular files of several periodical publications of the first respectability in that country, and which have been thought eminently entitled to the confidence of the American Reader; and he trusts, that, by making liberal expenses to enrich the columns of the RECORD and MAGAZINE, he will entitle himself to a share of the public confidence.

TERMS.

To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year, payable half yearly. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Three Dollars* a year, which may be discharged by paying *Two Dollars in advance, or Two Dollars and fifty cents* within three months after subscribing. No subscriptions for a less term than six months.

☞ Agents, on procuring six subscribers and forwarding the amount of subscription to the editor, will be entitled to a copy gratis.

All letters intended for this paper must be post paid and directed to
E. B. CHILD.
Albany, Feb. 2, 1828.

TO PATRONS AND READERS. As this number commences a new volume of our journal we are aware that it is the most becoming course we can take to salute our patrons with our best respects, and every other fashionable demonstration of gratitude;—fashionable, we say, because such expressions have become so common, that their character is interwoven with all the thousand insincerities included under the term etiquette. Ours we leave to our patrons to judge whether they are the spontaneous effusions of the heart or the head.

Our humble quarto, maculated with the bright and the dark of every topic on which it delighteth us to comment, or which it behooveth us to transcribe, has now thrown off its ink-beaten, ball-worn dress; and, as a new hat elateth that inmate of our graphick regions, whose title it is not meet to pronounce "before so much good company," so does the *tout ensemble* of engraved box-wood, full-faced capitals, and platoon columns of Bourgeois, Brevier, &c., all bright and shining, impart to our pages a power of gladness. We would be glad to extend our improvements, but must defer the pursuit for a short time; for we do intend to make the present volume of the Record equal to any thing of the kind in the world. Such may be called a random promise; yet if access to the best sources of scientific and literary information, constant and intense application to the duties which devolve on us, and, above all, that candour and rectitude which shrinks not from the scrutiny of the ALL-SEEING EYE, have any influence on the spirit of a public journal, the task becomes easier than at once imagined.

We do not believe that we were called by a Special Providence to build up and extend the principles of freemasonry, because we know that Providence has more efficient supporters of those principles,—their own intrinsic merit and their salutary influence upon the world. But if any doubt the soundness of these principles, and yet have impartiality enough to institute an inquiry for their own satisfaction, they need only compare our columns, where they are defended, with the most candid of all the *disinterested* revilers of our order. Such a course, whatever impious and mercenary cavillers may boast, will elicit the doubt whether Providence ever established a press to demolish the fabrick of freemasonry!

In a literary and scientific point of relation, we stand more upon an equal ground with the rest of the world. To these branches of our duty we shall not be inattentive; their productions occupying more than two thirds of our paper. To the female part of the reading community we are not without our devotion. Though the repugnancy of the female opinion to our order has become almost proverbial, we have nevertheless the satisfaction of returning our thanks to a few who have patronized us, and to many who have perused our paper with the most flattering tokens of approbation. This is an encouragement for us to persevere in our endeavours to please; and let the other sex be ever so virulent against our institutions, or our editorial labours, we shall ever be proud to maintain a pacifick demeanour towards the fair, and always hope to deserve their applause.

Our friends who have so liberally tendered their aid to promote the circulation of the Record will accept our warmest thanks; our readiness to reciprocate such favours need only the test of opportunity.

It is perhaps unnecessary for us to repeat our obligations to our correspondents. To those who have contributed to our columns, our thanks have repeatedly been tendered; to those who *would* have done it, they are none the less due. We are not however so anxious to crowd our columns with original matter, as to preclude the resolution of publishing none which would not reflect more honour on their authors, than on our paper. We are ever ready to encourage incipient talent, but we should be guilty of injustice towards our friends and ourselves, to lavish praise on such productions as are evidently inclined to mislead the judgement, and nourish a foolish conceit in the minds of youthful aspirants for literary fame. Flattery is always more dangerous than detraction; and it is believed that the glory of Byron owed its brilliancy more to the illiberal scrutiny of invidious critics, than to any fostering of his natural pride by flattery.

In political controversy no one can expect us to take a part. We shall however seize on such gems as are the common property of all parties, and if we can make any thing of them worth the attention of our patrons, they shall be

served up in our best style. In religion we are prohibited in the same degree from favouring any sect or creed. But so far as we can express our private views, so as to accord with the common tenets of our brethren, we shall do it; but with moderation. Our politics shall be our country; our faith, that on which are founded the pillars of our order.

To those who shall happen to differ with us, if they prefer us such as we have to give, they shall have the same in return: to wit, candour. No other article of exchange will be taken or given. It shall however, be our study to avoid any thing of the disputative nature; with respectable journals we wish to retain better mutual feelings; with those who are not respectable we shall make no intimacy at all. These are the principles we have adhered to, and they will form our rule of conduct for the future. Under these sentiments we feel a confidence that the publick will continue to us the very liberal patronage we have received, with the same charity for our errors, and the same applause when we are so fortunate as to deserve it.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"Whinwhams." A work under this title has lately appeared in Boston, composed of original matter, and edited "by Four of Us." It is a work of much merit, nearly in the style of Hood's "Whims and Oddities," and is deservedly well received by the literary world. The tale in this day's Record, and the song on our last page, commencing "It is not in morning's rosy hour, &c." are from the work. For shrewdness and point, we have seen few miscellaneous collections equal to it.

The twenty-ninth number of the *New-York Mirror* is embellished with the miniature portraits of nine eminent native American writers; Percival, Washington Irving, Halleck, Bryant, Pinckney, Brooks, Sprague, Pierpont, and Woodworth. They are all taken from original portraits expressly for the purpose, and engraved by J. Eddy.

The *Manuscript*, No. 7, for January, has been issued from the press. It contains two tales: The Reward of Avarice, and The Church Prisoner. This is a monthly periodical published at New-York, and well worthy of patronage.

FOREIGN. By the Phoebe Ann, lately arrived in New-York, from Smyrna, we learn that negotiations had been entered into with the European ambassadors. The Greeks are attacking the castle of Scio, which it was expected would fall soon. They have twenty-seven vessels blockading the port. There can be no doubt that the freedom of Greece is gained; if she can now slip from the yoke of the legimitates, she may take a place among the nations of Europe; but we fear that her chains will be but fastened in another way. The chance cannot however be for the worse.

NEWS AND TRIMMINGS.

Nine Esquimaux dogs, belonging to capt. Lyon, dragged 1611 lbs, one mile, in nine minutes, and worked in the same manner seven or eight hours a day.—Peter the Great at the tomb of cardinal Richelieu, in Paris, exclaimed, "There lies a man to whom I would gladly have given half my dominion, if he would have taught me to govern the other.—An ignorant plebeian having entered the apartment in which Bonaparte was shaving himself, and mistaking him for a servant, said,—I want to see your great emperor; what are you to him?" Napoleon answered, "I shave him."—A patient is said to have taken so much *argentum nitrat.* in solution, for the gravel that he became blue. [Other chymical preparations have been known to make a man blue as a razor, in a very short time.]—Clipped half dollars are said to be in circulation, from some of which the value of 6 1-4 cents have been shaved.—There lately appeared an extraordinary visiter at Portland, Maine; a mammoth *oppossum*, who in despite of the laws of civilization, obtruded himself, well-fatted and clumsy, upon the notice of the wondering citizens. By the agility of a youngster he was caught by the tail when it was too late to "back out," like some modern politicians, who sadly experience the consequences of their crooked ways.—At Charleston, South Carolina, on the fourth of January, the thermometer was 72 in the shade; but on being exposed to the sun, in five minutes it rose to 116.—The Savannah market is said to be plentifully supplied with shad!—At Macon, in Georgia, *water-melons* were exposed in market on Christmas day.—An extraordi-

nary phenomenon lately occurred upon the Kentish coast; the tides, within two hours, rose and fell three times, and at one time higher than the ordinary bounds of the spring tides.

—Within the limits of Baltimore there were 4536 persons vaccinated during the year 1827.—In a company of cavalry, organized in Chautauque county in this state, they have elected a lieutenant named *Walkup!* [What a misnomer! If we had such a name, and belonged to the cavalry too, we would forthwith make application to the legislature to have it altered to *Rideup.*]—According to a paper printed in Westchester county, we learn that *more convicts are wanted* to labour on the new state prison in that county. To encourage applicants, the same paper adds that the situation is healthy, and that there are 428 cells and only 235 inmates. [A fine opportunity for young men out of employ.]—In 1827, a list of the shipping built in New-York gives 15 ships, 7 brigs, and 6 smaller craft, during the year 1827, making a tonnage of 8000.—There were in the port of New-Orleans on the 10th of December last, 205 sail of vessels, comprising 85 ships, 70 brigs, 22 schrs., 8 sloops, and 46 steam-boats.—

40.—20.—45.—43.—37.—30.

are the drawn numbers for the New-York Consolidated Lottery as decided on Wednesday last.—A committee of the legislature of Maine have reported in favour of locating the seat of government at Augusta.—Mrs. Royall visited our city this week, on her way to the south. The good old lady was prevented from visiting her editorial friends as usual, in consequence of a sprained ankle.—The friends of general Jackson belonging to both houses of the legislature, to the number of 109, met at the capital on Thursday evening last, and made a nomination. Many members were absent. It is presumed that nearly three fourths of the whole legislature are friendly to the election of the general.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Saturday, Jan. 26. In senate, a communication was received from the commissioners appointed by the act concerning the territorial limits of this state and the state of New-Jersey, read, and ordered to be laid on the table. The canal commissioners transmitted a report on the subject of the surplus waters of the Erie canal: ordered printed. The bill from the assembly to divide the town of Holland, Erie county, was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, a report was received from the surveyor general, relative to lands granted to actual settlers in the counties of Franklin and Essex, under a law of 1822: ordered printed. Mr. Wardwell offered several resolutions, recommending to congress a revision of the tariff, so as to afford a sufficient protection to the growers of wool, &c. &c. Bills read a third time and passed: to incorporate the New-York Beneficial society; to prevent the destruction of fish in Beech pond; extending the time to build a boat at a ferry across Cayuga lake; amending the act authorizing William Johnstone to maintain a ferry across the St. Lawrence; to divide the town of Orwell; to reduce the capital of the Franklin Insurance Company in New-York; same of the Jefferson Insurance Company in New-York; and to designate and fix the location of the publick buildings in the county of St. Lawrence.

Monday, Jan. 28. In senate, in committee of the whole, the bill from the assembly to facilitate the publication of a map and atlas of this state, was considered; and the first section rejected 9 to 14.

In assembly, the speaker asked leave of absence for twelve days. Leave was granted, and Mr. Bucklin was elected speaker pro tem. The bill to incorporate the Otisville Turnpike Company, was read a third time and passed.

Tuesday, Jan. 29. In Senate, the bill to incorporate the Hudson Horticultural Society was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, the annual reports of the superintendent of common schools; of the superintendent and inspector of the Onondaga salt works; and relative to the Brothertown and Stockbridge Indians, were received and ordered to be printed. Bills read a third time and passed: to enable George Whitney to build a dam across the Chenango river; and to alter the time of annual town meetings in the towns of Truxton and Clay.

Wednesday, Jan. 30. In Senate, the resolutions of the two houses on the tariff, elicited much debate, of a character, though truly interesting to political men, not exactly calculated to add to the interest of our columns. These resolutions occupied the attention of the senate during the day.

In assembly, the bill appropriating the surplus poor funds of the town of Gouverneur to the support of common schools, was read a third time and passed. The tariff question was also for some time before the house, when the resolutions brought in by Mr. Wardwell were passed, 97 to 3. [We shall speak of these resolutions hereafter, as their importance seems to require.]

Thursday, Jan. 31. In senate, the resolutions relating to the tariff were adopted, 21 to 9. The importance of these resolutions brought on a long, and, in some instances a warm debate, which occupied the attention of the senate during the day.

In assembly, Mr. Edgerton submitted a joint resolution, that the legislature will, on Monday the 4th day of February next, at noon, proceed to the choice of a treasurer of this state; and at the same time, elect a committee of the legislature, pursuant to the provisions of the revised statutes, to examine the accounts and vouchers of the treasurer in the month of December next. A report was received from the attorney general, in compliance with a resolution of the house, giving his opinion, that there is no constitutional objection to the establishment of a superior court in the city of New-York, nor to any of the provisions of the bill laid before him, providing for the establishment of such a court: ordered printed. It was resolved that the commissary general report to this house a statement of the regiments of artillery that are supplied with field pieces, and to what extent, and also of those not provided; and that he submit an estimate of the amount of appropriation necessary for the purchase and mounting of field ordnance, required to equip each regiment complete.

Friday, Feb. 1. In senate, several petitions were presented and referred; some progress was made on the unfinished business, but nothing of an abstract nature decided. The same may be said of the assembly; considerable progress was made on the variety of subjects before the house, but nothing decided which it is necessary for us to report.

MARRIED,

On the 24th ult., Mr. BRIGHAM SCOVILLE, to Miss JANE, daughter of Gen. John Stilwell, all of this city.

DIED,

On the 30th ult., Mr. TÖBIAS V. CUYLER, late publisher of the Albany Directory.

ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, successors to the late firm of R. STARR & Co. in the above Foundry, continue to execute orders for Plain and Ornamental Type, Brass Rule, and Metal Cuts. Also, for Presses and Ink, Chases, composing Sticks, Cases and Stands, Galleys, and printing materials of every description, at short notice, and on terms as liberal as those of other Foundries.

Many new articles have been added to this Foundry within the last year—among which are new founts of Small Pica and Bourgeois. Also, Small Pica, Brevier and Minion full face capitals for captions, and full face two line letter of all the different sizes from Pica to Pearl. Likewise Canon, Double Great Primer, Double Pica, Great Primer and Pica Antiques, with lower case to each, and Long Primer, Brevier and Nonpareil antique capitals. Also, many elegant Borders and Newspaper Ornaments, none of which are stereotyped from wood cuts or type, as is usual at most other foundries, but all are cut on steel and cast in copper matrices, and are warranted to work clear. Printers will at once perceive the superiority of those cast in copper matrices, the lines not being filled up and the edges rounded, as is the case with those stereotyped. The large job letter and cuts are all cast in moulds and matrices, on metal bodies, and with the exactness of the smaller type.

Have also cut a new and very beautiful English Script, on inclined body, orders for which can be executed by the first of April. By being cast on inclined body, the face is not exposed as on square body, where most of the letters are kerned; and the mould in which it is cast having a notch or shoulder in the side the type are kept perfectly in line. No expense has been spared, and it is confidently believed, that this Script will be found the most elegant type ever cast in this country, or in Europe.

Type cast at this foundry is warranted equal at least in hardness and durability, to any cast in this country. Particular care is also taken to have the type well dressed, and the founts regularly put up. It is intended to keep such a supply on hand as to be able to furnish orders without the usual delay. Orders by mail, or left at the Foundry, No. 8. Liberty street, will receive prompt attention. STARR & LITTLE.

Feb. 2.

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OF BOOK, FANCY AND TOY CUTS, MA-
sonick and Society Emblems, Newspaper and Handbill Ornaments, Card Ornaments and Border, Lottery Cuts in all their variety, Engravings of New Inventions and Patent Machines, Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts, will be executed with neatness at Packard & Van Benthuyzen's Printing Office, 435 South Market-st. Albany, by
JOHN H. HALL.
February 2, 1828.

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POETRY.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY MRS. HALE.

Life hath its scenes of lofty wo,—
To tell of these,
Proud bards will bid their numbers flow,
And while the solemn harpings slow
Die on the breeze,
Admiring crowds applaud and sigh
O'er griefs breathed thus melodiously.

My lyre hath no such harmony
To wake the tear;
And yet the heart of sympathy
Perchance may give one throb to me,
And pity hear
The sad and simple tale I tell—
A scene, alas! remembered well.

'Twas on a lovely summer morn,
When earth was fair;
The wild bee wound his mellow horn;
The farmer eyed his thriving corn,
And on the air
Came mingled sounds of toil and mirth,
And gave the mind's best feelings birth.

And all were glad save one—she leaned
Beside a tree;
The boughs her features partly screened,
And lawn and garden intervened
'Twixt her and me—
A garden fair, a lovely lawn,
And yet to her my glance was drawn.

And to her faded bosom pressed
A babe she bore,
And oft and fondly she caressed—
I knew her well—she had been blessed—
But that was o'er;
And now she only came to gaze
On scenes she loved in happier days.

There had she dwelt in bliss—and there
Her soul dwelt yet:
Oh, there be ties we can not tear—
The heart must hold them or despair—
Could she forget
The home to which she came a bride?
The home in which her husband died?

But strangers now were there—and she—
Her home was heaven—
And when she heard the sounds of glee,
That seemed to mock her misery,
Her heart was riven;—
She sunk, and ere I reached her side,
She kissed her babe's bright cheek, and died!

And this the giddy world will hear,
Nor laugh the less;
The world reserves its selfish tear,
To sparkle on the costly bier;
And crowds will press
To see the mighty laid in dust—
And slaves will eulogize the worst:—

But sorrow unattended goes
To her last home;
There's none the humble sufferer knows—
And yet I call her blessed to those—
For her the tomb
Is peace—no sighs to earth are given—
Her friend, her treasure is in heaven!

SONG.

It is not in morning's rosy hour,
Nor under the sunset hue,
But beneath the leafy moonlit bower,
That lovers should bid "adieu!"

It is not in friendship's social hall,
Where faith hath linked the few—
But where the feet of the fairies fall,
That lover's should bid "adieu!"

It is not with smiles, to the joyous dear,
When pleasures seem ever new—
'Tis with plaintive sighs, and the falling tear,
That lovers should bid "adieu!"

I WAS A BOY.

IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

"———Passing sweet
Are the domains of tender memory."—*Wordsworth.*

I was a boy; and she was fair
As you are when you smile,
And her voice came forth like the summer air,
With a tone that did beguile,
And her two blue eyes refreshing were
As two trees on an Indian isle.

Her dancing shape I cannot tell,
But never may forget;
The heart remembers all too well—
Sweet girl! I see her yet;
But I was hers by a holier spell
In the soul's deep cavern set.

Ah me! what blissful rambles then,
Children in childhood's band,
Had we through many a lonesome glen,
And many a faery strand!
Now these scenes are fading! we busy men
Are travelling from that land.

A little shepherdess by birth,
An orphan on that plain,
She drank the beauties of the earth,
And never knew of pain—
But the breezy song of her maiden mirth
Shall ne'er be heard again.

Oh! can it be that she should lie
In a grave of cold, cold clay,
Whom I have known as fluttering high
As a new-born thrush in May,
And yet as quiet as the sky
In the morn of a summer day!

With fairest maidens I have been,
And they were lovely things,
When they danced upon yon hidden green,
Like Fairies in their rings;
But a fairer still my heart hath seen
In its lone imaginings.

Nay, Chloris! 'twas a boyish love,
And desolated soon—
A longer life hath the woodland dove,
Longer the rose of June!
And now she's gone, far, far above
Or sun, or stars, or moon!

Chloris! I'm thine; yea, by those eyes,
So soft, so bright, I swear!
Yet sometimes will a thought arise
Of one that was as fair;
Yes, my heart is thine, though from the skies,
An angel visit there!

THE ANTIQUE URN.

Poor shattered mould of simple clay,
Once for most solemn use designed!
Art thou again restored to day
To point the moral to mankind?—
How worthless, brief, and frail is fame!
When Rome's imperial eagles flew,
And spread o'er half the world her reign,
This distant land her notice drew;
Her warriors braved the stormy main
To win a glorious deathless name!

One hero left that lovely land,
Where science dwelt, where beauty smiled;
Hither he brought a chosen band
To war against a nation, wild,
Untamed, but noble—they were free;
Their rocks—their forests were their own,
Their richest robes the grim wolf's hide;
They bowed before no tyrant's throne,
Their wealth the scorn of splendid pride,
Their isle the home of Liberty.

The hero toiled, the hero fought,
Whilst blood and rapine marked his way;
A proud imperial car he sought,—
Death sternly smiling o'er his prey,
Said, "do thy task and then be mine!"
The laurel wreath—the captive train—
A nation's loud applauding hail—
Where are they?—where all pride is vain,

The hero sinks, cold, stiff, and pale,
On his last couch—funeral pine!

That form whose spirit could aspire
Britannia's sons as slaves to turn,
Then slowly smouldered on the fire,
Till scarce its ashes filled this urn,
Now broken by a peasant's spade:
Tells not imperial Rome his deeds
Whose tombs and temples brave the skies?
Midst noxious plants o'ergrown with weeds,
Imperial Rome in ruin lies,
To all the earth a warning made.

All of the warrior that remains
Is but this thymy scarce raised mound;
Where the lone nightingale complains,
Where earliest field flowers yet are found
By the light hearted shepherd boy;
The rude stone chest in which it lay,
Now placed to catch the scanty stream—
This urn—fast mouldering in decay—
And an unnoted minstrel's dream,
That to the lute hath sung this toy!

THE COAT AND THE PILLOW.

A FABLE.

It chanced that the coat of a very fine fellow
Had been thrown on a bed, and lay close to the pillow.
With that ease which high company gives, (for the coat
Had been much in the world and in circles of note,)
"Friend Pillow," says he, "why that look of distress?
By your tumbled condition, you've slept ill I guess!
Or perhaps that your master is gone you are sorry:
He's a very fine fellow; if so I feel for ye.
I'm always delighted to go where he goes
And mix in the mirth that around him he throws.
Gay, wealthy, and, witty, and wanton, and young,
Made for conquest his form, for persuasion his tongue,
On whom nature her presents so lavishly showers,
What mortal so blessed as this master of ours?
'Twould delight you to see with what grateful composure,
He throws down his guineas, or stakes an enclosure.
'Tother night 'twas at what that Sir Somebody blundered,
And lost him, I think 'twasn't less than a hundred,
To see him, my friend, you'd conclude he had won.
Such an easy good tempered sweet smile he put on.
What with dancing, and singing, and laughing, and drinking,
You'd wonder what time he had left him for thinking;
If he wins, if he loses, he's glad, and still glad;
I can not believe he knows how to be sad.
With such mental control, and a heart so at ease,
Sure never was found a man so to please."

"And now," says the Pillow, "its my turn to speak;
If I let you alone you'll go on for a week.
Since you say that with you he's as light as a feather,
Pray keep him, or come to bed always together;
For the moment you're off, such a trade then commences,
You'd think he was fairly bereft of his senses;
Such complaining, such sorrow, repentance, and hate,
Such cursing his fortune, such damning his fate,
That, taking in bedlam, there is not in town,
A pillow whose state I'd not change with my own.
The night that Sir Somebody lost him a hundred,
As soon as he laid himself down, how he thundered!
I never was in such a fright in my life;
He could not worse treat me if I were his wife.
He thinks, I believe, he can't use me too rough;
I am sometimes too high, sometimes not high enough;
Then such knocking, and thumping, and squeezing, but still
I can't give content, do whatever I will.
To complete my misfortune, sometimes in a sally,
He throws me as hard as he can at his valet,
Who ventures to give him his scurvy advice,
To have nothing to do with those villainous dice.
'Tother night he declared he would do for himself,
And took down a pistol which lay on the shelf,
But after he'd held it some time to his head,
He thought better on't and bethumped me instead.
If this is the way with your very fine fellows,
'Twere better be any thing else than their pillows."

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Every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-
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Steuben-street.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1828.

NO. 2.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ORATION,

Delivered at Zanesville, Ohio, on the festival of Saint John the Evangelist, December 27, 1810, before the Lodge of Amity. By Brother LEWIS CASS, late Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, and present Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Michigan.

(Concluded.)

Such are the effects of our society, such the illustration of its principles. Nor does its moral tendency yield to its practical consequences: the mild spirit of toleration which it breathes, is the more precious when contrasted with the intolerance and bigotry which have been so universally prevalent in the world. Nations have forgotten that the object of political institutions is to protect natural rights, and every government has connected its religious opinions with its civil establishments; liturgies and creeds, articles of faith and rules of discipline stain the rubrick page of history, and speculative points of doctrine have occasioned more misery in the world than all those natural evils by which nations are punished for their crimes and recalled to their duty. Every country has been the sport of contending opinions, and martyrs have as readily been found as persecutors. Vindictive in prosperity, and resigned in adversity as the vicissitudes of circumstances has alternately given to hostile sects the victory, they have celebrated their triumph in persecution, and their defeat in martyrdom. Deriving no wisdom from a retrospect of the past, and no mercy from a contemplation of the future, they have resolved to indulge the malevolence of bigotry and the ferocity of vengeance in the gratification of the present.

This fortunate country first exhibited to the world the rational but novel spectacle of a people forming their government independent of their religion, and requiring no test of the one as a condition for enjoying the privileges of the other. Almost eighteen centuries had elapsed after the divine author of christianity sacrificed his life upon the shrine of intolerance, before the mild tenets of his religion were acknowledged and thus practically enforced.

While this darkness pervaded the world, our predecessors were faithful to the principles of the order, and their successors have neither been unmindful of their precepts nor heedless of their example. We arraign no man's political opinions, we interfere not with his religious creed—to his country and himself we leave the one, to his conscience and his God we commit the other. Inhabitants of hostile countries, men separated from the land of their nativity by intervening oceans, assemble at our festive meetings, and present their votive offerings upon the altar of masonry. All their prejudices and opinions, which might disturb the peace or interrupt the harmony of the lodge, are left as useless incumbrances at its door. They loose the sandals from their feet, for the ground whereon they stand is holy. They re-enter the world better prepared for its duties and avocations, and more fitted for the cultivation and attainment of those qualities, without which the comforts of life and the refinements of society would yield to savage and barbarous pursuits. The christian returns to his temple; the Jew to his Synagogue; the Mahometan to his Mosque, and the Indian to his Pagoda, more suitably impressed with reverence for the Great Architect of all things, by the solemn and imposing ceremonies they have witnessed.

The natural, moral, and political blessings we enjoy, render us almost insensible to the distress and desolation which afflict the world. If from this happy land we cast our eyes upon the ancient continent, we shall find the spirit of hatred and animosity inflaming her people, and embattled armies arrayed for slaughter. The tempest of war and destruction overshadows her prospects, and the crimson standard of ambition rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm. Her publick faith, her social institutions, her peace and happiness will soon exist only upon the canvass of history, leaving the inhabitants in that state of moral depravity and mental darkness which succeeded the splendid era of ancient literature. Happy would it be for mankind, thrice happy for the generations which will follow us, if a mound could be raised to stem this furious torrent which threatens to inundate the social world; if an institution could be devised to restrain the spirit of ambition, to check the love of domination, and to give charity and forbearance to individuals, justice and integrity to governments, peace and concord to nations.

"Come, enter with me the door of masonry. I stand as the herald at the porch of the temple, to announce its beauties and exhibit its glories." You will there find an order, whose object is to curb intemperate passions, and to reconcile conflicting interests—to extend to nations those principles of humanity and benevolence, which should actuate individuals—to destroy the pride of conquest and the pomp of war—to annihilate local prejudices and unreasonable partialities—to banish from the world every source of enmity and hostility, and to introduce those social feelings which are better calculated to preserve peace and good order than penal laws or political regulations. If these objects are of importance to humanity, then is this society important—if these blessings can be attained in this imperfect state, then may we hope to attain them.

If wisdom be desirable in your plans, strength in their foundation, and beauty in their execution, come to these pillars of wisdom, strength, and beauty, and you may erect a temple more durable than heathen superstition ever dedicated to fear, and more useful than mistaken zeal ever devoted to piety;—and with hope to discern, with faith to believe, and with charity to merit, you may look forward through the dim twilight of time to that lodge not made with hands, where every upright mason may expect to find a leader and a friend, where the doubts and difficulties, which now obscure the moral firmament, shall be lost in cloudless effulgence before Him "whose body is truth, and whose shadow is light."

Respected Officers and Brethren—On this natal day of him whose life formed a bright constellation of masonic virtues, we are assembled to commemorate the institution of our order, and to pay the tribute of fraternal affection to our brethren, who have merited it by the purity of their lives and the benevolence of their deeds. The love of virtuous fame is the gem of noble sentiments, and the spring of glorious actions. Coeval with reason, it ceases to operate with its extinguishment only—co-extensive with society, its influence is felt and acknowledged from the cottage to the palace. It gives an energy to our minds, which enables them to resist the pressure of untoward events, and furnishes us with a powerful motive for virtuous pursuits, not bounded by that goal which terminates every other terrestrial prospect—to sail down the tide of time till it is lost in the ocean of Eternity,

to be enrolled on the same page of history with the sages and patriots of ancient and of modern days, and to be embalmed in the memory of the wise and virtuous, is a full compensation for the ills of poverty, the troubles of adversity, and the numberless evils which chequer the variegated scene of life.

Let, therefore, the wisdom of Solomon, the fidelity of Hiram, and the virtues of Saint John, become memorable examples, to conduct us through the perilous journey of life, and finally to bring us to that pure and perfect light, where past misfortunes will be obliterated in the fulness of perfect beatitude.

Let the valour of Warren, the philanthropy of Franklin, and the patriotism of Washington, this day fill every heart, and dwell on every tongue. May the cassia bloom perennial over their graves, for they have gone down cloudless in the west, ripe in years, and full of virtue.

Warriours and conquerors, how light is the pageantry of your triumphs, when weighed in the balance of a nation's love! How trivial your fame, when compared with the memory of these benefactors of mankind, these friends of millions! The glory of heroes has become cheap and common. Every age and almost every nation have been fertile in sanguinary despots, who have waded through death and desolation to a short-lived fame. They thicken their numbers, they multiply their ranks, as we view them through the long telescope of history, till they become almost as undistinguished as the soldiers whom they led to slaughter. Mankind, recalled to reason by a recollection of their sufferings, have at length resolved to bestow their gratitude and esteem upon their friends and benefactors only, and titled robbers, whose power is too great to dread the stroke of justice or the lash of satire, will find a sure though tardy punishment in the execration of that posterity, from whose judgement there is no appeal. But the fame of these our departed brethren, resembles a beacon erected on a dangerous coast to guide the weary mariner to his long sought port. Amid the howlings of the storm and the obscurity of the night, it darts its rays athwart the ocean, shining with radiant splendour upon the interminable darkness, cheering the desponding seamen, and conducting their shattered bark to the haven of rest, the land of security.

Nor is all our sensibility due to departed worth: Living virtue also claims its share. Let us still recollect, that however unjustly the world will confound our doctrines with our practice, and will judge of our principles by the purity of our lives—it, therefore becomes us to test our actions by the square of integrity, and to restrain our desires by the compass of duty. Let us not build on a sandy foundation, nor daub with untempered mortar. Carry into the world the recollection of those obligations, which are designed to make us moral men and quiet citizens, to improve the manners, and meliorate the heart. In the asperity of political discussions, in the warmth of religious disputes, in the numberless controversies which embitter the peace of society, recollect the principles they inculcate and enjoin. Be ever ready to extend to others that charity you have a right to expect. Remember the forgotten, attend to the neglected, visit the forsaken. Bear prosperity with equanimity, and adversity with fortitude; never forgetting, as it was your fate to meet on the level, so it is your duty to part on the square. You will thus find refreshment in the south and your reward in the west. And when the wealth and honour, and pomp and

power of this world shall fall before the mighty destroyer; when the shadows of life shall be dissolved in the realities of futurity, and when the morning of eternity shall dawn, ye will be admitted into that Lodge, where knowledge and virtue and happiness shall continue progressively to increase; when the proudest monuments of human industry, and this stupendous work of the Omnipotent Architect, shall have passed away, "and like the baseless fabric of a vision left not a wreck behind."—So may it be.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

Ceremony of laying the corner stone of the Charleston College.

An invitation having been extended to the masonic fraternity, by the trustees of the Charleston college, to officiate in the laying of the cornerstone of the new edifice, the Grand Lodge with its officers and the members of the subordinate lodges in the city, on the 12th of January last, performed this most interesting ceremony in ample form. In pursuance of previous arrangements, the procession of the masonic body formed at Seyle's in Meeting-street, and passed down Meeting, Chalmers, Church and Broad-streets, to the City Hall, where the president and wardens, the trustees, professors and students of the college, the professors and students of the medical college, the different societies, and the citizens generally were in readiness to receive them. The whole procession then moved through Broad, King, George, and St. Philip's streets, to the north gate of the college yard, through which it entered. The masonic body having passed under the arch erected for the occasion, filed off to the right and left and formed a square around the platform, erected at the north-east corner for the Grand Master B. F. HUNT, and his principal grand officers, and the intendent of the city. Other platforms had also been erected for the accommodation of the ladies and the orator of the day. On ascending the platform, the intendent addressed the Grand Master signifying the wish of the trustees, that the Grand Lodge would officiate in laying the corner stone of the college, with which the Grand Master complied. Upon which a prayer was offered by the Rev. Brother JOSEPH BROWN, officiating as Grand Chaplain, and the Grand Master then proceeded to lay the stone according to ancient form. As the stone was lowered, an ode adapted to the music of Pleyel's Hymn was sung, with the accompaniment of appropriate music. Immediately previous to laying the stone, the Grand Treasurer MOSES HOLBROOK, by command of the Grand Master had deposited upon the under stone in niches prepared for each, specimens of every American coin of the present day in circulation.

After these ceremonies, the Grand Master presented the principal Architect with the plumb, square, and level, with a suitable address.

After which, CHARLES FRASER, Esq. delivered an oration, agreeably with the appointment of the Trustees of the College—and the Masonick Body returned in procession to their Hall, when they were dismissed.

The concourse of ladies and citizens notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was numerous highly and respectable, and the ceremonies of the occasion splendid and imposing. The various addresses, the prayer, and the oration, are spoken of in terms of high commendation, and it is expected will be given for publication.

NEW-YORK.

ALBANY COUNTY.

Officers of *Evening Star Lodge*, No. 466, in the village of Gibbonsville, elected Dec. 5, 5827:—

David W. D. Houghtaling, Master; Seba W. Britton, Senior Warden; John Witt, Junior Warden; Alpha W. Rockwell, Secretary; Calvin Earle, Treasurer; Lewis Ellsworth, Senior Deacon; Joel Dewy, Junior Deacon; Absalom Lester, Tyler.

ERIE COUNTY.

Officers of *Barton Lodge*, No. 442, in the village of Black Rock, Erie county, for the year 5828:—

John D. Harty, Master; James D. Barton, Senior Warden; Roger Jones, Junior Warden; George McKnight, Secretary; Daniel S. Davison, Treasurer; Edward Duer, Senior Deacon; Edward Re-

lington, Junior Deacon; William Scott and Ethan Allen, Stewards; Benjamin Bidwell and Daniel Lockwood, Financial Committee; Roger Jones, Abner Cutter, and James L. Barton, Charitable Committee; Henry Hanson, Tyler.

CONNECTICUT.

Officers of *St. Andrews' Lodge*, No. 64, in Winsted, Connecticut, elected Jan. 2, 5828:—

John Boyd, Master; Stephen Rowley, Senior Warden; William S. Boyd, Junior Warden; Wheelock Thayer, Treasurer; Chauncey Shuttuck, Secretary; Normand Spencer, Senior Deacon; George W. Austin, Junior Deacon; Reuben White, Tyler.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

INTERNAL ENEMIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Extracted from a paper communicated by Doct. Van Rensselaer to Silliman's Journal.

It is a well established fact, that animals have issued from various parts of the human frame, however much the idea may have been ridiculed. But skepticism in science is daily yielding to observation, and the investigations of practical men are clearing away much of the rubbish that popular belief and prejudice have placed in the way of naturalists. Facts, well authenticated and indisputable, are now received as scientific records, which a few years ago would have startled the best informed minds of the day; whence we are led to hope that science will continue to advance, and unfold to us more of those hidden operations of nature, which are yet mysteries to us, and seem now inexplicable.

Man, wonderfully and fearfully made, is heir to ills unknown to most of us—among which may be enumerated those arising from punitive insects, that "bore into his flesh, descend into his stomach and viscera, derange his whole system, and thus often occasion his death,"—of which several instances are related in the work above mentioned. I am convinced that many of those village tales that excite derision at the moment in most but the unfortunate sufferer, would if thoroughly investigated, and plainly recorded, shed light, when properly collected and compared, on many of the mysteries that now perplex us.

Abundant evidence has been adduced, says Messrs. Kirby and Spence, to establish the fact beyond all controversy, that the meal worm, (*Tenebrio Molitor L.*) whose usual food is flour, has frequently been voided by human beings and in one instance is stated to have caused death. How these grubs got into the stomach, unless the eggs were swallowed in some preparation of flour, it is difficult to say. But that the animal should be able to sustain the heat of this organ, so far exceeding the temperature to which it is usually accustomed, is the most extraordinary fact of all.

Dr. Martin Lister, so well known to geologists, was also, it seems, an attentive observer in his profession, and has recorded the case of a girl who voided three hexapod larvæ similar to what are found in the carcasses of birds.

In the German Ephemerides, is related the case of a girl, from an abscess in the calf of whose leg crept black worms resembling beetles.

The larvæ of some beetle, it seems, have been ejected from the lungs. Four, of which the largest was three fourths of an inch long, were discovered in the mucus expelled after a severe fit of coughing by a lady afflicted with a pulmonary disease; and similar larvæ of a smaller size were once afterwards discharged in the same way.

No one would suppose that caterpillars which feed upon vegetable substances, could be found alive in the stomach. But a case is recorded in the Phil. Trans. by Lister, of a boy who vomited up several, which had sixteen legs. The eggs, it is observed, might have been eaten with salad, and enough of the vegetable might have been retained to support them when hatched.

Linnæus mentions that the caterpillar of a moth (*Cranibus Pinguinalis F.*) has also been found in the stomach. A case is related by Angelinus and Alsarius, who give the figure, of a caterpillar of great length, said to have been voided from the nostrils of a young man long afflicted with dreadful pains in the head.

It is well known that the gad-fly, (*Astrus L.*) solely annoys cattle and other quadrupeds—but it is not generally known that there is a species appropriated to man. Its existence has been unnoticed by entomologists, at least in books, since Gmelin's edition of the *Systema Naturæ*, until Humboldt and Bonpland mentioned, that, to the myriads of muscetoës, which render uninhabitable a great and beautiful portion of the torrid zone, may be added the *astrus hominis*, which deposits its eggs in the skin of man, and causes tumors. Gmelin mentions it on the authority of the younger Linnæus, and says that it remains beneath the skin of the abdomen six months, penetrating deeper, if disturbed, and sometimes occasioning death. Even the gad-fly of the ox, leaving its proper food, has been known to deposit its eggs in the jaw of a woman, and the bots produced from the eggs finally caused her death.

Other flies of various kinds thus penetrate into us, either preying upon our flesh, or getting into our intestines. Lewenhock mentions the case of a woman whose leg had been enlarged with glandular bodies for some years. Her surgeon gave him one he had cut from it, in which were several maggots;—these he fed with flesh till they assumed the pupa, when they produced a fly as large as the flesh-fly.

Azara mentions that in Paraguay he has known instances of persons, who, after having bled from the nose in their sleep, were attacked with the most violent head-aches; and only receive relief when several maggots, the offspring of the flesh-fly, issued from their nostrils.

In Jamaica a large blue fly hovers around the sick, and is with difficulty prevented by nurses from depositing eggs in the nose, mouth, and gums of the invalids. Lempriere records the case of a lady, who after recovering from fever, fell a victim to the maggots of this fly, which from the nose, found their way through the os cribriforme into the cavity of the skull, and afterwards into the brain.

Bonnet relates that he had seen the certificate of an English physician, stating that a girl, who had by prescription of a quack, swallowed some *saw bugs* alive, threw up a prodigious number of them, of all sizes, which must have bred in her stomach.

FOGS.

To the Editor of the London Courier.

Sir,—Dr. Davy, the brother of Sir Humphrey Davy, was, I believe, the first person, who broadly laid it down, that Fogs arise whenever the air becomes colder than the water. From this principle we can draw the following conclusions:—

1. Fogs, will be most frequent in autumn, after the earth has been heated during the summer, the air cooling faster than the earth.

2. Fogs will be greater after the hottest summer.

3. Fogs show that the air has become suddenly colder, and therefore is a Sign of Snow.

4. Fogs will be rare in hot climates, where the air is usually very hot.

5. Fogs will be very frequent in the Arctic regions where the sudden depressions of temperature are enormously below the mean temperature.

6. Fogs will be most frequent over shallow water, which sooner partakes of the temperature of the bottom than the deeper water. The end of the deep water is known near the Banks of Newfoundland, by the sudden commencement of the Fogs. The thick Fogs which appeared during Captain Franklin's last expedition, prove that the seas are very shallow, and the mean temperature not very low, upon that part of the arctic coast.

7. If the London Fogs have increased during the late years, it will prove either that the mean temperature has increased, or that the variations of temperature have increased, or that a disproportion of temperature between the water and the air has increased, or that the *Thames* has diminished in depth.

It is my belief that the last has occurred, partly from the natural rise of all embanked river beds, and partly from the effect of Waterloo Bridge. This bridge is unhappily placed near a bend of the River, and it is to be feared that the alignment of the Arches of the other bridges, and the course of the current has not been duly considered. The only remedy is to narrow the channel, so as to increase its depth, upon some such plan as Col. Tor-

ren's. The Quays of the insignificant Seine are open, the Thames is inaccessible. It is however, very dubious whether that great work would pay as a commercial speculation.

MEDICAL.

THE LIVERWORT.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer.

Gentlemen: You have frequently served the cause of suffering humanity, by giving circulation to important discoveries made in the healing art. I beg your indulgence to state, for the good of the public, that, since the winter of 1824-5, I have had three violent attacks of an inflammation of the liver, each subsequent attack worse than the former; that I have thrice undergone salivation, to the manifest injury of my constitution; that soon after the effect of the third salivation was wearing off, I had an addition to my afflictions, of the most painful kind, viz. bleeding from the lungs; to check the progress of which, the first remedy resorted to, was that recommended by the immortal Dr. Rush—I swallowed as much fine salt as my situation would admit of. This generally checked the bleeding for a season. I also had recourse to blood letting from the arm, to the application of leeches on my breast, and to cupping, all of which, I know by experience, to be serviceable for a time. I have also submitted to blistering, which afforded me some relief. In fine, from my first attack, till recently, I was under the full impression that the breast or lung consumption had taken fast hold on me, notwithstanding my family physician, Doctor Jones, assured me to the contrary, repeatedly, to whose opinion I now gladly assent.

As soon as I saw Dr. Hereford's publication of the beneficial effects produced by the drinking of the Liverwort tea, I determined to give the Liverwort a fair trial in my case, and accordingly procured a supply, which I have used for near three months as my only drink, nourishing liquids excepted. Since I commenced drinking the Liverwort tea, I have had no return of spitting of blood, and my strength has rapidly improved. When I call to mind my former situation, as before described, under the operation of salivation, blistering, the use of the lancet, and all the accompanying attendants on a debilitated constitution, not the least of which was the danger of strangling, from the great quantity of blood issuing from the lungs—to relieve me of which thirty leeches have been applied to my breast at one time, and thirty-nine incisions made on my breast for the use of the cupping instruments—having experienced all this distress, and infinitely more than I can describe during the past Spring and Summer, (as often as twice in one month the distress arising from bleeding at the lungs,) and now to find myself free from this alarming visitor, and all the other evils brought in its train, such as leeches, cupping, &c.—the whole benefit resulting from the use of the Liverwort tea, (for a period but little over two months,) with my health and strength improved; imparts to me a felicity truly gratifying, and which I desire to make known, for the benefit of all who may be similarly affected. All such I exhort to give the Liverwort tea a fair trial, and be attentive to their diet; for I have the best ground for believing that it was reserved for the Liverwort, through the blessing of Divine Providence, to do for me what all other expedients had failed to effect. And, from the experience I have had of this healing plant, I am of the opinion that all those afflicted with that distressing complaint, the obstruction of the urinal passages, should drink freely of the Liverwort tea; for it acts powerfully on the kidneys and those passages. They certainly would find it to their advantage. In conclusion, I would observe, that I have, for the last sixteen months rigidly adhered to a milk diet. I have drank the Liverwort tea in its cold state, as advised by Dr. Hereford and have abstained from all teas and coffees in a warm state, and all other stimulating draughts of every kind.

JOHN CONNELL.

Washington, January 10th, 1828.

P. S. Directions for preparing the Tea, &c. A double handful of the Liverwort after washing it

clean, is to be put into a sauce-pan, and half a gallon of boiling water poured on the same; let the pan then remain on the hot embers, or stove, and simmer for about an hour and a half; then pour the whole into a proper vessel to drink out of. When cold, it may be drunk as often as the thirst or state of the stomach will admit. The keeping the leaves in the vessel while using the tea, is necessary, to keep the same limpid.

J. C.

THE GATHERER.

SUPERSTITION.

In a little manual of piety, composed, in 1712, for the young ladies who were then pensioners at the monastery of St. Augustin, at Bruges, we have been surprised into frequent smiles by the scrupulous watchfulness with which the ghostly writer followed the lady-pensioners (though with pious fancy only) to the very sacred of sacreds! He was not contented with directing them concerning the prayers which he believed proper to be used when they assumed, or laid aside, their respective garments, but even directed them what to do before they attempted to close an eye on the softness of their pillows! Prayers are specified by this zealous pastor for the following curious occasions:—

- In putting on your petticoat.
- In putting on your night-gown.
- In dressing your head.
- In putting on your manteau.

In regard to the ceremony of laying aside these memorials of the weakness of Eve, our general mother, there is a prayer to be offered "whilst you undress yourself;" and the ladies are strictly enjoined, before they "get into bed, to take holy water." The writer concludes this part of his instructions by saying, "when you are in bed, write the name of Jesus on your forehead with your thumb!"

HOSPITAL FOR THE DUMB.

The Banian hospital at Surat is a most remarkable institution; it consists of a large plot of ground, enclosed with high walls, divided into several courts or wards, for the accommodation of animals; in sickness they are attended with the tenderest care, and find a peaceful asylum for the infirmities of age. When an animal breaks a limb, or is otherwise disabled from serving his master, he carries him to the hospital, and indifferent to what nation or caste the owner may belong, the patient is never refused admittance. If he recover, he cannot be reclaimed, but must remain in the hospital for life, subject to the duty of drawing water for those pensioners debilitated by age or disease from procuring it for themselves. At my visit, the hospital contained horses, mules, oxen, sheep, goats, monkeys, poultry, pigeons, and a variety of birds, with an aged tortoise, who was known to have been there for seventy-five years. The most extraordinary ward was that appropriated to rats, mice, bugs, and other noxious vermin. The overseers of the hospital frequently hire beggars from the streets, for a stipulated sum, to pass a night among the fleas, lice, and bugs, on the express condition of suffering them to enjoy their feast without molestation.

[Forbes's Oriental Memoirs.]

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FOOL.

Two men, the one a philosopher and the other a fool, were in the service of the same master, and slept in the same bed; the philosopher lay on the outside. One morning, having overslept themselves, the master, coming in with a whip, flogged the philosopher, who happened to be nearest on his entrance into the room. "This I will avoid another time," said the philosopher to himself; on the next night, therefore, he changed sides with the fool. In the morning they again transgressed, and the master came to chastise them; but reflecting that he had before whipped the man that was nearest, he thought it but just the other should feel his displeasure likewise; accordingly he went to the other side of the bed, and his blows fell again on the poor philosopher: thus confirming, by this example, the grand truth, "the wisest cannot avoid their fate."

RELIGION IN AMERICA.

Whatever the hypocrites of the Quarterly Review may cant about the want of an established church in the United States, we have always felt that the truly religious must rejoice in the better prospects which religion enjoys in that republic, owing to the absence of a contaminating mixture with politics and sordid temptations. In this opinion we are confirmed by the Edinburgh Theological Magazine, a publication which no one can suspect of a lack of zeal in the cause it espouses. "Splendid," says that periodical, "as are the prospects of America in a civil point of view; rapid as her career has been in science and war, in numerical strength and political distinction, and mighty as her resources in consequence are, for good or for evil, in the great commonwealth of nations, there is no aspect in which the philanthropist will delight so much to regard her as in that of a Christian people, fitted to act a conspicuous and efficient part in promoting universally the interests of mankind, of justice, and of true religion. It is delightful to observe, that the spirit of Christian enterprise and philanthropy is progressive in that part of the world. The contributions last year, to the various public funds for religious purposes, exhibit a large pecuniary increase." [London paper.]

ORDEALS.

Four kinds of ordeals were chiefly used by our German ancestors:—1. "The Kampf fight," or combat; during which the spectators were to be silent and quiet, on pain of losing an arm or leg; an executioner with a sharp axe. 2. "The fire ordeal," in which the accused might clear his innocence by holding red-hot iron in his hands, or by walking blind-fold amidst fiery ploughshares. 3. "The hot water ordeal," much of the nature as the last. 4. "The cold-water ordeal;" this need not be explained, since it is looked on as supreme when a witch is in question. The cross ordeal was reserved for the clergy. These, if accused, might prove their innocence by swallowing two consecrated morsels taken from the altar after proper prayers. If these fragments stuck in the priest's throat he stood *ipse facto*—condemned; but we have no record of condemnation.

DONATELLO.

The enthusiasm of ardent and of forcible minds appears madness to those who are dull and phlegmatic. The pleasure it inspires is the greatest and most independent remuneration that men of genius receive for their efforts and exertions. Donatello, the great Florentine sculptor, had been long working at his statue of Judith; and, on giving the last stroke of the chisel to it, he was heard to exclaim, "Parla! speak now, I am sure you can!"

GOLD.

The powers of gold are thus forcibly described by old Cornelius Agrippa. "The jealous husband is appeased with gold, the inexorable rival mollified with gold, the most strict and watchful keepers and guardians are corrupted with gold: there is no door, no gate, but opens to gold; no bedchamber, but gives entrance to gold; bars, stone walls, and the indissoluble bonds of wedlock, all yield to the force of gold: and what wonder if virgins, widows, matrons, vestal virgins, are sold and bought for gold, when Christ himself was sold for silver?"

In the "Marrow of Compliment," (London, 1654,) is the following song in praise of tobacco:

To feed men fat as swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed,
That with a leaf can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers end to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in his box,
His roast meat in a pipe.

Horace Walpole, called Lord Bacon "the prophet of unborn science, which Newton was afterwards sent to reveal;" and Cowley, enlarging upon this idea, says of him—

"Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
The barren wilderness he passed,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blessed promised land,
And from the mountain top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and showed us it."
Much meat doth gluttony process,

POPULAR TALES.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THE ORIGINAL STORY.

Jamie hadna been awa a twelvemonth and a day
When my father brak his arm, and our cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
When Auld Robin Gray cam a courting me.
My father coudna work, and my mither coudna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I coudna win:
Auld Robin maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jeanie, for their sakes, O marry me! [Ballad]

Jeanie Grahame was aone of the blithest, bonniest lasses to be seen in the auncient kingdom of Fife, from the Loch Leven to the Bay of St. Andrews; at least she was (speaking of her as I first saw her) happy as a summer mavis, and bright as a June rose. What she afterwards saw and underwent was enouch to have wasted and withered a' the beauty that was e'er bequeathed from heaven to woman.

The affairs of auld Walter Grahame had been lang back-going, and were now come to a poor pass. It would, indeed, be difficult preceesely to point out the cause; but the guid and gear, collected by the grandfather, Wattie o' the strong back (so called from his being famous at putting the stane), had begun to dwindle in the days of his son, Alexander, who succeeded him in the farm of Rowan-brae; and so great was the confusion to which things had been allowed to run, that Walter, the second of the name, and Jeanie's father, might be said to have fallen to a fruitless inheritance, and to have been left warstling in a sea of troubles.

Being the head of a family, and come to that time of life when moving about the world has muckle mair of incumbrance than pleasure in't, Walter struggled hard to better his lot. He was up early, and lay down late,—drove his ain cart to the market,—toiled in the fields,—hedged and ditched,—and submitted to every drudgery along with the maist menial o' his warkmen. All, however, wadna do. It seemed as if the bow of Providence was bent against him,—that he was a doomed man,—and that naething was destined to thrive in his unfortunate hands.

His wife and he had foregathered in their better days, and if it may be said he bore up wi' a stronger fortitude, it maun be confessed, that on she tholed ill the deprivations to which their straitened means compelled them. When a high speerited, careless young lassie, she had married for love (as the saying is), against the will o' her relations, that were a' wealthy and well to do in the world; and, when she could afford to keep up her degree, and brush by them in a gown of French silk, to the full as guid as their ain, every thing was weil enouch. It was otherwise, however, when, year by year, obleeed her to dispense with some wee bit article o' accustomed finery, and a back-going fortune estranged faces that had often smiled around her mair plentiful table. True it is, that with the changes o' life so we change; and that with the turns o' fortune we are our apt to turn. Her temper began to sour; she took to liking an ill tale against her neighbour; and as the family purse began to grow lighter, so in proportion did her wounded pride begin to show itself. Wad she petition her friends for help? Wad she condescend to bow down before them that had sae lang treated her as an outcast frae their family? Na—na—that wad have been as much as owning she had been in error, and they in the right. Sooner wad she perish of cauld and hunger; or be forced away into stranger districts, to beg, from door to door, a crust o' bread, and a drink o' water, from the hands of the charitable.

Oh, but Jeanie Grahame, the dochter, was a dear, sweet, bonny lassie! I was half in love wi' her mysell; and that is muckle for a douce married man to confess. Her behaviour to her parents, during all the time of their backgoing and misfortunes, was most pattern-like,—a sight to see as guid as a sermon to hear. She was the very heart and soul o' their howshold, and seemed to shed a glint of true pleasure oore the hame of honest poverty. Educated to the best o' the means that even their most prosperous days allowed them, she submitted to every accumulating little want without a murmur. Still she was the same innocent, contented, cheerfu' lassie; still she was the light o' her father's ee, the pride o' her mother's heart. With

them beside her, she seemed to fear nae evil, and to despise every hardship; her duty seemed aboon a'. She soothed all their misfortunes,—checked all their vain repinings,—cheered with the smiles o' her sweet face,—and seemed aye that, to a stranger, had nae cause for tears in this world; but, for a' that, she sometimes grat to hersell in secret.

Auld Robin Gray, the Laird of Stanedykes, I mind him weil. He was a tall, lour-shouthered carle, a guid way up in his sixties at the time; wi' strong, hard-set features, and a brown, three-story wig. His face was remarkable for naething but his rough, bushy ee-bree, that, grizzled wi' years, lookit like snawy arches thrown oore a pair o' grey sparkling een. Mony and mony a time, when a callant, passing that road, have I seen him, standing at the bit parapet wa' before his house, with his hands in his pepper-and-salt coat pockets, his staff aneath his oxter, and his blue bonnet on his pow, looking at the folk passing on the road frae Wemyss to Dysart, or glinting his ee oore his braid fields, surrounded wi' fine auld trees, where the cows stood chewing the cud of fatness, and his whistling ploughlads turned up the mools wi' the glittering share; proud nae doubt a' the time to ken himsell the laird o' sic a rich inheritance. Except for his keen hawk's ee, aye could scarcely have fand him out; however, there are surer ways of discovering a man's heart, than from the cut of his coat, or his bodily looks; and where was the neibour that ever had occasion to lend him a guid word, or the beggar that e'er departed frae his gate muttering a blessing?

The lang and the short of the story is, that auld Robin was a doure, hardhearted, selfish man,—the king of misers; scraping and scraping frae a' corners from day to day, and from year to year; screwing what he could by all lawful shifts out o' others; and denying himsell amaiest the necessities of life. In the early pairt of his youth, he married a cousin of his ain, a dochter of the Laird of Lowth; who, after living wi' him six or seven miserable years, took farewell o' this world it is to be houpit for a better, the latter pairt o' her life having been waur than purgatory,—a dull, broken-hearted creature, that left him the father of an only son and heir.

In the course of years and nature, the son, Jamie, grew up a bonny, black-haired laddie, fu' of the milk of human kindness, funny and frolicsome; and seemingly determined to mak up, in the eyes o' the world, for the sourness of his father's disposition, by the sweetness of his ain. In all games and exercises he was the foremost; and no a lass in the parishes of Dysart or Kirkaldy wad have scrupled to have set her cap at him.

Many a girn, and mony a bitter word did the laird gie; yet the outbreaks of youth were borne by the gruff auld carle better than could have been expectit. Whether, however, as he grew aulder, the father's temper grew mair fractious, or his affection to his callant grew mair canld, was hard to discover; but it becam visible to all, from the usage he underwent, and the drudgeries to which he was made to yield, that the matter wad soon be past the endurance of a proud-hearted, free-speerited lad,—and so it happened; for, in a fit of resentment and sorrow, he betook himsell to a vessel setting sail frae Leith to the West Indies; leaving to the doure, gruff, auld miser, and to his housekeeper, sand-blind Nancy, to mak a kirk and a mill of the pleasureless domicile and property of Stanedykes.

On the night before Jamie set off there was a grievous parting between him and Jeanie Grahame. They seemed made for ane anither; and if, as some suppose, Nature formed human creatures in pairs, these were the twa that it meant to meet. From the years in which the heart first opens to love, they had loved each ither like brother and sister; but with feelings still more warmly kindled, and more deeply rooted. Neither had ever been in love before—it was first love, full to the overflowing wi' passion and power,—to which a' the ither loves of life (if man can really and truly love twice) are but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Sair, sair, did Jeanie greet, and beg o' him no to gang away; lang did she hing upon his neck, while her burning tears drappit down on his hands; but na—his purpose was fixed,—fixed by an oath, as if he had been an auld Mede or Persian; so, after explaining to her the absurdity of his remaining at a hame where he could never better

himself; and of his submitting to a state of miserable and slavish dependence, he said he was only about trying to push his ain way in the world, and to get into a situation that would not render their coming together a thing, as it now was, altogether hopeless. "No—no," he said, "Jeanie," taking a farewell kiss from her lips, "you maunna cry,—it cannot be otherwise. It were cruel to you, as weil as mysell, to stay where I now am. I must—must leave you, Jeanie, and mind this,—if I get on in the world you will see me soon, if not, try to forget what has passed; and my dear, dear, Jeanie, mind that I leave you a free creature,—as free in promise as God's daylight,—as free as before I saw ye:—and, when I am far away oore the sea, and forgotten, refuse not a good offer for the sake of the foolish, silly, thoughtless memory o' what has passed betwixt us. So, may be, when I come hame—if ever it be my fortune to come hame,—a crazy, weather-beaten, broken-down, auld man, I may see ye surrounded wi' yere bonnie bairns, and yere proud gudeman—No, hang me, I wad be sooner shot thro' the head, like a dog, than see the mon that daured, in my hearing, to ca' Jeanie Grahame his wife!"

When the auld miser fand that his son had taen his will in his ain hands, and had decampit, he had a grievous contention wi' the bitterness and blackness of his ain speerit, and he vowed that, only son as he was of his, he wad cut him off wi' a shilling; come what liket of the guid, gear, and chattels, he lamentit he could na carry to the grave with him. Naething wad mak him relax in his purpose, his determination was as fixed as the whunstone rock; and the friends that were sae forward as to presume offering a word o' advice, fand that they were only rivetting the nail of hatred more firmly in the laird's bosom.

Considering the ties o' nature, aye wad have thocht, that the course of time must have blunted his wrath, and reconcealed him to Jamie; but far otherwise. His speerit had got a bend that coudna be straightened; so, instead of relenting, every day appeared to make him mair inveterately cruel. Twa summers had passed oore, when the laird received a letter from his son, in which Jamie lamented the step he had taken, and the way they had partied, hoping that, when he saw him again,—as he shortly expectit to do,—a' the past wad be forgotten.

The auld neerdoweel had scarcely patience to read the letter thro', ere he tore it into a thousand tatters, and strampt them below his feet. "Come hame when ye like, my man," cried the unnatural father, in the bitterness of his doure rage, "come hame when ye like, ye've never mair be son of mine. Ye have brewed the cup o' wilful disobedience, and ye maun drink it to the dregs—deevil cares hoo bitter the dregs may be. Forgie ye! faith lad, ye little ken me. I'm no the willow whand to be bowed to your purpose. Do ye hear that?" added he, tapping sand-blind Nancy, his housekeeper, on the shouther, an auld, withered looking witch-wife, that deserved a tar-barrel on the top o' Lo-mond hill, far better than mony that suffered there; "do ye hear that? Our bonnie son Jamie is thinking of paying us a veesit soon. Do you hear what I'm saying?"

"Nonsense, laird, nonsense. Jamie coming hame!" answered clootie's dochter, wi' a grin that showed her blackened stumps. "Ou, ay, he'll be coming to marry his bit bonny sweetheart, oore by, Wattie Grahame's dochter, ye understand, laird."

This was setting fire to tinder. The laird lookit first black and then blue; glowered in Nancy's withered face for a minute without speaking, like a man lost within himsell, then gieing his head a shake, and screwing his mouth up to a whistle, like a man that has, after muckle trouble, seen his way thro' a puzzie, he clappit his bonnet on his pow, and away down the road to Rowan-brae.

At Walter's every thing was looking dowie and mair dowie, gloomier and glomier. The cattle, aye after anither, had been sold to pay the landlord his rent. The barn yard was threshed out and empty. Sheriff-offishers frae Edinburgh were seen like wild cats in the gloaming, prowling about his bounds wi' docketed accounts in their side pockets, threatening poinding and horning; while, to crown a', Walter himsell, by a tumble frae his cart shaft in the dark, had gotten his arm broken.

It was a hame o' cauldrie poverty and wretchedness. Misfortune after misfortune showing down upon them, had at length soured Walter's heart, and broken down his speerit. His wife, wha could have tholed her puir fate better had she been among strangers, began to sink under a pride so mortally wounded, and she grew every day mair crabbit and ill-tempered, as she harpit oure the thocht o' their afflictions affording a cause of crowing to her neglectful relations. The warst of all, however, was, that they were neither o' them sae young as they once were; the snaws of auld age had begun to gather round their brows; and they hadna the warm hopes of youth, to see bright days amid winter to come. Jeanie, puir thing, bore up wonderfully, and tho' doing every thing for the best, she took hard words, and crabbit looks, without a murmur; exerted hersell frae morning till night in managing the howshold concerns; and lookit like a stray sunbeam let into a dwelling of darkness.

Ane might naturally ask,—had she nae consolation which helpit her to oppose this brave speerit to the storm? had she nae secret help? nae kind letter? nae blithe tidings? Nane—nane; frae the night of the parting she had heard not a syllable from or about him. She kent from his own lips that he was awf to the West Indies, and she had heard from ithers that the West Indies is the European's grave!

(Conclusion next week.)

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

THE GREEKS.

The delightful country of Greece, once the finest in the world, is inhabited by a bold and intelligent race of men; whose noble struggles to rescue themselves from an odious servitude has rendered them objects of our esteem and admiration. For more than five years has this unfortunate land been the scene of continual warfare and desolation; and though the attempts of the Turks have been many and great, they have notwithstanding entirely failed in their design,—that of exterminating the Greeks.

The Greeks are of the same religion as the Russians, and, like that nation, have monks and nuns; Great decorum is visible in their churches, the females being excluded from the sight of the males by means of lattices. Their bishops lead a life of great simplicity, as will be seen from the following account of a dinner given by the bishop of Salona to Mr. Dodwell:—"There was nothing to eat except rice and bad cheese; the wine was execrable, and so impregnated with resin, that it almost took the skin from our lips. Before sitting down to dinner; as well as afterwards, we had to perform the ceremony of the *cheironipton*, or washing of the hands. We dined at a round table of copper tinned, supported upon one leg, and sat on cushions placed on the floor. The bishop insisted upon my Greek servant sitting at table with us; and on my observing that it was contrary to our custom, he answered, that he could not bear such ridiculous distinctions in his house. It was with difficulty I obtained the privilege of drinking out of my own glass, instead of out of the large goblet, which served for the whole party. The Greeks seldom drink till they have dined. After dinner, strong thick coffee, without sugar was handed round." The strictest frugality is observable in all the meals of these people. The higher orders live principally on fish and rice, and the common people on olives, honey, and onions. The food of the Levantine sailors, according to the Hon. Mr. Douglass, consists entirely of salted olives, called by the Greeks *columbades*. They dress mutton in a singular manner, it being stewed with honey. In a very rare work, published in 1686, entitled, "The Present State of the Morea," is the following account of their manner of threshing corn—"They have no barns, but threshing-floors, which are situated on high grounds, and open to the winds. Here they tread it out with horses, which are made fast to a post; round which the corn is put; the horses trampling upon it make great despatch; they then cleanse it with the wind, and send it home."

The houses of the Greeks are generally built of brick, made of clay and chopped straw; those at Napoli di Romania are considered among the best,

and are spacious and convenient. The stranger, on entering, is struck with the singular appearance they present, the lower story being set apart for the horses, while not a bell is visible in any part of the building. When the attendance of a servant is required, it is signified by the master clapping his hands. Most of the houses in the villages have very pretty gardens, with walks round them covered with vines. The Greeks are remarkable for their love of dancing, particularly the *Romaika*, which is thus described by the Hon. Mr. Douglass:—"I never shall forget the first time I saw this dance; I had landed on a fine Sunday evening in the island of Scio, after three months spent amidst Turkish despotism, and I found most of the poorer inhabitants of the town strolling upon the shore, and the rich absent at their farms; but in riding three miles along the coast, I saw above thirty parties engaged in dancing the *Romaika* upon the sand; in some of these groups, the girl who led them chased the retreating wave, and it was in vain that her followers hurried their steps; some of them were generally caught by the returning sea, and all would court the laugh rather than break the indissoluble chain. Near each party was seated a group of parents and elder friends, who rekindled the last spark of their expiring gayety and vigour in the happiness they saw around them."

Though the Greeks are an oppressed nation, yet, as Sir William Gell testifies, they cannot be called uncleanly in their habits. The bath is in constant use among them, and a Greek peasant would on no account retire to rest without having previously washed his feet. The females, generally speaking, are kept very secluded from society, and it is seldom that their marriages are founded on mutual love or attachment. The conduct of the married women in Greece is deserving of our highest praise, both for their great virtue and goodness of heart, while instances of divorce are extremely rare.

The burial-places of the Greeks are situated without the walls of their towns, and round the tombs are a variety of plants, (principally parsley,) which they take great care to keep alive. Numerous ceremonies are observed at their funerals; but the most interesting scene is the last. "Before the body is covered with earth, the relations approach in turn, and lifting the corpse in their arms, indulge in the full pleasure of their grief, while they call in vain on the friend they have lost, or curse the fate by which that loss has been occasioned." The Greeks, when occasion requires it, make use of flowers to express their thoughts. Thus for instance, if a lover wishes to convey any private intelligence to his mistress, he has only to make a selection of certain flowers, the signification of which is perfectly understood if once seen by the object of his love. The manners of the Greeks in many cases bear a striking resemblance to those of the Turks. Like that nation, they smoke with long pipes, and write with the left hand. The inhabitants of Napoli di Romania have still further imitated their oppressors by wearing the turban trimmed with white, together with the red *papouches*, or slippers. The costume of the Greek soldiers is thus described by the author of "Letters from the East:—"The costume of these soldiers was light and graceful; a thin vest, sash, and a loose pantaloon, which fell just below the knee. The head was covered with a small and ugly cap. They had most of them pistols and muskets, to which many added sabres or ataghans." The dress of the females is very elegant; over the head is worn a veil, called *macrama*, and between the eyelid and the pupil is inserted a black powder, named *surme*, which, according to the Hon. Mr. Douglas, gives a pleasing expression to the countenance. Their hair (generally of a beautiful auburn) they bestow great pains, adorning it with a variety of ornaments, and suffering it to hang down in long tresses or ringlets, which present a most graceful appearance. In stature the men are tall and well made; but their countenances, though expressive, have generally an air of dejection, which no change of time or circumstances has power to remove. The Greek women are very beautiful, and remarkable for vivacity and intelligence of mind.

The character of the Greeks consists of a singular mixture of good and bad qualities. They are vain, fickle, treacherous, and turbulent; but on the other hand, are industrious, bold, polite, moderate

in their living, with a lively and ingenious disposition. If it be asserted that they are in some cases too much given to wine, it may be replied to in the words of Cicero, *Necessitas crimen est, non voluntatis*. When we consider that from the earliest age, they are accustomed to witness among the Turks the most disgusting scenes of profligacy and villany, that, like wandering pilgrims, they have no fixed abode, and are continually subject to all the miseries attendant on war and poverty, can it be wondered if in their character we find something worthy of reprehension.

MISCELLANY.

SUNRISE AT MOUNT ÆTNA.

Of a sunrise at Mount Ætna, an acute traveller remarks, no imagination can form an idea of this glorious and magnificent scene. Neither is there on the surface of this globe any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects:—the immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single apex, without any neighbouring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world—and this point, or pinnacle raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island. Add to this, the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature; with the rising sun advancing in the east to illuminate the wondrous scene. The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed dimly and faintly the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos: and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forest, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from whence no ray was reflected to show their form or colours, appear a new creation rising to the sight, catching life and beauty from every increasing beam. The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides; till the sun appears in the east, and with his plastick ray completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment; and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to such objects, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of them. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracks both of sea and land intervening; various islands appear under your feet; and you look down on the whole of Sicily on a map, and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side; nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity; and there is little doubt, that were it not for the imperfection of our organs, the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, would be discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon.

[Time's Telescope.]

MELANCHOLY FATE OF A PEASANT.

This unfortunate mountaineer, in the course of an excursion on those stupendous mountains, by chance discovered the vein of a mine containing particles of gold. Delighted at this unexpected treasure, he hastened to his wife, and disclosed the secret, under an injunction that she should not divulge it, lest he should be taken up by order of government. He visited his mine daily, and at first only brought away small quantities of ore, which his wife disposed of at Genoa. His wealth at length accumulated sufficiently to enable him to purchase a spot of land, whereon he built a hut, and continued his exertions, at the hazard of his life, till he had obtained enough to render his situation easy and comfortable.

The only method by which he could gain access to the mine was that of laying himself on his belly, and pushing himself on through an opening formed between the strata of the rock, which was scarcely wide enough to admit his body: when he had pro-

cured the ore, he slid back in the same way. But, unfortunately, one evening, during that operation, a stone detached itself from the interior of the cave, and dropped on his shoulders, though not with sufficient force to occasion instant death, but enough to prevent his extricating himself either one way or the other; and he was left to perish in this horrible situation!

His wife, not seeing her husband return at the accustomed hour, took with her a friend, who had long had a suspicion of these mysterious excursions, and proceeded to the fatal spot, on approaching towards which she imperfectly heard the groans and lamentations issuing from the dreadful cavern—the inevitable tomb of her wretched husband! Every endeavour to extricate him was tried in vain—and he lived in this deplorable situation five days! The unfortunate woman's grief was beyond description. When dead, his body was forced to be taken from the rock limb by limb: his remains were collected, and buried near his hut, and a wooden cross erected over his grave.

Having died without confession, according to the custom of the country, numberless masses have been said for his soul; and the weary traveller often turns aside out of his way to prostrate himself on the stone which covers him, and drop a tear to his memory and his misfortune!

[Beaumont's Travels.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1828.

Such of our subscribers as are in arrears, will render us an especial favour by forwarding the amount due. The many expenses attendant upon our establishment, make it absolutely necessary that we should call upon our delinquent subscribers to assist us.

Post masters and secretaries of chapters and lodges, are requested to act as agents for the Record and Magazine.

The *Grand Royal Arch Chapter* of the state of New-York, commenced its annual session at the Masonick Hall in this city on Tuesday last, and adjourned on Thursday evening. The chapters throughout the state were very generally represented, and the business of the session conducted with the greatest good feeling. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:—

M. E. Asa Fitch, of Washington county, Grand High Priest.

M. E. Richard Pennel, of the city of New-York, Deputy Grand High Priest.

E. Orville Hungerford, of Jefferson county, Grand King.

E. Benjamin Enos, of Cortland county, Grand Scribe.

E. John O. Cole, of the city of Aleany, Grand Secretary.

E. Gernt L. Dox, of the city of Albany, Grand Treasurer.

E. and Rev. Joseph Prentiss, of Catskill, Grand Chaplain.

W. John Bull, jr., of New Lebanon, Grand Marshal.

W. Jesse P. Mitchell, of the city of Albany, Grand Sentinel.

POLITICKS. There is nothing more amusing to a disinterested spectator, than to behold the clumsy quirks, and unseemly amalgamations, brought about among the sovereign people, in relation to that never-sufficiently-to-be-talked-about subject, yclept *Politics*. Were it not that we are averse to being personal, we could particularize many beautiful specimens of amalgamation, which have recently been carried on in the political alembick; but such is not our present design. It is only to inform the reader that we have had *serious intentions* of setting up a *masonick candidate* for the presidency, and of addressing, as the fanatics of the west say was done in the case of Morgan, a "circular to all the chapters and lodges within three hundred miles" of us, calling on them for their co-operation! In every country village, an election for the meanest office cannot be conducted without a reference to what is called, by common consent, the presidential question; and next to this, the sentiments of the parties belligerent, in relation to *Morgan and Masonry*, must be distinctly ascertained and considered. Our thought has been, that this is the proper time to "draw the lines," and we are quite sure that we have but to do this,

and the mysterious star of masonry will rise the ascendant! We are the more sure of this from the fact, that the country is divided father against son, and son against father, in relation to the contending candidates for that office; and a "brother of the mystick tie" has but to be proposed to the brethren of the craft, "and they are bound by the most tremendous oath" (vide Morgan's revelations,) to yield him their support, as neither of the candidates now before the nation, if we are to believe the reports of interested partizans, belong to the ancient and honourable order of free-masons. As before said, we have had *serious notions* of bringing this paper out in favour of a *masonick candidate*; but upon mature deliberation, we have at last concluded to maintain our neutrality on this never-enough-to-be-considered question, only reserving to ourselves the privilege of laughing at both parties as often as we choose, as well as the means they use to put their idols in the high places of the nation.

As for political honesty and consistency, it is all moonshine! The *regina pecunia*, possesses an unbounded influence, be the clime monarchical, according to the views of legitimacy, or republican, after the school of Jefferson, and in both it confers, equally, the *genus et formum*. What politician electioneers for his friends, without expecting, if they should triumph, to receive payment? We answer without hesitancy—no one: and we are constrained to add, if he did otherwise, he would be a fool for his pains, and deserve the name with which partizans stigmatize their opponents. Where is the man who holds an office, who would not hold it as long as he can, and make it a sinecure, if he could? We are not fond of calling names, but if there be any such, we should certainly consider him the greatest booby in the world.

Should the present presidential incumbent be reluctantly compelled to descend from his elevation, the person who will succeed, has never raised the inquiry, whether he be better qualified to discharge the duties of the office, than he; his object will be to make as much of the office, and keep it as long as he can, and no sensible person can find in his heart to blame him, for every such person, is doubtless looking out for the next best place. Well, success to them all; and it grieves us excessively, that there are not more fat salary offices to be distributed, and withal, higher salaries; for we cannot make up our mind to rush into the *mêlée*, without better prospects of success than any person can have at present!

We are further induced to remain neutral, because we could never make up our mind, between the "two evils, to choose the least." Mr. Adams, we are told from every quarter is totally unfit for the office he has held with some ability for the last three years; and General Jackson, we are assured on the best authority, "kicks the kiver off" of every thing that comes in his way! These we believe are some of the most formidable objections against the parties in question;—and to these it may be added, that Mr. Adams is the son of his father—while Gen. Jackson is a soldier and has defended his country in times of peril. If we shall hereafter be able to sever this gordian knot, and be convinced that the welfare of the country will be promoted by the retirement of the one, or endangered by the elevation of the other, our readers shall be sure to hear of it, through the medium hereof.

NEWS AND TRIMMINGS.

A society of ladies has been formed in Maine, "for the purpose of improving the manners of the gentlemen." [So good, and so good! For mercy's sake, ladies, let there be a branch established in Albany; or, if possible, make the field of your labours rather more universal, both in extent and design. Would it not be proper to have their plan embrace the *morals* as well as manners of their subjects?—The space occupied by the dash in the following epigram might be filled with the name of more towns than one, within our knowledge. Then by the substitution of various fancy names, the result, though not exactly in rhyme, would have, as Ben Jonson said, "a deal of truth in it."—

"Two lovely ladies dwell at ———
And each a charching goes;
Emma goes there to close her eyes,
And Jane to eye her clothes!"

—An extremely interesting ancient medal had been found

by some workmen in York, England, and is now in possession of a watchmaker in that city. It is one of the larger brass of Vespasian, struck to commemorate the total subjugation of the Jews, and the destruction of Jerusalem, by Titus, A.D. 70. Obverse,—the emperor's head, to the left lineated. Reverse,—a palm tree, as a symbol of Judea, at the foot of which stands a Jew with his hands bound behind him, to denote the state of captivity to which they were reduced. The inscriptions are, *Vespasianus Rom. Im. Aug.* and, *Judea Capta, S. C.*—An individual at Lloyd's Coffee-House, in London, who was in the habit of arriving at about 12 o'clock, and taking his stand before one of the fires, which post he invariably occupied till 4, was lately cured of his troublesome averseness to locomotion. A wag wrote on a slip of paper,—"hot joints from 12 to 4," and fastened it to a button of his coat behind. The gentleman, on leaving the room to go home, was rendered the object of general laughter, the joke being most enjoyed by those who had experienced the chilling effects of this human fire-screen.

A marriage was lately announced in one of the New-York papers, which turned out to be "a failure." It seems that the intended bride was a young widow, who, by the magick of a languishing black eye, had enkindled a certain nameless flame in the bosom of a neighbour, whose "blank grey" had long since crowned his brows like the frosty mountain top, and whose ripened comeliness had, with the aid of sundry golden accomplishments, inspired a reciprocal blaze in her own. The jointure &c. was made, and the wedding day appointed; the license and the parson had arrived; the bridal company were arranged around the hall; and Hymen was just hovering over their heads with the design of resting his pinion,—when the lady enhanced her demands on the intended groom's estate, thinking, perhaps, that he could not retreat at so tender an hour. But he at once shook off the blandishments of passion, and instead of dancing at his wedding, marched off to the tune of "Over the hills and far away."—The Bachelors of New-York intend to give their annual ball on the 14th, at the city hotel. The room is to be decorated in beautiful style, and a splendid supper is to be prepared for the whole company.—The Augusta Courier says that the editor of that paper has raised potatoes 19 inches long, and weighing 7 1-2 pounds each.—A Montreal paper states that a cucumber was raised in the nursery at Blink Bonny, which measured 4 feet 2 inches in length.—The king of England has granted a charter to establish a college at York, Upper Canada, to be called King's College.—It is said there is a church in Norfolk, England, called "*Little Snoring Church*!" It would be edifying to know by what *sleepy* accident it had acquired the name.—Nothing is more common than the absurd practice among the "big bugs," of lending their names to puff into notice any thing that offers,—books, razor straps, jugs of blacking, itch ointment, &c. and if the following story be not substantially true, it is no more than a fair picture of hundreds that do actually happen. A country schoolmaster, after having wearied out several districts with his skill in teaching, from each of which he had received the customary certificates of approbation, took a journey to an eastern sea-port, and offered himself with his credentials to the contracting committee of a vacant school. They offered him five hundred dollars a year, with the promise, if they liked him, to pay him two hundred more at the expiration of the year. It is very natural to conclude that they would not like him, as a bare predilection was to cost them a considerable sum, and our Yankee prepared forthwith to change the field of his pedagogick labours. In order to mollify his wounded feelings, they very generously made out a note of recommendation, heartily acknowledging their entire confidence in the bearer, as a teacher, and their full satisfaction with him while engaged among them, signed and attested by the committee, parson, and principal inhabitants of the district. "Very well," said the knight of the ferula and fool's-cap, when he had secured the paper, "I'll just trouble you for them 'ere t'other two hundred dollars."—The funds of the American Society for the promotion of Temperance now amount to about \$14000.—It is said that the explosive force of gunpowder may be nearly trebled by mixing it with the sawdust of any soft wood.—An elm tree, recently blown down at Bury, near Amberley castle, and containing 40 feet of timber, was sawed through the middle, when the nest of a

tomit was discovered, in a perfect state, in which were five eggs, as fair to the eye as if deposited but a few days. The solid mass of timber which enveloped this curiosity must have been the growth of many years, it being five or six inches in the thinnest part, and no mark could be traced of the original entrance.—The Charleston Observer says, that a subscriber stopped his paper in consequence of the following paragraph:—"A person lately accompanied his advance subscription to our paper with this sensible and judicious hint,—'How to read a newspaper with a good conscience,—pay for it in advance.'—A counsellor being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied, "I am concerned, Sir, for the plaintiff, but I am employed for the defendant."—The only blacksmith in a small village was once under sentence of death, for murder. Some of the chief peasants begged of the judge that the blacksmith might be released, as he was of such vital importance to the neighbourhood, and suggested that, if justice could not be otherwise satisfied, one of the weavers should be executed in his stead, as there were two in the village, and one might be very conveniently spared.—Since the advertisement of the "anti-masonick almanack," a shrewd western editor says,—"we may expect soon to hear of anti-masonick pig-troughs, anti-masonick jew's-harps, and anti-masonick itch ointment."—The eccentric author of Lacon, the Rev. C. C. Colton, who has for some years past been appearing and disappearing, in a mysterious manner, in every part both of Europe and America, and in fact, impressing the publick with a vivid idea of his ubiquity, has returned to his vicarage of Kew and Petersham, in England. The living would have lapsed on the very day he appeared and took possession.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Saturday, Feb. 2. In senate, the bill to provide for the erection of a fire proof clerk's office in the county of Yates, and the bill to divide the town of Orwell in Oswego county, were read a third time and passed.

In assembly, Mr. Edgerton called for the consideration of the concurrent resolution submitted by him, that the legislature will, on Monday next, at twelve o'clock, proceed to the appointment of a state treasurer, and a committee of the legislature to audit accounts: which was considered and passed. Bills, to amend the act relative to fisheries, as it respects the Salmon river; and to authorize Jonathan Hubbard to continue a dam across the west branch of Chenango river,—were read a third time and passed.

Monday, Feb. 4. In senate, Mr. Jordan, from the joint committee, to which was referred so much of the governor's message as relates to the state road, reported, and brought in a bill to provide for laying out and constructing a state road, from lake Erie to the Hudson river. The senate concurred in a resolution from the assembly, appointing a time for proceeding to the choice of a treasurer, on Tuesday the 5th inst. at noon.

In assembly, a discussion took place on a proposition made to the house, that the bills for the incorporation of banks, and the reports of committees relating to them should be printed at the expense of the applicants. The motion was lost, only six rising in favour of it. Mr. Granger made some very judicious remarks in opposition to the motion. He said every year there was more money lost in time spent in debating on this question than the printing would amount to. He thought the proposition did not go far enough, if gentlemen supposed the publick had no interest in these applications and that they were solely for the benefit of the applicants; for in that case, the applicants should be required not only to print at their own expense, but to pay the members whilst employed on those subjects three dollars each, per day, besides finding them in wood and tobacco. He wished that no papers be laid on the table, but such as are printed at the expense of the state.

Tuesday, Feb. 5. In senate the bill for the relief of Elisha C. Hickox, was read a third time and passed. It was resolved, that a select committee be appointed to inquire into the propriety of allowing a bounty on Onondaga salt, when transported to Albany and New-York, and that the said committee report their opinion thereon. The committee was ordered to consist of the senators from the seventh district. The senate agreeably to a concurrent resolution of both houses proceeded openly to nominate a treasurer of this state, when Abraham Keyser was unanimously nominated. This nomination agreeing with that made by the assembly, ABRAHAM KEYSER was pronounced duly elected.

In assembly, the annual report of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in the city of New-York was received and ordered printed. Bills read a third time and passed: an act to divide the town of Kirkland; and an act to amend the act to incorporate the Madison and Mohawk Rail Road company.

ABRAHAM KEYSER, the present treasurer, was unanimously re-nominated, according to the concurrent resolution of both houses.

Wednesday, Feb. 6. In senate, the bill from the assembly for the relief of William Bunyan and James Bunyan, was read a third time and laid upon the table. The remainder of the day was spent in committee of the whole on the revision.

In assembly, returns from the Commercial bank in this city; and the Utica bank were received. The attention of the house was taken up for the remainder of the day, with the revision of the laws. Considerable progress was made, but on subjects of very little abstract interest to our readers.

Thursday, Feb. 7. In senate, on motion of Mr. Spencer it was resolved, if the senate concur that the state printer cause to be published in the state paper, three times at least, article 4, of title 4, of chapter V. of the first part of the revised statutes, for the information of the inhabitants of those towns, which have been or may be divided, during the present session of the legislature. The remainder of the day was spent in committee of the whole, on the bill to incorporate the Black Rock Canal company.

In assembly, a report was received from the commissioners appointed to make a survey of the Port Kent and Hopkinton road, which was ordered to be printed. The justices' court law, and the bill for the Monroe Bank were again under consideration, and occupied the remainder of the day.

Friday, Feb. 8. In senate, Mr. Jordan renewed his motion of yesterday, that the state road bill be made the special order of the day for Wednesday next. The motion prevailed fourteen to eleven. Considerable debating ensued on the bill to incorporate the Black River Canal company, in committee of the whole. Without taking any question the committee rose and reported. After the consideration of executive business the senate adjourned.

In assembly it was resolved that the comptroller make a report to the house of the valuation of real and personal estates, in the several cities and counties of the state. A resolution was also adopted instructing the committee of ways and means to inquire into the expediency of erecting a dwelling house, as the residence of the governor of this state. A return was received from the bank of Geneva, in pursuance to the resolution of the house. The house, in committee of the whole, spent some time in the consideration of the justices' court law. A communication was received from the governor, transmitting certain proceedings of the Rensselaer school at Troy, offering the gratuitous use of the school to the state for the purpose of educating teachers in the application of the experimental sciences to agriculture and other useful arts. Referred to the committee on literature.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ships John Jay from Liverpool and Queen Mab from Havre, papers and letters have been received at New-York to the 9th of December.

The John Jay sailed in company with the Pacific on board of which is the bank robber, Snelson, who was apprehended, with the greater part of the money embezzled from the bank at Petersburg in his possession. He is said to be insane.

In France the elections have been nearly brought to a close; and the defeat of the ministry placed beyond all doubt. M. Peyronnet, the keeper of the seals; M. de Chabral, Minister of Marine; M. Frayssinous, Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs, are stated to have sent in their resignations.

[From the N. Y. American.]

To a commercial friend we are indebted for the following highly important letter of 4th December, from Paris, (later than any other intelligence from there,) written by an intelligent man, and entitled therefore to the greatest consideration.

Paris, 4th Dec. 1827. I wrote you by the Queen Mab, which sailed yesterday. I take the chance of this reaching Liverpool in time for the packet to communicate to you the important news which has since been received here. The Grand Sultan has absolutely refused all terms proposed by the three allied powers, and even gone so far as to make the most extravagant demands of them. The consequence is like to be an immediate war. The bombardment of Constantinople by the combined fleets of the three powers, and the passing of the Pruth by the Russian army, may soon be expected.

P. S. There is every appearance to-day that a change will take place in the ministry here, and that even M. Villele will be obliged to leave it.

The river is now open, and the navigation is again uninterrupted between this city and New-York.

Appointment of Mr. Duer confirmed. Letters from Washington state that the senate have unanimously confirmed the appointment of JOHN DUER, District Attorney of the United States court for this district, in the place of Mr. Tilton, resigned.

The annual discourse before the Medical Society of the State of New-York, was delivered agreeably to announcement, on Thursday last, in the assembly chamber, by T. ROBERTSON BECK, M. D. before a numerous and respectable audience, consisting of members of the society and of the profession, members of the legislature, and citizens. The address was a performance every way worthy of the high reputation of the author, evincing erudition in his profession, and containing many suggestions, valuable not only to the medical faculty, but to the community in general. He took a rapid view of the circumstances and objects for which physicians are usually called to give evidence before coroners' juries, and courts of justice, in cases of violent death, and enforced the necessity of caution and deliberation in making examinations on those occasions; he adverted to the nature of medical evidence in cases of infanticide and lunacy, and congratulated the profession on the certainty which had been thrown upon several branches of the medical science by the sister sciences of physiology and pathology; and concluded by a brief notice of the medical annals of the state, since its last anniversary. We forbear a more minute notice of this performance at this time, as it will doubtless be laid before the publick, with the doings of the society. [Argus.]

DIED.

In this city, on the 24th ult, Capt. ANGUS M'DONALD, in the 55th year of his age.

At Baltimore, Maryland, on Tuesday night, 29th ult. after an illness of several months, the most reverend AMBROSIO MARECHAL, Archbishop of Baltimore. By the death of this prelate, society has sustained the loss of an amiable and accomplished member, and the church of a pious and learned pastor.

In Kingston, Ulster county, Mr. ANDREW FARLING, formerly of Ithaca, aged 53.

MARRIED.

At Rensselaerville, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. BURRIT, Mr. REUBEN WOOSTER, of Westerlo, to Miss MARGARET BOARDMAN, of the former place.

At Glen's Falls, Warren county, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. R. K. RODGERS, Mr. E. G. LINDSEY, editor of the Glen's Falls Observer, to Miss AMABELLIS SKINNER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market sts. Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the American Masonick Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec. 22. 47tf

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 470, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan. 12. 50tf

ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, successors to the late firm of R. STARR & Co. in the above Foundry, continue to execute orders for Plain and Ornamental Type, Brass Rule, and Metal Cuts. Also, for Presses and Ink, Chases, composing Sticks, Cases and Stands, Galleys, and printing materials of every description, at short notice, and on terms as liberal as those of other Foundries.

Many new articles have been added to this Foundry within the last year—among which are new founts of Small Pica and Bourgeois. Also, Small Pica, Brevier and Minion full face capitals for captions, and full face two line letter of all the different sizes from Pica to Pearl. Likewise Canon, Double Great Primer, Double Pica, Great Primer and Pica Antiques, with lower case to each, and Long Primer, Brevier and Nonpareil antique capitals. Also, many elegant Borders and Newspaper Ornaments, none of which are stereotyped from wood cuts or type, as is usual at most other foundries, but all are cut on steel and cast in copper matrices, and are warranted to work clear. Printers will at once perceive the superiority of those cast in copper matrices, the lines not being filled up and the edges rounded, as is the case with those stereotyped. The large job letter and cuts are all cast in moulds and matrices, on metal bodies, and with the exactness of the smaller type.

Have also cut a new and very beautiful English Script, on inclined body, orders for which can be executed by the first of April. By being cast on inclined body, the face is not exposed as on square body, where most of the letters are kerned; and the mould in which it is cast having a notch or shoulder in the side the type are kept perfectly in line. No expense has been spared, and it is confidently believed, that this Script will be found the most elegant type ever cast in this country, or in Europe.

Type cast at this foundry is warranted equal at least in hardness and durability, to any cast in this country. Particular care is also taken to have the type well dressed, and the founts regularly put up. It is intended to keep such a supply on hand as to be able to furnish orders without the usual delay. Orders by mail, or left at the Foundry, No. 8, Liberty-street, will receive prompt attention. STARR & LITTLE Feb. 2. 10

POETRY.

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

There's some is born with their straight legs by natur—
 And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
 And some that should have growed a good deal straighter,
 But they were badly nursed,
 And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
 Astride of casks and kegs.
 I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
 And starboard,
 And this is what it was that warped my legs—
 'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
 That fouled my cable when I ought to slip;
 But on the tenth of May,
 When I gets under weigh,
 Down there in Hartfordshire to join my ship,
 I sees the mail
 Get under sail,
 The only one there was to make the trip—
 Well—I gives chase,
 But as she run
 Two knots to one,
 There warn't no use in keeping on the race!
 Well—casting round about what next to try on,
 And how to spin,
 I spies an ensign with a bloody lion,
 And bears away to leeward for the inn,
 Beats round the gable,
 And fetches up before the coach horse stable.
 Well—there they stand four kickers in a row,
 And so
 I just makes free to cut a brown'un's cable.
 But riding isn't in a seaman natur—
 So I whips up a toughish end of yarn,
 And gets a kind of sort of a land waiter
 To splice me heel to heel,
 Under the she-mare's keel,
 And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!

My eyes! how she did pitch!
 And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
 Though I kept bowing, bowing at her bow line,
 But always making lee-way to the ditch,
 And yawed her head about all sorts of ways.
 The devil sink the craft!
 And wasn't she tremendous slack in stays?
 We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
 Well—I suppose
 We had n't run a knot—or much beyond—
 (What will you have on it!)—but off she goes,
 Up to her bends in a fresh water pond!

There I am!—all aback!
 So I looks forward for her bridle gears,
 To heave her head around on the t'other tack;
 But when I starts
 The leather parts,
 And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do,
 Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
 But trim himself upright for bringing to,
 And square his yard-arms and brace up his elbows,
 In rig all snug and clever,
 Just while his craft was taking in her water?
 I did not like my birth though howsomedever,
 Because the yarn, you see, was getting taugter,—
 Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!

The chase had gained a mile
 A-head, and still the she-mare stood a drinkings;
 Now, all the while
 Her body did n't take of course to shrinking.
 Says I—she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
 And so she swelled, and swelled,
 And yet the tackle held,
 Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
 My eyes! but she took in enough to founde!
 And there's my timbers straining every bit,
 Ready to split,
 And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well, there—off Hartford Ness,
 We lay both lashed and water-logged together,
 And can't contrive a signal of distress;
 Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,

Though sick of riding out—and nothing less;
 When looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
 Hollo! says I, come underneath her quarter,—
 And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
 So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
 And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,
 A-standing by the water.
 If I get on another I'll be blowed!
 And that's the way, you see, my legs got bowed!

THE SONG OF SIR JAMES.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

The grass of Flodden's ruby red,
 That late so greenly grew;
 The sweet lark's foot is wet with blood
 Instead of silver dew.
 For Howard's arrow flight has flown,
 And in their fleet career
 His steeds have trod o'er Scotland's strength,
 And broke her deadly spear.

I sing, and while I sing I sigh!
 For had these gallant men,
 Whose life's blood stains the river red,
 Whose bodies choke the glen,
 Been sagely ruled as bravely led,
 Yon moon above us hung
 Another sight had seen, and I
 A happier song had sung.

The sword has smote, the shaft has flown,
 The victor's cry is cried;
 More sad is he who basely lives,
 Than he who bravely died.
 I'd rather lie like Lindsay sped,
 Have Douglass' bloody brow,
 Or share stout Maxwell's grassy bed,
 Than be as I am now.

I fought where Surrey's shafts flew thick,
 Where rose fierce Selby's cry,
 Where Dacre rushed and Stanley charged,
 And yet I could not die.
 Farewell to Scotland's pleasant land,
 And to its lovely dames!
 To lordly lance and knightly brand,
 So sings he, said Sir James.

THE FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST.

BY BISHOP REBER.

The Son of God is gone to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood red banner streams afar;
 Who follows in his train?
 Who best can drink his cup of wo,
 Triumphant over pain;
 Who boldest bears his cross below,—
 Who follows in his train?

The martyr first, whose eagle eye,
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And called on him to save.
 Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
 He prayed for them that did the wrong,
 —Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came—
 Twelve valiant saints; the truth they knew,
 And braved the cross and shame:
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
 The lion's gory mane;
 They bowed their necks the death to feel;
 —Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light arrayed;
 They climbed the dizzy steep of heaven,
 Through peril, toil and pain:—
 Oh, God! to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train.

THE PAST YEAR.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Fleethly hath passed the year. The seasons came
 Duly as they are wont—the gentle Spring,
 And the delicious Summer, and the cool
 Rich Autumn, with the nodding of the grain,
 And Winter, like an old and hoary man
 Frosty and stiff—and so are chronicled.

We have read gladness in the new green leaf,
 And in the first blown violets; we have drank
 Cool water of the rock, and in the shade
 Sunk to the noon tide slumber; we have eat
 The mellow fruitage of the bending tree,
 And girded to our pleasant wanderings
 When the cool wind came freshly from the hills;
 And when the tinting of the Autumn leaves
 Had faded from its glory, we have sate
 By the good fires of Winter, and rejoiced
 Over the fullness of the gathered sheaf.

“God hath been very good!” ’Tis He whose hand
 Moulded the sunny hills, and hollowed out
 The shelter of the valleys, and doth keep
 The fountains in their secret places cool;
 And it is He who leadeth up the sun,
 And ordereth the starry influences,
 And tempereth the keenness of the frost—
 And therefore, in the plenty of the feast,
 And in the lifting of the cup, let Him
 Have praises for the well completed year.

DRINKING SONG.

WRITTEN IN 1566.

I cannot eat but little meat,
 My stomach is not good;
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing a cold,
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, go bare,
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

I have no roast but a nut-brown toast,
 And a crab laid in the fire;
 A little bread shall do me stead,—
 Much bread I not desire.
 No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
 Can hurt me if I wold,
 I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped
 Of jolly good ale and old.
 Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
 The tears run down her cheek:
 Then doth she troll to me the bowl,
 Even as a malt-worm should,
 And saith, “Sweetheart, I took my part
 Of this jolly good ale and old.”
 Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do;
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to:
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
 Or have them lustily troubled,
 God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old.
 Back and side go bare, &c.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

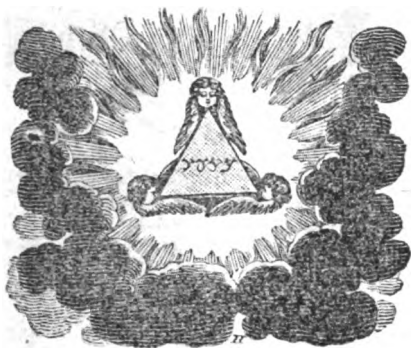
VOL. I.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1828.

NO. 3.

MASONICK RECORD.

UNIVERSI TERRARUM ORBIS ARCHITECTONIS
PER GLORIAM INGENTIS.



ORDO AB CHAO.

VIRTUS JUNXIT, MORS NON SEPARABIT.

The *Grand Council of Princes of Jerusalem*, an account of the origin and history of which was published in this paper at the time of its last convention in 1827, commenced its annual session on the 4th of February inst. at the Masonick Hall in this city.

Present JOHN KEYES PAIGE, and GILES F. YATES, esqrs. Past Grand Sovereigns, and the following lodges by their representatives, as follows:—

Sublime G. Lodge of Perfection, No. 1, by John W. Bay, T. P. G. M.

Jerusalem Lodge of Perfection, No. 2, John G. Van Dusen.

Mount Sion Lodge of Perfection, No. 3, Alinos Matthews. Oriental Lodge of Perfection, No. 4, Dwight F. Lawton, and D. D. Benedict, G. S. W.

Adoniram Lodge of Perfection, No. 5, George Stratton and Eli Savage, G. Wardens.

Yates Lodge of Perfection, No. 6, James M. Allen, proxy for Killian H. Van Rensselaer, G. S. W.

Lodge of Perfection, No. 7, J. M. Allen.

The following princes were elected to the offices set opposite to their respective names for the current year: to wit:—

John W. Bay, M. D. of Albany, M. Eq. G. Sovereign.

James M. Allen, M. D. of Skeneateles, Eq. Sub. G. Sovereign.

John G. Van Dusen, of Palatine, G. Warden.

Dwight F. Lawton, of Saratoga, G. Counsellor.

Giles F. Yates, A. M. of Schenectady, G. Chancellor.

Rev. James Selkriegg, of Amber, Onondaga co. G. Priest.

Hon. Eli Savage, of New Hartford, G. Recorder.

Nathaniel Calking, do. G. Master of F.

Alinos Matthews, of Mayfield, G. M. of Cer.

Daniel D. Benedict, of Saratoga, G. Herald.

Collins Odell of Mayfield, G. Guard.

The returns from the several lodges were full and satisfactory, and all the business of the G. Council was conducted in such a manner as to verify the motto of the sublime order:

"Unitas, Concordia Fratrum."

MAXIM.

Review daily the vow of mending thy life.—Watch and meditate, and call to thy recollection at night a noble action, or a victory over thy passions, then lay down thy head in peace and gather new strength.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MASONRY.

An Address on the Principles of Masonry, delivered in the Church at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 24, A. L. 5828, at the request of Hiram Lodge. No. 4:

BY AMOS KENDALL.

Brethren and Friends:—

The occasion of this assemblage is the anniversary festival of St. John, the Baptist. He was an eminent patron of masonry and the herald of Christianity. The purity of his life, and the sublimity of his principles, were only surpassed by those of the Saviour whom he announced. As an example for the imitation of masons and christians, he is perhaps the best which the Bible presents. To attain to the exalted character of the Saviour, man can never hope; for the depravity of his nature bars him from perfection. But John the Baptist presents us a model which is entirely within our reach; because he was a man subject to all our passions and liable to all our infirmities. But we could say nothing which would place that man's character in a light more illustrious than that in which it is presented by a few strong outlines in the Holy Evangelists. Let us rather briefly consider those sublime principles which he practised and which we profess.

What is masonry? Have you who witness its ceremonies, or even all of you who wear its livery, ever directed your thoughts to its author, its principles and its objects? I fear that the world in general, as well as many of those who are called masons, content themselves with the mere outside shew and conveniencies of masonry, without an effort to ascend to that sublime height to which all our symbols point. Those principles which constitute the basis of the Masonick edifice, have their origin with the Omnipotent Creator of all worlds. No man who denies the existence of God, can be a mason in theory or in fact. To Him as the pure source, we trace all those streams of order, beauty and harmony which masonry recognizes in the works of nature and attempts to diffuse through all the labours and relations of the social state.—The productions of the Almighty Architect, are perfect specimens of wisdom, skill and sublimity. Who poises it on nothing and hurls it around the sun? Who created this fair world? Who gives us regular returns of night and day, of summer and winter? Who has divided our earth into continents and oceans, spread out the plains, reared the mountains and taught the rivers where to run?—Who covers it with the beauties of spring, forms the leaf, paints the rose, gives the apple its beautiful shape, teaches the feeble blade of grass to grow, and lifts the huge oak above the mountain's top? Who rolls the clouds along the sky, breathes in the zephyr and speaks in the thunder? All here is order, beauty and sublimity. This is masonry—it is the perfect work of the mason's and the christian's God, the Omnipotent and Everlasting I AM.

But this is only the threshold of that temple which the Great Invisible has built, not of trees and stones, but of suns and worlds. Order and beauty extend beyond man's knowledge, and are limited only in his imagination. Who made the sun? Who gave him his dazzling splendour, made him the source of light and heat, and placed him as the radiant centre of revolving worlds? Who created and rolls around him the beautiful planets, and assigned them their regular distances and periods? Who has studded the heavens with unnumbered stars, to a distance which the eye cannot reach, whose substance or

use science cannot explore, and of which all that is known is their order and beauty? Who regulates and controuls the comets, those fiery messengers, which to the eye of man, sail through the universe without order or use? All this is the perfect work of God—it is masonry. This is the author of the principles of our order, and these are the channels through which he teaches man to admire and imitate the sublime principles and beautiful proportions which are every where exhibited through his boundless temple.

But what can humble man do compared with these stupendous works? What is his power, what his mind, compared with those of the Almighty Architect, who built and sustains all worlds? Have you seen the tiny ant, scarcely visible to man's eye, climbing the pillars of a lofty mansion? His power, his strength, and his importance, are inconceivably greater when compared with man's, than man's are compared with Omnipotence. What are you, proud, assuming mortal, displaying your pigmy form and glorying in fancied power, compared even with this vile earth on which you tread? A mere atom, scarcely visible for a mile, while this despised earth, almost too mean for you to walk upon, shines in mild glory to distant worlds. Yet, what is earth compared with all those planets that wheel round the sun? A bright speck in heaven, which, were it annihilated, none but the curious in distant worlds would ever miss. What are the earth and all the planets, compared with the huge sun which balances them all upon his mighty centre? But sparks around a globe of flame. What are the earth, the planets, and the sun himself, compared with the universe? No more than the least star that feebly twinkles on the brow of night, and were they all annihilated, would be no more missed from the system of the Great Supreme. Angels and beings of other systems might carelessly say, one star has disappeared from heaven; while millions, still left, would shine in unfading splendour. What then is man? What his distance from his great Creator, what his insignificance? Think what you are, my friends, what creation and what God is, and you will learn humility. If He notices you, how can you thoughtlessly tread upon the meanest worm that crawls—especially, how can you look with contempt and pride upon the poorest and most ignorant of your own species? Learn to think rightly, and you will know and feel, that man cannot be sunk too low to be your equal; that you can be degraded only by associating with vice.

Man cannot make principles, nor can he imitate the forms moulded by Omnipotence, except upon the humblest scale. How vain would be his efforts to make even a little world; how useless have been all his studies in attempting to discover the principles of that perpetual motion, which keeps the universe in harmony! God has made matter, and impressed on it the principles of order, proportion and beauty. Man's feeble hands mould the stone or the tree into form by those principles, and it is called beautiful. Our houses and furniture, our public monuments and improvements, do not derive the principles of their beauty or order, from the hands of the architect; he merely moulds their shapes and arranges their proportions, according to principles which he finds impressed upon matter by the Creator's hand. He studies nature's Trestle-Board, and fills up the designs drawn by the hand of the Grand Master, who presides above. Be not proud, O man, when you see beauty springing up under your hand, nor think yourself its ma-

ker. Rather let it turn your heart in humble adoration to Him who created the principle which you have discovered, and induced you with capacity to understand it, and skill to mould a stone or tree according to your just conceptions. But when you and your works perish, beauty does not perish; but other stones, moulded by other hands into the same forms, will have, in every age and every land, the same beauty.

Solomon, our first Grand Master, built a Temple of exact proportions, unrivalled splendour, and colossal strength. Where is it now? Where are the strength of its pillars and walls, the harmony of its proportions, and the splendour of its ornaments? Not one stone is left upon another. But have the principles which gave it splendour and beauty perished with it? No; they have survived the wreck of man's highest efforts, and will remain unchanged and unchangeable, until matter, released from nature's laws, sinks again to chaos.

What are all the works of human masonry, compared with those of the Divine Architect, who has not only prescribed all the laws of order and proportion; but has given us specimens of skill, which excite the admiration and baffle the inquiries of men and angels. The Egyptian pyramids and Grecian monuments, are hastening to decay; Babylon and Tyre are buried beneath the rubbish of ages; the site of glorious Carthage is scarcely known; and conquering Rome herself, is but a monument half buried in its own crumbling ruins. These are the masonry of man. His cities, his temples, his monuments and his tombs, all perish and lose the imprint of his highest skill. But look around you. This is the same earth at whose creation angels sung. This is the same sun which shone in mild radiance upon the newly created form of our first parent. The stars that gild our night, are the same which twinkled in inexpressible beauty above the trees of paradise. In pristine order and beauty, they all roll on through unnumbered ages, the undecaying temple of God's own presence. These are the masonry of God. He prescribed the principle and gave the form; in grandeur inimitable, he has built himself a house with worlds balanced on worlds; nor shall the ravages of time, nor the rage of men, move the least stone in the mighty fabric or dim the lustre of its feeblest ornament, until his Omnipotent Hand shakes the adamant pillars of creation, and tumbles the whole into chaos and flame.

But masonry is more conversant with the moral than the physical world. Experience has taught her how vain it is to think of giving lasting beauty to wood and stone. If Solomon with armies and nations at his command, could not erect a temple which would withstand the rage of man and the assaults of time, what can we, single, weak, unaided masons of this day, hope to perform? We can admire the labours of our ancient brethren, and mourn over their ruins. We can exult in the perennial beauty of God's own temple, and adore the Almighty Architect. We can cultivate in the moral world, those principles of beauty and harmony which delight us in the great creation.

(To be continued.)

NEW-YORK.

GREENE COUNTY.

Officers of *Ark Lodge*, No. 271, in Coxsackie, Greene county, elected December 10, 5827:—

Seth Hawley, Master; John Bartlett, Senior Warden; Tallmadge Fairchild, Junior Warden; John Van Slyck, Treasurer; Charles Bartlett, Secretary; Peter Thurlow, Senior Deacon; William White, Junior Deacon; John Van Alstyne, Steward; Peter Conine, Tyler.

Regular meeting Mondays preceding full moon in each month.

Officers of *Coxsackie Chapter*, No. 86, in Coxsackie, Greene county, elected December 17, 5827.

John Bartlett, High Priest; Tallmadge Fairchild, King; Silas Holbrook, Scribe; Olney F. Wright, Captain of the Host; William White, Principal Sojourner; Charles Bartlett, Royal Arch Captain; Peter Thurlow, William Kirtland, and Simeon Loevy, Masters of Vails; Russell Judson, Treasurer; William V. B. Heermance, Secretary.

Regular meetings Monday after full moon.

MAINE.

Officers of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maine*, elected at their annual communication in Portland, January 15, 5828:—

Nathaniel Coffin, of Wiscasset, Grand High Priest; James L. Child, of Alva, Deputy Grand High Priest; Amos Nourse, of Hallowell, Grand King; Horace Seaver, of Portland, Grand Scribe; Joseph M. Gerrish, of Portland, Grand Treasurer; Charles B. Smith, of Portland, Grand Secretary; Rev. Jonathan Greenleaf, of Wells, Asa Mead, of Brunswick, Reuben Nason, of Gorham, and Seneca White of Bath, Grand Chaplains; Isaac G. Reed, of Waldboro, Grand Marshal; Nelson Racklyft, of Portland, Zina Hyde, of Bath, Joel Miller, of St. George, and Daniel Wadsworth of Hallowell, Grand Stewards; William Stevens, of Portland, Grand Sentinel.

CONNECTICUT.

Officers of *Frederick Lodge*, No. 14, in Farmington, Connecticut, electee January 28, 5828.—

George Norton, Master; Henry Cowles, Senior Warden; Jeremiah Hotchkiss, Junior Warden; Romanta Woodruff, Treasurer; Giles Stillman, Secretary.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

To the friends of internal improvement, and particularly to those who are interested in the improvement of canal and river navigation, a particular attention to the following article is respectfully recommended.

FOR THE RECORD AND MAGAZINE.

FLOATING EXCAVATOR.

The attention of the public is respectfully invited to this simple, yet highly important and useful machine. It is constructed by attaching a scraper to a boat or scow, similar to that in common use for ferrying purposes. The rear end or handles of the scraper rest upon a roller which passes from side to side of the scow, and is confined thereon by means of iron bolts. The forward end of the scraper is then let down through the bottom of the boat to reach the earth designed for excavation. The bolt in the bottom of the boat is curled around sufficiently high to prevent the water from flowing into the boat. The scraper is lowered by means of a windlass, placed near the forward end, and directly over the scraper, resting upon the top of an upright post on each side of the curb, and sufficiently high to admit the scraper to be raised clear of the water. From this windlass descend ropes, or chains, and attach to the sides of the scraper. By this windlass, and these ropes, the scraper is let down to any distance required. Then to fill the bosom of the scraper with earth, the boat is propelled forward in any way most convenient. In most cases, however, it will be found expedient to do this by means of a capstan in front of the boat; which capstan may be turned by horse power and erected on any floating craft of sufficient dimensions to admit the length of lever necessary for one or more horses to propel the machine. This craft to which the capstan is attached, may be anchored or otherwise confined in any place where the use of the floating Excavator may be required. The scraper when filled is then raised above the surface of the water, by the windlass directly over it, and the earth taken therefrom, when the scraper again returns to the bottom for another load. The design of this Excavator is to clear out docks and harbours; to remove earth or bars in the bottom of canals or navigable streams, for the improvement in the navigation of the same; and in short to excavate any earth where the water cannot be easily removed from its surface. It is now in operation on the Erie canal, near Lockport, and the subscriber having obtained a patent therefor would inform the public, and all who may be interested, that he will pay immediate attention, either by himself or agent, to any communication addressed to him at Lockport, Niagara county, New-York.

H. W. CAMPBELL.

Printers favourable to the promotion of arts, will manifest the same by giving the above a few insertions in their respective papers and confer an acknowledged favour on the Patentee.

SUBSTITUTE FOR HEMP AND FLAX.

At a recent meeting of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, a communication was read from Signor Barbieri, Curator of the Botanical Garden of Mantua, Italy, on the *Hibiscus Roseus Thore*, a plant which grows abundantly in the marshes of Italy, and reaches to the height of from 7 to 12 feet. It is, says a Philadelphia paper, perennial produces many stems from each root, and beautiful blossoms from 18 to 22 inches in circumference. It is applicable to all the uses of hemp and flax. A specimen of cord and paper made from it, accompanied by a quantity of the seeds of the plant, were sent by Mr. Barbieri. The seeds germinate easily, and the plants may be multiplied by dividing the roots. The thready fibres of the stalks, it is said, separate rapidly by maceration in water, or by being passed through channelled rollers. The common brake would doubtless answer this object. If the stalks be cut when in full blossom, they produce fibres almost as fine as silk, and very strong. As this plant requires neither the annual sowing, nor the same degree of attention, or expense for manure, as hemp or flax, it may lay claim to some exclusive advantages over these vegetables. Experiments can alone determine their comparative merits.

There are ten native and three foreign species of genus *hibiscus* in the United States; the *h. roseus* is not among either; but it appears from the publication of Signor Barbieri, that it is a variety of the *h. palustris* which grows abundantly in the lower part of New-Jersey, the farmers of which state have long since found it, when macerated and prepared, a good and cheap substitute for hemp, for cord, plough lines, &c. The *hibiscus* has, from remote time, been known in Italy. The classical student will at once call to mind the two places in which it is mentioned by the agricultural poet of Mantua.

"*Hædorum que gregem viridi compellere hibisco.*" Ecl. 2.

And—

"*Dum sedet, et gracili fuscillam textit hibisco.*" Ecl. 10.

It is highly probable that the plant alluded to was the *hibiscus roseus*. The ancients, we see, used it as a rod, and to make baskets, its application to the purposes of hemp and flax is a recent discovery, for which Italy is indebted to Signor Barbieri. Our countrymen have, however, anticipated him in the knowledge of the utility of one of the family, as a substitute for some of the objects to which these vegetables are applied. Whether the native plant possesses the fine fibre of its Italian relation, upon which Signor Barbieri dwells, remains to be ascertained.

PORCUPINE MEN.

The following remarkable example of the occurrence of a singular organick peculiarity, and of its hereditary transmission, afforded by the English family of Porcupine Men, is extracted from Mr. Lawrence's Lecture on the origin and transmission of varieties in form:—

The family of Porcupine Men derived that name from the greater part of the body being covered by hard dark coloured excrescencies of a horny nature. The whole surface, excepting the head and face, the palms and soles, is occupied by this unnatural kind of integument. The first account of this family is found in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 424, and consists of the description of a boy, named Edward Lambert, 14 years old, born in Suffolk, and exhibited to the Royal Society in 1791, by Mr. Machin, one of the Secretaries. "It was not easy to think of any sort of skin or natural integument that exactly resembled it. Some compared it to the bark of a tree; others thought it looked like seal skin; others like the skin of an elephant, or the skin about the legs of a rhinoceros; and some took it to be a great wart, or number of warts uniting and overspreading the whole body. The bristly parts, which were chiefly about the belly and flanks, looked and rustled like the bristles or quills of a hedgehog shorn off within an inch of the skin." These productions were hard, callous and insensible. Other children of the same parents were naturally formed.

In a subsequent account, presented to the society 25 years afterwards by Mr. H. Baker, and illustrated with a figure of the hands, this man is said to continue in the same state. He was a good look-

ing person, and enjoyed good health: every thing connected with his excretions was natural; and he derived no inconvenience from the state of his skin, except that it would crack and bleed after work. He had now been shown in London, under the name of Porcupine Man. "The covering," says Mr. Baker, "seemed most nearly to resemble an innumerable company of warts, of a dark brown colour, and a cylindrical figure, rising to a like height (an inch at their full size) and growing as close as possible to one another, but so stiff and elastick, that when the hand is drawn over them, they make a rustling noise."

They are shed annually, in the autumn or winter, and succeeded by a fresh growth, which at first are of a paler brown. "He has had the small pox and been twice salivated, in hopes of getting rid of this disagreeable covering; during which disorders the warts came off and his skin appeared white and smooth, like that of other people, but, on his recovery, it soon became as it was before. His health at other times has been very good during his whole life." "He has had six children, all with the same rugged covering as himself; the first appearance whereof in them, as well as in him, came in about nine weeks after the birth. Only one of them is living, a very pretty boy, eight years of age, whom I saw and examined with his father, and who is exactly in the same condition."

Two brothers, John Lambert, aged twenty-two, and Richard, aged fourteen, who must have been grandsons of the original porcupine man, Edward Lambert, were shown in Germany, and had the outaneous incrustation already described. A minute account of them was published by Dr. W. G. Tilesius.

Let us suppose that the porcupine family had been exiled from the human society, and been obliged to take up their abode in some solitary spot or desert island. By matching with each other, a race would have been produced, more widely different in external appearance than the negro. If they had been discovered at some remote period, our philosophers would have explained to us how the soil, air, or climate, had produced so strange an organization; or would have demonstrated that they must have sprung from an originally different race; for who would acknowledge such bristly beings for brothers.

SHEEP AND WOOL.

[Translated from the "Bulletin des Sciences Agricoles, for July, 1827."]

Sweden was the first nation that imported merino sheep from Spain. The earliest attempts to improve the native breeds were unfortunate, but in 1715, the efforts of the Swedish minister were successful.

Merinos were introduced into Saxony in 1765. The number first purchased was 229. Saxony has attained to a greater degree of perfection in this branch of industry than any other nation. In 1775, Maria-Theresa bought 500 merinos in Spain; these were the first that appeared in Austria. The attempts of Prussia to introduce merinos were not successful until 1816; when the king made large purchases in France. The French government purchased 367 merinos in Spain in 1786, and placed them at Rambouillet. They have since spread over the kingdom. It was not until 1790 that merinos were imported into England. They had many prejudices and much opposition to encounter; they have not been extensively propagated in that country. The English love fat mutton, and prefer those breeds which will furnish them with the finest meat. They import merino wool from Spain and Saxony. Italy has never attempted to improve her native breeds.

M. Ribbe endeavours to prove that there is a greater profit in crossing native sheep with merinos, than in forming flocks entirely of the latter.

[According to the experiments of Dr. Parry, a merino cultivator in England, the fifth cross brings the wool of the progeny to the same fineness as that of the merinos.]

The various sorts of wool are coarse or fine, long or short, hard or soft, elastick or brittle, round or flat, crised or not crised. The fleece should be thick, and if it be well filled with oil, it is a sign of

its excellence. The hairs or fibres of merino and Saxony wool should be round, even, bright, pliant, not breaking easily, and of suitable length. When wool unites these qualities, it is called in Saxony, Electoral wool.

[The wool of sheep is nothing but crised hair; in some varieties it resembles the hair of oxen, and in others the hair and wool are mixed.]

The filaments of merino wool should be well crised or waved; the fineness of the fleece may be determined from the number of these curls, and from their smallness. Wool of a superiour quality has commonly twenty of these little bends. If merino sheep are not sheared, the wool continues to grow several years, but its growth diminishes every year, when the extremities perish and become brown. The small races of sheep produce more and better wool than the large ones. Sheep with broad heads do not yield so fine wool as those with slender heads. Merinoes at their birth, are covered with little locks or tufts of curled wool, about as large as a grain of barley; the smaller these locks are, the finer the fleece will be; the closer they are together, the more abundant will be the wool.

MARKING INK.

Moisten the linen to be marked with one ounce and a half of prepared soda, and the same quantity of gum-arabick, dissolved in four ounces of water; and when dry, write the characters with fifty grains of lunar caustick, one drachm of gum-arabick, and fifty grains of lampblack, dissolved in half an ounce of water. The above composition will resist every effort to remove it.

THE GATHERER.

[From the Daily Albany Argus, Feb. 13.]

Lowly upon the bier
The mighty fallen, lay;
Let genius, virtue, now come near,
In funeral array.

Gaze on the honoured dead—
For 'tis your farewell gaze;
He shall go down to "the narrow bed,"
And who shall fill his place?

There are, whose eyes are dim,
Whom glory cannot quell;
Who shuddering hear the triumph hymn
For one they loved so well!

When shall they mourn him less,—
When cease to speak his name,—
Will time e'er bring forgetfulness
While grief is fed by fame?

Tears fall for all who die;
They gem the humblest tomb;
But nations heave the funeral sigh
When genius meets his doom.

And sorrow's holiest sigh
Is breathed, when falls the brave;
And gallant plumes come waving by,
To find his hallowed grave.

He conquered regions wide
From nature's stern domain,
And Erie's meek submissive tide
Is subject to his reign!

The stubborn hills around,
O'er which the bark is sent,
While freemen's voice shall there be found,
Shall be his monument.

His deeds, on the bright page
Of glorious fame, belong;
And mighty bards, in every age,
Shall swell his tribute song.

And CLINTON! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fame shall be,
When sweeping time shall have left behind
All that was great of thee!

And at the fireside hearth
Thy name shall be a sound
That deep remembrance pours to worth,
As gathering years go round. W. P. M. W.

FELLOW FEELING.

It is told of a certain worthy and wealthy citizen, who has acquired the reputation of being a considerable consumer of the good things of the table, and has been "widened at the expense of the corporation," that on coming out of a tavern, after a turtle feast, a poor boy begged charity of him—"For mercy's sake, sir, I am so very hungry!" "Hungry!—hungry!—hey!—what!—complain of being hungry!—why I never heard the like!—complain of being hungry!—Prodigious!!—why I'd give a guinea to be hungry!!—why, a hungry man (with a good dinner before him) is the happiest fellow in the world!—There, (giving the boy half-a-crown,) there, I don't want you to take my word for it; run along, my fine fellow, and make the experiment yourself."

[Dr. Kitchener.

TAKING PHYSICK.

David Hartley eat two hundred pounds weight of soap to cure the stone, but died of that disease. Bishop Berkeley drank a butt of tar-water. Meyer, in a course of chemical neutralization, swallowed 1200 pounds of crabs' eyes. In the German Ephemerides, the case of a person is described who had taken so much elixir of vitriol, that his keys were rusted in his pocket by the transudation of the acid through the pores of his skin; another patient is said to have taken argentum nitratum in solution till he became blue. *Throw physick to the dogs.*

DOUBLE DEALING.

Commercial morality is an unaccountable kind of thing. In the report of a recent trial for the robbery of a watch, it is stated that—

"Mr. Beauchamp identified the watch. He was sure that it was not sold; he knew that circumstance from his books; and also because he had the watch for four years, not being able to recommend it; he would not have shown it to a lady, but he would have been glad to have sold it to a gentleman. There was a private mark put on it which meant nine guineas."

There is honour, it is said, among thieves. Is there gallantry in imposition?

A MATCH FOR A BAILIFF.

Two sheriff's officers were recently sent to execute a writ against a Quaker well known in the city. On arriving at his house, they saw his wife, who, in reply to their inquiries whether her husband was at home, replied in the affirmative, at the same time requesting they would be seated, and he should speedily see them. The officers waited patiently for some time, but he did not make his appearance; and the fair Quakeress coming into the room, they reminded her of her promise that they should see her husband. "Nay friends replied she, 'I promised that he should see thee: he hath seen thee—he doth not like thy looks; and therefore hath avoided thy path and quitted his house by another road.'"

TWELVE GOLDEN RULES OF CHARLES I.

1. Profane no divine ordinances. 2. Touch no state matters. 3. Urge no healths. 4. Pick no quarrels. 5. Maintain no ill opinions. 6. Encourage no vice. 7. Repeat no grievances. 8. Reveal no secrets. 9. Make no comparisons. 10. Keep no bad company. 11. Make no long meals.—12. Lay no wagers.

PERVERSENESSE OF FOREIGNERS.

"What a rum language they talk in this place!" said an English sailor the other day to his companion, who arrived a few days later than the speaker himself had done at Rochefort—"Why, they call a cabbage a shoe—(choux!)" "They are a d—d set!" was the reply, "why can't they call it a cabbage!"

A STOMACH SWEEPER.

Long before the stomach pump was invented, the stomach brush was in fashion. It appears to have resembled an instrument used by wine coopers, called a bottle rinser. When let down into the stomach, it was agitated by a circular wire, and was thought, in conjunction with copious draughts of warm water, to cleanse the stomach thoroughly.

[Wadd's Memoirs.

POPULAR TALES.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THE ORIGINAL STORY.

(Concluded.)

Auld Robin, the laird, saw the desolation of his neighbour's dwelling, and he laid his schemes accordingly. He blew and braggit of his siller;—tell't Wattie that he understood a' his difficulties;—that he had nae objections to lend him a helping hand;—and that, to crown all, he wad make Jeanie his wife, and the ledly of Stanedykes.

Walter's countenance brightened up. It was like torchlight suddenly let in on folk that have a long time been sitting in darkness. But an hour afore he had thocht his case desperate, and now!—yet he could scarcely credit his ears. Sooner wad he have expectit a shower of gold frae the gloomy November clouds than help frae the hand of the laird of Stanedykes. But, tho' blinded like a man by a flash of lightning, even then, when he thocht o' his daughter, the young, the bonny, the dutiful,—of sacrificing her in this gate,—it was eneuch to stagger him, and make his flesh creep. It was, however, the only star he saw in his night of black darkness; and the laird stuck to him.

"Now, ye've gien me your hand," said Robin, rising to gang awa, "ye've gien me your hand, that ye'll do your utmost wi' my bonnie Jeanie. I've mair, Walter, than either you or her ken aboot, but the day she takes me she'll be mistress o'ta'. She'll hae naething to do ava, but sit, and sew, and churm like a lintie, and tak her pleasure, wi' a ponie to ride on when she likes the open air; and as mony maidens to wait on her,—if she likes attendance,—as ony lord's ledly frae Earlsferry Abbey to Culzean Castle. When ye bring me our word that she's consentit (she's your daughter, ye ken, Walter, my gude freen; and Scripture tells ye, ye can mak her do what ye like,) bring our a' yere bills and bonds to me, and I'll pit my name on the back o' them. Then ye ken," he added, snapping his fingers, "they'll be worth twenty siller shillings to the pound; and as gude as the Bank o' Scotland. But mind ye, I canna wait; and, if I hear nae her consent the morn, I maun een look anither way."

It is hard to say, when he thocht of Jeanie in her teens, and the laird wi' ae foot in the grave, whether pleasure or grief was uppermost in Walter's heart; but at night, when they were sitting oure their cheerless ingle, he took an opportunity of breaking the subject to his daughter. "It's true, Jeanie, my dear," he said, giving her a kind clap on the shoulder, "it's true we canna get every thing we like in this weary world. Ye're mither and me there married, like fools, for love, and lippenit to guid fortune for the plinishing. Ye see what we have been able to mak o't! No that I wad yet change her for ony ane, na—na, guidwife; hooever, I'm no speaking about that at present. Ye see, Jeanie, my dear; the state to which we are reduced;—every thing gaun back wi' us—empty barns, and horseless stables—naething but cauld poverty—and me, wi' my broken arm, every day in the fear o' being thrown into the jail. I wush, my dear Jeanie, ye could help us."

"Me! how can I help ye," said Jeanie, dighting away the tears, that had started in her een, wi' the corner of her apron, as she stoppit her spinning-wheel. "Ay, faither, if it lay in my power, if it lay between me and the end of the world, to help ye, I wadna weary o' the way."

"Deed, Jeanie, it is in your power—and ye maun tak him. Ye wad, nae doubt, like a younger man if he offered; but mak hay, my dear, when the sun shines; and when ance ye're the ledly of Stanedykes, ye may smirk in your sleeve at them a'."

"Stanedykes!—but, faither," askit Jeanie, innocently, "hoo can ye ca' Jamie Gray an auld man!—or, tho' I were to get him, hoo could either I, or ony ither body, be ledly o' Stanedykes when the auld laird is living!"

"Young Jamie!" quo' Walter, gieing a laugh. "na, na, lass, that were a kettle of fish to fry. Wha kens aboot that scapegrace! I've warrant he's married abroad; or may be, wha kens, dead and buried long ago. It's the laird himself I'm speaking aboot."

"The laird his faither!" cried Jeanie, while her

heart flaffed as if it wad have loupit thro' her stays. "Never speak in that way. Do ye think the laird wad marry me, that might be his grandchild!" and she gaed a wild laugh that sounded hardly canny.

"Tak ye, Jeanie!" said Walter, kindly patting her cheek, that had momentarily grown pale as the driven sna', "ay, and be glad to get ye. Oh, Jeanie," he said, rising hurriedly frae his seat, and pacing aboot the floor in a distractit-like way, "think on the state we are in; look at me,—look at your puir mother,—we are beggared out o' house and hal',—and, in a few days, may not have a mouthfu' to eat, or a roof to cover us."

"Jeanie, my dear bairn," said her mother, leaning her hand on her shoulder, hear what your faither says, it is God's truth. Ye've aye done your duty; come what will, I'll aye say that o' ye. But what signifies a', what matters by ganes, if, when a word o' your mouth could lift us out o' this mire of meesery and wretchedness, ye keep your teeth close, and determine to act the pairt o' an undutiful dochter!"

Jeanie's heart swelled to her mouth; and while she sat wi' her hands clasped before her, and the tears running like beads of boiling water down her cheek, her voice died within her, and she couldna utter ae word. Her mind seemed to have fairly gien way; and when, in a while, her recollection began to come back, she started, as out of a fearful sleep, and in a broken, half-screaming way, cried out, "It wad ruin me here and hereafter—no—no—I daur not, cannot do it. Oh, I wish—I wish—I wish I was dead and buried!!!" With this she drappit from her chair on the floor, and gaed away in a dwam, second only in soundness to the awful sleep of death.

Next morning, however, she was up betimes, and gaun aboot the wee affairs of the house (indeed there was now little or naething for her to look after); but her pale cheek, and sunken ee, told what she had suffered, and was suffering. She seemed to shudder within herself at the bare idea of the struggle which she kent must again be renewed, as the bleating goat is said to shudder when driven into the den of the hungry wild beast.

So great, however, was the effect of the terrible conflict of yestreen, and such an impression had it made on the minds baith of father and mother, that, when they regarded the agoneezed countenance of Jeanie, they hesitated to put the thing to the test, though they kent that, in the course of a few hours, the battle must be either lost or won for ever. Breakfast passed without scarcely being tasted, while Jeanie glanced with a fearful ee on them baith, as dauting her, and hinging about her, they yet feared and kept aloof frae the momentous subject. The dark cloud, she perceived, had not yet passed over their heads. Hour after hour glided away. In the course o' the forenoon, Wattie hurriedly shut the auld family Bible, which he had sat down, as if to pore over; and, putting on his hat, dawndered away out like a tipsy man amang the fields, without kenning where his path lay.

Jeanie at last sat down to her spinning-wheel as usual, tho' she crooned not away at either of her favourite tunes, "Cowden Knowes," or, "The Flowers a' the Forest;" and her mother, putting on her spectacles, opened the book her father had shut. Neither seemed inclined to converse; and, save the humming of Jeanie's wheel, and now and then the mewling of the kitten, that wandered about among the empty dishes in search of its accustomed milk, the hail house was silent. It didna, however, lang remain so. Walter came hurrying in with visible perplexity in his features; and, throwing his hat into a corner, sank down into a chair by the window. Jeanie turned and looked him i' the face, but, in the anxiety there painted, saw eneuch to prevent her looking a second time. The shadow of desolation cam' oure her speerit.

"Jeanie, my dear bairn," cried Walter rising up behind her, and patting her tenderly on the back, "Oh! Jeanie, have mercy on us,—speak the word afore it be ours late. Could ye bear to see the faither that brought ye up, and the mither that bore ye—could ye bear to see yere auld mither and me begging our bread frae door to door, or lying on the straw of a poor-house? We thocht na—thocht na to have come to that—and you have it in your power to put every thing right. Say but the word;

every thing depends on you,—our comfort, nay, even our very existence. We'll lie down on our knees before ye on the floor,—the paurents that gied ye being will throw themselves at yere feet. Ye surely canna spurn them awa wi' disdain! Ye canna shut yere heart to our prayers! Ye canna think there is a hereafter—and yet see us starving here!"

This was past human tholing. "What maun I do—what maun I do!" said Jeanie, eagerly, "tell me what I maun do!"

"Ye maun just say, my dear lassie, that ye'll marry Laird Gray. That's a' Jeanie we want ye to say; and that's na muckle." And, as Walter spoke these words, his voice trembled with anxiety and earnestness. Where could Jeanie look for counsel! She lookit in her mither's face—and her mither's een seemed to say, "Oh! Jeanie, do it, or my heart will break." Jeanie's heart was all but broken!

To be sure, to be sure," she said, putting her hand within her mother's, "I'll do whate'er ye want me. Ony thing, ony thing."

At this very moment Robin Gray, whose coming oure the fields Walter had seen before horrying in, tapped at the door, carrying in his hand a pair o' fat ducks, his first present of courtship to a famishing family.

It wad be needless here, and a waste baith of time and paper, to gang thro' wi' all the circumstantialities that took place before the wadding, which caused a titter of astonishment and jeering laughter along the haill shore of Fife. But married they were, to the no small consternation of sand-blind Nancy, the veteran housekeeper, wha hesitated about gieing up the keys; till, at last, forced to believe her ain enn, she concluded that the laird had grown donnard, and lost his right senses. Scarcely less thunderstruck were Walter Grahame and his wife, when they fand what a few days had brought forth: but the accepted bill, the stockit pantry, and the calls of mony, that scarce a week ago passed their door, like the Levite, on the opposite side, assured them that all wasna a dream.

Jeanie saw her father and mother once more raised frae misery to comfort, and felt herself the ledly o' Stanedykes. Of guid and gear she had eneuch, and to spare. Some, of course, wad tak it for granted she was happy; that, however, is another question.

It was in the thoughtfu' month of September, when the yellowing leaves, the heavy clouds, and the shortening days, remind man of the fate that sooner or later awaits him; and, it might be, some five or six weeks from the date of puir Jeanie's marriage, that, ae gloaming, as she was sitting at the far end o' the garden, behind the house, under the bourtree-bush, thinking, maybe, mournfully o' the days that were gone, a man dressed in a sailor's jacket burst suddenly thro' the hedge, and stood before her!

They gazed on each other for some time without speaking. His een were rivetted upon her, and pierced thro' Jeanie's soul; yet she couldna turn her head away. What, oh heaven and earth! maun she have felt, when she saw wha stood before her—when she saw her ain Jamie Gray looking into her heart—when she thocht of what had passed between them, and when she thocht on what she now was—his father's wife!

He spoke not a word; but, with a smile of deevilish contempt, slowly raising up his finger opposite her face, he gave a long slow hiss of the bitterest scorn, turned on his heel, and departed.

Jeanie was carried to bed in a raging fever; and the laird, who had heard of his son's arrival, imputed it at ance, in the jaundice of his jealousy, to the right cause. With the wild fury of a madman, he taxed her with having broken thro' the vow she had sae lately sworn to afore the minister. All the wicked passions of his wicked heart were roused up, like serpents frae their dens. He stampit and swore about his son in the whirlwind of his unnatural hatred: he shook his head oure the deeing Jeanie, telling her that she, like the rest, was but born to deceive him; and cursed the day that ever gave birth to such an unfortunate, miserable wretch as himself.

An awful night of tempestuous horror frowned over, and next morning Jeanie was out o' mind and delirious. She muttered and raved constantly

about Jamie, asking why he had been sae lang, lang o' coming! What place of the West Indies they had buried him in!—and to take away the man in the sailor's claes that was aye standing afore her. Force was at last used to confine her to her bed; and auld sand-blind Nancy, standing wi' her hands in her sides in the middle of the floor, casting a leer first on the bed where lay the distracted and dying bride, and then on the laird, that was pacing up and down the room wi' his hands behind his back, mumbled, wi' hellish rejoicing, between her teeth, "What think ye now, maister, o' yere bonny bit wifie!"

Her strength at last totally exhausted, Jeanie fell asleep late in the afternoon; and the laird, bidding a' body leave the room, darkened the windows, and sat down to doze in the leather elbow chair by the bedside, where the sick nurse had been sitting. Scarcely had he closed his een when he fand something desperately squeezing him. He started forrit, and lookit up. It was Jeanie's hand that held a grup of his coat sleeve, so forcibly that he felt her finger nails piercing the flesh o' his withered arm. Scarcely could the hand be drawn away, though the spark of life had fled for ever!

Jamie was never seen in Fife after. Some say that he was shot in a sea-fight off the Nore, and others that he was the stranger that threw himself oure the pier of Leith. The truth is, that naeboddy ever heard ony mair about him.

Auld Laird Gray spun out ten years after Jeanie's judgement-like departure; but he never could be said, from that time, to be properly in his right mind, losing his faculties, ane after anither, and growing, wi' the frailties of age, a kind of second bairn, or rather natural. However, let the truth aye be spoken, he had his beef-tea, or chicken-soup, regularly every day; and his swelled legs, carefully wrappit up in the finest Welch flannel, were laid on a stool wi' a silk cushion, by the dutiful hands of sand-blind Nancy.

Jeanie's gravestone is in the southmost corner of the kirkyard of Dysart; but the reading is now scarcely legible, from the effects of the rain and sea-winds on a soft stane. On the tap o't there's the figure of a wee angel blowing a trumpet; but sae defaced as no to be able to scare away the sea-gulls, that, coming up frae the shore, sail round and round about it, and at last light upon 't wi' a scream, as i it was the grave of some auld sailor of their acquaintance they had come up on purpose to pay a visit to.

ORIGINAL REVIEW.

FOR THE RECORD AND MAGAZINE.

THE RED ROVER;

A Tale of the Sea:—by the Author of the Spy, &c. &c.

It is an unpleasant task to speak ill of a work of this kind, even though we might decline to praise it; and it is rather a perilous office to raise one's voice against the productions of an author who has acquired a name and a fame equal to those of Mr. Cooper; nonetheless, as we acknowledge our presscriptive right in the republic of letters, we shall without attempting a formal review of the writings of this author, express our opinion very frankly of his last performance, the title of which we have placed at the head hereof.

Mr. Cooper has sketched so many excellent, and indeed powerful scenes, in his different works, that his claims to genius, especially in the estimation of his own countrymen, will hardly be disputed at this day; and although we readily make this concession, yet we must be permitted to say, that he lacks many of the essential requisites of a good story-teller. His plots are none of the best, his gentlemen and ladies do not always converse in spirited and easy dialogues; and for the "better half" of his characters, he may as well dismiss them at once, for he finds it impossible (and we suspect he is not singular in this failure) to understand and manage the women.

Acting, we presume, upon the hint that has frequently been thrown out, "that Mr. Cooper never has drawn, and probably cannot draw, the character of a lady," in this performance, he has made the ship "Dolphin" the heroine of his story; at least, if she be not the heroine, we confess it would puzzle us not a little to decide who is: and for the hero, whether he intended the vessel which is also called

"the Red Rover," or "Red Rover," himself, the commander, or Wilder, to personate that character, we are unable to say. These at any rate, are the most prominent actors, and the greater part of the work is taken up with descriptions of their adventures, of the ocean in calms and in storms, and of vessels and their different parts. This is done in language altogether unintelligible to one unacquainted with sea phrases, or whose gentility has not been polished by a voyage before the mast. This is indeed a sore grievance; and particularly so, as the "Dolphin" is *de facto*, the heroine of the novel, and one naturally desires to be acquainted with all her motions. In order to do this, however, one must have made as many voyages as "Sinbad the Sailor." For instance, take the following passage, opened at random:

"There is master Harry, the lad on the poop, who hails a yard as soft as a bull-whale roars."

Or this:

"Bouse a bit on the waister, so belay all that."

From several tedious and technical descriptions of the "Red Rover" and the "Dolphin," we are content to believe that they were the handsomest vessels ever built with a "poop" or a "waister," if, haply, such terms appertain to vessels; and had Mr. Cooper laid the keel himself, and commanded her until the time she was burned, he could not have loved the "Red Rover" more than he apparently did.

Many of the descriptions, however, of ocean scenery, of battles and of storms, are admirable; and the actors are often placed in circumstances where they excite the most intense interest. Take, for instance, the following description of a tempest and a fight, which is only equalled, certainly not surpassed, by the much admired panther scene, in the *Pioneers*:—

"A gun was now discharged from the side next the still receding 'Dolphin.' The iron messenger was seen bounding along the surface of the sea, skipping lightly from wave to wave, until it cast a little cloud of spray upon the very deck of their enemy, as it boomed harmlessly past her hull. Another, and yet another, followed, without in any manner extracting signal or notice from the Rover."

"How's this!" exclaimed the disappointed Bignall. "Has he a charm for his ship, that all our shot sweep by him in rain! Master Fid, can you do nothing for the credit of honest people, and the honour of a pennant? Let us hear from your old favourite; in times past she used to speak to better purpose."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the accommodating Richard, who, in the sudden turns of his fortune, found himself in authority over a much-loved and long cherished piece. "I christened the gun after Mistress Whiffle, your honour, for the same reason, that they both can do their own talking. Now, stand aside, my lads, and let clattering Kate have a whisper in the discourse."

"Richard, who had coolly taken his sight, while speaking, now deliberately applied the match with his own hand, and, with a philosophy that was sufficiently to be commended in a mercenary, sent what he boldly pronounced to be a 'thorough straight-goer' across the water in the direction of his recent associates. The usual moments of suspense succeeded, and then the torn fragments, which were seen scattered in the air, announced that the shot had passed through the nettings of the 'Dolphin.' The effect on the vessel of the Rover was instantaneous, and nearly magical. A long stripe of cream coloured canvas, which had been artfully extended from her stern to her stern, in a line with her guns, disappeared as suddenly as a bird would shut his wings, leaving in its place a broad blood-red belt, which was bristled with the armament of the ship. At the same time, an ensign of a similar ominous colour, rose from her poop, and fluttering darkly and fiercely for a moment, it became fixed at the end of the gaff."

"Now I know him for a knave that he is!" cried the excited Bignall; "and see! he has thrown away his false paint, and shows the well known bloody side, from which he gets his name. Stand to your guns, my men! the pirate is getting earnest."

"He was still speaking, when a sheet of bright flame glanced from out that streak of red which was so well adapted to work upon the superstitious awe of the common mariners, and was followed by the simultaneous explosion of nearly a dozen wide mouthed pieces of artillery. The startling change from inattention and indifference, to this act of bold and decided hostility, produced a strong effect on the boldest heart on board the King's cruiser. The momentary interval of suspense was passed in unchanged attitudes and looks of deep attention; and then the rushing of the iron storm was heard hurling through the air as it came fearfully on. The crash that followed, mingled, as it was, with human groans, and succeeded by the tearing of riven plank and the scattering high of splinters, ropes, blocks, and the implements of war, proclaimed the fatal accuracy of the broad-

side. But the surprise, and, with it, the brief confusion, endured but for an instant. The English shouted, and sent back a return to the deadly assault they had just received, recovering manfully and promptly from the shock which it had assuredly given.

The ordinary and more regular cannonading of a naval combat succeeded. Anxious to precipitate the issue, both ships pressed nigher to each other the while, until, in a few moments, the two white canopies of smoke, that were wreathing about their respective masts, were blended in one, making a solitary spot of strife, in the midst of a scene of broad and bright tranquillity. The discharges of the cannon were hot, close and incessant. While the hostile parties, however, closely imitated each other in their zeal in dealing out destruction, a peculiar difference marked the distinction in character of the two crews. Loud, cheering shouts accompanied each discharge from the lawful cruiser, while the people of the Rover did their murderous work amid the deep silence of desperation.

"The spirit and uproar of the scene soon quickened that blood, in the veins of the veteran Bignall, which had begun to circulate a little slowly by time."

"The fellow has not forgotten his art!" he exclaimed, as the effects of his enemy's skill were getting but too manifest in the rents sails, shivered spars, and tottering masts of his own ship. "Had he but the commission of the King in his pocket, one might call him a hero."

"The emergency was too urgent to throw away the time in words. Wilder answered only by cheering his own people to their fierce and laborious tasks. The ships had now fallen off before the wind, and were running parallel to each other, emitting sheets of flame, that were incessantly glancing through immense volumes of smoke. The spars of the respective vessels were alone visible, at brief and uncertain intervals. Many minutes had thus passed, seeming to those engaged but a moment of time, when the mariners of the 'Dart' found that they no longer held their vessel in the quick command, so necessary to their situation. The important circumstance was instantly conveyed from the master to Wilder, and from Wilder to his superiour. A hasty consultation on the cause and consequences of this unexpected event was the immediate and natural result."

"See!" cried Wilder, "the sails are already hanging against the masts like rags; the explosions of the artillery have stilled the wind."

"Hark!" answered the more experienced Bignall: "There goes the artillery of heaven among our own guns. The squall is already upon us—port the helm, sir, and sheer the ship out of the smoke! Hard a-port with the helm, sir, at once!—hard with it a-port, I say."

"But the lazy motion of the vessel did not answer to the impatience of those who directed her movements, nor did it meet the pressing exigencies of the moment. In the meantime, while Bignall, and the officers whose duty kept them nigh his person, assisted by the sail-trimmers, were thus occupied, the people in the batteries continued their murderous employment. The roar of cannon was still constant and nearly overwhelming, though there were instants when the deep ominous mutterings of the atmosphere were too distinctly audible to be mistaken. Still the eye could lend no assistance to the hearing, in determining the judgement of the mariners. Hulls, spars, and sails were alike enveloped in the curling wreaths which wrapped heaven, air, vessels, and ocean, alike, in one white, obscure, foggy mantle. Even the persons of the crew were merely seen at instants, labouring at the guns, through brief and varying openings."

"I never knew the smoke pack so heavy on the deck of a ship before," said Bignall, with a concern that even his caution could not repress. Keep the helm a-port—jam it hard, sir! By heaven, Mr. Wilder, those knaves well know they are struggling for their lives!"

"The fight is all our own!" shouted the lieutenant, from among the guns, stanching, as he spoke, the blood of a severe splinter-wound in the face, and far too intent on his own immediate occupation, to have noticed the signs of the weather. "He has not answered with a single gun, for near a minute."

"Fore George, the rogues have enough!" exclaimed the delighted Bignall. "Three cheers for vic—"

"Hold, sir," interrupted Wilder, with sufficient decision to check his commander's premature exultation, "on my life, our work is not so soon ended. I think, indeed, his guns are silent;—but, see! the smoke is beginning to lift. In a few more minutes, if our own fire should cease, the view will be clear."

"A shout from the men in the batteries interrupted his words; and then came a general cry that the pirates were sheering off. The exultation at this fancied evidence of their superiority was, however, soon and fearfully interrupted. A bright vivid flash penetrated through the dense vapour which still hung about them in a most extraordinary manner, and was followed by a crash from the heavens, to which the simultaneous explosion of fifty pieces of artillery would have sounded feeble."

"Call the people from their guns!" said Bignall, in those suppressed tones that are only more portentous from their forced and unnatural calmness: "Call them away at once sir, and get the canvas in!"

"Wilder, startled more at the proximity and apparent

accustomed delayed not to give an order which was seemingly so urgent. The men left their batteries, like athletes retreating from the arena, some bleeding and faint, some still fierce and angry, and all more or less excited by the furious scene in which they had just been actors. Many sprang to the well-known ropes, while others, as they ascended into the cloud which still hung on the vessel, became lost to the eye in her rigging.

"Shall I reef or furl?" demanded Wilder, standing with the trumpet at his lips, ready to issue the necessary order.

"Hold, sir; another minute will give us an opening."

"The lieutenant paused; for he was not slow to see that now indeed, the veil was about to be drawn from their real situation. The smoke which had lain upon their very decks, as though pressed down by the superincumbent weight of the atmosphere, first began to stir; was then seen eddying among the masts; and finally, whirled wildly away before a powerful current of air. The view was indeed, now all before them.

"In place of the glorious sun, and that bright blue canopy which had lain above them a short half hour before, the heavens were clothed in one immense black veil. The sea reflected the portentous colour, looking dark and angry. The waves had already lost their regular rise and fall, and were tossing to and fro, as if awaiting the power that was to give them direction and greater force. The flashes from the heavens were not in quick succession; but the few that did break upon the gloominess of the scene came in majesty, and with dazzling brightness. They were accompanied by the terrific thunder of the tropics, in which it is scarcely profanation to fancy that the voice of One who made the universe is actually speaking to the creatures of his hand. On every side, was the appearance of a fierce and dangerous struggle in the elements. The vessel of the Rover was running lightly before a breeze, which had already come fresh and fitful from the cloud, with her sails reduced, and her people coolly, but actively employed in repairing the damages of the fight.

"Not a moment was to be lost in imitating the example of the wary freebooters. The head of the 'Dart' was hastily and happily got in a direction contrary to the breeze; and, as she began to follow the course taken by the 'Dolphin,' an attempt was made to gather her torn and nearly useless canvass to her yards. But precious minutes had been lost in the smoky canopy, that might never be regained. The sea changed its colour from a dark green to a glittering white; and then the fury of the gust was heard rushing along the water with fearful rapidity; and with a violence that could not be resisted.

"Be lively, men!" shouted Bignall himself, in the exigency in which his vessel was placed; 'Roll up the cloth; in with it all—leave not a rag to the squall!' Fore George, Mr. Wilder, but this wind is not playing with us; cheer up the men to their work; speak to them cheerily, sir!"

"Furl away!" shouted Wilder. "Cut, if too late; work away with knives and teeth—down, every man of you, down—down for your lives, all!"

"There was that in the voice of the lieutenant which sounded in the ears of his people like a supernatural cry.—He had so recently witnessed a calamity similar to that which again threatened him, that perhaps his feelings lent a secret horror to the tones. A score of forms were seen descending swiftly, through an atmosphere that appeared sensible to the touch. Nor was their escape, which might be likened to the stooping of birds that dart into their nest, too earnestly pressed. Stripped of all its rigging, and already tottering under numerous wounds, the lofty and overloaded spars yielded to the mighty force of the squall, tumbling in succession towards the hull, until nothing stood but the three firmer, but short and nearly useless, lower masts. By far the greater number of those aloft reached the deck in time to ensure their safety, though some were too stubborn, and still too much under the sullen influence of the combat, to harken to the words of warning. These victims of their own obstinacy were seen clinging to the broken fragments of the spars, as the 'Dart,' in a cloud of foam, drove away from the spot where they floated, until their persons and their misery were alike swallowed in the distance.

"It is the hand of God!" hoarsely exclaimed the veteran Bignall, while his contracting eye drunk in the destruction of the wreck. "Mark me, Henry Ark; I will forever testify that the guns of the pirate have not brought us to this condition."

The character of the "Red Rover" has no distinguishing peculiarities; it is made up of inconsistencies,—vices and virtues,—which are most absurdly placed in the body and person of an outlaw. The next personage is Wilder,—taken from a wreck when a lad by two seamen; he is taught Latin by his captain, and most unaccountably obtains the appointment of lieutenant in the British navy. While holding this rank, he enlists, for the purpose, it appears, of delivering him up to justice, with the pirate, alias, "Red Rover." After he enlists, however, he very naturally falls in love with Gertrude, a very la-la sort of a girl, because there is no one else for him to fall in love with; and near the end of the book he

marries her. One of the best drawn and most consistent characters is the vain old Madame De Lacey; and Dick Fid is entitled to his share of praise, because the outlandish jargon he uses, is also used by his betters; but Homespun, the tailor, is so illy conceived, that the author seems to have dropped him involuntarily, from not knowing what use to put him to.

The greatest charm in the work appears to have been contained in the eyes and voices of Wilder and the Rover; for they could either of them still a hundred and fifty mutinous pirates, at a single word or squint.

After all the crew had left the ship and its wayward commander, we are informed—

"But doubt was soon ended. Suddenly a streak of flame flashed from her decks, springing fiercely from sail to sail. A vast cloud of smoke broke out of the hull, and then came the deadened roar of artillery. To this succeeded for a time, the awful and yet attractive spectacle of a burning ship.—The whole was terminated by an immense canopy of smoke, and an explosion that caused the sails of the distant 'Dart' to waver, as though the winds of the trades were deserting their eternal direction. When the cloud had lifted from the ocean, an empty waste of water was seen beneath, and none might mark the spot where so lately had floated that beautiful specimen of human ingenuity."

Any writer, except Mr. Cooper, would not have neglected so good an opportunity as the above, to dispose of his hero; and we were led to suppose that when they blew up, there would have been an end of the Rover and his female boy; instead of which, however, in the last page, after the lapse of some twenty years, he is brought to the house of Wilder to die, and it is there first discovered that Wilder and the Rover are relations. How he is saved, we are uninformed, and do not wish to know, feeling perfectly satisfied that the whole is done in one chapter, and that the last!

The whole plot, if plot there be, from beginning to end, is improbable. Wilder's scheme of getting on board the pirate, besides being not over wise, succeeded, as far as the reader knows, merely by chance. The dialogue of the higher characters is stiff, that of the females is spiritless, and apparently proportioned in quantity, rather to the author's consciousness of want of skill in its management, than to the share that is usually contributed, by the fair sex, either in fiction, or real life.

With all this, however, there are many scenes sketched with a strong hand. Besides the one we have quoted, "the Red Rover's" nocturnal chase of the "Royal Caroline," may be instanced. The silent passage of the Rover by the dismantled wreck, the shipwreck itself, and the escape of Wilder and his female companions from the sinking hulk, are awful, and indeed terrific. The best we can say of *The Red Rover*, as a whole, is, that it is better than either of his three last productions, and approaches, without equalling, the Pilot. It will add but little to the fame of the author.

LACONICKS.

It is foolish to expect the five following things, from the following persons:—

1. A present from a poor man;
2. Service from a lazy man;
3. Succour from an enemy;
4. Counsel from an envious man;
5. And true love from a Prude.

Five things are useless, when not accompanied with five others:

- Good advice without effect;
- Riches without economy;
- Learning without good manners;
- Aims to improper objects—or without a pure intention;
- And life without health.

When subjects are ill treated by subaltern officers, and can not make remonstrance to the prince, because the too great authority of ministers of state deprives them of the means; their lot is like to that of a man who, half dead with thirst, approaches the river Nile to drink; but perceiving a crocodile, is obliged either to perish for lack of water, or submit to be devoured alive.

Never trust to appearances or high pretensions. Behold the drum: notwithstanding all its noise it is empty within.

Soft words may appease an angry man; bitter

words never will. Would you throw fuel on a house in flames, in order to extinguish the fire?

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1828.

DIED, at his residence in this city, on Monday evening last, very suddenly, of a rupture of the heart, His Excellency, DE WITT CLINTON, Governor of the State of New-York, aged 58 years and 11 months. The suddenness of his exit, and the great loss to which it has subjected the city, the state, and the whole union, has produced an excitement which may readily be conceived by those who take a lively interest in the publick welfare; but it can never be described.

Death, as a common abstract idea, has something in it so solemn, and at the same time so sympathick, that he may be considered as having digressed from the common nature of humanity, and adopted somewhat of the horrifying apathy of brutes, who does not feel at once a tender and a gloomy sensation whenever it crosses his mind. And yet, how often have we the ocular, if not the tangible proof of that indifference to the teachings of humanity, which is the consequence of a habitual reference to this gloomy idea. Death lays his withering hand on so many of the gay objects around us, that, however forcibly the lesson may strike home to our hearts at the first, its impression becomes weaker and weaker, and its duration more and more volatile, by every repeated example. In the common visitations of this spoiler, how few ever hear of his ravages. The obituary notice, a gloomy paragraph, seldom read, and never recalled to the memory, may circulate widely; but who reads it with interest, or reflects on it with an intent to profit, or a heart to melt at the perusal? Now and then, the casual reader of newspaper obituaries may recognize some friend of his young and happy days, or some relative, near by the ties of blood and the faithful realization of their obligations; but how seldom does the world, or any of its medley of living beings, who live beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the deceased, know any thing of him but the naked fact that he died! Few, and scarcely seconded by the soothing power of sympathy, are they who mourn on such occasions. To the world,

The annals of the human race,
Their records since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!"

Far different, however, is the sensation produced by the death of such a man as it is now our painful duty to speak of. A man who has made his name familiar to the lips of millions, and whose fame has reached even beyond the limits of our great and growing republic. The death of the great man—the statesman and the philosopher,—never meets with indifference from the ear of the patriot, the philanthropist, or the good citizen,—let the tidings come when and where they may. And it is our melancholy task to announce such a dispensation of Divine will, in the decease of the chief magistrate of this state,—DE WITT CLINTON.

Seldom do these bereavements which it is our lot to experience, assail us so suddenly, or so destitute of any possible means to fill the void which their departure leaves in the circle of publick or domestick relations. When in the little communities which are every where to be met with, the leading spirit is called away, there is always some secondary mind which is called into action, and is presumed to fill the blank. But who shall assume the station which is vacated by him, to whom schools and senates were wont to look up for wisdom and support? We speak of the deceased as a citizen and a scholar. We know that we address many whose political sentiments and feelings were totally averse to his who can now oppose them no more. But happily, indeed, the genius of our political prosperity never decreed that these variances, which are the result of contrary popular opinions, should tarnish the gems of personal friendship, or blind our eyes to intellectual light. Whatever may be our feelings in a political point of view, to CLINTON, the philosopher, the patriot, the philanthropist, and the Mason, we are to look; for that CLINTON lives forever!—to CLINTON the partizan we have no homage to pay; for that character must perish with his own fallible mortal clay.

Thus it ever is with man. The greatest is but mortal;

and mortality, however it may be vivified and exalted by the glory of intellectual attainments, will always carry something more than its ordinary frailness, down with it to the grave. If man were a perfect being it would not be so; and he may be said to approximate nearest to human perfection, with whom is buried the least of his living fame.

To eulogize the dead with justice, we leave to those who may outlive the prejudices which party creates, or who have candour enough to look beyond them. Were we qualified for the task, we would not yet undertake it; and confident we are, it will be more faithfully and permanently executed by the hand of some one, whom the wisdom of the people shall authorize, than any self constituted eulogist could at present hope to arrive at. With such impressions we leave his eulogy for the orator and the historian; reserving for ourselves this sole expression:—the virtues and worth of a great man are laid deeper in the hearts of republicans than all the thousand conscientious tests which designate political partisans or religious sectarians. They are like our faith in heaven, on which we lean when all else has failed. They are our patriotism, our religion and our immortal hope.

THE FUNERAL. The last solemnities in honour of the remains of the late governor, took place on Thursday last, agreeably to the arrangements of the legislature previously made, and under the direction of the joint committee of both houses. Cannon were discharged at intervals of thirty minutes from sunrise until the moving of the procession; and minute guns were fired during the moving of the procession, accompanied by the solemn toll of the bells.

The procession moved from the residence of the deceased, corner of North Pearl and Steuben-streets, through North Pearl, Columbia, North Market, State, and Washington-streets, to the place of sepulture, the family vault of the late Doct. Stringer, in Sand-street, in the following order:—

The military escort, under the command of Brigadier General Cooper.

The clergy of the city and the attending physicians, with scarfs.

The **HEARSE**, covered with a superb canopy, surmounted with black plumes, and drawn by four white horses, their heads also decorated with plumes, and the harness trimmed with crape; led by grooms properly habited.

The following gentlemen in scarfs, as **PALL BEARERS**: Gen. Bogardus, Mr. Cray, Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Wilkeson, of the Senate; Mr. Bucklin, Mr. Scudder, Gen. Montross, Mr. Williams, Mr. Breese, and Gen. Brinkerhoff of the assembly. Ch. Justice Savage, Judge Sutherland, the Secretary of State Mr. Flagg, the Comptroller Mr. Marcy, and Messrs. J. D. P. Douw and William James.

The Albany Military Association, flanking the pall bearers. The relatives of the deceased, and of his family, in carriages. The present and late military family of the commander-in-chief, as mourners.

The joint committee of arrangements, in scarfs.

The senate and assembly, severally preceded by their officers; the president and speaker with scarfs.

The other state officers, and canal commissioners.

The common council, judicial and executive officers, and members of the bar of the city of Albany.

Knights Templars, with their banner.

Master Masons, to the number of five hundred, with the insignia of the order.

Royal Arch Masons, with their officers, in full dress.

Present and past Grand Officers of the Grand Chapter of the State of New-York, in full dress.

The faculty of Union College, and Phi Beta Kappa society, preceded by Doctor Nott, their president, robed in a scarf.

St. Andrews Society, with their badges.

The officers and members of the Albany county Sunday School Union.

The Fire departments, consisting of several companies, with their banners; the whole under the direction of Allen Brown, as marshal.

The masters of vessels and steamboats.

The students at law.

The citizens of Albany, preceded by the several ward committees.

Officers of other counties, &c.

Business was entirely suspended during the day, and the feelings of the people on the melancholy occasion were strikingly illustrated by the silence and apparent interest

which every where prevailed. Add to this the cold and gloomy state of the weather, which though it may have sensibly diminished the number, added much to the solemnity of the procession.

The ceremonies were such as found a corresponding feeling in every heart. They were appropriate and imposing, without any needless ostentation. In a word every thing was done that decency required, and so done as to confer honour upon the committees who directed the ceremonies.

The masonic part of the procession, considering the inclemencies of the weather, and the shortness of the notice for a society so sparsely located, was unusually well represented, both in number and appearance. The other organized societies, and the military, were also well conducted, and no accident or irregularity occurred to mar the harmony that such a ceremony demanded.

In 1806 De Witt Clinton was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the state of New-York, which office he held without intermission until the year 1820. At the time of his death he was Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and Grand Commander of the General Grand Encampment of the United States.

§ The Encampment, Chapter, and the several Lodges in this city, have unanimously resolved, that the masonic rooms and jewels be clothed in mourning, and that the members wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, in testimony of respect for the virtues of their deceased companion and brother, DE WITT CLINTON.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Saturday, Feb. 9. In senate, the commissioners of the Land Office transmitted a communication on the subject of the arsenal lot in the city of Albany, recommending a sale of said lot, excepting such part as is necessary for the accommodation of the arsenal; referred to the committee of finance. The annual report of the trustees of the Sailor's Snug Harbour was received, accompanied by a memorial, requesting the passage of a law in relation to the marine hospital.

In assembly, the section of the *justices court law*, exempting persons from imprisonment, in executions for amounts less than ten dollars, was under consideration, in committee of the whole, on the revision.

Monday, Feb. 11. In senate, the day was chiefly spent in committee of the whole, on business of a local and uninteresting nature.

In Assembly, the *justices court law* was again under consideration, and after a debate of nearly three days, the section under question is left as it heretofore stood; allowing imprisonment of the body, for want of property, be the amount more or less. The governor transmitted a communication from judge Irving of New-York, in relation to slander suits in frivolous cases; suggesting a remedy for the evil, by amending the law in relation to costs. Ordered printed, and referred to the committee on the judiciary.

Tuesday, Feb. 12. Mr. Spencer moved that the reading of the journals, and all other business be dispensed with, to hear the reading of resolutions from the assembly. § See the proceedings of the assembly as reported below. Mr. Spencer moved for a concurrence in the resolutions; which was seconded by Mr. Cray; both gentlemen accompanying their motion by very proper and feeling remarks, on the sudden and painful bereavement, which the state has experienced in the death of its chief magistrate. The senate transacted no other business except the appointment of a committee to inquire and report to the senate, whether an election of president of the senate is necessary; consisting of three members,—Mr. Spencer, Mr. Dayan, and Mr. Jordan.

In assembly, immediately after prayers by the Rev. Mr. Young, Mr. Butler addressed the house in an eloquent, pathetic, and highly appropriate manner; after which he offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the house, and concurred in by the senate.

It having pleased the Almighty, suddenly to remove by death the chief magistrate of this state, and the legislature being desirous to manifest its deep sense of the great public loss sustained by the state, and the American nation, it is therefore

Resolved unanimously, By the senate and assembly of the state of New-York, that in testimony of the profound grief, felt by this legislature, on the sudden death of DE WITT CLINTON, governor of this state, the members of senate and assembly, will wear the usual badges of mourning, during the present session.

Resolved unanimously, That the funeral obsequies of the late governor, be conducted under the direction of a joint committee of the two houses, to consist of four members of the senate, and four members of the assembly.

Resolved unanimously, That the members of the two

houses of the legislature, will, in their public character, attend the funeral solemnities of the late governor.

Resolved unanimously, That these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased governor Clinton, as an evidence of the high estimation entertained by this legislature of his great talents and eminent public services; of the deep regret caused by his sudden and awful removal from the scene of his fame and of his usefulness; and of its sincere condolence with those who have been so deeply afflicted by this dispensation of Providence.

Wednesday, Feb. 13. The two houses met pursuant to adjournment, when, after accepting the report of the joint committee of the senate and assembly, they adjourned until one o'clock, P. M. to-morrow.

Thursday, Feb. 14. The two houses met at one o'clock, P. M. and after a short sitting proceeded in a body to the mansion of the deceased governor CLINTON. No legislative business was transacted this day.

Friday, Feb. 15. In senate, the following bills were read a third time and passed: to lay a tax to pay the expenses of building a jail in the county of Orleans; and to incorporate the Black River canal company. Mr. Spencer, by the unanimous consent of the senate brought in a bill "to defray the expenses attending the funeral of DE WITT CLINTON, late governor of this state," which was read three times and passed.

In assembly, Mr. Edgerton from a select committee appointed for the purpose, brought in a bill providing for the payment to the minor children of the late governor CLINTON, of the salary attached to the office of governor for the present year; and providing also for the payment to them of a sum equal to that received by any other canal commissioner for the period during which DE WITT CLINTON filled that office. The bill was read a first and second time, and referred to a committee of the whole. It will probably pass both houses to-day (Saturday) without opposition.

NEWS AND TRIMMINGS.

In a late trial before the Philadelphia quarterly sessions, one of the witnesses, a woman who lays out the dead, testified that a thief, who had turned state's evidence in the case, on one occasion, stole a dead body out of the house while she was making the winding sheet.—Human bones, it is said, have been found in Madison county, Ohio, which must have been 8 feet in height!—A party lately returning from a visit to the ship Delaware, lying off Annapolis, dined on board the steam-boat Patuxent, when, among other toasts, the following was given by Charles Bonaparte:—*The Memory of Fulton*—whose genius permits us to drink our toasts at the rate of ten miles an hour.

§ We crave the indulgence of our patrons, for the late appearance of our present number. We shall endeavour to avoid a repetition of the delay, for the future.

DIED,

In Bennington, Vermont, on the 6th inst. Mrs. MARIA NORTON, wife of Capt. Martin S. Norton, aged 25 years.

ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, successors to the late firm of R. STARR & Co. in the above Foundry, continue to execute orders for Plain and Ornamental Type, Brass Rule, and Metal Cuts. Also, for Presses and Ink, Chases, composing Sticks, Cases and Stands, Galleys, and printing materials of every description, at short notice, and on terms as liberal as those of other Foundries.

Many new articles have been added to this Foundry within the last year—among which are new founts of Small Pica and Bourgeois. Also, Small Pica, Brevier and Minion full face capitals for captions, and full face two line letter of all the different sizes from Pica to Pearl. Likewise Canon, Double Great Primer, Double Pica, Great Primer and Pica Antiqua with lower case to each, and Long Primer, Brevier and Minion antique capitals. Also, many elegant Borders and New paper Ornaments, none of which are stereotyped from wood cuts or type, as is usual at most other foundries, but all are cut on steel and cast in copper matrices, and are warranted to work clear. Printers will at once perceive the superiority of those cast in copper matrices, the lines not being filled up and the edges rounded, as is the case with those stereotyped. The large job letter and cuts are all cast in moulds and matrices, on metal bodies, and with the exactness of the smaller type.

Have also cut a new and very beautiful English Script, on inclined body, orders for which can be executed by the first of April. By being cast on inclined body, the face is not exposed as on square body, where most of the letters are kerned; and the mould in which it is cast having a notch or shoulder in the side the type are kept perfectly in line. No expense has been spared, and it is confidently believed, that this Script will be found the most elegant type ever cast in this country, or in Europe.

Type cast at this foundry is warranted equal at least in hardness and durability, to any cast in this country. Particular care is also taken to have the type well dressed, and the founts regularly put up. It is intended to keep such a supply on hand as to be able to furnish orders without the usual delay. Orders by mail, or left at the Foundry, No. 8 Liberty street, will receive prompt attention.

Feb. 2.

STARR & LITTLE.

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POETRY.

FOR THE MASONICK RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

SONNET—TO —.

Is there within the cloisters of thy heart,
 One little spot, where wildered love may rest?
 Oh, tell the secret impulse of thy breast,
 Fair one, to me—and joy or wo impart!
 Be thou my Ariadne—I to thee
 Will be no heartless, thankless Theseus:
 The changeless sun, as he revisits us,
 Shall find us changeless, and as true as he
 To his gay flowery spring. To emulate
 Idalia's birds, we 'll give to eve and morn
 A joyous, never-wearying return,
 And steal the point from every shaft of fate.
 Each hour shall fly in rapture, if thine eye
 But lend to time one half its buoyancy!

W. P. M. W.

THE OCEAN OF YEARS.

The poem below appeared as the New-Year's Ode for the *Carrier of the Catskill Recorder*. The author, who has very frequently contributed to our columns over the signature 'G.' was not aware of its possessing more than the ordinary merit of such ephemeral productions; but with the elegant compliment from the editors of the New-York morning *Courier*, he will not be so tenacious of his own opinion as to oppose that of a judge so able to criticise as James G. Brooks. The *Courier* pronounces it "a most spirited and splendid production—full of genius and enthusiasm;" and adds,—"We know not the author, but whoever he may be, let him cultivate the rare genius with which nature has blessed him; it will conduct him to honour and renown."

Silent and dark is the ocean of years
 Back through its mazes when memories float;
 Trackless and cold its broad surface appears,
 Where the billows close after the canvass-borne boat:—
 Years that have passed! ye have now and then left
 A ripple, to show where some billow was cleft
 In the strife of a moment,—whose motion rolls on,
 When the prow that awakened its bubbles is gone.

Wo to the bark that has foundered unseen,—
 Lost and unknown in the ocean of years;—
 Laurels grow not—but the sea-plant is green;
 Sorrow dries there, save the sad siren's tears.
 Not to the shore shall a billow of fame
 Toss up to sight the lost wanderer's name;
 Not on an island of hope shall be driven
 The wreck that the winds of oblivion have riven.

Billow on billow, and tide after tide,
 Waft the proud bark of life's convoy abroad;
 Ocean's around them unnumbered and wide
 As Eternity,—who shall direct them but God?
 Freight with gold, some glide swiftly away,
 Safe for a while; but beware of the day
 When the tempest of death from the night cloud comes down!
 The bark may be saved, but the treasure must drown.

Another comes on—it is laden with fame;
 Lighter than air on the surface it floats;
 Yet shall its cherished freight be but the game
 Of the wandering billows and sea minstrel's notes.
 Tossing, and mingling, and wasting, and scattered,
 Like the rage of the sail by the hurricane tattered,
 Who can trace out the fond venturer's lot,
 Till found by the wrecker who values it not!

Next comes the gilded bark, freighted with love,
 Laughing at tempests and sighing at calms;
 Wrapped in the sunshine that flatters above,
 Musick defies even the tempest's alarms.
 Backward and forward, the sport of the tide,
 No compass to steer, and no pilot to guide—
 Soon would the dear store to ruin be driven,
 Did pity not stoop and transfer it to heaven.

Thus speeds our voyage on the ocean of years.
 Fain would we anchor, but fate bears away
 Through current and calm,—and the spirit that steers
 The vessel of life, is a foe to delay.
 Here, in a season like this, when we greet,
 Let joy be the signal however we meet.
 To Friendship, who hails, be the sole answer given,—
 We are laden with hope,—our voyage is to heaven.

And friendship will hail—when abroad on the deep
 The horizon is sail-studded round to the eye;
 Some all dimasted and torn by the sweep
 Of the tempest,—and some o'er whose passage the sky
 Was ever in smiles—and friendship will greet,
 In a season like this, when the lulled billows meet
 Like the green sea of Sunda, where the tempests breathe not,
 And all the rude strength of the wave is forgot.

Hail, aged bark! thou art shipping a course
 Unknown to the gay ones that hover around thee;
 Thine is a voyage where the billowy force
 Of the ocean of years hath repassed thee, and found thee
 Changeless and firm as the rock it hath washed
 Incessant and loud, where its first foam was dashed.
 Now ye have spurned at the hurricane's sport,
 Where are ye bound?—and how near is your port?

Ye who have spread the broad banner, and bore
 Freedom and strength on your glorious deck,
 When the red thunder cloud mingled its roar
 With the rush of the waves and the crash of the wreck!
 Ye have weathered the storm, and your banner is borne
 Gallant and gayly, unshamed and untorn!
 Ye are gaining your haven, and there may ye rest,
 Where storms never reach, in the isles of the blest.

Welcome staunch bark! thou hast manhood on board,
 Bearing away in the pride of thy glory!
 Ne'er may thy bold waving banner be lowered,
 And sunshine and plenty be ever before thee.
 Hail gallant vessel! Thy convoy is youth,
 Lovely, and ardent, and panting for truth!
 Sunshine around thee—and O may the Giver
 Of happiness grant thee that sunshine forever.

First to the past year we bid our farewell:—
 Chequered it was, like its fellows of yore,
 With the dark hues that vanity casts in her spell,
 And the bright ones that happiness sprinkles them o'er.
 Peace have we seen with her olive-bow wand
 Cheering the droppings of Plenty's full hand;
 And, rising like odours of Araby sweet,
 Gratitude's offering the blessing to meet.

Broad o'er our fields were the pinions of health
 Spread like an eagle—the wing of a dove;
 Deep has Contentment, the truest of wealth,
 Mingled its breath with the pantings of Love.
 Maidens who erewhile in singleness sighed,
 Have taken the happier title of bride;
 Happier prizes have fallen to others,—
 Theirs are the raptures and honour of mothers!

Yet has the dark wing of sorrow o'er-shaded
 Eyes that were smiling when the season began;—
 Flowers of the loveliest promise have faded,
 And earth has no flower so soon withered as man,
 When the blighter comes o'er him, and takes to his breast
 Of all that we cherished, the fondest and best!
 Death! thou hast claimed him, but not for thine own—
 Thy touch broke the chain, and thy victim hath flown.

Far o'er the ocean, where science was born,
 Redemption hath sprung for the famishing brave;
 The offspring of heroes, the Mussulman's scorn,
 The daughter of Greece is no longer a slave!
 Peace to their classic fields, peace to their shore;
 Peace to their temples and homes—for no more
 Shall the cimeter waste, or the infidel bear
 In chains of dishonour the young and the fair.

Go on, liberators, accomplish the work,—
 The harvest is plenteous and freedom the fruit.
 Soon shall the diadem fall from the Turk,
 And Liberty franchise the slaves of the brute!
 From the thralldom of Ali shall Tempe awaken,
 A Phoenix from ashes long spurned and forsaken,
 And the ruins of cities, though scattered, shall flourish,
 Rebuilt o'er the illustrious ashes they nourish!

THE FATHER OF ROBIN HOOD.

FROM A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS.

The father of Robin a forester was,
 And he shot in a lusty long bow
 Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,
 As the Pindar of Wakefield does know:
 For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
 And William's Cloudeslee
 To shoot with our forester for forty mark;
 And our forester beat them all three.

FUNERAL HYMN.

BY BISHOP HERBEN.

Thou art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;
 The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
 But the wide arms of memory are spread to enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope since the sinless hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion forsaking.
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered long;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
 And the sound which thou heardest was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere vain to deplore thee,
 When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
 He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee—
 And death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

FROM THE MEMORIAL.

One kiss, my boy, upon thy cheek,—
 That cheek so young and bright,—
 And once again I'd hear thee speak
 Thy softly hushed "good night;"
 Then rest, and not a shade of earth,
 Can cloud thy slumbers fair;
 Dark dreams from worldly cares have birth,
 And thou hast nought of care;
 O, why might not life's silver tide
 With thee thus ever smoothly glide!

Who gazes on the bloom of May,
 Nor sighs that all will wither?
 And yet the blossoms must decay,
 Ere we the fruit may gather;
 And life's sweet morning buds of joy,
 Like spring flowers soon depart;
 And thou must change, yet wear, my boy,
 Life's freshness in thy heart;
 Pure feelings, like the flowers perfume,
 Embalm the memory of its bloom.

Man's lot, "dominion o'er the earth"—
 Maketh his sinews strong,
 And that proud lot will lead thee forth,
 All ardent mid the throng:
 Life's onward path is wrapped in night,
 And dangers are its fame;
 Ambition holds its eagle flight,
 And spurns at quiet's name;
 And pleasure's siren songs entice,
 And flowers conceal the precipice.

O, wilt thou wander, then, my boy?
 Away, ye idle fears!
 Why shroud our sun of present joy
 In clouds of future years?
 There's ONE will watch thee, though I sleep
 Where morning never shone;
 There's ONE thy faltering steps can keep;
 Wouldst thou His voice were known?
 Then list, amid the world's wild din,
 The still small voice thy heart within.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1828.

NO. 4.

MASONICK RECORD.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MASONRY.

An Address on the Principles of Masonry, delivered in the Church at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 24, A. L. 5823, at the request of Hiram Lodge, No 4:

BY AMOS KENDALL.

(Continued)

Originally, the moral as well as physical world, was all order, beauty and harmony. What would a stupendous comet produce in our solar system, were it to rush upon this earth and sweep it from its orbit? The same confusion and ruin followed the irruption of vice into the moral system. In primeval purity, all was the sunshine of peace; no passion ruffled the smooth sea of happiness; no pain agonized the decaying frame of man, distorting the human face divine; all was unclouded joy and heavenly serenity, an uninterrupted succession of delightful thoughts and rapturous sensations. Man, like the heavenly bodies, travelled on in the bright path which his Creator had prescribed, enjoying unbounded bliss and exciting the admiration of angels. But the great destroyer came, ran athwart his course, and thrust him from his orbit. Since that fatal day, he wanders in a devious track on the confines of the moral universe, pushing further and further into darkness and night, from that radiant Centre which calls and draws him back. The first transgression engendered and brought to maturity, the whole brood of hateful passions. Anger, lust, envy, hatred and revenge, with all their dreadful squadrons, swept across the human breast, and overturned God's moral temple from its low foundations. Instead of all the raptures and joys of paradise, how feel we now! In our tumultuous bosoms, wave of passion follows wave; one tempest hardly ceases to thunder when another rolls on. The beautiful moral edifice is but a ruin, amidst which wild beasts howl, reptiles crawl, and the winds of heaven whistle. Man's moral form is scarce the outline of what it was, of what it ought to be, and of what it may hereafter be. To repair this ruin, to rebuild the grand temple which transgression has dilapidated, is the professed object of masonry. Alas! we almost blush to name its glorious object to those who witness its mean effects. If the ancients among the sons of Judah, who remembered the glory of the first temple, wept at the diminished size and faded splendour of the second, how much more cause have we to weep over the most perfect moral edifice which our masonry produces! That perfection cannot be attained in the great undertaking, is proved by the nature of fallen man, as well as the experience of past ages; but that much may be done towards repairing the moral ruin, is attested by the invitations and promises of our great Master above, as well as by the example of eminent masons in modern and ancient times.

Why have we now so few eminent masons?—Why do not we ourselves live more perfectly according to the principles which we profess? It is to be feared, that most of us forget those duties which we are under solemn obligations to perform, and instead of erecting in our hearts a beautiful moral edifice, acceptable to our Grand Master above, pile ruin upon ruin, until the foundation and the outline of the original temple, are lost forever in the undistinguished rubbish. My brethren, is it not so? How few of us make the Bible the rule of

our faith? Yet we all profess to do so. How few of us habitually think of circumscribing our desires and keeping our passions within due bounds? Yet we are all under the most solemn obligations to do so. How few of us ask the aid and blessing of the Supreme Being in all our undertakings? Yet this is a masonick duty. How few of us strive to live in peace with all mankind, exercising charity, forgiving injuries, diffusing around us the principles and fruits of true benevolence? Yet these are among the first duties which masonry inculcates. How few of us live with a constant view to immortality, preparing ourselves as meet stones for that "building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!" Alas, how few!

Though masonry inculcates all the moral duties and the worship of one God, yet it is not religion. It does not profess to change the heart and make at once a temple from a ruin. But masonry and religion are sisters. Their origin and object are the same. Both came from God; both tend to make men better; and both point to heaven as our final home. I do not say that masonry alone will carry us there; but he who in heart and practice feels and follows the true principles of masonry, does all that man can do, to climb the mystick ladder which spans from earth to heaven. A renewed and purified heart makes no man less a mason; for it is the glorious prize for which a true practical mason strives. Christianity, therefore, is not at war with masonry. On the contrary, she is the kind angel which takes the mason where human efforts fail, and bears him on wings of love to that happy region, for which without divine assistance, he was vainly struggling.

Neither a mason's nor a christian's duties are confined to the discipline of his own heart! They range abroad and mingle themselves with all the relations of society. I have wondered that christians, who are commanded to judge the tree by its fruit, have often been found among the enemies and persecutors of masonry. Does not this tree yield good fruit? It disarms the bitterest personal animosities, teaches forgiveness and forbids revenge. Is not this good fruit? It unites in one brotherhood men of all nations and languages. Is not this good fruit? Actuated by its pervading principles at some mysterious sign or sound, arms have dropped from the hands of the most deadly national enemies on the field of battle, and those who were ready to pierce each others bosoms, have embraced like brothers. Is not this good fruit? It fills the heart of the penniless stranger with gladness, wipes the widow's tear and relieves the needy orphan. Is not this good fruit? Why, therefore, would some good men and christians cut it down as a barren fig tree? But we are often told, that many masons lead immoral lives. With sorrow and shame we acknowledge the justice of this charge. Too many forget the sublime principles they have been taught and the solemn obligations they have incurred. But their vices are not the fruit of masonry; they are noxious weeds which she has not succeeded in exterminating. They shoot up spontaneously in the human heart, and not a mason's nor a Christian's power can destroy the latent seeds. Germinate they will, and all we can do is to nip the rank shoots and thus prevent their luxuriance from overshadowing virtue's nobler plants. Judged by the standard of pure morality, what society, nay, what man, can stand the test? Would it not be disingenuous and unjust to condemn christianity because a single professor or even a whole church deviate from its pure principles? If

christianity which *changes the heart*, cannot extinguish vitious propensities and stop immoral practices, who can expect that grand result from masonry which merely professes to *discipline the heart*? He who would suppress masonry or christianity, because vice sometimes rears his hated front within their sacred pale, would extinguish the sun, the source of light and heat, and plunge the world in darkness and death, because noxious vapours sometimes float on his beams! Judge no institution by the practices of its worst members. If its principles be good, instead of obscuring its beneficent beams in eternal night, let us drain those stagnant pools of vice whence its influence extracts poison and pestilence. Let it shine upon the uncontaminated surface of our hearts, whence will spring up, in beautiful luxuriance, the plants of faith, hope and charity, yielding immortal fruit.

My brethren, think not that you have performed all your masonick duties merely by a regular attendance upon the meetings and the labours of the lodge, by complying with all its requisitions, or even by an intimate acquaintance with all the mysteries of our order. These are the body of masonry; but what is a body without a soul? Look at our implements, our ornaments, our parades and our days of festivity—what are they! Nothing—unless thoughtfully improved, worse than nothing. All these have their moral. There is not an implement or ornament in our lodge; there is not an emblem painted on our aprons; there is not an incident or ceremony in all our discipline, which does not point inwardly or upwardly. They remind us of our origin, our duties, and our destiny. They remind us, that there is an All-Seeing-Eye above which measures all our actions by the square of justice. They teach us to have faith in the Ruler of the Universe, to look to him as our father, our friend and our protector. Every where and at all times, appeals to the Omniscient Mind and reliance upon the Omnipotent Arm, are recommended by the principles of our order, and will make us happier and better men. With proper conceptions of the power, the justice and the goodness of the Deity, it is impossible for a man to be a bad husband, father, friend, neighbour or citizen.

Yet, masonry does not content herself with teaching this grand principle, with erecting this main pillar in the masonick edifice. In separate lessons and in a thousand ways, she inculcates all the social duties. Submission to lawful authority, universal charity, truth and justice in all our intercourse with our fellow men, are precepts taught with peculiar care. We are particularly instructed, that industry is the mother of many virtues, and that masons should not live as drones in the hive of society. See you not among our emblems the bee hive; that little industrious community, whose laws punish idleness with death? Masonry presents this as an example, and inculcates the just maxim, that "if one will not work, neither shall he eat." Have we no drones among us? Are there not masons who live without any occupation, feasting luxuriously on the honey which others have gathered, and preparing to leave families degraded by their idleness and corrupted by their example, to the charities of their brethren and the world? However good masons such men may be in theory, they are no masons in practice. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread" was the dreadful curse which the Great Creator pronounced on fallen man; and he who attempts to evade this inevitable doom does injustice to man and defies his Maker. Who riots in sumptuous living, and gluts

his appetite on the unpaid for fruits of other men's labour! Vain man and false mason, think you to escape unpunished! Think you not that he who has bowed to earth and wrestled with the clods, to draw thence the luxuries on which you feast, will not soon raise his hardened palms and sun-burnt face to heaven, to call down vengeance on your fraud and injustice! There are among men, butterflies with gaudy wings robbed from the industrious bee, who ought yet to have been crawling worms, and are now in all their splendour ten times more detestable.

My brethren, I hope there are no drones among us. I hope that each of us has an honest and useful occupation which we faithfully pursue, or stores of wealth which render personal exertion and labour unnecessary. But for the good of mankind and the honour of our order, it would be well to avoid the appearance of idleness. If it be not necessary that we labour with our own hands or direct any business for our own support, we may at least draw designs for others and not cease to do good when we cease to labour. But O, be not idle! The idle man's mind is the devil's trestle-board, on which he delights to draw designs the most captivating and yet the most noxious, the most alluring to the senses and passions of man, and yet the most fatal to masonry and virtue. Idleness and virtue are incompatible—so, in a great degree, are industry and vice.

(Conclusion next week.)

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a special meeting of *Hudson Lodge*, No. 15, convened at St. John's Hall, in the city of Hudson, on Wednesday the 13th February, 5828, in consequence of the death of his excellency *De Witt Clinton*, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to put a period to the mortal existence of *De Witt Clinton*, who was a beloved brother and distinguished member and officer of our masonick fraternity; who during the whole term of his active life zealously devoted the full influence of his powerful and comprehensive mind, to the promotion of the best interests of the institution of masonry; who by such aid and by his high fame as a scholar, a statesman and a philanthropist, as well as in the arts and sciences, has contributed more than any other American name to bear the ensigns of masonry beyond and above the shafts of ignorance and prejudice; and who as a man and as a friend, as well as in all the relations of social life, ever exemplified in practice the benign principles and cardinal virtues of our order: therefore

Resolved, that we deeply feel and mourn the loss, which by this dispensation of Providence is visited upon our nation and the age, but more especially upon our fraternity, by this removal of our distinguished brother, in the prime of his usefulness, and with all his ripening honours thick upon him.

Resolved, as a testimony of our respect and affections for his memory, and as a pledge of our determination to imitate his virtues, that the officers and past officers of this lodge will wear crape, and the brethren the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, that this lodge be dressed in mourning for the space of twelve months.

Resolved, that the proceedings of this lodge be published. *CYRUS CURTISS, Master.*

CHARLES GARDNER, Sec'y.

At a special meeting of *Hudson Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 5, convened at St. John's Hall, in the city of Hudson, on Wednesday evening the 13th February, 5828, in consequence of the death of his excellency *De Witt Clinton*, General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, that this Chapter concur in the resolution this day passed by *Hudson Lodge*, No. 15, honouring the memory of the late General Grand High Priest *De Witt Clinton*.

Rev. THOMAS F. KING, H. P.

CHARLES GARDNER, Sec'y.

At a special meeting of *La Fayette Encampment*, No. 7, convened at St. John's Hall, in the city of

Hudson, February 13th, 1828, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, that this Encampment, concur in the resolutions this day passed by *Hudson Lodge* No. 15, honouring the memory of his excellency *De Witt Clinton*, Grand Commander of the Grand Encampment of the state of New-York, and General Grand Commander of the General Grand Encampment of the United States.

L. U. LAWRENCE, G. C.

CYRUS CURTISS, Recorder.

Phoenix Lodge, No. 361, in Lansingburgh, convened Wednesday evening, Feb. 13th, 5828. The object of the convention having been explained, a committee was appointed to draft resolutions suitable to the occasion. The committee having retired a few minutes, returned and reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death our worthy and beloved brother *De Witt Clinton*, Governor of the State of New-York; and General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States—and whereas we have assembled to lament the sudden death of this gifted son of genius, and to pay our sad tribute of respect to the memory of departed worth: therefore

Resolved, that while we express our faith in the rectitude of Divine Providence, we feel suitably humble under this mournful dispensation, by which community is deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, our country of one of its ablest statesmen, and our fraternity of one of its most distinguished patrons:

Resolved, that we deeply sympathize with his afflicted family in their irreparable loss, and wish them that consolation which their bereavement requires.

Resolved, that, while we rejoice that we have been contemporaries with so eminent a patron of science, internal improvements, and national greatness, we grieve that so brilliant a star in the intellectual horizon was destined to set so soon.

Resolved, that in token of respect for our deceased brother, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, that the above preamble and resolutions be signed by the W. Master and Secretary, and published. *ALEX. MC'CALL, Master.*

JOHN WADDLE, Sec'y.

At an extra communication of *Hamilton Lodge*, No. 144, assembled at the Masonick Hall in the village of Glen's Falls, Warren county, on the 15th instant, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, that, whereas it has pleased Almighty God, the Supreme Architect of the Universe, in his divine providence, to call from his labours our worthy brother *De Witt Clinton*, P. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of the state of New-York, we feel our duty to pay to his memory the last tribute of respect:

Resolved, that the worshipful master, wardens, and brethren of this lodge, show their respect for our deceased, worthy brother, by wearing the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

E. G. LINDSEY, Sec'y.

On receiving intelligence of the death of his excellency, *De Witt Clinton*, *Rising Sun Lodge*, No. 185, at the request of Wm. A. Langworthy, W. M., convened at their lodge room in the village of Saratoga Springs, in the county of Saratoga, and unanimously passed the following resolutions, expressive of their feeling, and regret at this afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence:—

Resolved, that we sincerely lament the unexpected decease of his late Excellency, *De Witt Clinton*: that we consider the afflictive dispensation by which the nation has been deprived of those qualifications which fitted him for the highest offices of state, and of those talents which so greatly ornamented the paths of literature and science, as a public calamity, and that we freely unite our sympathies in deploring an event which may justly be called a national loss.

Resolved, that the members of this lodge will

wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm for the term of thirty days, in testimony of the respect we entertain for the memory of *De Witt Clinton*, a mason, a scholar and a statesman.

Resolved, that the above resolutions be signed by the secretary, and published.

AARON BLAKE, Sec'y.

At an emergent meeting of the *Masonick Brethren of Brother's Lodge*, No. 147, in the village of Fort Ann, in the county of Washington, held on the 15th day of February, 5828, in consequence of the sudden and unexpected death of our worthy Br. *De Witt Clinton*; late Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, and Governor of this state—it was unanimously

Resolved, that we deeply deplore his loss, and revere his memory, for the many virtues which he maintained in the discharge of his public and private duties; and especially his zeal and ability in forwarding those stupendous plans of internal improvement which have justly elevated him to the distinguished rank of the statesman and patriot—therefore

Resolved, that the brethren of this lodge wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

E. A. FAY, Sec'y.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

[From the Philadelphia Journal of Medical Science.]

ANOMALOUS CASES OF DROPSY.

BY N. CHAPMAN, M. D.

It is a common remark of writers, that in the commencement, as well as throughout the subsequent stages of dropsy, particularly ascites, there is sometimes almost as much distress from flatulence as by the accumulation of the fluid. For this and several other reasons, I once thought it not unlikely, that occasionally the blood vessels may, instead of a serous effusion, secrete a gas, which, by some process not understood, might be converted into a fluid state. That the blood vessels are capable, and do exercise such an office has been shown by Mr. Hunter, and is rendered probable by a variety of facts. Dropsy, I have seen in several instances to follow flatulent colic—and I had, some years ago, under my care, in consultation with the late Dr. Wistar, the case of a boy which strongly supports the hypothesis.

Having become heated and fatigued by skating, he laid on the ice, and after a time, was seized with a colic, attended by a distention of the abdomen, amounting to tympanites. By carminatives, opiates, and external warmth, he was speedily relieved of pain, but on our next visit, a few hours afterwards, we were astonished to find that he laboured under ascites, with oedema of the lower extremities, which proved exceedingly tedious, though he finally recovered.

During the summer of 1825, I had under my care a lady from the country, who, after eating water-melons and some other fruit, was attacked, according to her report, with violent colic, followed immediately by tympanitic distention. On examination I found she had confirmed ascites with oedematous swellings of her feet and ankles, from which she was relieved by copious diuresis and watery discharges from the bowels.

It seems, moreover, that dropsy may be induced by repelled perspiration, or in other words, by an inverted action of the exhalents. Cases to this purport have also come under my notice. Not many years ago, I attended a gentleman, with Dr. Physick, who, returning from a tiresome and dusty ride, went into a warm bath. The water was so uncomfortably hot, that he could scarcely bear it. He however, continued in it for half an hour, and on coming out felt chilly and soon experienced the distention of ascites, and finally died of universal dropsy.

Nearly about the same time I was called to another gentleman in consultation with Dr. Physick also, with general dropsy, who traced its commencement directly to his having imprudently plunged into a cold bath, whilst heated and sweating from exercise. Each of these individuals was in the meridian of life, of robust constitution, and previously in the enjoyment of perfect health.

These are anomalous cases, apparently exceptions to the doctrine of the universal and inseparable connection of dropsy with inflammation. But, perhaps, they may be reconciled to it. In the instances, for example, which were preceded by colic and tympanitic distention, it is not altogether unreasonable to suppose that the irritation was extended to the peritoneum, exciting phlogosis—and in relation to the others, succeeding to the use of the hot and cold bath, it is more manifest that there was a metastasis of the irritative impression made on the dermoid, to the serous tissue, and the effusion resulted accordingly. The external and internal exhalents act pretty much reversely, whatever is gained by the one is lost by the other, and very often there is an entire vicarious assumption of office respectively. The functions of the skin being suspended, what is more usual than to see some inward surface or organ increasing its efforts to compensate the loss. Generally, we have under these circumstances, watery diarrhœa, or an augmented urinary discharge. But imagine, that instead of the bowels or the kidneys being thus affected, the peritoneum were excited, should we not be presented with hydropick results?

The doctrine, as now received, presumes that ascites is invariably the effect of pre-existing peritonitis, and especially of the sub-acute or chronic state of it, all the remote causes of the disease uniting to produce such an effect. Cases, however, of ascites, do sometimes follow the acute species of peritonitis, though always I believe, when it is originally weak, or much reduced and delicately diffused. The extravasation of coagulable lymph, or the secretion of pus is uniformly the product of it under opposite circumstances.

POWER OF ANIMAL REPRODUCTION

The extraordinary power of reproduction which many of the lower animals possess, obtains not only in lobsters and crabs, which recover their claws on losing them, but in various other animals to a much greater extent. "The lower we go," says the author of *Conversations on the Animal Economy*, "in the scale of creation, the more surprising is the reproductive faculty. How liable is the earthworm to be injured by the unconscious gardener; but the injury, so far from diminishing animal life, increases it; for each portion into which the animal may be divided by the spade becomes a separate creature; having a separate system of parts speedily regenerated. The head of the common snail, with its four horns, has been satisfactorily ascertained to be renewed in the course of six months; and in an animal of a more complicated structure, the water-newt, (*the lacerta palustris*), a complete eye was reformed in the course of ten months, with all its various parts. The star fish and anemone may have their tentacula removed, and they are speedily replaced; and if these animals are divided, two or more distinct animals are the consequence. But the fresh water polype affords the most extraordinary example of any known of this wonderful power, for in whatever way it may be cut or divided, each part becomes, in a few days, a separate animal, capable of all the functions of its parent.—This animal is of a soft nature, like a common snail. It adheres by one end, like a sucker, to water-plants and other substances; and the other end, which is the head, is surrounded by many little arms or feeders, which seize and bring to the mouth, around which they are placed like radii, minute worms and water insects."

DAMP DESTROYER.

By placing an unstopped bottle or more open vessel, if convenient, containing strong sulphurick acid, in any part of a room, the moisture of the air becomes rapidly absorbed, and the salubrity of the apartment consequently improved. The great capacity of sulphurick acid for vapour and the cheapness of the acid, renders this mode of absorbing humidity very economical.

BUGS.

The following composition has been found very efficacious in destroying bugs:—Take of pyroligneous ether one pint; camphire four drachms; oxy-muriate of quicksilver, one drachm; mix. The

parts of the bedstead, and of the wall or wainscoting in which the vermin lodge, should be well washed out with lotion, by means of a painter's brush, and a little should be poured into all the crevices. Being very inflammable, it should not be used by candle light. [Gazette of Health.

NEW ALKALI IN HEMLOCK.

Professor Ficinus, of Dresden, has discovered a new alkali in the *Æthusa Cynapium*, (Linn.) to which he has given the name of Cynopta. It is crystallizable, and soluble in water and alcohols, but not in æther. The crystals are in the form of a rhombick prism, which is also that of the crystals of the sulphate. [Hensman's Repertoire.

SEED CORN.

Seed corn soaked in a solution of Glauber's salts, will vegetate quickly, and the salts will protect it against worms, fowls, and birds. This accidental discovery, it is said, has been fully tested.

THE GATHERER.

The following string of puns upon the representatives of the people of our state, is extracted from the Allegany Republican, and inserted in our columns by request. A further request would be attended to, had we the necessary materials in our office to comply with it.

Our legislative body, by the following list of names, appear to be a motley crew. In the mechanical branch there are two *Smiths*, a *Shoemaker*, a *Glover*, a *Wheeler*, a *Miller*, two *Clarks* and a *Barber*; they have a *Bishop* and a *Dean*; one *Butler*, one *Page*, two *Porters*, and a *Carrier*; they appear to be possessed of some real estate: they have *Good rich*, *Green* with *Woods*, among which is the *Smartwood* and *Thorn*. If you wish to build *Graungers*, there you will find *Wood worth* almost any price, if you wish a lasting *Sill*. I am told there are some small improvements there, for they have a *Gardner*, but as yet I have seen none of his produce except the *Fitch*. The country appears to be well watered with *Wells* and running water, for you will find a *Lake*, the two rivers *Clyde* and *Jordan*, navigated by a *Scudler* with but one *Waterman* and a *Fisher*. I am told that by excavating the earth which is not mountainous (though there are *Knuckles* now and then to be met with, and a few *Livingstones* with a *Root*), you may find *Cule* of a good quality, which is in good demand, as *Cowles* bear a good price in market at this season of the year; and though it is not considered quite so healthy, I prefer a good bed well warmed with a good *Brasher*, before I resign myself to the arms of Morpheus. There are but few quadrupeds, only one *Martin*, and two *Harts*, who have a *Shepard* and a *Warren*. This lack of animals must be on account of a *Troop* being stationed on the out skirts, while the interior is traversed with now and then a *Mann* and *Child* who *Treadwell* the little *Alley* they select as their daily walk, should it not storm. Among them there is a *Skinner*, a *Sanage*, and a *Turk*; a *Sweetman* with two *Wescotts*, (one with a *Whiteside*), a *Noble Mixer*, and should you make use of more than one *Viele*, he will *Fillmore* even should you wish a *Gross*.

WHITFIELD.

This celebrated preacher first visited New England in 1740. He was received with great honour at Boston, where he preached almost every day. He often had an audience of 6000 persons in the churches, and when he preached on the Common, it was repeatedly in the presence of 15,000, and in one instance of near 30,000 persons. He preached in many other towns, and every where with wonderful effect; "he was flocked after by all sorts of persons." He visited Northampton, and in the Journal of his tour has the following remarks respecting the Rev. Jona. Edwards and his family, mixed with other matters.

"Felt wonderful satisfaction in being at the house of Mr. Edwards. He is a son himself, and hath also a daughter of Abraham for his wife. A sweeter couple I have not yet seen. Their children were dressed not in silks and satins, but plain, as becomes the children of those who in all things ought to be examples of christian simplicity. She is a woman adorned with a meek and quiet spirit, and talked so feelingly and solidly of the things of God, and seemed to be such a helpmeet for her husband, that she caused me to renew those prayers, which for some months I have put up to God, that he would be pleased to send me a daughter of Abra-

ham to be my wife. I find upon many accounts it is my duty to marry. Lord, I desire to have no choice of my own. Thou knowest my circumstances. Thou knowest I desire to marry only in and for thee. Thou didst choose a Rebecca for Isaac; choose one for me to be a helpmeet for me, in managing that great household committed to my charge. Lord, hear me; Lord, let my cry come unto thee."

It was while his mind was in this state (says the Christian Examiner) that he wrote home to England a very characteristic letter, soliciting the hand of a young lady, who "had often been impressed on his heart as the person appointed by God for him;" but stating, at the same time, "I bless God, if I know any thing of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion which the world calls love." The negotiation failed; but he was afterwards wedded to a widow lady, whose attractions, by his own account, did not consist in riches or beauty, but in being a despised follower of Jesus." Unhappily, however, Whitfield was no judge of character; the union was not blessed, and her death, according to one of his friends, "set his mind much at liberty."

THE APE.

An ape, which Blumenbach observed for more than a year together, would manage the wood for the stove, and put it in with as much judgement and economy as a cookmaid. He was very fond of the fire, like all apes, and would at times singe himself, and afterwards roll in the snow, and then return to the fire. He was often at the college, where he used to examine the specimens with a most laughable imitation and grimace. Once he swallowed a piece of arsenick, large enough to poison ten Kalmucks; it only produced a violent diarrhoea, and he was quite well again. But once a work on insects was lying on the table; this fellow had studied it with great gravity for an hour. When — came into the room, he found that he had, with great address, pinched out all the beetles of the great plates and ate them, mistaking the pictures for real insects.

THE WIT OF THE GALLOWS.

The disposition of life and death has often been subject of brutal merriment. During the reign of Edward VI. Sir Anthony Kinstone, Prevost of the western army, distinguished himself by the promptness of his decisions and the cruel pleasantry of their execution. Having dined with the mayor of a city, he inquired if the gallows was sufficiently strong for use. The mayor replied, he thought so. "Then," said the Prevost, "go up and try"—and caused him to be hanged on the spot. On another occasion, having received information against a miller who could not be found on the instant, he hanged the servant, telling him to be content, for it was the best service he ever rendered his master.

[*National Egis.*

NEGROES.

Blumenbach gives us a most entertaining account of a little library which he possesses of works written by Negroes, from which it appears that there is not a single department of taste or science in which some Negro has not distinguished himself.

TRIFLES.

Why ought a *young goat sleeping* to be taken before a magistrate?—Because it is *kid napping*!

Why is the Devil like the Emperor of Russia?—Because he is his *Imp-erial* Majesty.

Why is Sir Walter Scott like a secret discovered?
—Because he is the known un-known.

Why is a Cat standing on her hind legs like a waterfall?—Because it is a *Cat-erect*.

Why is the Law of Libel like the Thames Tunnel?—Because it is a great *bore* to the newspapers.

Why is a Postman like an Accoucher?—Because he labours to deliver.

A gentleman accosted a lady in the street with "My dear Mary, I have been at your house; I have placed my life in your hands," "You amaze me; what has happened? speak!" demanded the lady. "Only, my dear, having written and published my *Memoirs*, I have left a copy for your acceptance," replied the gentleman.

POPULAR TALES.

THE SPECTRE'S VOYAGE.

BY HENRY NEELE.

There is a part of the river Wye, between the city of Hereford and the town of Ross, which was known for more than two centuries by the appellation of "The Spectre's Voyage;" and across which, as long as it retained that appellation, neither entreaty nor remuneration would induce any boatman to convey passengers after a certain hour of the night. The superstitious notions current among the lower orders were, that at about the hour of eight on every evening, a female was seen in a small vessel sailing from Hereford to Northbrigg, a little village then distant about three miles from the city, of which not even the site is now discernible; that the vessel sailed with the utmost rapidity in a dead calm and even against the wind; that to encounter it was fatal; that the voyager landed from it on the eastern bank of the river a little beyond the village; that she remained some time on shore, making the most fearful lamentations; that she then re-entered the vessel, and sailed back in the same manner, and that both boat and passenger vanished in a sudden manner as they arrived at a certain part of the river, where the current is remarkably strong, within about half a mile of the city of Hereford.

This singular tradition, like most stories of a similar character, was not without a foundation in truth, as the reader will perceive who takes the trouble to peruse the following narrative.

In the turbulent reign of Edward the Second, when the whole of England was one theatre of lawless violence; when might was constantly triumphant over right, and princes and soldiers only respected the very intelligible, if not very equitable principle,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can;"

the city of Hereford was distinguished by the zeal and patriotism of its citizens, and by the unshrinking firmness with which they adhered to the cause of Queen Isabella and the young prince her son, afterwards the renowned King Edward the Third, in opposition to the weak and ill-fated monarch who then wore the crown, and his detested favourites the Spensers, father and son. Sir Hugh Spenser the younger, was a man of unquestionable talents, and possessed virtues which, during a period of less violence and personal animosity, might have proved honourable to himself, and useful to his country. The nobles, however, hated him for his obscure birth and his devotion to the service of his prince, who, however imbecile and unworthy of his high station, was nevertheless unstained by any flagitious crime, and was possessed of a kind and generous heart, and was especially endeared to Spenser, on account of the wealth and honours which he had prodigally lavished upon his family and himself. The discontents of the Queen and the Barons were not vented in fruitless complaints or idle menaces. They flew to arms. The King of France, the Queen's brother, assisted them with men and money; the Count of Hainault, to whose daughter Philippa, the young prince had been contracted, did the same. The King was driven from London, and forced with the elder Spenser, whom he had created Earl of Winchester, to take refuge in Bristol. Being hotly pursued to this city by the Earl of Kent and the Count of Hainault, at the head of a formidable army, he was obliged to flee into Wales, leaving the elder Spenser governor of the castle of Bristol. This fortress was immediately besieged, and speedily taken, as the garrison mutinied against their governor, and delivered him into the hands of his enemies. This venerable noble, who had nearly reached his ninetieth year, was instantly, without trial, or witness, or accusation, or answer, condemned to death by the rebellious Barons: he was hanged on a gibbet; his body was cut in pieces and thrown to the dogs; and his head was sent to Winchester, the place whence he derived his title, and was there set on a pole, and exposed to the insults of the populace.

When the news of this catastrophe reached the younger Spenser, he was at the head of a fine army, which had sat down before the city of Hereford,

for the purpose of reducing it to obedience to King Edward. The formidable force which he commanded, had struck terror into the hearts of the citizens, so that notwithstanding their attachment to Queen Isabella, and their detestation of Spenser, they had shown symptoms of their willingness to yield to the latter upon reasonable terms; and he, desirous of obtaining possession of the city without any unnecessary effusion of blood, had granted a truce of a week's duration, to give them time to decide upon what conditions they would open their gates to him. The disastrous intelligence which he received from Bristol, however, made him doubtful whether he should hold inviolate the truce which he had granted to the besieged. He did not doubt but that the Earl of Kent and his troops, flushed with conquest, would hasten to his destruction, and to the relief of Hereford, and that unless he could possess himself of the city and castle, and by shutting himself up in the latter be enabled to bid defiance to his enemies, the fate of his father must inevitably be his own.

The favourite recreation of the inhabitants of Hereford was then, as it is now, to make excursions either alone, or in parties upon their beautiful river. This amusement had become so much a custom with them, that the most timid females were not afraid to venture alone and at night in a small skiff, with which almost every family of respectability was provided; and on a bright moonlight night, the bosom of the river was beautifully diversified by the white sails glittering in the moonbeams, while sweet female voices would be heard warbling some popular melodies, the subjects of which were usually the praises of Prince Edward, or execrations of Spenser and those who had corrupted the King. It was on such a night, that the incident with which our narrative commences occurred. The moon was riding in an unclouded sky—unclouded except by those light fleecy vapours which hovered round the form of the queen of night, increasing rather than diminishing her beauty. The river seemed one sheet of silver, and numerous little vessels passing and repassing, gave it a delightfully animated appearance. In one, which seemed to be venturing nearer to the camp of the enemy than the others, might be seen a light and delicate female form, and on the shore which she was approaching, a little above the village of Northbrigg, stood a soldier, whose accoutrements bespoke him to belong to the army of Sir Hugh Spenser.

The lady landed, and the soldier hastened to meet her. "Dearest Isabel," he said, "blessings upon thy generous trusting heart, for this sweet meeting! I have much to tell thee, but that my tongue dares not utter all with which my mind is stored; and if it dared, it is not on such a night as this, so bright, so beautiful, that tidings dark as mine should be communicated." Isabel, who had laid her head upon his breast when they met, started from him, and gazed with the utmost terror and surprise at the unwonted gloom which darkened his countenance.

"Walter, what means this! Come you to break the trusting heart which beats for you alone! Come you to cancel your vows—to say that we must part forever! Oh! better had you left me to the mercy of the wave, when its work of death was half achieved, if you reserved me only for the misery which waits upon a broken heart, and blighted and betrayed affections?"

"Sweet, dry these tears!" replied the soldier; "while I have life I am thine. I come to warn thee of sure but unseen danger. The walls of Hereford are strong, and the arms and hearts of her citizens firm and trusty; but her hour is come, and the path of the destroyer, although secret, is like the stream which hides itself for a time beneath the earth, only to spring forth more strongly and irresistibly than ever."

"Thy words are dark and dreadful; but I do not know of any cause for fear, or of any means of avoiding it, if it exists."

"Fly with me, fly!—with thy heart and hand reward my love, and think no more of those grim walls, and sullen citizens, with souls as iron as their beavers, and hearts as cold as the waters of their river."

"Oh! no, no, no! my father's head is grey, and but for me alone all his affection, all his hopes are buried in my mother's grave. He hates thee and

thy cause. When I told him a stranger had rescued his daughter from the wave, he raised his hands to heaven and blessed him. I told him that that stranger was a follower of the Spensers, he checked his unfinished benediction and cursed him. But if he knew thee, Walter, thy noble heart, thy constant love, methinks that time and entreaty would make him listen to his daughter's prayer."

"Alas! my Isabel, entreaty would be vain, and time is already flapping his wings, loaded with inevitable ruin, over yon devoted city and its inhabitant. Thy father shall be safe—trust that to me; and trust me, too, that what I promise I can perform. But thou, my loved one, thou must not look upon the horrid face of war: and though my power extends to save thy father from injury, it would be easier to save the wall-flowers on the ramparts of the city from the foot of the invader, than one so fair, so feeble, from his violence and lust."

"Whoe'er thou art," she said, "there is a spell upon my heart which love and gratitude have twined, and which makes it thine for ever; but sooner would I lock my hand with that of the savage Spenser himself, when reeking with the best blood of Hereford's citizens, than leave my father's side when his grey hairs are in danger, and my native city, when treachery is in her streets and outrage is approaching her walls."

These words were uttered with an animation and vehemence so unusual to her, that Walter stood for a moment transfixed with wonder: and before he recovered his self-possession, Isabel, with the velocity of lightning, had regained her skiff and was sailing before the wind to Hereford.—"Curse on my amorous folly!" he exclaimed, "that, for a pair of pale cheeks and sparkling eyes, has perhaps ruined a better concerted stratagem than ever entered the brain of the Grecian Sinon. I must away, or the false girl will wake the slumbering citizens to their defence before the deed is done: and yet, must I devote her to the foul grasp of ruffian violence? No, no! my power is equal to save or to destroy." As he uttered these words he rapidly ascended the rocks which skirted that part of the banks of the river on which he stood, and was soon lost among the wild woods that crowned their summit.

We shall not enter into any detailed account of the events of that night. The royalists, by means of an unexpected attack during the truce, and aided by internal treachery, hoped to make themselves masters of the city of Hereford. The citizens, however, had by some unknown means obtained intelligence of the designs of the enemy, and were prepared to repel their attacks. Every street was lined with soldiers, and a band of the bravest and most determined, under the command of Eustace de Chandos, (Isabel's father,) manned the city walls. The struggle was short but sanguinary—the invaders were beaten back at every point, their best troops were left dead in the trenches, and above two hundred prisoners (among whom was Sir Hugh Spenser himself) fell into the hands of the citizens. The successful party set no bounds either to their exultation or their revenge. The rejoicings were continued for three successive days; the neighbouring country was ravaged without cessation and without remorse; and all the prisoners were ordered, by a message to that effect received from Queen Isabella, to be treated as felons, and hanged in the most public places in the city. This decree was rigorously and unrelentingly executed. The royalist soldiers, without any distinction as to rank or character, suffered the ignominious punishments to which they were condemned, and the streets of Hereford were blocked up by gibbets, which the most timid and merciful of its inhabitants gazed upon with satisfaction and triumph.

Sir Hugh Spenser, both on account of his rank and of the peculiar degree of hatred with which each bosom beat against him, was reserved to be the last victim. On the day of his execution the streets were lined with spectators, and the principal families in the city occupied stations round the scaffold. So great was the universal joy at having their enemy in their power, that even the wives and daughters of the most distinguished citizens were anxious to view the punishment inflicted upon him whom they considered the grand cause of all the national evils. Isabel was not of this num-

ber; but her father sternly compelled her to be a witness of the dismal scene. The hour of noon was fast approaching, and the bell of the cathedral heavily and solemnly tolled the knell of the unfortunate Spenser. The fatal cavalcade approached the place of execution. A stern and solemn triumph gleamed in the eyes of the soldiers as they trod by the side of the victim; but most of the spectators, especially the females, were melted into tears when they beheld the fine manly form of the prisoner, which seemed better fitted to adorn the royal levee, or a lady's bower, than for the melancholy fate to which he was about to be consigned. His head was bare, and his light flaxen hair fell in a rich profusion of locks down his shoulders, but left unshaded his finely proportioned and sunburnt features. He wore the uniform of the royal army, and a star on his breast indicated his rank, while he held in his hand a small ivory cross, which he frequently and fervently kissed. His deportment was firm and contemptuous, and, as he looked on the formal and frequently grotesque figures of his guards, his features even assumed an expression of risibility. The sight of the gibbet, however, which was raised fifty feet high, seemed to appal him, for he had not been apprized of the ignominious nature of his punishment. "And is this," he said, as he scornfully dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye, "ye rebellious dogs, is this the death to which you doom the heir of Winchester?" A stern and bitter smile played on the lips of his guards, but they remained silent. "Oh God!" he continued, "in the field, or on the wave, or on the block, which has reeked so often with the bravest and noblest blood, I could have died smiling; but this—" His emotion seemed increasing, but with a violent effort he suppressed every outward sign of it; for the visible satisfaction which gleamed on the dark faces around him, at the state of weakness to which they had reduced the proud heart of their foe, was more galling to his soul than the shameful death to which he was devoted.

By the time he reached the place of execution his face had resumed its calm and scornful air, and he sprang upon the scaffold with apparently unconcerned alacrity. At the same moment a dreadful shriek issued from that part of the surrounding booths in which the family of Chandos sat; and in another instant a female, deadly pale, and with her hair and dress disordered, had darted on to the scaffold, and clasped the prisoner in her arms.

"Walter!" she cried, "Walter! can it be thou! oh! they dare not take thy life: thou bravest, best of men! Avaunt, ye bloodthirsty brood! ye can not tear me from him. No! till my arms grow cold in death I'll clasp him thus, and defy the world to sever us!"

"Oh! Isabel!" he said, "it is too much; my soul can bear no more. I hoped thy eyes had been spared this sight—but the cold tyrants have decreed it thus: oh! leave me, leave me!—it is in vain—unmannered ruffians, spare her!" While he spoke, the soldiers forcibly tore her from him; and dragging her through the crowd—"My father! save him! he saved thy child. Walter! supplicate him—he is kind." She turned her eyes to the scaffold as she uttered these words, and beheld the form of Spenser writhing in the air, and convulsed with the last mortal agony. A fearful shriek burst from her heart, and she sank senseless in the arms of those who bore her.

Isabel survived this event more than a twelvemonth; but her reason had fled and her health was so shattered that final recovery was hopeless. She took scarcely any food, refused all intercourse with her former friends, and even with her father, and would sit silent and motionless for days together. One thing only soothed her mind, or afforded her any gratification; and this, as she was an experienced navigator of the river, her friends indulged her in—to sail from the city of Hereford to that spot on which she used to meet her lover. This she did constantly every evening; but when she landed, and waited a short time, her shrieks and cries were pitiable. This practice one evening proved fatal. Instead of steering to the usual landing-place, a little above the city, she entered a part of the river where the current is unusually strong. The rapidity of its waves mastered and overturned the frail bark in which she sailed, and the unfortunate Isabel sank to rise no more!

The tragick nature of these events made an impression on the popular mind which two centuries did not efface. The spirit of Isabel was still said to sail every night from Hereford to Northbrigg, to meet her lover; and the beach across the river which this unearthly traveller pursued, was long distinguished by the name of the "Spectre's Voyage."

THE REPOSITORY.

THE ADVENTURES OF A RAIN DROP.

[From "The Token."]

When I was first aware of existence, I found myself floating in the clouds, among millions of companions. I was weak and languid, and had indeed fainted entirely away, when a breeze from the north was kind enough to fan me, as it swept along toward the equator. The moment my strength was renewed, I felt an irresistible desire to travel. Thousands of neighbours were eager to join me; and our numerous caravan passed rapidly through immense deserts of air, and landed in the garden of Eden. I fell on a white rose bush, which Adam was twining around the arbour where Eve was sitting; while she thanked him with her smiles, and shook my companions from the clusters of grapes she had plucked for him. I shall never forget the sounds she uttered! Mankind must have lost the knowledge of them now, for I never heard such tones; though in a few instances, where childhood has been gifted with a rich, melodious voice, and I have heard it poured forth in careless happiness, it has seemed to me like the language of paradise.

As it was a cloudy day, and the sun did not appear, I slipped from a rose leaf to the bottom of a superb arum, and went quietly to sleep. When I awoke, the sun was bright in the heavens, and birds were singing, and insects buzzing joyfully. A saucy humming bird was looking down upon me, thinking, no doubt, that he would drink me up; but a nightingale and scarlet dory both chanced to alight near him, and the flower was weighed down, so that I fell to the ground. Immediately, I felt myself drawn up, as if very small cords were fastened to me. It was the power of the sun, which forced me higher and higher till I found myself in the clouds, in the same weak, misty state as before. Here I floated about, until a cold wind drove me into the Danube. The moment I entered this river, I was pushed forward by such a crowd of water drops, that, before I knew whither I was bound, I found myself at the bottom of the Black Sea. An oyster soon drew me into his shell, where I tumbled over a pearl, large and beautiful enough to grace the snowy neck of Eve. I was well pleased with my situation, and should have remained a long time, had it been in my power; but an enormous whale came into our vicinity, and the poor oyster was rolled down his throat with a mighty company of waves. I escaped from my pearl prison, and the next day the great fish threw me from his nostrils, in a cataract of foam. Many were the rivers, seas, and lakes, I visited. Sometimes I rode through the Pacific on a dolphin's back; and, at others, I slept sweetly under the shade of fan coral, in the Persian Gulf. One week, I was a dew drop on the roses of Cashmere; and another, I moistened the stunted moss on the cold Norwegian rocks. Years passed away before I again reposed on the banks of the Euphrates. When I did, Adam was banished from Eden. Many a time have I clung to the willows, and looked in pity on the godlike exile, as he toiled in the fields, with his children around him; and, when he sought the shade, again and again have I leaped down to cool his feverish brow. Pleasant as I found this benevolent office, I delighted still more to nestle among the pretty yellow ringlets of the infant Abel, and shine there, like a diamond on the surface of golden waves. Alas, it is anguish to remember how I kissed his silken eyelash, when he lay stretched in death, under the cruel hand of Cain!

Time rolled slowly on, and the world grew more wicked. I lived almost entirely in the clouds, or on the flowers; for mankind could offer no couch fit for the repose of innocence, the babe's sinless lip. At last excessive vice demanded punishment. The Almighty sent it in the form of rain;

and, in forty days, the fair earth was overwhelmed. I was permitted to remain in the foggy atmosphere; and, when the deluge ceased, I found myself arranged, with a multitude of rain drops, before the blazing pavilion of the sun. His seven-coloured rays were separated in passing through us, and reflected on the opposite quarter of the heavens. Thus I had the honour to assist in forming the first rainbow ever seen by man.

It is now five thousand, eight hundred and twenty-eight years, since I first came into being; and you may well suppose that, were all my adventures detailed, they would fill a ponderous volume. I have traversed the wide world over, and watched its inhabitants through all their infinitude of changes. I have been in tears on the lyre of Sappho when her love-inspired fingers swept across its strings. In the aromatic bath, I have kissed the transparent cheek of proud Aspasia; and I have twinkled on Plato's pale, intellectual brow, when he dreamed his ethereal philosophy in her magic bower. I remained at the bottom of the cup in which Cleopatra dissolved her costly pearl—and I plunged indignantly from the prow of Antony's vessel, when he retired from the fight, and gave the world for beauty. I have been poured forth within the dazzling shrine of Apollo, and mixed with the libations to Bacchus. The Bramin of Hindostan has worshipped me in the sacred stream of the Ganges. With me the Druid has quenched his sacrifice; the Roman Pontiff signed the sacred emblem of the cross, and the Levite made clean his hands before he entered within the sanctuary. The princely Archbishops of England have taken me from magnificent baptismal fonts; and, in the wild glens of Scotland, the persecuted covenanters have sprinkled me on many a guiltless head. I have jumped from the banyan tree on the back of a Hindoo god, and glittered on the marble cheeks of deities in Athens. I have trembled on the Turkish crescent; slept on the Russian cross; died on the Chinese pagoda; and awakened between the Persian and the sun he adores. Warm climates have ever been my favourites; for there I was often in heaven, in a state of melting, delicious languor; and my visitations to earth were ever among the beautiful and the brilliant. For one hundred years I was doomed to reluctant drudgery in the cold regions of the north; during which my soul was sent forth from the gypsy kettles, over the Geysers of Iceland, and embodied again to freeze the head of the Kamshadale to his bear-skin pillow. I could tell wonders to Captain Parry, and absolutely craze Symmes with my discoveries. I could, if I chose, make known to hardy adventurers, who have risked life and limb to ascertain it, whether or not wild geese summer at the pole; but the giant king of the glaciers has forbidden me to reveal many things, which it is not expedient for the world to know at present. I dare not disobey him, for he once enchained me in the dreary chambers of an ice mountain, forty long years; and, had not the huge mass been seized with the modern spirit of enterprise, and moved southward, I might never have regained my liberty. The first use I made of freedom was to revisit those scenes I had enjoyed so much, when men were comparatively strangers on earth. I sought repose, after my wearisome journey, in the holy stream of Jordan; but scarcely had the waves given me their welcome embrace, ere the celebrated Chateaubriand conveyed me from thence to France, to perform my part in the august baptism of the infant "king of Rome." For such an office I was willing to leave my beloved Palestine, for seldom have I rested on a boy of loftier promise, or more cherub loveliness; but I liked not the service in which the crafty politician employed me, a few years after. It shames me to tell that the water sprinkled on the son of Buonaparte, aided to prepare the vile pages of "Le Roi est mort—Vive le Roi!" with which the capricious Frenchmen afterwards welcomed the tenth Charles of Bourbon. Disgusted with the servile race of courtiers, I hastened to England, in hopes of finding an aristocracy too proud, in their long inherited greatness, to sue for favour of a never satisfied multitude, or to triumph over them with all the vulgar superciliousness of newly acquired power. Few, very few, such I found; for true nobility of soul is rare; but many a glorious exploit was achieved by me in that favoured land of intelligence and freedom. Once,

while hovering listlessly in air, I aided in forming the rainbow which Campbell has immortalized in such splendid verse; and the next day, Wordsworth apostrophized me, as I lay quivering on the edge of his favourite daisy. I moistened some of the pages of Scott, before they were wet with the world's tears; and I trickled from the point of Mrs. Hemans' pen, when her eloquent spirit held communion with Tasso. I have evaporated on the burning page of Byron, and sparkled on the spangled lines of Moore.

It would take too long a time to detail all the services I rendered the great, the gifted and the fair, during my residence in the "fast-anchored isle." Suffice it to say, with all its advantages, I found much to displease me; and I was anxious to visit a new republic, which I had heard of "beyond the ocean, where laws are just, and men are happy." This land, too, has its evils; but I love it better than any spot I have seen in all my wanderings. Niagara has thrown me forth in spray; and, frozen on its rugged cliffs, I have seemed "like a giant's starting tear." I have streamed from the Indian oar into the mighty rivers of the West, and slumbered in the cold, blue depth of Canadian lakes. I frolicked in the joyous little stream which Aunt Deborah Lenox praised so sensibly, and I formed a part of the "Rivulet," which brought back the happy dream of childhood to the soul of Bryant; that soul, on whose waveless mirror, nature is ever reflected in a placid smile, all radiant with poetry.

But, in good truth, I have had little leisure for recreations like these; for rain drops, as well as every thing else, are pressed into full employment, in this land of business; I have laboured hard in mills, manufactories, and distilleries; and died a thousand deaths in pushing forward the swift sailing boats on the Hudson and Mississippi. A few months since, I rose from the water-works of Philadelphia, and soon hovered over the Boston Athenæum; I happened to alight on the head of a poet, who was just quitting the gallery, and was scorched to a vapour in an instant. I descended just in time for a Frenchman to mix me with the "eau de miel," which he was pouring into an elegant cut glass vial. A fashionable fop, who considered perfume "the sovereign'st thing on earth," presented me to a celebrated belle; I shall probably die on the corner of her embroidered handkerchief; but for me to die, is only to exist again—of course, my adventures will be as long as the world's history.

BIOGRAPHY.

M. AGNESI.

Maria Cajetana Agnesi, an Italian lady of great learning, was born at Milan, on the 16th March, 1718. Her inclinations from her earliest youth led her to the study of science, and at an age when young persons of her sex attend only to frivolous pursuits, she had made such astonishing progress in mathematics, that when in 1750 her father, professor in the university at Bologna, was unable to continue his lectures from infirm health, she obtained permission from the pope Benedict XIV. to fill his chair. Before this, at the early age of nineteen, she had supported one hundred and ninety-one theses, which were published in 1738, under the title "Propositiones Philosophicæ." She was also mistress of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, and Spanish. At length she gave up her studies, and went into the monastery of the Blue Nuns, at Milan, where she died on the 9th of January, 1799. In 1740 she published a discourse tending to prove, "that the study of the liberal arts is not incompatible with the understandings of women." This she had written when scarcely nine years old. Her "Instituzioni Analitiche," in 1748, in 2 vols. 4to. were translated in part by Antelmy, with the notes of M. Bossut, under the title of "Traites Elementaires du Calcul differentiel et du Calcul integral," in 1775, in one vol. 8vo. and into English by that eminent judge of mathematical learning, the late Rev. John Colson, M.A. F.R.S. and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the university of Cambridge. This learned and ingenious man, who had translated Sir Isaac Newton's Fluxions, with a comment, in 1736, and was well ac-

quainted with what appeared on the same subject, in the course of fourteen years afterward, in the writings of Emerson, Maclaurin, and Simpson, found, after all, the analytical institutions of Agnesi to be so excellent, that he learned the Italian language, at an advanced age, for the sole purpose of translating that work into English, and at his death left the manuscript nearly prepared for the press. In this state it remained for some years, until the late Baron Maseres, with his usual liberal and active spirit, resolved to defray the whole expense of printing a handsome edition, in 2 vols. 4to., which was published in 1801, and was superintended in press by the Rev. John Hellins, B.D. F.R.S. vicar of Potter's-pury, in Northamptonshire. Her *éloge* was pronounced by Frisi, and translated into French by Boulard.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1828.

Our thanks are due to a friend in New-York, for a file of London papers to the 26th December inclusive.

Post masters and secretaries of chapters and lodges, are requested to act as agents for the Record and Magazine.

The address by Br. B. F. Hunt, has been on our files for some time. It shall appear as soon as possible.

A communication from Caledonia county, Vermont, shall have a place in our next number.

The proceedings of the several masonick bodies, showing their respect to the memory of their companion and brother DE WITT CLINTON, may be taken as a proof of the great loss sustained in his death. Several demonstrations of such respect may be seen on our second page, in the resolutions of the various lodges, chapters and encampments. Others which we have received shall appear as soon as our convenience will allow.

COMMON SCHOOLS. The annual report of the superintendent of common schools, made to the legislature of this state on the 29th ult. presents a truly encouraging view of our literary prosperity. At the time the report was presented, only one town in the whole state was delinquent in the regular returns from the commissioners of common schools, but since that time the return from that town has been received, making the list complete, for the first time since the establishment of the common school fund. In 1822, twenty-seven towns were delinquent; 1823, twenty-one; 1824, twenty-nine; 1825, seventeen; 1826, fourteen; and 1827, two towns. The whole number of towns and wards, from which returns are required by law is 742. Of 8298 school districts, 7303 have been legally returned. During the year 1827, the new districts which have been organized are 179. The general average of instruction in the whole number of districts returned is about eight months, and 441,356 children have been taught in these districts during the year. The number of children between the ages of five and fifteen is 419,216. The number of children taught in common schools, (the city of New-York excepted,) has increased since the last annual report 10,255. By this report we learn that the number of children taught in common schools has trebled in eleven years. Since that time nearly one million of dollars has been paid out of the state treasury for the support of common schools, and about the same amount raised by the several towns in which the schools are established. The remainder of the funds necessary to support schools has been raised by the districts in their separate capacity, which at a rough estimate cannot be less than five millions of dollars. Add to this the probable expense of erecting school houses, furnishing repairs, fuel, &c. which may be safely calculated to exceed another million, and our schools shall have cost the respectable sum of eight millions of dollars in eleven years. The founders of this stupendous policy can now look on their work with satisfaction, as having been productive of some benefit to the state; and yet we can with justice say that the great work is but begun. True, the result of a system so extensive, and so sure in its progress, may be called gigantic; but what is it to be compared with what we know must be its strength, when the policy which extend to every corner of the state, and the funds, which are perpetually increasing, shall be adequate to meet the

entire expense, without calling directly upon the people for the means of support.

INDIAN LEGAL DISCIPLINE. The Port Gibson, (Mississippi) Correspondent informs us that an example of Indian punishment took place, not long since, in the vicinity of that town, which sets the Indian character in a rather clearer point of view than often happens, in their present state of civil economy. An Indian, when under the charge of murder is generally too proud to seek safety by flight. Did he do it, the punishment of his crime would only fall on his nearest of kin, and the ties of blood are held inviolable by them. Death is the only atonement to be made among the highly honourable; and as the process of law in such cases is only a sort of family concern, the murderer is usually executed by his more particular friends, to avoid the ignominy of falling by the hands of his personal enemies. Sometimes, however, among the baser grades, the punishment may be bought off; but such compromises are looked upon by the respectable, with contempt.

The case here spoken of, was that of a young man, who, being in a drunken frolic, happened to get into an affray, in which he killed his antagonist. The following morning, he was taken by his friends about a mile from the town, and shot. The executioner was a valued friend of the murderer, and was probably selected by him to do this last of all friendly offices. But it seems the effusion of blood does not end here. A brother of the murdered Indian has since arrived, who says he is not satisfied—and that his sisters are not satisfied, because there was another who participated in the crime. The laws of the Indians, however, will not suffer any further than strictly life for life, and the surviving brother challenges the participator in the murder to single combat with rifles. The day was appointed, the challenger came, but the other did not. This does not alter the case, for the surviving brother has declared himself the avenger of the murder, and both he and the participator in it must inevitably die. If they meet in fair combat, the laws of the Indians will not like those of the whites, suffer the successful combatant to escape the punishment of blood. The surviving brother, therefore, engaged in the pursuit of vengeance with certain death before him; and such is the affection of sisters among these darkened children of nature, as to sacrifice a beloved brother, with no other possible advantage to either their honour or their happiness, than the death of an insignificant enemy.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have on our table the annual reports of the Central Asylum, and the New-York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, as presented to the legislature; the former the 25th of January, and the latter the 5th of February. The report of the Central Asylum contains some curious specimens of composition by the pupils, which discover the utility of such institutions in a striking light; but what adds more to the interest of this particular report, is the fact that the *types were set* by Levi S. Backus, principal of the asylum, also deaf and dumb. Mr. Backus, if we recollect aright, has also a wife deaf and dumb, and an assistant to him in his labours.

The report of the New-York institution is an able document, and gives an encouraging statement of their prospects. It is a proud era for humanity, when such extensive plans are going on to meliorate the condition of this depraved part of our species.

We have received the *Yankee*, a new hebdomadal quarto, published at Portland, Maine, under the editorial charge of John Neal. Much has been said of Mr. Neal, as a bitter and intolerant critick upon American manners and learning; but if the columns of the *Yankee* are to be assumed for a criterion of his liberality of principle, we have no hesitation in classing him with the finest friends of America and her literary institutions. The *Yankee* is neatly printed, and well filled with interesting matter, chiefly original; and, what can be said of few, it is a sheet that we can sit down and read through without becoming fatigued.

The contents of the January number of Flint's *Western Monthly Review* are,—Mississippi River; Birds of the Mississippi Valley; The Miseries of Authorship; The Being of a God; The New Year; Review of Biography—

Declaration of Independence; Harrison's Narrative; Simms' Poems; Greenwood's Sermon; and Hilliard's Address.

§ The contents of the December number of the *Western Medical and Physical Journal*, are:—Remarks on the Use of Emetics, in the first stage of Malignant or Congestive Bilious Fever; during the months of August, September, October, and November; Observations on the Minor Epidemics of Marietta, in the year 1824; An account of the Cynanche Maligna, as it has appeared in Paris, Kentucky, and its vicinity, at different times since 1821; Notices of some Anomalous Cases of Dropsy; Remarks on the Spontaneous Suppression of Hemorrhage in cases of Divided and wounded Arteries;—REVIEW:—Pathological Anatomy; the last course of Xavier Bichat, &c.; INTELLIGENCE and NOTICES:—Alcoholic Extract of Nux Vomica in Rheumatic Paralysis, and in the incontinence of Urine in Children; Camphire in rheumatism; Fatal Case of Dyspepsia.

§ The Manuscript, Number 8, for February, is now on our table. The contents are Conversations with Thomas Paine. We again commend this elegant periodical to the notice of all lovers of chaste, moral and polite reading. The present number cannot fail of pleasing all who may have the good fortune to peruse it.

FREEDOM OF ORIGIN. At a convention of delegates from several Baptist churches, held at Le Roy, sometime in January last, it was

Resolved, that all such members as belong to the Baptist church, and who also belong to the society of freemasons, be requested to renounce publicly all communication with that order, and if the request is not complied with in a reasonable time, to EXCOMMUNICATE all those who neglect or refuse to do so.

We offer no other remark on a measure so repugnant to that liberty of conscience which pure religion inculcates, but to submit our belief that the above resolution is far from expressing the feelings of the whole Baptist church. That numerous and respectable portion of the Christian church will not consent as a body to go all lengths with a faction that aims so apparently at a union of church and state.

§ The anniversary of the birth day of the immortal WASHINGTON was yesterday very appropriately noticed by our citizens, and the members of both houses of the legislature. The bells were rung at sunrise accompanied with the discharge of artillery; the military were out in their usual spirited style of appearance, and the day was much more pleasant than we had any reason to expect. The procession moved at 11 o'clock to the 3d Presbyterian Church in Montgomery-street, where among other appropriate ceremonies, an oration was pronounced by James Edwards, esq. The observance of this day does honour to the patriotism of our citizens. It is a day which, next to the fourth of July, ought to be held most sacred of the calendar by every American. To the honour of our citizens it seldom passes us without some manifestation of their regard.

NEWS AND TRIMMINGS.

At a late term of the court of sessions for the county of Kennebeck, Maine, it was ordered that the jail liberties be so extended as to embrace the whole county. This is probably a ruse to encourage an increase of population; for who would not live forever, if he could, in a county where the debtor's pasture is so spacious?—A gentleman of Northampton, Mass. has invented a mill for grinding pepper, coffee, &c. by squirrel power.—The cotton factory at Hookset, New-Hampshire, owned by Mr. John Bell and others, came near being burnt by the spontaneous combustion of the scrapings, thrown together into a reservoir; the flue of the reservoir having been obstructed. One side of the building was started, and the floors settled before the combustion was discovered. In another factory, a lamp which had been trimmed for evening use and the wick wet with spirits of turpentine, lighted itself, at noon day, to the no small astonishment of the labourers in the room.—A woman in the state of Delaware, a few days since, having put her hand through an opening in the fence to rescue a chicken from the grasp of a hawk which had seized it, was turned upon by the hawk, who fastened upon her hand with his

talons, and would not leave his hold until she had beheaded him with an axe brought to her by a little child. The bird measured four feet from the tip of one wing to the other.

—Nor long ago, a stage-driver in Berkshire county, Mass. procured a pair of shoes of one of those workmen who do their work rather upon honour than the *last*, or perhaps had a last or two, to which he had given the appellative name of *honour*, and having put them on just as he was setting out on his fifteen mile rout, the soles dropped off by the jolting of the carriage, before he arrived at the end of it. Upon this the driver brought his action against the aforesaid cordiner for damages. The *honour*-able defendant, however, brought evidence to prove that it was the driver's fault that the soles dropped off,—not having kept his *understanding* firmly on the foot board of the box, whereby the said soles would have kept snugly in their places, but wickedly and maliciously holding up his feet, whereby the pegs were shaken from the shoes, and accordingly the soles dropped off. We have not yet heard the decision of the court upon this highly important and novel case in jurisprudence.

At a late fancy ball in Liverpool, a gentleman who had taken upon himself, for the time being, the swarthy hue of a 'nigger,' was requested to sing Mathews' song, "Possum up a gum tree." "Non possum," replied the merry wag.—Not far from the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, there lives a man, whose spouse one day got into a pet, and refused to speak for eight or ten days!! [Now this looks rather incredible in the outset; but we give the story in the words of the Cincinnati Parthenon, which we would as readily believe as if we had told it our veracious selves,—and said paper repeats *bona fide* the assertion that she actually held her tongue all the aforesaid time! so, old bachelors, good manners ought to silence all further doubt.] Well, the husband, poor fellow, although her silence sometimes used to be most "devoutly wished for," longed to hear again, the clapper of that little *belle*, that sometimes made his ears tingle; he had exhausted his vocabulary of honied words and coaxings; she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that "brought her to her speech again;" she was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room, opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, laces, linens and kerchiefs, and without thinking of her predisposition to taciturnity, cried out,—"Mercy! what in the world are you doing?" "Nothing," replied the husband, calmly, "only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found at the bottom of these drawers."

FOREIGN. We learn by the latest arrivals that the Russian troops, now on the Turkish frontier, are commanded by Count Witgenstein, so well known in the time of Bonaparte's invasion. They were ready at our last dates to cross the Pruth at a moment's warning: Russia has concluded a peace with Persia, much to her advantage. The Persians are to pay the whole expenses of the war. In Spain, it is said, that the insurrection in Catalonia was far from being ended. It is pretty well authenticated that the ambassadors of the three powers had left Constantinople, but no official confirmation had been received. Their departure has all along been looked upon as virtually a declaration of war on the part of the Porte. For this reason, probably, he has given them no passports, hoping to profit by the delay which would be likely to follow their hesitation about departing without them. The next arrival must be heavy with the fate of Greece. There appears now no practicable medium through which to look for peace.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Saturday, Feb. 16. In senate, Mr. Spencer, from the select committee appointed to report to the senate whether an election of president of the senate was necessary, reported in the affirmative and offered a resolution, that the senate immediately proceed to the election, which, after some debate, was adopted, and the hon. PETER R. LIVINGSTON was duly chosen temporary president. Bills read a third time and passed: for the relief of the collector of taxes for the town of Bethlehem, in the county of Albany; to confirm the election of justices in the town of Wilson, in the county of Niagara; to correct an error in the assessment list of the fourth ward of the city of Albany.

In assembly, a return was received from the Mechanick's

and Farmer's bank, of Albany, also from the Ontario bank; ordered printed. The bill from the senate providing for the expenses attending the funeral obsequies of DE WITT CLINTON, was passed by the house.

Monday, Feb. 18. In senate, on motion of Mr. Waterman it was resolved, that the commissioners of the canal fund report to the senate, what sums of money have been expended from said fund, for the construction of side cuts, and other works not forming part of the Erie and Champlain canals, specifying the objects to which the several appropriations have been applied; and that they further report whether any and what part of said fund has been applied to the construction of the Oswego and Seneca canals. The senate took up the following rule proposed by Mr. Spencer on Saturday, that "the temporary president of the senate has the right of voting in all cases; and when the senate shall be equally divided including his vote, the question shall be lost." Adopted. Bills read a third time and passed: to alter the time of holding town meetings in the town of Clay, Onondaga county; to alter the same in the town of Truxton, Cortland county; to incorporate the Otisville turnpike company; relative to the common school fund in the town of Edmeston, Otsego county; to settle the claims of John Saragant. The president pro tem. was discharged from the duties of the several committees.

In assembly, resolved, that the comptroller report to this house what length of time DE WITT CLINTON late governor of this state, acted as canal commissioner, and the amount of money received by him as a compensation for his services as such commissioner; and what was the highest compensation allowed to any other commissioner during the same time. Returns were received from the banks at Auburn and Cherry Valley. Ordered printed. The lieutenant governor, acting as governor of the state, transmitted two bills passed by the legislature, which he had approved and signed; also the annual report of New-York Hospital.

Tuesday, Feb. 19. In senate, a message was received from the lieutenant governor of the state, acting as governor, transmitting a resolution of the legislature of the state of Georgia. The resolution is accompanied by a long report of a committee, denying the constitutional right of congress, which is now claimed and exercised, to legislate on the subjects of encouraging domestic manufactures, and of internal improvement. Laid on the table.

In assembly, returns were received from the bank of Troy, the New-York State bank, and the Farmer's bank, Troy, which were severally ordered printed. Mr. Granger stated that he was instructed by the canal committee to offer the following resolution: Resolved, that that part of the governor's message relative to the western termination of the Erie canal, and the memorial of the Black Rock harbour company, presented with the annual report of the canal commissioners, be referred to the canal board, and that they be requested to report to this house, the present state and condition of that work; and also to report their opinion as to the course which public policy requires should be pursued in relation to the present condition of said harbour and the contracts relating to the same. Read and adopted.

Wednesday, Feb. 20. In senate, the following bills were read a third time and passed, concerning sales of real estate upon executions made by Stephen W. Hughes, the late sheriff of Cayuga county; to rebuild the lock and waste wrier at Rome.

In assembly, Mr. Bucklin offered for consideration the following resolution:—Resolved that the committee on courts of justice be instructed to bring in a bill providing compensation for grand and petit jurors.

Thursday, Feb. 21. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: for the relief of Lowville Academy; concerning the gospel and school lands in the town of Sandford, in the county of Broome; to incorporate the Cayuga lake and inlet steam-boat company; in relation to the ferry across Cayuga lake from Grigg's Port in the town of Ledyard, to Romulus; authorizing Jonathan Hubbard to continue a dam across the Onondaga branch of the Chenango river; to amend the act authorizing William Johnston of Cape Vincent to keep a ferry across the south branch of the St. Lawrence river; to confirm the election of justices in the town of Hinsdale in Cattaraugus county; to authorize Robert Covell to erect a dam across the south branch of the Chemung river; to authorize Stephen Tuttle to erect a dam across the Chemung river; for the relief of the president directors and company of the Cossackie turnpike road. A motion was made that the senate adjourn to meet again on Saturday morning, to-morrow being the anniversary of Washington's birth day, and it prevailed, ayes 14, noes 11.

In assembly, Mr. Brasher offered for consideration the following resolution: Whereas great complaints are made relative to the delay in the administration of justice in the city of New-York, and for the purpose of providing a remedy therefor, a bill has been introduced into this house as to the efficacy of which great doubts are entertained: therefore, Resolved, that the committee on grievances inquire into the cause of the alleged delays in the administration of justice, and that said committee have power to send for persons and papers; which being read, was on his motion laid on the table. The bill authorizing the supervisors of Jefferson county to levy a tax for the repair of the lower bridge in Watertown, was read a third time and passed.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONICK RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE MAIDEN'S PLEDGE.

Go, ringlet, go—pledge of my heart,
To him the pledge of love who seeks—
Tell him an emblem true thou art
Of her from whom this ringlet speaks.

Tell him to hold it in a beam
Warm from the sun at noonday bright,
Beneath the genial ray 't will gleam
With corruscations of delight.

But should no kindly sun beam play
Upon this severed lock of hair,
In beamless solitude 't will lay,
Although the power be there.

Go, ringlet, go—to him whose heart
With love beams warm will ever glow;
Go, ringlet, go—and, as we part,
My heart responds—"Go, ringlet, go."

Go, ringlet, go—this pledge I make
I will confess at truth's blest shrine,
When we the holy vows shall take,
And thus redeem this pledge of mine!

W. P. M. W.

TO MARGARET.

BY JOHN BOWLING.

And is it thus,—and is it thus
We're doomed thy sainted form to see?
Oh, desolating thought for us!
Oh, sweet and blessed sleep for thee!
Thy heart is still!—but ours are torn!
Thou art in heaven!—but we forlorn!

Thy virtues, like a crown of light,
Beamed in full glory round thy head;
We never deemed a thing so bright
Could die so soon;—and thou art dead!
Thou dead!—and we are left alone,
In overpowering grief to groan.

And whither, whither shall we turn
From sorrow that has pierced us through?
We meet with none but those who mourn,
And vainly ask for comfort too:
We weep—they weep—but hearts that bleed
Far other consolation need!

Angel! where from thy throne above,
Thou lookest upon thy cell below,
'T would break thy bliss,—'t would wound thy love,
To see us thus desponding;—no!
We'll bear it all,—as 'neath thine eye
That now regards us from the sky.

And if some bursting tear should stray
Down our pale cheek,—some struggling sigh
Break forth, we'll wipe that tear away,
That sigh subdued,—and smilingly
Look up to heaven, and feel we share
The bliss unutterable there!

Thou gentle spirit!—in thy course
There were no rocks, no ruggedness,
Nor strife, nor sorrow, nor remorse;
But all was pleasantness and peace,
For all was calmest virtue!—Thou
Ne'er gavest one heart a grief till now.

Not long ago thy blue eyes met
The fading sun when evening spread
Its lines of light;—he never set
More calmly than upon thy bed
Of death,—as waning when the even
Waned thy young spirit flew to heaven.

The autumnal flowers look smiling on,—
There's life and joy in field and wood;
Yet she who waked their smiles is gone;—
We wander forth in solitude.
Mock not our woes, sweet flowers, but share
And sympathize with our despair!

Despair!—oh, no! 'tis thoughtless, vain;
On every field, and flower, and tree,

We'll trace that lovely smile again,
Which beamed upon them, saint! from thee:
Yes! stars, and flowers, and all that's fair
Thine image holds—thy name shall bear.

Some star that's brighter than the rest,
Some flower whose fragrance never dies,
Shall blend them with thy memory blest,
Shall consecrate thy obsequies;
And hourly as we think of thee,
These shall thy sweet memorial be.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WINDS.

Thou actor perfect in all tragick sound!
Thou mighty poet e'en to phrenzy bold!

COLERIDGE.

O viewless spirit! well mayst thou
Thy harp of power sweep lightly now,
Since not a cloud thy breath has driven
Along the calm and starry heaven;—
And quiet moonshine, pale and chill
Is slumbering now on heath and hill.

Wild spirit of the chainless breeze!
Thy course is on the trackless seas;
Thou startest from their treacherous sleep
The surges of the mighty deep;
And bendeest from thy clouded throne
To smile on ruin, all thine own.

In peace or wrath thou visitest
The desert's dark and sterile breast;—
The mountain eagle's cold abode
Where mortal foot hath never trod;
And e'en the forest owns thy sway
Whose oaks with age alone decay.

Unrivalled minstrel! soft and low
On nature's harp thou breathest now;
Faint steals thy music on the ear
A sound which love itself might hear—
A melody in mercy given
To lift the lowly thought to heaven.

I love thy music—harper wild!
I've loved it from a very child,
Whether as now its cadence stole
Like angel whisperings on my soul;
Or roused to murmurs, wild and strong,
The tempest bore its tones along.

Thou art mighty—but that might was lent
Which wakes to sound thy element.
The over-ruling power that rides
The strong-winged hurricane, and guides
The tempests on the chainless sea,—
That power alone commissioned thee.

SADDLED AND BRIDLED.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Saddled, and bridled,
And booted was he,—
A plume at his helmet,
A sword at his knee:—
Toom hame came the saddle
At evening to me,
And hame came the steed—
But hame never came he!

Down came his grey father,
Sobbing fu' sair;
Down came his auld mither,
Tearing her hair;
Down came his sweet wife,
Wi' her bonnie bairns three—
Ane at her bosom,
And twa at her knee!

There stood his fleet steed,
All foaming and hot:
There shrieked his sweet wife,
And sank on the spot,—
There stood his grey father,
Weeping fu' free,
For hame came his steed,
But hame never came he!

TO A LADY.

FROM THE MEMORIAL.

The night breeze steals across the lake,
And curls among the green wood bowers
As soft as though it feared to break
The slumbers of the dreaming flowers.

So, lady, may my gentle song
Glide o'er the couch of thy repose,
And whisper, as it steals along,
The tale thy heart already knows.

I would not that one thought of me
Should mar the music of thy heart,—
And yet it were most sweet to be
Loved and remembered as thou art!

I may but breathe,—I must not tell,
Save to the listening ear of night,—
The thoughts that in this bosom dwell,
Yet dare not venture into light.

It was the resting place of all
The griefs ambition knows too well:—
Thy smile illum'd the darkened hall,
Thy song dissolv'd the enchanter's spell.

If spirits, pure as those who need
Around the throne of light above,
The power of beauty's spell could feel,
And lose a heaven for woman's love,—

What marvel that a heart like mine
Enraptured by thy charms should be?
Forget to bend at glory's shrine,
And lose itself—ay, heaven—for thee!

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Have also cut a new and very beautiful English Script, on inclined body, orders for which can be executed by the first of April. By being cast on inclined body, the face is not exposed as on square body, where most of the letters are kerned; and the mould in which it is cast having a notch or shoulder in the side the type are kept perfectly in line. No expense has been spared, and it is confidently believed, that this Script will be found the most elegant type ever cast in this country, or in Europe.

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Feb 2

STARR & LITTLE.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1828.

NO. 5.

MASONICK RECORD.

FOR THE MASONICK RECORD, AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO THE MEMORY OF

Br. HENRY T. FARMER, M. D.

The minstrel's harp is still
And hangs upon the branch unstrung;
And death hath laid his chill
Forever on the fluent tongue.

The eye itself, that spoke
What lips might strive in vain to tell,
Has sunk in death, and broke
The charm that round his presence fell.

The brethren of his choice
Have buried him beneath the sod,—
There with uplifted voice
Commended his pure soul to God.

And here, an humbler lyre,
An unknown brother dares to sweep
An echo to the choir
Who o'er the silenced minstrel weep.

What though the mountain's height
And thousand rivers roll between,
By every brother's light
A brother's jewels may be seen.

And his, like aught divine
To earthliness a moment given,
Are snatched away to shine,
Set in the diadem of heaven.

G.

We cheerfully give place to the following communication, the author of which, if we do not misunderstand some passages, appears to be a member of the Baptist church. Be that as it may, there is evidence through the whole, that he is one who values highly the privileges and requirements of the gospel, and to whose heart the pure spirit of Christian charity is near and dear; and as such, he comes before his brethren, of all denominations, with no other weapons than the words of divine truth. If it be not an intrusion upon the author or the reader, we would here offer a short and candid question to such professors of religion as conceive masonry to be a sin worthy of excommunication. It is a question of conscience; inasmuch as what a man believes is a part of his conscience. Has not a freemason who is a professor of religion the same right to demand the excommunication of all within his church who are not masons? We think he has a greater right; for in his breast he has a perfect knowledge of their motives as well as his own. His they never can know, and consequently the ability to judge must preponderate in his favour. The mason, however, is taught a better lesson of charity than to account the belief of his brother an unpardonable sin. We believe too that most professing christians, even in the Baptist church, have that charity, and are not to be led away by the politico-religious electioneering of a few leading demagogues, in a region which has become notorious for its nine days' wonders. Such men as composed that convention would make no scruple of building a temple and an altar to the honour of the "martyred Morgan," and appease his manes by the institution of human sacrifices, were there any certainty of bettering their political prospects by the act. The discipline of the Baptist church is strict, very strict, we know: and

we shall not be heard to say that it is not judicious in its members to have it so. It is perhaps one of the brightest tokens in its praise. But many of its members are masons, and such members and masons too, as neither society ought to be ashamed of, both for piety and intellect. If these are excommunicated, for no other offence than that of being masons, it will not be the Baptist church that does it, but a spirit of fanaticism, so powerful as to blind the discernment, and wrest the good intents of the whole, to forward the political aggrandizement and base purposes of a few.

EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MASONICK RECORD.

Sir—I noticed in the National Observer of February 1st, an article, purporting to be minutes of the Genesee Baptist convention, on the subject of freemasonry. Although I was never connected with the fraternity, nor have any means, (excepting those given me by the God of Nature in common with my fellow beings) of judging of the truth of Morgan's publication, yet a few ideas suggest themselves, which I am constrained to offer to the publick, through the medium of your valuable paper. My object is not to vindicate or condemn freemasons or freemasonry, any further than I am compelled to do, from a strict regard to truth, and an ardent desire for the advancement of pure and undefiled religion among mankind.

On reading the article in the Observer, I was almost overcome with surprise at the disgusting and unwarrantable conduct of men, professing godliness, among whom were several who are apparently set as watchmen on the walls of Zion. In their address, they first seem to declare that their object is to guard the purity of the Zion of God. But after a few paragraphs, they proceed to speak of the obligations of masons, the most exceptionable of which in their minds is, I conclude, the one written in capitals,—viz: "And also to vote for office a Royal Arch brother in preference to another man of the same ability." Now this appears evidently designed by the convention for electioneering purposes, rather than to purify the church.

The same paragraph contains the following, "We also add, that we have good reason to believe that Captain William Morgan has been kidnapped and murdered by a large body of masons, and that it has been justified by them generally, and that it is a legitimate consequence of the principles of freemasonry." Now I feel justified in saying that this contains an assertion palpably false; but I hope, for religion's sake, it is not wilfully so. Whatever may be the facts as to the murder of Morgan I am unable to say; but this I am in duty and in justice bound to say,—that freemasons, as far as my acquaintance extends, (which by the way is not very limited,) do as uniformly and decidedly condemn an act of that kind, as any class of citizens whatever; and not only an act of that kind, but any violation of legal or moral order, that may have taken place in relation to that affair.

But the convention go further and say, that they have an "incontestible proof that masonry is an evil." It may be so. But when we examine the constitution of ancient masonry, we are at once convinced that it is founded on the word of God, and is in fact less exceptionable than any other body who are professedly established in the gospel. But that there are unworthy members of this institution, none will pretend to deny, for even among the little twelve of the apostles, was found one that had a devil. And are men more pure and holy now? I trow not. Let these same Baptist churches turn their eyes inward, and examine their own bodies, and then say, if you had your desert, would you not be swept with the besom of destruction, both laity and clergy?

The state of these churches must be deplorable indeed. They have published a certificate, signed by several of their brethren, among whom is at least one of their clergy, saying that the statements of Morgan respecting masonry are true. What shall we say of these men? They have taken the most solemn oaths to keep inviolable the secrets of masonry. Perjured wretches! whether your statement be true or false, you stand convicted in the publick mind, by your own confession, of wilful perjury! And do you still pro-

less to be followers of Christ? Do you still presume to break the bread of life to perishing sinners? Do you still keep back from the communion table those who really wear the image of Jesus, because they have not done as you have done! "O tell it not in Gath," lest the enemy of the cross blaspheme!

And what says this convention of those eminent men whose names shed a lustre upon the page of history, and whose virtues will live forever in the memory of their countrymen. A Washington, a Franklin, and a Lafayette,—are they to be denounced as villains and promoters of evil. They were members of the institution which is now denounced as infamous and blasphemous; and also a large proportion of our most pious clergymen, who, to say the least, are as deserving our confidence as the Genesee Baptist convention, or any other persons who acknowledge themselves guilty of perjury.

But the convention have gone further, and "Resolved, that it is the duty of their brethren who are masons, in the presence of the churches to which they respectively belong, to renounce their connexion with the masonick institution and fraternity, and forever cease to meet with, support, or uphold the institution," and in order to enforce the above resolution, they have also, "Resolved, that it is the duty of the churches which have members belonging to the masonick institution, to entreat them in the meekness and gentleness of Christ, to comply with the above resolution; and in case of their utter refusal, to withdraw from them their fellowship." Glorious resolutions! But come, let us reason together. Who told you that it is the duty of your brethren to renounce freemasonry? Was it not Messrs. Miller and Southwick? "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth." And who gave you authority to "lord it over the consciences of men?" Are they not as capable to judge of their duty as you? Now suppose you withdraw your fellowship from your brother, can you withdraw from him the spirit of God? can you make him any less a christian? can you deprive him of communion with his Redeemer? No! For divine truth has said—"he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand."

But—"Resolved, that it is inconsistent with the rules of the gospel for any church to receive into its fellowship any man who is a mason, unless he renounce all connexion with freemasonry." Now I ask on what passage of sacred writ is this resolution founded? What does the Bible contain that declares a member of any association whatever, if he be really a child of God by regeneration and baptism, from entering the pale of the visible church? I answer boldly in the fear of God, it contains nothing of the kind. But there is a mistake in the terms, and instead of "the rules of the gospel," they should have said "the intentions of designing men." Why will not this convention honestly state the real object of their meeting, and instead of saying that it is to purify the church, speak truly, and say it is for the purpose of electioneering, and exalting to power, evil minded office-seeking demagogues, who have now no other alternative but to build themselves on the ruins of more deserving men.

That this convention is an electioneering vehicle, is abundantly evident from the mention made of the obligations of masons as it respects elections, which, from its being inserted in capitals, we are at liberty to conclude, lay with the greatest weight on the minds of this pious assembly.—Whether such an obligation does, or does not exist, I am unable to say, but this I say, that I have abundant reason to believe that freemasons knew not of such an obligation, until it was forced upon them by the Genesee Baptist convention. But suppose that such an obligation did exist,—is it in the least exceptionable? Ought not the same charity to exist in all institutions? Will not the members of this same convention "vote to office a Baptist brother in preference to another man of equal abilities?" I ask them in the words of the great apostle to the Gentiles,—“But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother?”

In addressing this Baptist convention, I would ask,—have ye not heard enough of the miseries of the Spanish Inquisition, have ye not, as it were, seen their horrid implements of torture, and heard the dying groans of the wretched be-

ings who have fallen a prey to them? Do you not remember that they too have exerted their power, and all their engines, against the institution of masonry? Why then do you wish to transplant this natural product of Europe into the American soil? Can you expect better success in this land of freedom, whose soil has been enriched by the blood of its defenders, than they experienced under a tyrannical government which they could manage at pleasure? You have woven to yourselves a garment which, if I mistake not, will prove to you as the "giving up of the ghost."

Reflect one moment, and consider if the doing of the convention is the exercise of the "meekness and gentleness of Christ?" Then say, had you not better "cast the beam out of your own eyes," ere you undertake "to pluck the mote out of your brother's eye?" I exhort you seriously to consider on what you are doing, and then after duly examining the matter,—"let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone" at masonry.

To masons I would say,—live to your privileges; purge your institution; lop off decaying branches; dig about and manure your fruitless members; maintain undaunted your course of morality and truth; "let not your good be evil spoken of," nor your institution suffer from the foul intentions of designing men, or the inconsiderate folly of unworthy members; but show yourselves worthy of your vocation, and "peace be with you."

NAKED TRUTH.

Caledonia co. Vt. Feb. 16, 1828.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At an emergent meeting of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for the State of New-York, held at the Grand Lodge Room in the City of New-York, on Tuesday, the 19th day of February, A. L. 5828, the following resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted:—

Whereas this Grand Lodge, duly estimating the great loss which they as Masons have sustained, in union with the great body of their fellow citizens, in the decease of their illustrious Brother and M. W. Past Grand Master, DE WITT CLINTON, therefore

Resolved, that the members of this Grand Lodge do, with their fellow citizens, deeply deplore the loss of a man so highly distinguished for his enlightened, liberal, and philanthropic mind, and whose talents and perseverance have conferred a lasting benefit on his country, which will be to his name, a perpetual monument.

Resolved, that an Oration, commemorative of the virtues and talents of the deceased, be pronounced, and a solemn service performed at the next annual communication of this Grand Lodge.

Resolved, that the officers and member of this Grand Lodge, as a mark of respect to the memory of their deceased P. G. Master, wear a badge of mourning on the left arm for thirty days, and that the Grand Lodge be put in mourning for the period of twelve months, and that the same be recommended to the subordinate lodges.

Resolved, that the foregoing resolutions be communicated to the family of the late M. W. P. G. Master, accompanied by a letter of condolence expressive of the deep sense of sorrow entertained by the members of the fraternity, for the loss of their revered and illustrious Brother.

O. M. LOWNDES, G. Sec'y.

At a regular communication of Cyrus R. A. Chapter, No. 57, held in the city of Schenectady, on the 19th February, 5828, Comp. Giles F. Yates offered the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

It having pleased the Almighty Disposer of all human events, to cut down in the noontide of his labours and usefulness in this life, our most excellent Companion DE WITT CLINTON, General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America, our feelings impel us to perform the duty of offering to his memory, some testimony of our high veneration for his character and talents. Our best offerings are but a feeble tribute to his pre-eminent worth as a citizen, a statesman, a philanthropist and a scholar; and as a true brother of the "mystic tie," who exemplified in his public and private life, the benign principles of our order:—therefore

Resolved, that this Chapter as a portion of that department of the masonic institution of which he was the head, mingle our humble griefs with that deep-toned sentiment of regret, which pervades the whole masonic family in this state, and extends throughout the Union, at this afflictive dispensation

of Providence. We always deplore the loss of a great man, who has fully run his career of glory, and departs with declining faculties at the eve of life; but how much greater is the occasion of sorrow for the loss of the illustrious CLINTON, who has been taken from us in "the midst of life" and mental vigour; the sun of whose genius, scarcely at its meridian height, was shining with unobscured and enlightening splendour.

Resolved, that as a token of respect for his memory, this chapter room be dressed in mourning, and that the members of this chapter wear crape on the left arm for thirty days.

The above proceedings were ordered to be published.

I. M. SCHERMERHORN, H. P.

T. S. WILLARD, Sec'y pro tem.

At an extra meeting of St. George's Lodge, No. 8, held at the city of Schenectady, on the 19th February, 5828, it was unanimously

Resolved, that this Lodge cordially concur in the resolutions passed this day by Cyrus R. A. Chapter No. 57, in honour of our late worthy and highly distinguished Brother DE WITT CLINTON, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of this state.

GILES F. YATES, W. M.

JOHN ALLEN, Secretary.

At a meeting of Holland Lodge, No. 16, held in their Lodge Room, at Masonick Hall, in the city of New-York, on the 19th day of February, 5828, the M. W. having announced to the Brethren the decease of their P. M., the late M. W. Brother DE WITT CLINTON, P. G. M. of the State of New-York, the following preamble and orders were submitted and unanimously adopted:

This Lodge, taking into consideration that our deceased Brother, the M. W. DE WITT CLINTON, P. G. M. received the first light of Masonry within its sacred walls, and subsequently, (in the year 5794,) by fulfilling the duties of presiding officer, contributed to elevate it to its present masonic rank; and uniting with the publick at large in deploring his loss as a man and a citizen, and desirous to mark their respect and veneration for his talents and usefulness, do

Order, that the Lodge be put in mourning, for one year from the date of his decease, and that its members wear the usual badge of mourning for one month from the date of this order. By order of the W. M.

GEO. DAVIS, Sec'y.

At an emergent meeting of Solomon's Lodge, No. 6, at Poughkeepsie, in Dutchess county, February 15, A. L. 5828, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

It having been announced to this lodge, that his excellency DE WITT CLINTON, late General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the state of New-York, has in the wisdom of the Great Creator been suddenly and unexpectedly removed by death:

Resolved, that the Lodge, as well collectively as individually, entertain and cherish an affectionate recollection of both the civic and masonic virtues of him, who was our eldest brother, and our endeared friend; and that while we contemplate those virtues with mournful pleasure, we recognize the solemn obligation of emulating them.

Resolved, that, as a testimony of respect for the memory of our late Past Grand Master, the members of this lodge wear for thirty days the usual masonic badge of mourning.

Resolved, that a copy of these proceedings be transmitted by the worshipful master to the afflicted family of the illustrious dead.

S. CLEVELAND, Master.

Grand R. A. Chapter of the District of Columbia.

It having pleased the Almighty to call away, suddenly, from his career of usefulness and honour, in this life, our late Br. and companion, his excellency DE WITT CLINTON, Most Excellent General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, a bereavement which falls not less heavily on the Masonick Institution, of which he has been, throughout our land, for many years, the ornament and pride, than it does on his country at large; it is fit that the Grand

Royal Arch Chapter of the District of Columbia, deeply participating in the general sorrow, should obey the dictates of propriety and duty, as well as the impulses of feeling, by rendering to the memory of the illustrious deceased those tokens of respect and veneration due to his public station, and sanctioned by his private virtues. To this end, it is directed that a special convocation of the Grand Chapter of this District, take place at Mason's Hall in the city of Washington, on Monday evening, the 25th inst. at 6 o'clock, of which the officers and members of the said Grand Chapter are requested to take notice; and to which the subordinate Chapters are requested to send deputations. By order of the G. H. P. E. S. LEWIS, G. Sec'y.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

ADIPOCIRE.

When the exhumation of the dead bodies from the burial ground of St. Innocent's, at Paris, led to the discovery of adipocire, or rather to its re-discovery, for it was known to Sir Thomas Brown and Lord Bacon, it produced a strong sensation among the men of science in England. Some went so far as to believe that adipocire might be made on a large scale, and a joint stock company was actually formed for that purpose; several noblemen and men of property subscribed 20,000*l.*, and an establishment was constructed at Bristol, containing a number of locks, each large enough to hold several dead horses, through which a stream of water was constantly flowing. The experiment failed, and the money, of course, was lost; but I am told that the principal superintendent, an able chymist and eminent physician of the present day, asserts, that it failed, not from any absurdity or impracticability in the scheme, but from the impracticable and unmanageable men he had to deal with; and that he is still convinced that, if properly conducted, it would be possible to transmute dead horses into spermaceti candles. If this had been known in the year 1825, we should have had an Adipocire Company, and the shares at a premium.

A gentleman, married, and in embarrassed circumstances, suddenly disappearing, it was concluded that he had gone off to avoid his creditors; on which they met, declared him a bankrupt, ascertained the amount of his property, and declared a dividend. Among the property was a jointure of 200*l.* a year to his wife, which they could legally claim if he was a bankrupt, but if not it continued the property of the widow. Five weeks and four days from the morning of his disappearance, his body was found floating in a neighbouring river, and so putrid that it was identified chiefly by the dress, and the contents of the pockets. And here arose a question, was he dead at the time he was declared a bankrupt, and if so can a dead man be made a bankrupt? One of his relatives, a veterinary surgeon, discovered, on carefully examining the body, that part of the flesh of the loins had been converted into adipocire—this he cut out, carried off, and showed it to Dr. Gibbes, who was at that time superintending the Institution for the Production of Adipocire, and the result of whose extensive experience was, that it was never formed in less than six or eight weeks. This evidence was produced on the trial, and was conclusive—it was clear that the drowned man must have been under water ever since the morning of his disappearance, and, consequently, that he was dead at the time when he was declared a bankrupt. In law, a dead man cannot be made a bankrupt—the bankruptcy was set aside, and the jointure of 200*l.* a year restored to the widow. Lond. pa.

EMBALMING.

We hear that a method of embalming has been discovered by Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, Baronet, which is far superior to any ancient or modern process, as it renders the muscular substance hard without diminution of bulk, and without affecting the natural colour; so that a body preserves its distinguishing features. This being the case, should embalming ever again become fashionable, the new method will supersede every other, on account both of its effect and simplicity, and will be adopted in all cases where it is desired to convey dead bodies to a distance for interment, leaden cof-

fins being unnecessary. We understand, that, on account of this discovery having led to other objects of importance, it will not be published until the experiments now in progress are completed.—Among other objects is one in which the public are much interested; that of preserving subjects in a state fit for dissection; and it is believed that all risk of fatal accidents from scratches with the scalpel will be removed. Should this be the result, it will be an invaluable discovery to the anatomist. Bodies embalmed by the process referred to, are rendered totally unfit for the purpose of dissection; so that it presents to those who wish protection from the invasion of cemeteries by resurrection-men the most perfect security. On this account a knowledge of the process might make the fortune of any apothecary or undertaker in considerable towns or cities, for the expense attending it is not so great as to exclude persons of very moderate income from the benefit. [Edinburgh Scotsman.]

CORAL REEFS.

Captain Basil Hall, in his voyage to the Loo-choo Islands, remarks, that the examination of a Coral Reef, during the different stages of one tide, is peculiarly interesting. When the tide has left it, for some time it becomes dry, and appears to be a compact rock, exceedingly hard and ragged; but as the tide rises, and the waves begin to wash over it, the coral worms protrude themselves from holes which were before invisible. These animals are of a variety of shapes and sizes, and in such prodigious numbers, that in a short time, the whole surface of the rock appears to be alive and in motion. The most common worm is in the form of a star, with arms from four to six inches long; which are moved about in rapid motions, in all directions, probably to catch food. Others are so sluggish, that they may be mistaken for pieces of the rock, and are generally of a dark colour, and from four to five inches long, and two or three round. When coral is broken, about high water mark, it is a solid hard stone, but if any part of it be detached at a spot which the tide reaches every day, it is found to be full of worms of different lengths and colours, some being as fine as a thread, and others resembling snails, and some are not unlike lobsters in shape, but soft and not above two inches long. The growth of coral appears to cease where the worm is no longer exposed to the washing of the sea. Thus a reef rises in the form of a cauliflower, till its top has gained the level of the highest tide, above which the worm has no power to advance, and the reef, of course, no longer extends itself upwards. The other parts, in succession, reach the surface, and there stop, forming, in time, a level field, with steep sides all round. The reef, however, continually increases, and being prevented from going higher, extends itself laterally in all directions. But this growth being as rapid at the upper edge as it is lower down, the steepness of the face of the reef is still preserved.

The accumulation of habitations thus formed by these apparently insignificant animals, sometimes reaches to an immense extent, and constitute the basis of many islands in the China seas, and in the Pacific Ocean. To rear a stupendous fabric from the very depths of the ocean, and raise it several feet above the surface, is a task which might appal the most powerful and civilized nations; yet it is performed with ease by an insect so small, and to appearance so helpless, that we are at first inclined to discredit the fact. But this is not all:—in preparing their own habitations, those seemingly contemptible creatures prepare a future abode for man. When part of the coral reef is once raised above the reach of the tide, and is thus secured from the inroads of the sea, the insect abandons its labours in this direction, and elevates the other parts of the mass until the whole has reached the same height. Sea weeds, which are then thrown on the barren and ragged mass, decay, and aided soon after by the dung of sea fowls, become the ground work of future vegetation. Mosses succeed; manure and seeds are brought at the same time, and by the same individuals; until at length a bed of vegetable mould is formed, capable of producing plants and trees. This simple process seems to be that by which nature enlarges the land, and prepares a place on which man may fix his residence.

AMERICAN CASTOR OIL.

This valuable medicine is made by expressing the oil from the bean of the plant "Palma Christi," and is now cultivated in some of the middle and western states to great advantage. It was not until the foreign countries, on which we heretofore were dependent for this article, laid a high export duty on it, that led to the manufacture of castor oil in the United States, where it is now made in great abundance, of better quality and at a less price. Large quantities of American cold-pressed castor oil were shipped to London in 1826, which paid the shipper a handsome profit, when Parliament deemed it necessary to protect their possessions in the East and West Indies, by increasing the duty on American castor oil, which is now equal to \$1 60 per gallon; and even under these disadvantages, it will pay a profit to the shipper. It is supposed that the consumption of castor oil in the United States is, on the most moderate calculation, about one thousand barrels, or thirty thousand gallons a year. The crop of the last season will not, from the best information, exceed two hundred barrels, or six thousand gallons. This great deficiency is owing entirely to the low price the article had fallen to the year previous, when the crop was more than fifteen hundred barrels. Another striking proof of the resources of our country. [Niles.]

SCIENTIFICK EXPEDITION.

The British are about to forestal the tardy movements of our own government, by fitting out an expedition to the South pole. The Chanticleer, of 10 guns, Capt. Henry Foster, is about to be despatched from England, on a scientifick expedition to the southern hemisphere, and around the world. Capt. F. will probably penetrate as far to the south as may be practicable. It is the opinion of men of science, both in this country and in Europe, that important discoveries yet remain to be made beyond New-Holland. South of that continent, there are doubtless many Islands, abounding with seals, turtle, birds, and plants—the waters around which also yield their tribute of marine treasures—whence a rich harvest of their produce may be procured, consisting of feathers, skins, oil, whalebone, fruits, and other valuable commodities. [Ev. Bul.]

REANIMATION.

A case is reported in the *Bullet. Univ.* by a French physician, M. Bourgeois showing the importance of never abandoning all hope of success in restoring animation. A person, who had been twenty minutes under water, was treated in the usual way for the space of an hour without success; when a ligature being applied to the arm above a vein that had been previously opened, ten ounces of blood were withdrawn, after which the circulation and respiration gradually returned, though accompanied by the most dreadful convulsions. A second and a third bleeding was had recourse to, which brought about a favourable sleep, and ultimate recovery on the ensuing day. The publick will feel much obligated to M. Bourgeois for his perseverance in so interesting a branch of his profession. [London Weekly Review.]

EARTH EATERS.

In M. Malte Brun's "System of Geography," page 389, is an account of the indigenous tribes of Indians in Spanish Guiana. "Some of them," he says "separated from each other by language, are a wandering people completely strangers to agriculture, who live on ants, gum, and earth, and are in short, the very outcasts of the human species,—of this description are the *Ottomacks* and *Yaruras*. The earth which is eaten by the *Ottomacks* is fat and unctuous; a genuine potter's clay, of a greyish yellow tint, owing to the presence of a little oxyde of iron; they select it with a great deal of care, and procure it from particular beds on the banks of the Orinoko and the Meta. They distinguish by the taste one species of the earth from another, for it is not every kind of clay that proves equally agreeable to their palate. They knead this earth into balls of four or five inches in diameter, and roast them before a slow fire until their surface begins to turn red. When they are desirous of eating one of these balls, they wet it again. This savage and ferocious peo-

ple live on fish, lizards and fern roots when they are to be procured; but they are so particularly fond of clay, that they every day eat a little after their food, during the very season when they have other aliments at their disposal."

THE GATHERER.

QUAKERS.

We have never read a more elegant or more just eulogium than the following notice of the Quakers. It is contained in a note to one of Lawrence's lectures, a work recently published in Salem, Massachusetts.

In complimenting the Quakers for not having followed the warlike and destructive example set before them by the rest of mankind, I ought not to have conveyed my praise in the ironical form of blame; because irony is often understood, even where we may think such a mistake almost impossible—as in the case of the good bishop, who declared himself highly pleased with Gulliver's Travels, but added, that the book contained some things which he had a difficulty in believing. To obviate the possibility of further misunderstanding, I lay aside irony, and state most seriously and sincerely that, whether I regard them as a religious sect or as a body of citizens, whether I look to their private or publick conduct, I hold the Quakers in the highest respect. As christians, they entertain no unintelligible articles of faith; they waste no time in splitting the hairs of theological controversy; their singular and honourable distinction in practical christianity, evinced in blameless lives, in renouncing all force and violence in endeavouring to fulfil literally the Gospel precepts of peace and good will, in active benevolence, in unremitted personal as well as pecuniary co-operation in all measures calculated to diminish the amount of human misery and suffering, and to improve the condition of their fellow creatures. These truly christian merits would redeem much heavier sins than an adherence to the plain and simple garb, and the unceremonious language of George Fox and William Penn.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

The king's recollection of persons' features was no less remarkable than his faculty of remembering their actions. "It was highly interesting," said Cosway, "to observe with what perception he discerned, even at a single glance at a portrait, the resemblance of the person from whom it was painted, provided his majesty knew the party." A manuscript list of the portraits was prepared for their majesties, on their royal visit to the exhibition. The king, however, used to take pleasure in discovering the names of the persons represented without referring to the list. When his majesty happened to fail, then, amidst the surrounding courtiers, it was the painter, and not the royal connoisseur, who was in the wrong. It is due to his majesty's candour, however, to add, that he would address whoever was nearest, and qualify those censures upon the painter, by saying, "Lord B—or Lady C—is difficult—very difficult to paint. Yes! your portrait painters have endless difficulties to surmount. Vandyke often failed in his resemblances. Kneller's men's mouths are all alike; and so are Lely's ladies eyes. English faces are the most difficult to paint of any faces in the world." The year in which Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox was exhibited at the Royal Academy, had some particular political feature connected with that great statesman, which I cannot bring to my recollection. Some allusions to the circumstance, which led to observations upon the resemblance, several years afterwards, by the late Lord M—y, his majesty observed, "Yes—yes, very like, very like. Sir Joshua's picture is finely painted—a fine specimen of art; but Gillray is the better limner. No man hits off Mr. Fox like him—Gillray is the man—for the man of the people. Hey! my lord—hey! Like as my profile on a Tower halfpenny—hey!"

A young lady, in preparing her stock of riddles, &c. for the approaching Christmas, made the following conundrum: "Why is a cardinal's hat the emblem of one of the worst passions of our nature?" Answer:—"Because, being a red-hat, it must be a hat-red."

POPULAR TALES.

CLOUGH NA CUDDY.

A Killarney Legend.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

Above all the islands in the Lakes of Killarney, give me Innisfallen—"sweet Innisfallen," as the melodious Moore calls it. It is in truth a fairy isle, although I have no fairy story to tell you about it; and if I had, these are such unbelieving times, and people of late have grown so skeptical, that they only smile at my stories and doubt them.

However, none will doubt that a monastery once stood upon Innisfallen island, for its ruins may still be seen; neither, that within its walls dwelt certain pious and learned persons called monks. A very pleasant set of fellows they were, I make not the smallest doubt; and I am sure of this, that they had a very pleasant spot to enjoy themselves in after dinner:—the proper time, believe me, and I am no bad judge of such matters, for the enjoyment of a fine prospect.

Out of all the monks you could not pick a better fellow nor a merrier soul than Father Cuddy;—he sang a good song, he told a good story, and had a jolly, comfortable-looking paunch of his own that was a credit to any refectory table. He was distinguished above all the rest by the name of "the fat Father." Now there are many that will take huff at a name; but Father Cuddy had no nonsense of that kind about him; he laughed at it, and well able he was to laugh, for his mouth nearly reached from one ear to the other,—his might, in truth, be called an open countenance. As his paunch was no disgrace to his food, neither was his nose to his drink. 'Tis a question to me if there were not more carbuncles upon it than ever were seen at the bottom of the lake, which is said to be full of them. His eyes had a right merry twinkle in them, like moonshine dancing on the water, and his cheeks had the roundness and crimson glow of ripe arbutus berries.

He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept,—what then?
He eat, and drank, and prayed, and slept again!

Such was the tenour of his simple life; but when he prayed a certain drowsiness would come upon him, which it must be confessed never occurred when a well filled "black-jack" stood before him. Hence his prayers were short, and his draughts were long. The world loved him, and he saw no reason why he should not in return love its venison and its usquebaugh. But, as times went, he must have been a pious man, or else what befel him never would have happened.

Spiritual affairs—for it was respecting the importation of a tun of wine into the island monastery, demanded the presence of one of the brotherhood of Innisfallen at the abbey of Irelagh, now called Muckruss. The superintendence of this important matter was committed to Father Cuddy, who felt too deeply interested in the future welfare of any community of which he was a member to neglect or delay such mission. With the morning's light he was seen guiding his shallop across the crimson waters of the lake towards the peninsula of Muckruss, and having moored his little bark in safety beneath the shelter of a wave-worn rock, he advanced with becoming dignity towards the abbey.

The stillness of the bright and balmy hour was broken by the heavy footsteps of the zealous father:—at the sound the startled deer, shaking the dew from their sides, sprang up from their lair, and as they bounded off—"Hah," exclaimed Cuddy, "what a noble haunch goes there!—how delicious it would look smoking upon a goodly platter."

As he proceeded, the mountain bee hummed his tune of gladness around the holy man, save when buried in the fox-glove bell, or revelling upon a fragrant bunch of thyme,—and even then, the little voice murmured out happiness in low and broken tones of voluptuous delight. Father Cuddy derived no small comfort from the sound, for it presaged a good metheglin season; and metheglin he considered, if well manufactured, to be no bad liquor, particularly when there was no stint of usquebaugh in the brewing.

Arrived within the abbey garth, he was received with due respect by the brethren of Irelagh, and arrangements for the embarkation of the wine were

completed to his entire satisfaction. "Welcome, Father Cuddy!" said the prior, "grace be on you."

"Grace before meat then," said Cuddy, "for a long walk always makes me hungry, and I am certain I have not walked less than half a mile this morning, to say nothing of crossing the water."

A pasty of choice flavour felt the truth of this assertion as regarded Father Cuddy's appetite. After such consoling repast, it would have been a reflection on monastick hospitality to have departed without partaking of the grace-cup:—moreover, Father Cuddy had a particular respect for the antiquity of that custom. He liked the taste of the grace-cup well;—he tried another,—it was no less excellent; and when he had swallowed the third he found his heart expand, and put forth its fibres, as willing to embrace all mankind!—Surely then there is christian love and charity in wine!

I said he sung a good song. Now though psalms are good songs, and in accordance with his vocation, I did not mean to imply that he was a mere psalm-singer. It was well known to the brethren, that wherever Father Cuddy was, mirth and melody were with him. Mirth in his eye, and melody on his tongue; and these, from experience, are equally well known to be thirsty commodities; but he took good care never to let them run dry. To please the brotherhood, whose excellent wine pleased him, he sung, and as "*in vino veritas*," his song will well become this veritable history.

"Quam pulchra sunt ova
Cum alba et nova
In stabulo scite leguntur:
Et a Margery bella
Quæ festiva puella!
Lardi pinguis cum frustis coquuntur.

"Ut belles in prato
Aprico et lato
Sub sole tam late reident,
Ova tosta in mensa,
Mappa bene extensa
Nitidissima lance consistent."

Such was his song. Father Cuddy smacked his lips at the recollection of Margery's delicious fried eggs, which always imparted a peculiar relish to his liquor. The very idea provoked Cuddy to raise the cup to his mouth, and, with one hearty pull thereat, he finished its contents.

This is, and ever was, a censorious world, often construing what is only a fair allowance into an excess;—but I scorn to reckon up any man's drink like an unrelenting host; therefore, I cannot tell how many brimming draughts of wine, bedecked with the venerable Bead, Father Cuddy emptied into his "soul-case,"—so he figuratively termed the body.

His respect for the goodly company of the monks of Irelagh detained him until their adjournment to vespers, when he set forward on his return to Innisfallen. Whether his mind was occupied in philosophick contemplation or wrapped in pious musings, I cannot declare; but the honest Father wandered on in a different direction from that in which his shallop lay. Far be it from me to insinuate that the good liquor, which he had so commended, had caused him to forget his road, or that his track was irregular and unsteady. Oh no!—he carried his drink bravely, as became a decent man and a good christian; yet, somehow, he thought he could distinguish two moons. "Bless my eyes," said Father Cuddy, "everything is changing now a days!—the very stars are not in the same places they used to be;—I think *Camceachta* (the plough) is driving on at a rate I never saw it before to-night, but I suppose the driver is drunk, for there are blackguards everywhere."

Cuddy had scarcely uttered these words, when

* O 'tis eggs are a treat
When so white and so sweet
From under the manger they're taken;
And by fair Margery,
Och! 'tis she's full of glee,
They are fried with fat rashers of bacon.

Just like daisies all spread
O'er a broad sunny mead
In the sun-beams so beauteously shining,
Are fried eggs, well displayed
On a dish when we've laid
The cloth, and are thinking of dining.

he saw, or fancied he saw, the form of a young woman; who, holding up a bottle, beckoned him towards her. The night was extremely beautiful, and the white dress of the girl floated gracefully in the moonlight, as with gay step she tripped on before the worthy Father, archly looking back upon him over her shoulder. "Ah, Margery,—merry Margery!"—cried Cuddy, "you tempting little rogue—" *Et a Margery bella—Quæ festiva puella.*—I see you—I see you and the bottle!—let me but catch you, Margery bella." And on he followed, panting and smiling, after this alluring apparition.

At length his feet grew weary, and his breath failed, which obliged him to give up the chase; yet such was his piety, that unwilling to rest in any attitude but that of prayer, down dropt Father Cuddy on his knees. Sleep as usual stole upon his devotions, and the morning was far advanced when he awoke from dreams, in which tables groaned beneath their loads of viands, and wine poured itself free and sparkling as the mountain spring.

Rubbing his eyes, he looked about him, and the more he looked the more he wondered at the alterations which appeared in the face of the country. "Bless my soul and body," said the good Father, "I saw the stars changing last night, but here is a change!" Doubting his senses he looked again. The hills bore the same majestic outline as on the preceding day, and the lake spread itself beneath his view in the same tranquil beauty, and was studded with the same number of islands; but every smaller feature in the landscape was strangely altered;—what had been naked rocks, were now clothed with holly and arbutus. Whole woods had disappeared, and waste places had become cultivated fields; and to complete the work of enchantment the very season itself seemed changed. In the rosy dawn of a summer's morning he had left the monastery of Innisfallen, and he now felt in every sight and sound the dreariness of winter;—the hard ground was covered with withered leaves;—icicles depended from leafless branches;—he heard the sweet low note of the robin who familiarly approached him, and he felt his fingers numbed by the nipping frost. Father Cuddy found it rather difficult to account for such sudden transformations, and to convince himself it was not the illusion of a dream, he was about to arise; when lo! he discovered that both his knees were buried at least six inches in the solid stone: for notwithstanding all these changes, he had never altered his devout position.

Cuddy was now wide awake, and felt, when he got up, his joints sadly cramped, which it was only natural they should be, considering the hard texture of the stone, and the depth his knees had sunk into it. The great difficulty was, to explain how, in one night, summer had become winter—whole woods had been cut down, and well-grown trees had sprouted up. The miracle, nothing else could he conclude it to be, urged him to hasten his return to Innisfallen, where he might learn some explanation of these marvellous events.

Seeing a boat moored within reach of the shore, he delayed not, in the midst of such wonders, to seek his own bark, but, seizing the oars, pulled stoutly towards the island; and here new wonders awaited him.

Father Cuddy waddled, as fast as cramped limbs could carry his rotund corporation, to the gate of the monastery, where he loudly demanded admittance.

"Holloa! whence come you, master monk, and what's your business?" demanded a stranger who occupied the porter's place.

"Business—my business!" repeated the confounded Cuddy, "why do you not know me? Has the wine arrived safely?"

"Hence, fellow," said the porter's representative in a surly tone, "nor think to impose on me with your monkish tales."

"Fellow!" exclaimed the Father, "mercy upon us that I should be so spoken to at the gate of my own house!"—"Scoundrel!" cried Cuddy, raising his voice, "do you not see my garb—my holy garb!"

"Ay, fellow," replied he of the keys, "the garb of laziness, and filthy debauchery, which has been expelled from out these walls. Know you not, idle knave, of the suppression of this nest of superstition,

and that the abbey lands and possessions were granted in August last to Master Robert Collan, by our Lady Elizabeth, sovereign queen of England, and paragon of all beauty, whom God preserve!"

"Queen of England," said Cuddy; "there never was a sovereign queen of England;—this is but a piece with the rest. I saw how it was going with the stars last night—the world's turned upside down. But surely this is Innisfallen Island, and I am the Father Cuddy who yesterday morning went over to the Abbey of Ireland respecting the tun of wine. Do you know me now?"

"Know you! how should I know you?" said the keeper of the abbey—"yet true it is, that I have heard my grandmother, whose mother remembered the man, often speak of the fat Father Cuddy of Innisfallen, who made a profane and godless ballad in praise of fried eggs, of which he and his vile crew knew more than they did of the word of God, and who, being drunk, it was said, tumbled into the lake one night and was drowned; but that must have been a hundred—ay, more than a hundred years since."

"'Twas I who composed that song, in praise of Margery's fried eggs, which is no profane and godless ballad. No other Father Cuddy than myself ever belonged to Innisfallen," earnestly exclaimed the holyman. "A hundred years! What was your great grandmother's name?"

"She was a Mahony of Dunlow, Margaret ni Mahony; and my grandmother—"

"What, merry Margery of Dunlow your great grandmother!" shouted Cuddy; "St Brandon help me! the wicked wench, with that tempting bottle—why 'twas only last night—a hundred years—your great grandmother said you! Mercy on us, there has been a strange torpor over me. I must have slept all this time!"

That Father Cuddy had done so, I think sufficiently proved, by the changes which occurred during his nap. A reformation, and a serious one it was for him, had taken place. Eggs fried by the pretty Margery were no longer to be had in Innisfallen, and, with heart as heavy as his footsteps, the worthy man directed his course towards Dingle, where he embarked in a vessel on the point of sailing for Malaga. The rich wine of that place had of old impressed him with a high respect for its monastic establishments, in one of which he quietly wore out the remnant of his days.

The stone impressed with the mark of Father Cuddy's knees may be seen to this day. Should any incredulous persons doubt my story, I request them to go to Killarney, where Clough na Cuddy—so is the stone called—remains in Lord Kenmare's park, an indisputable evidence of the fact: and Spillane, the bugle man, will be able to point it out to them, as he did to me.

MISCELLANY.

THE LAST HOURS OF WASHINGTON.

[From Custis' Recollections of Washington.]

Twenty-eight years have passed, since an interesting group were assembled in the death room, and witnessed the last hours of Washington. So keen and unpreparing hath been the siege of time, that, of all those who watched over the Patriarch's couch, on the 13th and 14th of December, 1799, but a single personage survives.

On the morning of the 13th, the General was engaged in making some improvement in front of Mount Vernon. As was usual with him, he carried his own compass, noted his observations, and marked out the ground. The day became rainy, with sleet, and the improver remained so long exposed to the inclemency of the weather, as to be considerably wetted before his return to the house. About one o'clock, he was seized with chilliness and nausea, but having changed his clothes, he sat down to his in-door work—there being no moment of his time for which he had not provided an appropriate employment.

At night, on joining his family circle, the General complained of slight indisposition, and, after a single cup of tea, repaired to his library, where he remained writing until between 11 and 12 o'clock. Mrs. Washington retired about the usual family

hour, but becoming alarmed at not hearing the accustomed sound of the Library door, as it closed for the night, and gave signal for rest in the well regulated mansion, she rose again, and continued sitting up, in much anxiety and suspense. At length the well known step was heard on the stair, and upon the General's entering his chamber, the lady chided him for staying up so late, knowing himself to be unwell; to which Washington made this memorable reply: "I came so soon as my business was accomplished. You well know, that, through a long life, it has been my unvaried rule, never to put off till the morrow the duties which should be performed to day."

Having first covered up the fire with care, the man of mighty labours sought repose; but it came not as it had long been wont to do, to comfort and restore, after the many and earnest occupations of the well spent day. The night was spent in feverish restlessness and pain. "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," was destined no more to visit his couch; yet the manly sufferer uttered no complaint, would permit no one to be disturbed in their rest, on his account, and it was only at day-break he would consent that the overseer might be called in, and bleeding resorted to. A vein was opened, but without affording relief. Couriers were despatched to summon Dr. Craik, the family, and Drs. Dick and Brown, as consulting physicians, all of whom came with speed. The proper remedies were administered, but without producing their healing effects, while the patient yielding to the anxious looks of all around him, waived his usual objection to medicines, and took those which were prescribed, without hesitation or remark. The medical gentlemen spared not their skill, and all the resources of their art were exhausted in unwearying endeavours to preserve this noblest work of nature.

The night approached—the last night of Washington; the weather became severely cold, while the group gathered nearer to the couch of the sufferer, watching, with intense anxiety, for the slightest dawning of hope. He spoke but little. To the respectful and affectionate inquiries of an old family servant, as she smoothed down his pillow, how he felt himself, he answered "I am very ill." To Dr. Craik, his earliest companion in arms, longest tried and bosom friend, he observed: "I am dying, Sir—but am not afraid to die." To Mrs. Washington, he said: "Go to my escritoire, and in the private drawer you will find two papers—bring them to me." They were brought. He continued: "These are my wills—preserve this one, and burn the other." Which was accordingly done. Calling to Colonel Lear, he directed: "Let my corpse be kept the usual period of three days."

Here we would beg leave to remind our readers, that, in a former part of this work, we have said that Washington was old fashioned in much of his habits and manners, and in some of his opinions; nor was he the less to be admired on those accounts. The custom of keeping the dead for the scriptural period of three days, is derived from remote antiquity, and arose, not from fear of premature interment, as in more modern times, but from motives of veneration towards the deceased; for the better enabling the relatives and friends to assemble from a distance, to perform the funeral rites; for the pious watchings of the corpse, and for many sad, yet endearing ceremonials with which we delight to pay our last duties to the remains of those we have loved.

The patient bore his acute sufferings with manly fortitude, and perfect resignation to the divine will, while, as the night advanced, it became evident that he was sinking, and he seemed fully aware that his "hour was nigh." He inquired the time, and it was answered, a few moments to twelve. He spoke no more—the hand of death was upon him, and he was conscious that his "hour was come." With surprising self-possession, he prepared to die. Composing his form at length, and folding his arms upon his bosom, without a sigh, without a groan, the Father of his country expired, gently as though an infant died. Nor pang or struggle told, when the noble spirit took its noiseless flight; while so tranquil appeared the manly features in the repose of death, that some moments had passed ere those around could believe that the Patriarch was no more.

It may be asked, and why was the ministry of religion wanting to shed its peaceful and benign lustre upon the last hours of Washington? Why was he, to whom the observance of sacred things were ever primary duties through life, without their consolations in his last moments? We answer, circumstances did not permit. It was but for a little while that the disease assumed so threatening a character as to forbid the encouragement of hope, yet, to stay that summons which none may refuse, to give farther days to him whose "time honoured life" was so dear to mankind, prayer was not wanting to the Throne of Grace. Close to the couch of the sufferer, resting her head upon that ancient book, with which she had been wont to hold pious communion, a portion of every day, for more than half a century, was the venerable consort, absorbed in silent prayer, and from which she only arose when the mourning group prepared to bear her from the chamber of the dead. Such were the last hours of Washington.

IMPERIAL FATE.

[From Hone's Table Book.]

Let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murdered:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court.—

RICHARD II.

Does any man envy the situation of monarchs? Let him peruse the following statement, which particularizes the deaths of the forty-seven Roman Emperors from Julius Cæsar to Constantine the Great; only thirteen of whom encountered "the last enemy" in the ordinary course of nature:—

B. C.

42. *Julius Cæsar* was murdered by Brutus and others in the senate house.

A. D.

15. *AUGUSTUS CÆSAR* died a natural death.

39. *Tiberius* was smothered with pillows, at the instigation of Macro, the friend of Caligula.

42. *Caligula* was stabbed by Cherea and other conspirators, when retiring from the celebration of the Palatine games.

55. *Claudius* was poisoned by the artifice of his wife Agrippina.

69. *Nero* in the midst of a general revolt was condemned to death by the senate. Upon hearing of which he killed himself with a dagger.

69. *Sergius Galba* conspired against by Otho, by whose partisans he was beheaded.

70. *Otho* destroyed himself, to avoid further contest with his competitor Vitellius.

70. *Vitellius* was massacred by the populace, who threw his dead body into the Tiber.

79. *VESPASIAN* died a natural death.

81. *Titus*. It is suspected that his death was hastened by his brother Domitian.

96. *Domitian* was murdered by Stephanus and other conspirators.

98. *NERVA* died a natural death.

117. *TRAJAN* ditto.

138. *ADRIAN* ditto.

161. *TITUS ANTONINUS*, called Antoninus Pius, ditto.

180. *MARCUS AURELIUS*, called Antoninus the Philosopher, ditto.

192. *Commodus* was strangled by Narcissus and other conspirators.

192. *Pertinax* was murdered by the soldiers.

195. *Didius Julian* was beheaded by the soldiers.

211. *SEPTIMUS SEVERUS* died a natural death.

217. *Caracalla* and *Geta*, joint emperor. *Geta* was killed by his brother *Caracalla*, who was afterwards killed by *Martial*.

218. *Opilius Macrinus* was killed by the partisans of *Heliogabalus*.

222. *Heliogabalus* was murdered by the soldiers, who threw his dead body into the Tiber.

235. *Alexander* was beheaded by the soldiers.

238. *Maximin* was murdered by his own guards.

238. *Maximus* and *Balbinus*, joint emperors, were both murdered by the prætorian guards.

243. *Gordian* was murdered by order of Philip, whom he associated with him in the command of the empire.

248. *Philip* was murdered by the soldiers.
 251. *Decius* destroyed himself, after having been defeated by the Goths.
 253. *Gallus* was slain in battle, with his competitor *Emilianus*.
 259. *Valerian* was taken prisoner by *Sapor*, king of Persia, who caused him to be cruelly murdered.
 268. *Galienus* was slain by his own soldiers.
 270. *CLAUDIUS* died a natural death.
 275. *Aurelian* was murdered by *Menesthus* and other conspirators.
 275. *TACITUS* died a natural death.
 282. *Probus* was murdered by his soldiers.
 284. *Curus* and his sons, *Carinus* and *Numerian*, joint emperors. The father was struck dead by lightning, and both his sons were murdered.
 304. *Dioclesian* and *Maximian*, joint emperors. *Dioclesian* resigned the empire, and died either by poison or madness. *Maximian* also resigned, but was afterwards condemned to death by *Constantine*.
 306. *CONSTANTIUS* and } joint emperors, both
 311. *GALERIUS*, } died a natural death.
 343. *CONSTANTINE* the Great died a natural death.

Where did these events occur? Among the savage tribes of interior Africa, or the rude barbarians of modern Europe? No! but in Rome—imperial Rome—in her “high and palmy state,” when she was mistress of the world, and held within her dominion all the science and literature of which the earth could boast. Surely we may reason with doubt, whether the moral improvement of mankind invariably keeps pace with their intellectual advancement.

THE DRAMA AND ITS PROFESSORS.

[From the London Mirror.]

It is remarkable with what difference actors were treated among the ancients. At Athens, they were held in such esteem, as to be sometimes appointed to discharge embassies and other negotiations; whereas, at Rome, if a citizen became an actor, he thereby forfeited his freedom. Among the moderns, actors are best treated in England; the French having much the same opinion of them that the Romans had; for though an actor of talent, in Paris, is more regarded than here, he nevertheless is deeply degraded. He may die amid applauses on the stage, but at his natural death he must pass to his grave, without a prayer or *de profundis*, unless a minister of religion receives his last sigh.

Cromwell and his puritans had a holy horror of actors. They pronounced them Sons of Belial! and professors of abomination. During the whole reign of the Republican Parliament, and Protectorate, the theatres of that day were closed, or, if opened by stealth, were subject to the visits of the emissaries of “Praise God Barebones,” “Fight the Good Fight,” and their crew. The actors were driven off the stage by soldiers, and the cant word of that period is still recorded, “Enter red coat, exit hat and cloak.” William Prynne was celebrated for his writings against the immorality of the stage, and the furious invectives of *Jeremy Collier* are still extant; his pen was roused by *Dryden’s Spanish Friar*, and *Congreve’s witty*, but licentious comedies. *Collier* inveighed without mercy, but he certainly did much to reform the stage. Our Evangelicals and Methodists denounce the histrionick art to this day, with more than the zeal of the church of Rome. But a follower of *Wesley* or *Whitfield* would not enter the den of abomination. Here, however, we take care all our comedies shall be purified, and our tragedies free, even from an oath; both are subject to the censor’s unsparing pen, and must be subsequently licensed by the Lord Chamberlain.

The actors in England, have, it is true, only become respectable within the last half century, and though they are termed his majesty’s servants, yet an unrepented statute denounces them as vagabonds. As a body, numerous in itself, they are as free from crime as any other associated body or profession of men, and yet do they “his majesty’s servants” continue to lay under the stigma which the above unrepented act fixes upon them. This is perfectly anomalous, and it was spiritedly denounced by *Sir Walter Scott*, when on a recent and interesting oc-

casion he nobly and manfully declared “Its professors had been stigmatized; and laws had been passed against them less dishonourable to them than to the statesman by whom they were proposed, and to the legislatures by whom they were passed.” To repeal, therefore, an act nugatory in itself, would not add to the reputation of the profession, nor give a license to further abuse; but it would be an act of justice, and remove a prejudice unjustly attached to the professors of a difficult art.

The critical pen of *Mrs. Inchbald* justly remarks, “To the honour of a profession long held in contempt by the wise—and still contemned by the weak—Shakspeare, the pride of Britain, was a player.” To the illustrious bard, the modern drama is indebted for its excellence. His writings will remain for ever the grandest monument of a genius which opened to him the whole heart of man, all the mines of fancy, all the stores of nature and gave him power beyond all other writers, to move, astonish, and delight mankind. In the drama, the most interesting emotions are excited; the dangerous passions of hate, envy, avarice and pride, with all their innumerable train of attendant vices, are detected and exposed. Love, friendship, gratitude, and all those active and generous virtues which warm the heart and exalt the mind, are held up as objects of emulation. And what can be a more effectual method of softening the ferocity, and improving the minds of the inconsiderate? The heart is melted by the scene, and ready to receive an impression—either to warn the innocent, or to appal the guilty; and numbers of those have neither abilities nor time for deriving advantage from reading, are powerfully impressed through the medium of the eyes and ears, with those important truths which while they illuminate the understanding, correct the heart. The moral laws of the drama are said to have an effect next after those conveyed from the pulpit, or promulgated in courts of justice. *Mr. Burke*, indeed, has gone so far as to observe that “the theatre is a better school of moral sentiment than churches.” The drama, therefore, has a right to find a place; and to its professors are we indebted for what may justly be considered one of the highest of all intellectual gratifications.

TYROLEAN WARFARE.

The following passage, from the life of *Napoleon*, describes the fate of a division of 18,000 men, of the French and Bavarian army, who invaded the Tyrol by the Valley of the Inn, during the campaign of 1805:—

The invading troops advanced in a long column up a road bordered on the one side by the river Inn, there a deep and rapid torrent, where cliffs of immense height overhung both road and river. The vanguard was permitted to advance unopposed as far as *Prutz*, the object of their expedition. The rest of the army were therefore, induced to trust themselves still deeper in this tremendous pass, where the precipices, becoming more and more narrow as they advanced, seemed about to close above their heads. No sound but of the screaming of the eagles disturbed from their eyries, and the roar of the river, reached the ears of the soldier, and on the precipices, partly enveloped in a hazy mist, no human forms showed themselves. At length the voice of a man was heard calling across the ravine, “Shall we begin?” “No,” was returned in an authoritative tone of voice by one who, like the first speaker, seemed the inhabitant of some upper region. The Bavarian detachment halted, and sent to the general for orders; when presently was heard the terrible signal, “In the name of the Holy Trinity, cut all loose!” Huge rocks, and trunks of trees, long prepared and laid in heaps for the purpose, began now to descend rapidly in every direction, while the deadly fire of the Tyrolese, who never throw away a shot, opened from every bush, crag, or corner of rocks, which could afford the shooter cover. As this dreadful attack was made on the whole line at once, two thirds of the enemy were instantly destroyed; while the Tyrolese, rushing from their shelter, with swords, spears, axes, sashes clubs, and all other rustick instruments which could be converted into weapons, beat down and routed the shattered remainder. As the vanguard, which had reached *Prutz*, was obliged to surrender, very few of the ten thousand invaders are

computed to have extricated themselves from the fatal pass.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1828.

FOREIGN. By the latest arrivals, bringing London and Liverpool papers to the 9th January inclusive, we learn that the ambassadors left Constantinople on the 8th December, without having obtained their passports. The Porte refused to grant them, on the grounds that they could show no orders from their respective courts for the step they were about to take. Orders were however given underhand to respect the vessels of the ambassadors. The Polish army, forty thousand strong, was stated to be on the eve of setting out to join the Russian camp. The Porte was said to be making vigorous preparation for war. *Taher Pacha*, who was defeated at *Navarino*, is appointed *Capitana Pacha*. It is stated on good authority that it was the intention of the Turkish Admiral, had the battle not taken place, to have attempted the destruction of the combined fleet during the night. The report of the destruction of the Greek fleet by *Admiral De Rigny*, is believed to be without foundation. We are astonished that such a report should have gained any credence; for since the affair at *Navarino*, the Greeks have looked upon the combined fleets as the saviours of their country, and would be unwilling to offer any provocation for such an act. It is stated that the English ambassador, *Mr. Canning*, has arrived at *Corfu*, the Russian, *M. Ribeaupierre*, at *Odessa*, and Count *Guilleminot*, the French, has proceeded directly to *Toulon* in a Sardinian vessel.

A change in the British ministry is looked upon as inevitable. It has occurred in France, and the deposed ministers are made peers of France, by way of consolation to their wounded feelings.

Spain is still the theatre of intestine commotion. As the French troops are reported to be about retiring from that kingdom, we fear their departure will be the era of more serious evils if possible, than even the imposition of a foreign standing army.

Austria takes a sort of neutral stand in relation to the affairs of Greece; but it is presumed she will act in some measure like the fox in the fable:—when Russia and Turkey have exhausted their strength in a measure so that little more fighting can be expected, she will put on the terrible aspect of war, and carry off the prize. She is determined to fight for nothing but territory.

It is not a little singular that, while the union and magnanimity of the European powers is trumped through the world, and we hear “nothing of them below the clouds,” these same powers have ever before been the strenuous supporters of legitimacy, and studied enemies of limited governments. Are they altered thus strangely? Or do they hope to reap some honour and a good deal of strength from the dismemberment of Turkey. We may be in error, but we believe, had not Britain and France looked with jealousy on the prospect which Russia had of adding so largely to her strength, the world would have never heard of their magnanimity and disinterested philanthropy. The cause is however nominally the cause of correct principles, and even in that light it may be looked upon as an era of no trifling moment to posterity.

MATRIMONIAL SEPARATION. What a fickle little genius is *Hymen*, and how extremely ready with any reason, no matter how frivolous, to convert his torch into a fire-brand! We learn from an English paper, that a female lately made her appearance before the *Leicester police*, and stated to the mayor that she wanted to be parted from her husband. Her reasons for making this demand she stated, on inquiry, to be, that her husband had sold all the furniture out of the house, and gone to live at lodgings, and would not maintain her.—And what said the husband,—who was forthwith introduced to show cause why and wherefore? His wife was in the habit of starting off, and leaving his house for days together; and that on her going away this time, which was for five days, he had sold all his furniture and gone to lodgings. He was willing to give her a weekly allowance, but he would not live with her any longer. Now for the rejoinder—Her reasons being required by the mayor for such strange con-

duct, the answer was,—“Because he cuts all the crust off the loaf!” One would suppose that the Spanish student had again discovered the prison of Asmodeus, and let the little devil out. These are very much like his pranks.

MASONICK SOLEMNITIES IN BUFFALO. The Niagara Chapter, and Western Star Lodge, together with the brethren from the adjacent towns, assembled on Thursday the 21st ult. agreeably to previous arrangements, to testify their respect to the memory of their late illustrious companion and brother, DE WITT CLINTON.

A procession was formed and proceeded from Clinton Hall at 11 o'clock, A. M. in regular masonick order, to the dead march and solemn toll of the bell. In the church with other truly appropriate ceremonies, an address was delivered by the Rev. Brother Spencer, founded on Isaiah, xl, 8:—“The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God standeth forever.”

The Buffalo papers speak highly of the ceremonies and of the address in particular. The *Emporium* says,—“When the speaker portrayed the admirable traits united in the character of him ‘whose death we all deplore,’ every heart was touched with sympathetick feeling, and beat in unison an agonizing farewell! His admonition to his brethren was faithful; he reminded them of a fact which is often enforced, that the badges which they wore, were those of *purity*—that their principles were founded in the purest morality—the morality of the bible—and that their present happiness, and future felicity depended, on their living conformably to its precepts; and exhorted them to make it the rule of their lives, relying on the merits of Him who is the way, the truth and the life.”

The weather was so inclement, and the roads so bad, that, few brethren from abroad arrived in season to join in the solemn obsequies.

MISDEMEANOR. The base intrigues of those men who are so desirous of disfranchising freemasons, it seems cannot be supported by the laws of the land. We learn that a bill of indictment was found by the grand jury of the county of Genesee, at their last session, against Sylvester Lincoln, town clerk of Bethany in that county, for misdemeanor, in returning eight respectable men as disqualified, who were drawn as petit jurors. Their disqualification was nothing more nor less than *masonry*. Among those returned were JOSIAH CHURCHILL esq., formerly member of the assembly for several years, and two deacons of churches in the same town. When such facts stand against the names of men so noisy and loud for the dignity of the laws, their sincerity will be but little credited, even by the most charitable. Such things will never help the cause which fallen editors and repudiated divines are so anxiously looking to for a reinstatement into public notice and confidence. It is becoming so much a common hobby for those whom every other hobby has thrown in the dirt, that its infallibility is even questioned (sinners as they are!) by the women! Lose them and all is lost.

ECCLIASTICAL MONOPOLY. In the midst of the multiplied miseries of Spain, the ecclesiasticks seem to be redoubling their claims on the fortunes as well as consciences of their followers. A late occurrence at or near Madrid will serve to exemplify their avarice, in direct violation of that charity for which they would set themselves down as a paragon to the world.

A capuchin of the *Padro* convent has two nieces, who, being without fortunes, were placed by him in two respectable families as *femmes de chambre*. From his own exertions he did much to meliorate their lot, and whenever he had earned a small sum by preaching, he was accustomed to give it to his nieces, or put it in the lottery, to try fortune in their favour. He had the luck at length to draw a prize of 85000 reals, or about \$8,500. This sum the generous capuchin was about to divide equally between his nieces, when he was called upon by the convent to deliver it up to the community; alleging that the statutes of Saint Francis forbid any monk to possess a farthing, and declare that the goods of each individual member belong to the convent. The capuchin refused to deliver up the money, pleading that the money was only put into the lottery for his nieces. The affair was not decided; the judgement of the tribunal was

expected with much anxiety, and it was believed that it would be carried to Rome for a final decision. From the truly liberal character of the Pope, we have the fullest confidence that he will not suffer a monopoly of such a cast to receive his sanction.

DESPERATE NAVAL BATTLE.—From the New York papers of Thursday evening we learn the following particulars of a naval engagement which took place in the Gulf between the 10th and 13th ult. The *Guerrero*, Mexican brig of war of 22 guns and 136 men, Capt. David H. Porter, had fallen in with two Spanish Guineamen brigs, on the 9th, which she captured and manned. On the 10th she fell in with two Spanish men-of-war brigs, mounting together 28 guns, and 310 men, both of which she engaged. They succeeded however, after being much damaged, in getting into Mariel. In this engagement, the *Guerrero* also suffered considerably in her spars and rigging. The firing in this engagement being heard at Havana, the frigate *Lealtad* of 54 guns and 500 men, immediately put to sea, and being a swift sailer, soon succeeded in overtaking the *Guerrero*, which was already much crippled from her recent engagements. A battle ensued, which for determined courage against such superior force, has few parallels in history. The action lasted two hours and twenty minutes, one hour and a quarter of which the two vessels were within speaking distance.

During the engagement, the colours of the *Guerrero* were twice shot away and twice replaced; but the ammunition being entirely expended, Captain Porter ordered the colours to be struck. The frigate continued her fire, supposing them to be again shot away, and after the brig had surrendered, Captain Porter was killed by a grape shot. He was a nephew of the commodore; the latter had also a son on board the *Guerrero*. A publick funeral was preparing at Havana for the young and gallant officer,—a tribute to his worth we could not have expected from the Spanish. The *Herman* brig has sailed from Key West, to meet the *Casilda*, another Spanish frigate, cruising off that port.

TABLE-TALK.

Mr. Brougham was speaking at one o'clock on Tuesday morning, at the Liverpool dinner, and on Wednesday morning, he was walking in Westminster hall. [This is looked on with wonder by the Londoners; but there appears to be a chance for some shuffling in this instance. From London to Liverpool is about 200 miles,—and the time that expired, according to the terms, may have been 35 hours. Now, at the usual rate of steam boat conveyance, a gentleman might leave Albany for New-York, attend a publick dinner there, and come back again with his printed speech in his pocket, a distance of more than 300 miles, in the same period of time.]

—(Q) Ladies! do you know that the present is a leap year? Well,—are you aware of the *privileges* the year confers on you by law?—for what was “*Commun Lawe*” two hundred years ago, must be so yet. The following is extracted from an old volume, printed in 1606, entitled “*Courtship, Love, and Marriage*.”—“Albeit, it hath nowe become a Parte of the *Commun Lawe*, in Regard to the social Relations of Life, that as often as every besextile Year doth return, the Ladies have the sole Privilege, during the Time it continueth, of making Love unto the Men, which they may do either by Wordes or Lookes, as unto them it semeth proper: and more over no Man will be entitled to the Benefit of Clergy who dothe refuse to accept the Offers of a Ladye, or who dothe in any wise treat her Proposal with Slight or Contumely.” [Beware, ye bachelors; the campaign is already begun, and the Lord only knows how many troops are in the field, or where the first assault may be made.]—Near Worcester, England, may be seen the following notice to deter trespassers on certain grounds:—“Steel traps and spring guns are set in these grounds. N. B. If a man is caught in this trap, it will break a horse’s leg.”—It is stated in a letter from Holland, that last year, in a population of more than six millions, there were but two executions.—A widower, 45 years of age, in one of the New-York morning papers, advertises for an interchange of sentiments with a lady of congenial feelings and disposition. By his address being directed to widows, we take it for granted that all unmarried ladies are interdicted.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Saturday, Feb. 23. In senate, the following bills were read a third time and passed: to authorize and regulate the inspection of shingles; to prevent the destruction of fish in Beach pond, situated in the counties of Westchester and Putnam. The remainder of the day was spent in a discussion of the bill to fix the salaries of the chancellor and justices of the supreme court.

In assembly, the following bills were read a third time and passed; to amend the charter of the New-York hospital; to alter the time of holding the annual meeting of the supervisors in the county of Orleans; for the construction of a lateral canal from the Cayuga and Seneca canal to East Cayuga village; providing for the building of a bridge over Oak Orchard Creek in the county of Orleans.

Monday, Feb. 25. In senate, it was resolved, that a committee be appointed to inquire and report upon the expediency of repealing the charter of the Life and Fire insurance company, the Hudson insurance company, the Mount Hope loan company, the United States lombard association, and the Franklin manufacturing company of the city of New-York. The bill authorizing the supervisors of Jefferson county to levy a tax, was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, Mr. Savage gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill effectually to suppress the exhibition of shows. A return was received from the savings bank in Brooklyn; ordered printed.

Tuesday, Feb. 26. In senate, resolved, that the canal board report to the senate the amount of the various kinds of property which passed Buffalo, Port Byron, Utica and West Troy on the Erie and Champlain canals during the last year. The bill to fix the salaries of the chancellor, justices of the supreme court, and circuit justices, was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, the bill to incorporate the *Monroe Bank* was finally passed, yeas 90, noes 12; 26 members absent. An act for the relief of Louisville academy was read a third time and passed. On motion of Mr. Granger, resolved that the canal board be requested to embrace in their report under the resolution of this house of the 19th inst., their opinion of the repairing of the Buffalo harbour, and whether the same should be considered as attached to the Erie canal. The bill for the payment of certain moneys to the minor children of Dr. WITT CLINTON, elicited a debate in committee of the whole that occupied the attention of the house the remainder of the day. The bill passed the committee, and was ordered engrossed for a third reading.

Wednesday, Feb. 27. In senate, it was resolved that the petition of Stephen Ross and others, for a side cut of the canal near Lansingburgh, be referred to the canal commissioners, with direction to report to the senate their opinion thereon, and the effect that the said canal may have upon the interests of the state.

In assembly, a communication was received from the comptroller transmitting a report from the commissioners of the fund for the relief of the sufferers on the Niagara frontier, during the late war, and referred to a select committee. A bill for the relief of James Mallory and others was read a third time and passed. The remainder of the day was spent in debating on the bill for the payment of certain moneys to the minor heirs of Dr. WITT CLINTON, which was read a third time, and lost; but a motion for reconsideration was unanimously adopted, consequently the bill still lies on the table.

Thursday, Feb. 28. In senate, the bill to divide the town of Halfmoon, in Saratoga county was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, reports were received from the Middle district bank, and the bank of Albany; ordered printed. Bills read a third time and passed: for the relief of the vestry of St. John’s church in Brooklyn; authorizing the canal commissioners to pay Asa Broadwell the balance due to him; granting additional powers to the commissioners of the land office; to correct an error in an assessment in the fourth ward of the city of Albany; and to incorporate the Hudson horticultural society. The house then resolved itself into a committee of the whole, Mr. D. M. Wescott in the chair, on the bill to suppress duelling. Much debate and some political cross-firing followed till after the usual hour of adjournment, on the motion of Mr. Williams to lay the bill on the table, which was lost. The report of the committee was finally agreed to, and the bill was ordered engrossed for a third reading.

Friday, Feb. 29. In senate, the annual report of the regents of the university, accompanied by the returns of most of the incorporated academies, of meteorological observations taken at their respective institutions, was received and ordered printed.

In assembly, returns were received from the bank of America, the City bank, the Union bank, the Merchants bank, and the Farmers’ bank in the city of New-York, and a report from the Dutchess county bank, which were severally ordered printed. Bills read a third time and passed: relative to the Fulton bank in the city of New-York; and to suppress duelling.

POETRY.

STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL SIR PETER PARKER.

BY LORD BYRON.

There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
And triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is sorrows purest sigh
O'er ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
All earth becomes their monument!

A tomb is theirs on every page,
An epitaph on every tongue;
The present hour, the future age,
For them bewail,—to them belong.

For them the voice of festal mirth
Grows hushed, their name the only sound;
While deep remembrance pours to worth
The goblet's tributary round.

A theme to crowds that knew them not,
Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be,
And early valour, glowing, find
A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bled with thee
In wo, that glory can not quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.
When shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear thy cherished name?
Time can not teach forgetfulness,
When grief's full heart is fed by fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
They can not choose but weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

CAUTION FOR YOUTH.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

My little dears, who learn to read,
Pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed,
Which people call a pun.
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found
How simple an offence
It is to make the self-same sound
Afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*,
Your *aunt* an *ant* may kill,
You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*,
And *Bill* may pay the *hill*.
Or if to France your bark you steer,
At Dover it may be,
A *peer* appears upon the *pier*,
Who, blind, still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say, when to a treat
Good friends accept our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat,
Should eat their *meat* when meeting.
Brawn on the *boards* no *bore* indeed,
Although from *bow* prepared;
Nor can the *fowl* on which we feed
Foul feeding be declared.

Thus one ripe fruit may be a *pear*,
And yet be *pared* again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare,
Until we do explain.
It therefore should be all your aim
To speak with simple ease;
For who, however fond of game,
Would choose to swallow *hair*?

A fat man's *gait* may make us smile,
Who has no *gate* to close!

The farmer sitting on his *stille*,
No *stylish* person knows.
Perfumers men of *scents* must be;
Some *Scilly* men are bright;
A *brown* man oft *deep read* we see,
A *black* a wicked *wight*.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have,
However vulgar they;
And actors still the harder slave,
The oftener they *play*.
So poets can't the *baize* obtain,
Unless their tailors choose;
While grooms and coachmen not in vain
Each evening seek the *meas*.

The *dyer* who by *dying* lives,
A *dire* life maintains;
The glazier, it is known, receives
His profits from his *panes*.
By gardeners *thyme* is *tied* 'tis true,
When Spring is in its prime;
But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you
If you are *tied* to *time*.

Then now you see, my little dears,
The way to make a pun;
A trick which you, through coming years,
Should sedulously shun.
The fault admits of no defence;
For wheresoe'er 'tis found,
You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense*,
The *sense* is never *sound*.

So let your word and actions too,
One single meaning prove;
And, just in all you say or do,
You 'll gain esteem and love;
In mirth and play no harm you 'll know,
When duty's task is done;
But parents ne'er should let you go
Un-pun-ished for a pun.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

"Daughter of heaven, fair art thou, &c."

OSSIAN.

Daughter of beauty, born of heavenly race,
Sweet is the silence of thy midnight face,
Fair in the east appears thy silvery ray,
The gems of evening hail thee on their way,
The bending clouds their darker tints destroy,
Smile in thy face, and brighten into joy.
Who, in the sky, can match the queen of night?
The stars obscured are feeble in thy sight;
Far from thy glance a bashful mien they keep,
And hide their eyes like modesty asleep;
Where, when thy face of beauty melts away,
Where dost thou fly, and whither dost thou stray?
Hast thou a hall like Ossian there to go,
Or dost thou dream within the shade of wo?
Hath every sister lost a heavenly throne,
Or why, at eve, rejoicest thou alone?
Yes, sweetest beam, thy glories now are low,
And soft thou leavest heaven to tell thy wo!
But thou shalt also know eternal wane,
The twilight sky shall court thy steps in vain;
Thy sinking in the west no more to rise,
Will cause the stars to triumph in the skies;
They, whom thy lovely beams could once destroy,
Will lift their heads, and weave the song of joy!

MATRIMONIAL FELICITY.

FROM THE NEW-YORK COLLEGIATE MISCELLANY.

"But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their being blend;
'Tis harmony itself that binds their peace."

THOMPSON.

"Think you a little din can daunt mine ears,
That you do tell me of a woman's tongue?"

SHAKESPEARE.

The devil was missing one Sunday morn;
And where do you think he tarried?
Why! in the house ('tis true as you're born)
Of a couple newly married.

He liked it at first: and why, forsooth?
They were so kind and so loving!
Ergo, so happy, (for that's a truth
Which never, you know, needs proving)—

That he longed between them, like Adam and Eve,
A trouble or two to be sowing,
For no bad purpose, I'd have you believe,
But to keep his hand agoing.

But scarce had he made himself at home,
When he saw that a storm was brewing;
Satan wondered to see it work and foam;
Said he,—“this is none of my doing.

“This beats!—why below I've never heard such,
Where they halloo with might and main.
I'm used to a noise,—but too much is too much!
So I 'll even pop down again!”

OMNIPRESENCE.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MORNING COURIER.

And art thou here—Eternal!—thou
Before whose thunder-circled brow
The spirit eyes of heaven
In silence bow—upon whose throne
May never gaze the living one—
Whose morn and even,
And day and year, and first and last,
Are one eternity,
While time rolls on, unheeded past
The great immensity—
Whose will the sea's strong confines broke,
At whose light whisper death awoke—
Oh, where may be
Thy all-terrible lordliness,
While earth is with thy presence blessed?

Tremble, vain mortal, in thy pride,
At the Jehovah by thy side.
The lightnings' flash from yonder sky
Are to the glances of his eye
A feeble beam:
One ray from the eternal fane
Would wither, turn to dust again
Existence's dream
Ye need not rise in trembling to
Yon azure sphere;
Ye need not seek his shrine below
To find him here,—
But by the path and by the bed
Jehovah deigns with dust to tread.

Oh, if when pleasure's cup is full,
Thy world so bright and beautiful
Should win idolatry,—
Quick wrap in clouds the fairy scene,
And snatch each loved one from between
Us and thy majesty.

NORRIS.

FOUND IN AN ANCIENT ENGLISH CHURCH-YARD.

Here lies the bodie of old Will Loveland,
He's put to bed at last with a shovel, and
Eased of expenses for raiment and food,
Which all his life tyme he would fain have eschewed:
He grudged his house keeping—his children's support,
And laid in his meates of the cage magge sorte;
No fyshe or fowle touched he, when 'twas dearly bought,
But a green taile, or herrings, a score for a groate.

No friend to the nee'tv.

His wealth gathered speedy,
And he never did naught but evil;
He lived like a hogg,
And dyed like a dogg,
And now he rides post to the devil.

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NO. 6.

MASONICK RECORD.

ODE,

For the opening of the Masonick Hall, New-York, 5827.

Can costliest gems that grace a monarch's brow,
Or waving plumes on the proud victor's crest;
Can aught on earth such heaven born joy bestow,
As that which *lives* within a mason's breast?
Best gift of the Eternal Good,
Bond of the enlightened Brotherhood!

The sympathy that yields a smile or tear,
As fortune doles the various lot to man;
To virtuous suffering bends the attentive ear,
And as the tale unfolds extends the hand,
With the warm grasp of Brotherhood
And bounty of the Eternal Good.

What cheers the path through life's uneven vale,
Whether suns brighten or black clouds descend;
What guides our bark through zephyr or through gale,
And bids us still with holy hope depend
On him the great Eternal Good,
Whose arm protects the Brotherhood?

And while this day an altar we erect,
In order due, taught by the widow's son,
In honour of the world's Grand Architect,
Like our wise Master, Royal Solomon,
We'll bow before the Eternal Good,
With praises from the Brotherhood.

The orphan's cry, the widowed mother's prayer,
Within these walls shall ne'er be heard in vain;
The rightful objects of the lodge's care,
Their tears shall cease, and smiles shall beam again.
Such duty hath the Eternal Good
Enjoined upon the Brotherhood.

And, as in ancient times our chosen band,
With cleaving day and pillar of fire by night,
Were guided to the promised land,
So shall the consecrated Sons of Light
Still trust in him the Eternal Good
Whose presence guides the Brotherhood.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MASONRY.

An Address on the Principles of Masonry, delivered in the Church at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the Anniversary of St. John the Baptist, June 24, A. L. 5823, at the request of the Lodge, No 4:

BY AMOS KENDALL.

(Concluded from p. 26.)

Brethren, there is no vice more easily contracted, more difficult to conquer, or more fatal to all the nobler parts of man, than intemperance. It would seem, that the grand enemy of our race, could not have invented a more effectual weapon to extirpate from the human bosom, all propensity to goodness, and present man as a being degraded and lost beyond redemption. Fenced round with temperate habits, many virtues flourish in the human heart, yielding the fruits of peace and joy. But the maddening draught breaks down every barrier which philosophy, masonry or religion erects, lets in every loathsome and destructive vice, and doubly ruins man. Heaven has placed reason in the watchtower of the human frame, as the wakeful sentinel to guard the avenues of our souls and repel the inroads of appetite and passion. But he who takes the intoxicating cup, stabs this faithful sentinel, throws open the citadel of his heart, and yields himself a willing victim to the enemies of his nature. How did Alexander weep over his murdered friend, whom in a drunken, furious mo-

ment, he had stabbed! How does every intemperate man mourn over the follies, the vices, and the crimes, into the commission of which, this habit leads him! Whether we regard it as reducing the man of sense to the simplicity of a child, or rousing the peaceful citizen to the fury of a madman, or casting God's image, a senseless beast, into the grovelling dirt, this vice is every way loathsome and detestable. How can man respect or woman love a drunkard, a brute so lost! What regard can he have for a wife, children, friends or country? In sober moments, must he not look with utter loathing even on himself, and be acutely conscious, that he does not deserve the respect, protection or society of men!

Masonry condemns this vice in the severest terms. Its practice is hostile to all her principles, and utterly prostrates all her benign influences. Her gentle admonitions are drowned in the noise of a debauch, and she ceases to reason with the intoxicated madman. To attempt exciting a sense of virtue and decency among cups, is as vain as attempting to drown the rattling thunder with the musick of the lute. Masons should avoid this vice as a deadly enemy. Its approaches are artful and insidious. There is a kind of gentlemanly drunkenness, which sometimes presents us the silly, good natured shadows of respectable citizens walking our streets, half beasts and half men—beasts, with the power of speech! Is there any thing great, good or honourable in this? I pity degraded reason when I see it thus, and wish from my heart, that the bodies from which it is so nearly expelled, might, for a time, assume the hoofs and hair of that quadruped to which their minds are so analogous. How can a man thus degrade himself, as if there were pleasure or honour in playing the brute? Masons who do it repeatedly and habitually, show little respect for the principles they profess, and prove themselves unworthy of our order.

Not second to this vice, is the practice of profanity. For using the name of Deity on every trivial occasion, there is no excuse. If the profane man disbelieve the existence of a God, how ridiculous it is to swear by his name! If he believe it, how horrible is his crime! The mason has not the paltry apology of the atheist, and cannot shield himself from criminality, under the poor plea that he has merely been ridiculous; for in becoming a mason, he solemnly acknowledges his belief in the existence of a Deity. That very book which he has adopted as the rule of his faith, tells him in Sinai's thunders, "thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;" and in the christian dispensation, it says to him in milder tones, "swear not at all." With the admission that God exists, and with these injunctions from his own mouth, how can a mason be profane! When he looks round and sees all nature, in the spirit of harmony and benevolence, from her hills and dales, in her winds and clouds, from her sun, planets and stars, shout a God, how can he use that sacred name, which ought never to be uttered but with love and reverence, to give bitterness to angry curses, or add importance to the most trivial remark? If some masons believe what they profess, how thoughtless, or how heaven-daring is their conduct! If, without thinking of the Great Supreme, they use his sacred name, they are *criminally thoughtless*; and if they do think of him, they are *bidding heaven defiance*, and attempting to *hurl back the Thunderer's bolt*! The Bible tells us, that "for every idle word, God will bring us into judgement." What then will be the fate of those who wilfully and perseveringly use a

word infinitely worse than idle! My brethren, if any of you are addicted to this vice, it is your duty instantly to abandon it. Every time you needlessly utter the name of God, you violate the principles of masonry, and break a direct command of God himself.

Masonry is not confined to things present, nor from man only does she look for a reward. The happiest life is often chequered with good and evil, and an unjust world sometimes covers the most virtuous actions with infamy. But masons should not be influenced by the plaudits or the censures of a moment. It is painful to a good heart to bear the scorn of mankind; but what is that to the pangs of guilt! If a virtuous action bring censure and a virtuous one praise, which should a good mason or a good man choose? What is censure to a pure heart? It may give pain; but it cannot kindle the consuming fire of self-condemnation. What is praise to a guilty soul! It is oil poured upon glowing coals. But rewards and punishments are not equal here, and masonry as well as religion points to another world, where all shall receive strict justice, tempered only with mercy to the repenting soul. It shews us a ladder spanning with the rounds of Faith, Hope and Charity from earth to heaven. After having mounted that ladder, when Faith is lost in sight, Hope is swallowed up in fruition, and Charity alone remains, it is then and there, the perfect mason finds the reward of all his toils and sufferings. You have participated in a masonick funeral. You have thrown sprigs of evergreen into the grave of a deceased brother. Did those sprigs inculcate no lesson? Did the act of casting them into the narrow mansion, seem as indifferent to you as the rattling of the clods upon the coffin? No; if you thought as a mason, it was the evidence of your hope that our deceased brother was not left there to rot, but was then flourishing an *immortal evergreen* on the mountains of eternal light, beneath a sky whose sun-beams are love and whose showers are charity.

It is solemn to be the actors in such a scene; but what is that to being its object! Each one of us, my brethren, must be stretched in the black coffin, lifeless and pale, and yonder sun's light shut out from us forever. We must be borne to the grave and let down by others' hands into the damp, narrow mansion. Sprigs of evergreen, wet with affection's tears, will drop around us, and clods will rattle on our coffins, as if knocking at death's door to welcome a returned brother clod. Nothing but a pile of earth will witness where we are, and in a few revolving years even that will sink, and men with careless foot will tread above our heads, unconscious that a fellow mortal sleeps below. Ah, what a sleep is that! How dreadful, how mysterious, and how long! When shall we awake! how will this world then look! and what will be our destiny! To prepare for these scenes is the business of life. Our residence on earth is but a pilgrimage which we are directed to make, not like the Mussulman's, to visit and decorate the senseless marble which contains the ashes of a deceased prophet; but to discipline our own hearts and scatter joy and happiness through the whole extent of our journey.

My brethren, forms are important because they cover substance; but while we observe the forms, let us not forget the substance of masonry. Our principles teach us to forgive injuries and live as brothers, admonishing each other with mildness and correcting each others' faults with charity. Are these duties performed! Can we receive every

mason as a brother! Can we forgive all injuries, bury revenge, extinguish hatred, and do good to him who has injured us? Alas! how obstinate is the heart of man! how unwilling to submit to those rules, the excellence and justice of which it readily acknowledges; how ready to rebel against the dictates of reason and philosophy, and the injunctions of masonry and religion! But it becomes us to struggle with our evil propensities, check every unruly passion that invades our hearts, and endeavour to bear about us that serenity of mind which pervades heaven. Then will the performance of every duty be accompanied with a foretaste of our celestial reward. Then, resting on Hope's firm anchor and spreading the wings of Faith, we may hail death as a kind angel who cuts the cords that bind us to life's torturing rack, and soar above the starry canopy, where the bright gates of the celestial temple wide unfolding, will receive us into the blissful presence of our Eternal Grand Master.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a special meeting of the *Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the State of Maryland*, convened at the Masonick Hall, in Baltimore, the 21st day of February, A. L. 5828—

The M. E. Grand High Priest announced to the Grand Chapter the great loss that the Masonick Family, and especially the companions of this degree, have sustained in the sudden translation from his sphere of usefulness here, to the Grand Chapter above, of our distinguished companion, the M. E. DE WITT CLINTON, General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons in these United States; and this Grand Chapter being duly impressed and bowed down by this bereavement, with which it hath pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to afflict them: therefore

Resolved, that this Grand Chapter sincerely sympathize with the General Grand Chapter and the Masonick Fraternity at large, together with the family of the deceased, in the death of the illustrious companion DE WITT CLINTON.

Resolved, that in token of our estimation of his character and virtues, and grief for the loss of our distinguished companion and General Grand High Priest, the Grand Chapter Room be clothed in mourning for six months.

Resolved, that the M. E. Grand High Priest be requested to transmit a copy of these proceedings to the General Grand Chapter, and to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the several papers of this city. By order,
TH. PHENIX, G. Sec'y.

The Holy and Undivided Trinity Encampment in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, convened on the evening of the 21st February, when the following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, that, most highly appreciating the character and merits of DE WITT CLINTON, our distinguished countryman, late Governor of New-York, and General Grand Master of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, we, the members of the Holy and Undivided Trinity Encampment located in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, do most cordially unite with the Sir Knights of associated encampments in lamenting the decease of this our illustrious Commander and most eminent Sir Knight.

Resolved, that as an expression of our esteem the Encampment and its furniture be decked with the usual badges of mourning, to continue six months from this date. Extract from the minutes.
ROBERT PIGGOT, Recorder.

At a meeting of *Enos Lodge* No. 323, at the Masonick Hall, in Bath, Steuben county, February 25, A. L. 5828:—

Resolved, that the members of this Lodge sincerely deplore the death of our eminent and worthy brother, DE WITT CLINTON, late governor of this state.

Resolved, that we lament this afflictive dispensation, not merely from the masonick virtues and elevation of the deceased, but from a high sense of his publick and private worth, as exemplified in the numerous responsible stations to which he has been repeatedly called by the voice of his fellow citizens,

and which he has filled with such distinguished honour to himself and to his country.

Resolved, that we fully approve the proceedings of the meeting of our fellow citizens, held on Thursday evening last, and that, as a testimony of respect to the memory of the departed GREAT MAN, we will wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm, for thirty days.

Resolved, that these proceedings be signed by the secretary, and published.
REUBEN ROBIE, Sec'y.

At an emergent meeting of the members of *Olive Branch Chapter*, No. 99, and *Bloomburgh Lodge*, No. 310, held at the lodge room in Bloomburgh, Sullivan county, February 16, 5828; M. E. Samuel G. Dimmick in the chair.

A communication having been received of the very sudden death of the R. W. MARTIN HOFFMAN, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of this State,—and of the R. W. DE WITT CLINTON, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of this State, and M. E. H. P. of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, it was on motion of Comp. A. C. Niven,

Resolved, that we deeply deplore the loss which we have sustained by the decease of our Past Grand Masters DE WITT CLINTON, and MARTIN HOFFMAN, whose virtues and talents, as men and as masons, have shed a lustre upon the masonick institution.

Resolved, that as a mark of regard for the memory of these illustrious dead, the brethren and companions of this lodge and chapter, together with all sojourning brethren and companions, be recommended to assume the usual badge of mourning for sixty days.

At an extra meeting of *Sullivan Lodge*, No. 272, convened at the lodge room in the village of Monticello, Sullivan county, February 19, 5828:—

Resolved unanimously, that the brethren of this lodge, as a testimony of their respect and affection for their deceased brother, DE WITT CLINTON, and of heartfelt sorrow for his sudden and ever to be lamented loss, will assume the usual badge of mourning, by wearing crape on the left arm for thirty days.

At a meeting of the *Niagara Royal Arch Chapter* and *Western Star Lodge*, of the village of Buffalo, in the county of Niagara, convened on the 18th Feb. for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of paying due respect to the memory of our illustrious fellow citizen and brother, DE WITT CLINTON, late Governor of this State and General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, who departed this life at the city of Albany on the 11th inst:—

Resolved, that the companions and brothers of this chapter and lodge, assemble on Thursday, the 21st inst. at the lodge room in Buffalo, and from thence proceed to the Episcopal church, when an eulogy will be pronounced on the talents and virtues of the deceased, and that the companions and brethren of the neighbouring chapters and lodges, and brethren generally, are respectfully invited to unite with us in celebrating the funeral obsequies of our deceased brother.

Resolved, that the companions and brethren of this chapter and lodge, will wear crape on the left arm for thirty days, and that the neighbouring brethren be invited to do the same. By order.

J. G. CAMP, B. WILCOX,
B. CARYL, D. BURTON,
Z. BARKER, G. W. ALLEN,
M. CASE, Committee.

At an adjourned meeting of the *Niagara Chapter* and *Western Star Lodge*, held on the evening of the 18th February, 5828, it was further

Resolved, that the lodge room be dressed in mourning, for the space of three months, in honour of the deceased, and as a testimony of deep regret for his sudden death.

Resolved, that the citizens of the village of Buffalo, and the surrounding country, who feel disposed to unite in the solemnities of the day, be invited to attend on the above occasion. By order of the committee.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

TALMA'S HEART.

The great French tragedian died of stricture of the rectum, which reduced that intestine to the diameter of three lines, causing great accumulation above it and ultimately rupture of the coats, with effusion into the peritoneal cavity. He laboured under another complaint, however, which must, sooner or later, have caused his death, and which is more interesting, as having been more immediately connected with his profession. The heart adhered to the pericardium at its apex, forming a dark coloured tumour, connected with the ventricle, and which in reality was a true aneurism. The walls of this sac appeared to consist of the pericardium and serious membrane of the heart glued together, and containing layers of fibrin, while the muscular fibres of the ventricle, considerably attenuated, were partially extended over the tumour. The size of the aneurism was about that of a small egg; it had displaced the point of the left ventricle, which was thus thrown a little forward. The origin of this pathological condition of the heart, which was not suspected during his late illness, may perhaps fairly be dated from the following occurrence related by Talma's family. Some years ago after great exertion in playing the character of *Hamlet*, he suddenly felt a sensation of burning heat in the region of the heart, and a sensation which lasted one or two days, but which did not attract any serious attention. From this time he frequently suffered from palpitation, particularly after professional exertions. It is probable that, in a mind like Talma's, passions though artificially excited by the cunning of the scene, and the intense and absorbing manner in which he entered into the character he represented, may have produced the same effect upon his frame, as moral impressions, from external causes, are wont to do to others; thus assimilating in their effects the real and imaginary in the miseries of life. It is probable, too, that had this great tragedian not laboured under the obstruction which proved fatal, he would have expired in one of those tempests of passion which held the spectators in dreadful admiration, and thus (to borrow the enthusiastic language of his countrymen) he would have died *au milieu de la gloire*.

[London Medical Gazette.]

SHEEP AND WOOL.

[Further translated from the "Bulletin des Sciences."]

Dry pastures, fallow lands and lands covered with stubble afford the best nourishment for sheep. The plants and grasses that grow on marshy, wet soils, commonly contain acid, deleterious substances, which occasion diseases. Disorders are also produced by the grass being too often wet by the dew, or by frequent rains. Many sheep farmers believe that their flocks have no need of drink when they are in pastures. This opinion is erroneous. It is seldom that plants contain juice enough to quench their thirst. [There are different opinions on this subject here as well as in Germany. We have known sheep kept in a pasture, where there was no water, for six or eight weeks in succession, in a dry season; they appeared to thrive, and when put into another pasture where there was water, manifested no desire to drink.]

Acorns and the leaves of the elm and poplar are excellent food in the winter, to correct the disposition which sheep may have to the scab and other diseases. Many people give their sheep grain in order to increase their gain in wool. They are in error; grain increases the greasiness and quantity of the wool, but makes it coarser, and thereby diminishes the value of the fleece. Sheep require cleanliness and air: in dry weather they do not need to be shut up, for they fear the cold less than any other animal. The practice of keeping sheep confined amongst heaps of manure, deprived of air and exercise, is a fatal one.

M. Ribbe speaks of the small pox (*petite-verole*), prevailing among the sheep in Germany, and says vaccination is the best means of preserving them from it. He does not think that salt is indispensable for sheep.

The greatest market for wool is that of Breslau, in Prussian Silesia. The quantity brought to the fairs in that city in June and October, 1820, was

190,000 bales. There are annual fairs for the sale of wool, &c. at Berlin, Dantzic, Magdeburg, Leipzig, Bautzen, Vienna, Pest, &c. Much of the wool of Germany is exported to England.

[Hampshire Gazette.]

CASE OF PRECOCIOUS GROWTH.

Bar Eckhofefer was born in 1806, of healthy and robust parents, of ordinary stature. Her mother had had six children, all of whom had been very strong. At birth, the subject of the present account was twenty-three inches long, and weighed about two pounds more than an ordinary infant. The fontanels of the cranium were not ossified. The growth of the child was very rapid. From the eighth day the mother's milk was deemed insufficient, and broth was given to it. Fifteen days after birth, four teeth appeared; but, excepting the unusual growth of the child, nothing extraordinary was remarked, until the seventh month. At this time she was weaned, and although her food was not of a very digestible quality, her health continued uninterrupted. She now began to walk. The incisor teeth now protruded through the gums, and the hair, which had hitherto been fair, became brown, and grew so fast as to reach the middle of the back. At nine months old she exhibited every sign of puberty. After the ninth month she did not for some time grow with such rapidity, but at six years of age she was three feet nine inches in height, and weighed 4 pounds (Venetian weight.) In the 12th year she died of fever.

[London Medical Gazette]

EXTERNAL APPLICATION OF INTERNAL MEDICINES.

M. Bally, physician of La Pitie, continues to experiment on this subject. He considers that, as obstacles frequently present themselves to the internal exhibition of medicines, we ought to seek some other plan. The epidermis would, in most instances, prove a great obstacle to the introduction of medicines through the skin; this, therefore, is removed by the previous application of a blister, to permit more free absorption. The following are some of the principal results:—The salts of morphine quickly show their influence on the brain and nervous system. The pupils contract, the eyes become brilliant dysurid and ischurid: nausea and vomiting freely are sometimes induced. A sense of itching exists to a troublesome degree, chiefly in the nasal fossæ, and frequently numerous papulæ appear on the skin. The extract of Belladonna rubbed on the dorsal side of the feet, produces all the effects which result from it when internally prescribed; such as extreme dilation of the pupils, and a diminution of the powers of vision. [London Paper.]

BONES OF THE MAMMOTH.

The fossil remains of this colossal animal lately discovered by our countrymen in the Burman empire, imbedded with those of the rhinoceros, ruminating animals, tortoises, and crocodiles, have given rise to much curious speculation among the geologists of France. It seems that up to this moment the mammoth's bones had never been discovered in equatorial regions. It was thought therefore, to have been designed by nature to inhabit cold countries, like the fossil elephant, which was discovered entire on the banks of the Lena, covered with a coat of thick fur. Geologists regard this discovery as very important, as it must give rise to fresh discussions and inquiries, which, if they determine nothing, will at least amuse for a while; and may, in the end, lead to something like a satisfactory conclusion.

ARTIFICIAL LEECHES.

This instrument has been invented by M. Salandiere, and acts as an equivalent to leeches. Its advantages consist in extracting the precise quantity of blood that is wanted to be taken from the patient; in withdrawing the fluid with every desirable degree of despatch and gentleness; in not causing that repugnance, which naturally attends the application of disgusting insects or worms; in not causing any injury; and, finally in being practicable in every station, climate, situation, and country. This instrument is manufactured at Paris by the Engineer Dumontiez. [Medical Repertory.]

THE GATHERER.

DRAMATIC SKETCH OF A THIN MAN.

A long lean man, with his limbs rambling—no way to reduce him to compass, unless you could double him like a pocket rule—he'd lie on the bed of Ware like a cross on a Good Friday bun—standing still, he is a pilaster without a base—he appears rolled out or run up against a wall—so thin that his front face is but a moiety of a profile—if he stands cross-legged, he looks like a Caduceus, and put him in a fencing attitude, you would take him for a piece of chevaux-de-frise—to make any use of him, it must be as a ponton or a fishing-rod—when his wife's by, he follows like a note of admiration—see them together, one's a mast and the other all hulk—she's a dome, and he's built together like a glass-house—when they part, you wonder to see the steeple separate from the chancel, and were they to embrace, he must hang round her neck like a skein of thread on a lace-maker's bolster—to sing her praise, you should choose a rondeau; and to celebrate him, you must write all Alexandrines.

[Moore's Life of Sheridan.]

ROGERS, LORD DUDLEY AND WARD.

The author of the "Pleasures of Memory" was not, when I knew him, some years ago, the indefatigable punster it is now the fashion to represent him. Even then, it was the fashion to liken the pale visage of the poet to all sorts of funeral things, *Tristissima mortis imago!* But Ward's (now Lord Dudley) were the most felicitous resemblances.—Rogers had been at Spa, and was telling Ward that the place was so full, that he could not so much as find a bed to lie in, and that he was obliged on that account, to leave it. "Dear me," replied Ward, "was there no room in the churchyard?" At another time, Murray was showing him a portrait of Rogers, observing, that "it was done to the life." "To the death, you mean," replied Ward.—Amongst other amusing sallies of the same kind, was his asking Rogers—"Why don't you keep your hearse, Rogers!—you can well afford it."

MASTER M'GOING'S MAXIMS.

[From the Boston Literary Gazette.]

If you have a puny enemy, buy him; if a potent one, beat him.

A debauchee is loved by only half of the world—a drunkard despised by the whole.

Post-notes are the best plaster for outward wounds, but the essence of Two-lips the sovereignest thing on earth for inward bruises.

Ambition has a keen scent, but a short sight; it can smell a crown, but sees not the hair-suspended sword above it.

Love never stands upon ceremony but vanity can never dispense with it.

Time may retrieve every thing—but nothing can retrieve time.

Reproach is like a harrow tooth—it opens interstices to sow the seeds of Repentance.

Political Colossuses in other countries are wonders, in ours weasels.

Modesty to the female character is like saltpetre to beef, imparting a blush while it preserves its purity.

Love is like a cat's paw;—it conceals its fangs till it has fastened on its prey.

HOW TO TREAT AN AUDIENCE.

An actor in a German Theatre, a short time ago, having been much hissed by the audience, and supposing it to arise from an unjust prejudice on their parts, suddenly came forward, and addressed them as follows:—"Gentlemen—It is evident that you have come here with a determination of hissing, abusing, and ridiculing me; this is your only intention—this is your only desire; mine is, that you may all break your necks in going out of the Theatre. I have not another word to say to you." He then, with the utmost coolness, continued his part. [Furet de Londres.]

CHARLES V.

When the emperor Charles the fifth retired from the throne, his habit of teasing mankind seems to have followed him into the convent. He was one

morning extremely solicitous to awaken a young monk to go to matins at a very early hour. The monk, scarcely roused by his efforts, said to him with some asperity, "Is it not enough for your majesty to have so long disturbed the peace of the universe, but must you also break in upon the repose of a poor insignificant monk?"

FACETIOUS PREACHERS.

There are some persons, who may think that, "Dullness is sacred in a sound divine,"

and that the most rigid austerity of manners should always be preserved in the pulpit. There has, however, been a species of preachers, who, while they enlightened and instructed their auditors by their moral obligations, and by teaching the great truths of Christianity, have done it by comparisons the most simple, and have even sometimes descended to amuse with their jokes. There are very few who have not heard of the Reverend Rowland Hill. In preaching a charity sermon at Wapping, he commenced by saying—"I come to preach to sinners—to great sinners,—yea, to wapping sinners." [Percy Anecdotes.]

DIVINE WORSHIP.

When Archbishop Fenelon was Almoner to Louis XIV. his majesty was astonished one Sunday to find, instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and his attendants, the priest, and the other officers of the chapel. "What is the meaning of this?" said the king; the prelate answered, "I caused it to be given out, that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day, in order that you might see, who came here to worship God, and who to flatter the king."

ART OF DRINKING WINE.

The order of taking wine at dinner has not been sufficiently observed in this country. "There is," as the immortal bard beautifully expresses it, "a reason in roasting eggs;" and if there is a rationale of eating, why should there not be a system of drinking? The red wines should always precede the white, except in the case of a French dinner, when the oysters should have a libation of Chablis, or Sauterne. I do not approve of white Hermitage with oysters. The Burgundies should follow—the purple Chambertin or odorous Romanee. A single glass of Champagne or Hock, or any other white wine, may then intervene between the Cote Rotie and Hermitage; and last, not least in our dear love, should come the cool and sweet-scented Claret. With the creams and the ices should come the Malaga, Rivesaltes, or Grenache; nor with these will Sherry or Madeira harmonize ill. Last of all, should Champagne boil up in argent foam, and be sanctified by an offering of Tokay, poured from a glass so small, that you might fancy it formed of diamond. [Literary Pocket Book.]

On a country shop Keeper.

Cottons and cambricks all adieu,
And muslins too farewell,
Plain, striped, and figured, old and new,
Three quarters, yard, or ell—
By yard and nail, I've measured ye,
As Customers inclined,
The Church yard has now measured me,
And nails my coffin bind—
But my kind and worthy friends,
Who dealt with me below,
I am gone to measure time's long end,
You'll follow me, I know.

SOVEREIGN REMEDIES.

For the gout, toast and water; for bile, exercise; for corns, easy shoes; for blue beavils, blue ruin; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for the toothach, pluck it out; for debt, oxalick acid; and for love, matrimony.

It was a maxim of Thomas Orr, Marquess of Dorset, "that never was that man merry that had more than one woman in his bed; one friend in his bosom; one within his heart;" and of the Icqmans, that "a good name is the embalming of the virtuous to an eternity of love and gratitude among posterity."

POPULAR TALES.

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

On the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning just at day-break, stood Dick Fitzgerald, "shogging the dudeen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists clearing away out of the valleys, went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth. "Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or may be the misfortune," said Dick, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me!—and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely, than a bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without musick, or the left leg of a scissars, or a fishing line without a hook, or any other matter that is no ways complete. Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm, and looked as bold, as ever Kerry witness did. But what was his astonishment, at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now the salt water shining on it, appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage. Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap, which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand, near her; and he had heard, that if once he could possess himself of the cap, she would lose the power of going away into the water: so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about, as natural as any christian. When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come of it. Yet he could not help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up, in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own. "Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that. Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand, by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell. "What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now, either that she could not speak, or did not understand him: he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it. The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and making an end of her whining all at once—"Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face, "Man, will you eat me?" "By all the red petticoats and checkaprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel! Is it I eat you, my pet!—Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!" "Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me, if you won't eat me?" Dick's thoughts were running on a wife: he saw, at the first glimpse, that she was hand-

some; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man, that settled the matter entirely. "Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion; "fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you mistress Fitzgerald before all the world; and that's what I'll do." "Never say the word twice," says she; "I'm ready and willing to be your's, Mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, till I twist up my hair." It was some time before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put the comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some words to the water that was close to the foot of the rock. Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea, going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along; and, says he, in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?" "It's nothing else," says she, quite carelessly, "I'm just sending word home to my father, not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind." "And who's your father, my duck?" says Dick. "What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? he's the king of the waves, to be sure!" "And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be. "Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father;—to be sure he has all the money that's down in the bottom of the sea!" "Money repeated the Merrow, "what's money?" "Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and may be now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?" "Oh! yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want." "To speak the truth, then," said Dick, "tis a straw bed I have at home before you; and that, I'm thinking, is no ways fitting for a king's daughter; so if 'twould not be displeasing to you, just mention a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets; but what am I talking about! may be you have not such things as beds down under the water!" "By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones." "You have," says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of—but clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan, to have bed and supper handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one, need never ask for the other." However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went, therefore across the Strand, from Gollerus to Ballyrunnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning. "There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his reverence looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry!—the Lord preserve us!—Send the scaly creature home to her own people, that's my advice to you, wherever she came from." Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it, but he thought for a moment, and then, says he—"Please your reverence, she's a king's daughter." "If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish." "Please your reverence," said Dick again, in an under tone, "she's as mild and as beautiful as the moon." "If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you Dick Fitzgerald," said the priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!" "But she has all the gold that's down in the sea only for the asking, and I'm a made man if I marry her; and," said Dick, looking up slyly, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job." "Oh! that alters the case entirely," replied the priest; "why there's some reason now in what you say: why didn't you tell me this before?—marry her by all means if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hanel of it as

another, that may be would not take half the pains in counseling you that I have done." So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus well pleased with each other. Every thing prospered with Dick—he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment. It was wonderful to see, considering where she had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for, at the end of three years there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl. In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days, if he had only the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick, has not had wit enough to do that. One day, when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle. Dick was no sooner gone, than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing net what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall, but her own *cohuleen driuth*. She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them. She sat down on a little stool, and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely; for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?" She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it, a tear trembled for an instant in her eye, and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself, until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand. The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun, and she thought she heard a faint sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind; and Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head, she plunged in. Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife, he asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange-looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him. Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to him, and nothing could ever persuade him but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "for," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children." While she was with him, she was so good a wife in every respect, that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country as the pattern for one, under the name of the LADY OF GOLLERUS.

REPOSITORY.

[From the Manuscript.]

THE ILLUSTRIOUS DEAD

All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest:
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost, when sweetest.

T. MOORE.

There is something sublimely affecting in the contemplation of the illustrious dead. We can follow ordinary persons to the grave, and hallow their sleeping remains; we can mingle our tears with the bereaved, and pour in their bleeding hearts the balm of consolation; but their death leaves no permanent impression, like the murmuring stream that washes the traces from the sand. But when we bend over

the ashes of those who towered among us as pyramids in wisdom and usefulness, whose path was illuminated by their genius and virtues, and whose life and departure have been consecrated by the prayers of thousands whom they have blessed; we almost feel as if the world had suffered a momentary shock, and we looked despairingly around to remedy the loss. The fall of a solitary rock, the prostration of a single edifice, may produce a momentary tremour; but it is only when the mountain totters, and the city is engulfed in ruins, that the soul is electrified with dismay.

This reverential homage to the memory of the truly great is the adoration which is paid to intelligence and virtue, and is, in some degree, an evidence of the immortality of the mind. It is not the unmeaning respect rendered to the individual, but to the principles which have elevated, the virtues which have adorned, and the benefits which have immortalized his character; and these consecrated by our best wishes and feelings, are embalmed in pious recollection, and preserved by the sculptor and historian from the shades of oblivion. Every nation has shed its tears over those who, having been sent by heaven to illuminate their country, have retired from the world, to give place to the exertions of others. They are like the stars of heaven, which as fast as one declines, others rise to diffuse their light. Great and good men may be indeed regarded, as the instruments of Providence in the melioration of the world. They are the moral angels deputed to enlighten and purify society, arouse the ambition dormant in the human breast, and fire, by their example, to brilliant and praiseworthy deeds, transmitting their blessing to the latest posterity. Yet they are never appreciated till their mortal career is closed. Familiarized with seeing them, with catching from their lips the treasures of intelligence, with living as it were in the sunshine of their superiority, we never knew their loss till they are set upon our sight, and every object around is involved in darkness. When we see the death-pall covering the ashes of the renowned, and a nation's tears are beheld falling upon their sod from the eyes of its noblest citizens, it is then they find "an epitaph in every mind, and a tomb in every heart." The instantaneous burst of feeling, "How can such men be dispensed with?" is answered by the reply—that the Omniscient has done this to convince us he can do without them—that his means are as endless as his purposes—that he can raise up others more powerful than they, and that he can render even their death instrumental in the furtherance of his designs.

In the death of illustrious men we view the imbecility of all human plans. So supremely dependent seems success on the efforts of human sagacity, that we calculate the issue, by the talents of those concerned. National prosperity appears identified with the genius of its statesmen, the policy of its rulers, and the mental powers of its literary men. All the light that streams from literature and science—all the social gifts which impart gladness to the domestic circle, and fill the soul with silent and unspeakable enjoyment—all the privileges which flow from the hallowed fountain of civil and religious liberty, are supposed entirely indebted to the wisdom and worldly prudence and the calculation of a few enlightened philosophers. But when the wisdom that should have counselled is speechless, and the influence which sustained it is palsied by the spear of death, when the genius that should have enlightened, is quenched in its orbit, and the heart that would have administered happiness, has frozen in its tabernacle who does not perceive the folly of dependences so frail, so flattering, and so false? When the enlightened statesman, on whom are suspended the destinies of his country, falls a victim to the destroyer, and the judicious policy he has pursued, bids fair to be blasted by the gathering political storm: when the eloquent counsellor who is both the guardian of justice and the advocate of suffering, is swept from the ranks which he ornaments as well as defends: when literature is bereft of its firmest and loftiest pillar: when the illustrious physician bows to the stroke which he has averted from the hearts of others; and when the useful divine, cut off in the prime of his usefulness, resigns the earthly for the heavenly fold of his Redeemer, are we not taught the fallacy of human policy, and the vanity of the

wisest calculations? These pillars are removed, that we may perceive that they are not our supporters:—These luminaries are quenched, that we may realize, they are not the source of wisdom. Powerful means, like these, must be used to eradicate our worldly dependence, and found our hopes on a better and more durable foundation. The heart be often wrung with disappointment, that the mind may contemplate a superintending Providence—an Omniscient Intelligence controlling our concerns, eliciting good from evil, light from darkness, and consolation from the thorns of sorrow.

The death of the illustrious tends to excite a spirit of publick sympathy. Oppressed by its own griefs, the heart is too selfish to feel for the publick weal, and make its interests, in any degree, its own. In lamenting the departure of a great man, devoted to the publick good, all are led to feel their relation to the community; and in sympathizing for the loss of one equally endeared to all, they foster a sympathetic spirit in the distresses of others. The illustrious dead are regarded as a sort of family relative. They are the ties which entwine the reserve of ignorance with the warmth of consanguinity, and connect the enjoyments of private life with those of the community. They are the common centres about which the publick hopes and fears revolve: and if they expire, like fallen stars, in darkness, while every eye is fastened on them, it is no wonder that the tears of mourning should stream from every eye.

In the demise of the great, we contemplate the intellectual glory to which they have been admitted. Though towering far beyond the mind of the multitude, they were still imperfect beings, dazzled by the same phantoms, deceived by the same hopes, and limited by the same narrow boundaries. Imbued with the literature and erudition of the age, they felt the infancy of mind, and the barriers which opposed its perfection. To suppose that those faculties are torpid, and those principles dead, would be an imputation on the goodness of the Supreme Being. It is a conclusion, warranted by supernatural testimony, that they have joined kindred spirits in the light of celestial intelligence, and are exercising their faculties in the highest possible perfection. As every thing in nature rises to its level, so the intellect of the pious will seek its own element in glory. Occupied in a sphere adapted to its capacities, the soul may cultivate its own peculiar taste, only freed from the corruptions enfeebling mortality. Why may not the distinguished in intellect mingle together in celestial unison, and "differing from others as other stars in glory," be especially favoured with the contemplation of those mysteries, to be hidden perhaps from less aspiring minds? What a refined association, when the bards of profane, shall mingle their pious songs with those of sacred poetry: when the holy historians, philosophers, and literaries of all ages and nations shall commune together in mind: when the wise, the eloquent, and the powerful of the earth, shall meet the apostles, the prophets, and the princes of inspiration! It will be an intellectual feast worthy of enkindling our most burning anticipations; for their expansion of faculty must equal their glory. No mortal eloquence can describe such a meeting! Not the loftiest angel could depict the heart-entrancing blessedness that must emanate from a state like this!

It is profitable to meditate upon the illustrious dead that the heart may be excited to imitate their virtues. We are more satisfied with admiring than rivaling the excellent. Cold sentiments evaporate from the lips, but virtuous principles seldom take root in the heart. We think that the height of the illustrious is too lofty to reach; and commending them for supernatural gifts, we are cowardly contented to occupy the valley. But we should remember, that the deservedly renowned are often more indebted to persevering industry, than remarkable mental endowments; and that it is in the cultivation of the faculty in which we excel, that we may be enabled to attain greatness of character. But it is not by a single step that the lofty mountain is ascended, but by gradual advances unremittingly up its side. Thousands that have gone before us, may ascribe their success to progressive attainments in wisdom and virtue; and myriads that will come after us, will arrive by the same road, to conspicuity.

What should then retard our pace, or intimidate our exertions? We are not required to pursue the bubble reputation, which breaks as soon as formed, but the honourable distinction of great and good men who laboured more to deserve than seek after fame. The example they have taught, shines before us like a pillar of fire, to encourage our advances. We feel the world trembling and crumbling beneath us; and we hear the deathbell of our hopes on every passing breeze. We see that nothing is immortal but lives devoted to usefulness and piety, in enlightening the wanderer, solacing the mourner, and alleviating the toils of the pilgrimage of life. Let no earthly fascination, no corrupting sentiment, no hollow example, seduce us from the narrow path, and plunge us into whirlpools of inevitable ruin. As citizens of heaven, aspiring after an immortal crown, let us vigorously press forward to our imperishable reward. Then, whether living in obscurity, we pine away in poverty and neglect: though our names are ungraven on obelisks, or monuments, yet we shall live in the affections of the amiable and the virtuous; we shall receive the commendation of the searcher of hearts; and on every bosom shall our epitaph be written:—

They have gone from the world in the light of their fame,
Like the star that is lost in the morning's pure flame,
The brightest that shone at even:
But they live in the home of the blessed on high,
And their star is now hid in the glorious sky,
By the holy light of heaven.

TO PRINTERS.

The following elegant and amusing paper was written in 1801, for the Boston Palladium, by Fisher Ames. It is well worth a re-publication annually, not only for its finished composition, but because it contains a sensible reproof to those caterers for the press who feed their readers with little else than dire catastrophes and horrible events, instead of occupying their columns with useful and necessary information; it is, moreover, still more applicable now, than it was twenty-seven years ago.

[Essex Register.]

It seems as if newspaper wares were made to suit a market, as much as any other. The starers, and wonderers, and gapers, engross a very large share of the attention of the sons of the type. Extraordinary events multiply upon us surprisingly. Gazettes, it is seriously to be feared, will not long allow room to any thing, that is not loathsome or shocking. A newspaper is pronounced to be very lean and destitute of matter, if it contains no account of murders, suicides, prodigies or monstrous births.

Some of these tales excite horror, and others disgust; yet the fashion reigns, like a tyrant, to relish wonders, and almost to relish nothing else. Is this a reasonable taste; or is it monstrous and worthy of ridicule? Is the history of Newgate the only one worth reading? Are oddities only to be hunted? Pray tell us, men of ink, if our free presses are to diffuse information, and we, the poor ignorant people, can get it no other way than by newspapers, what knowledge we are to glean from the blundering lies, or the tiresome truths about thunder storms, that, strange to tell! kill oxen or burn barns; and cats, that bring two-headed kittens; and sows, that eat their own pigs! The crowing of a hen is supposed to forebode euckoldom; and the ticking of a little bug in the wall threatens yellow fever. It seems really as if our newspapers were busy to spread superstition. Omens, and dreams, and prodigies, are recorded, as if they were worth minding. One would think our gazettes were intended for Roman readers, who were silly enough to make account of such things. We ridicule the papists for their credulity; yet, if all the trumpery of our papers is believed, we have little right to laugh at any set of people on earth; and if it is not believed, why is it printed?

Surely, extraordinary events have not the best title to our studious attention. To study nature or man, we ought to know things that are in the ordinary course, not the unaccountable things that happen out of it.

This country is said to measure seven hundred millions of acres, and is inhabited by almost six millions of people. Who can doubt, then, that a great many crimes will be committed; and a great many strange things will happen every seven years. There will be thunder showers, that will

split tough white oak trees; and hail storms, that will cost some farmers the full amount of *twenty shillings* to mend their glass windows; there will be taverns, and boxing matches, and elections, and gouging, and drinking, and love, and murder, and running in debt, and running away, and suicide. Now, if a man *supposes* eight, or ten, or twenty dozen of these amusing events will happen in a single year, is he not just as wise as another man, who reads fifty columns of amazing particulars, and, of course, knows that they have happened!

This state has almost one hundred thousand dwelling houses: it would be strange, if all of them should escape fire for twelve months. Yet is it very profitable for a man to become a deep student of all the accidents, by which they are consumed? He should take good care of his chimney corner, and put a fender before the back log before he goes to bed. Having done this, he may let his aunt or grandmother read by day, or meditate by night, the terrible newspaper articles of fires; how a maid dropped asleep reading a romance, and the bed clothes took fire; how a boy, searching in a garret for a hoard of nuts, kindled some flax; and how a mouse, warming his tail, caught it on fire, and carried it into his hole in the floor.

Some of the shocking articles in the papers raise simple, and very simple wonder; some terror; and some horror and disgust. Now what instruction is there in these endless wonders? Who is the wiser or happier for reading the accounts of them? On the contrary, do they not shock tender minds, and addle shallow brains? They make a thousand old maids, and eight or ten thousand booby boys, afraid to go to bed alone. Worse than this happens; for some eccentric minds are turned to mischief by such accounts, as they receive of troops of incendiaries burning our cities: the spirit of imitation is contagious; and boys are found unaccountably bent to do as men do. When the man flew from the steeple of the North church fifty years ago, every unlucky boy thought of nothing but flying from a sign-post.

It was once a fashion to stab heretics; and Ravallac, who stabbed Henry the fourth, of France, the assassin of the duke of Guise, and of the duke of Buckingham, with many others, only followed the fashion. Is it not in the power of newspapers to spread fashions; and by dinning burnings and murders in every body's ears, to detain all rash and mischievous tempers on such subjects, long enough to wear out the first impression of horror, and to prepare them to act what they so familiarly contemplate? Yet there seems to be a sort of rivalry among printers who shall have the most wonders and the strangest and most horrible crimes. This taste will multiply prodigies. The superstitious Romans used to forbid reports of new prodigies while they were performing sacrifices on such accounts.

Every horrid story in a newspaper produces a shock; but, after some time, this shock lessens. At length, such stories are so far from giving pain, that they rather raise curiosity, and we desire nothing so much, as the particulars of terrible tragedies. The wonder is as easy as to stare; and the most vacant mind is the most in need of such resources as cost no trouble of scrutiny or reflection: it is a sort of food for idle curiosity, that is ready chewed and digested.

On the whole, we may insist, that the increasing fashion of printing wonderful tales of crimes and accidents, is worse than ridiculous, as it corrupts both the publick taste and morals. It multiplies fables, prodigious monsters, and crimes, and thus makes shocking things familiar; while it withdraws all popular attention from familiar truths, because it is not shocking.

Now, Messrs. Printers, I pray the whole honourable craft, to banish as many murders, and horrid accidents, and monstrous births and prodigies from their gazettes, as their readers will permit them; and, by degrees, to coax them back to contemplate life and manners; to consider common events with some common sense; and to study nature where she can be known, rather than in those of her ways, where she really is, or is represented to be inexplicable.

Strange events are facts, and as such should be mentioned, but with brevity, and in a cursory man-

ner. They afford no ground for popular reasoning, or instruction; and therefore the horrid details, that make each particular hair stiffen and stand upright on the reader's head, ought not to be given. In short, they must be mentioned; but sensible printers and sensible readers, will think that way of mentioning them the best, that impresses them least on publick attention, and that hurries them on the most swiftly to be forgotten.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1828.

Annual Address before the Medical Society of the State of New-York; delivered February 6, 1828: by T. RO-MEYN BECK, M. D., President of the Society. pp. 23, 8vo. Websters and Skinners, Albany.

We have perused this pamphlet with no little interest. After a very brief and appropriate introduction the doctor assumes for the leading topic of his discourse the subject of Medical evidence in courts of justice. This naturally leads him to trace up the bearing and authority, the importance and necessity, and the provisions made in some countries for the purpose of having this evidence free from the injurious effects of too much discretion in judicial officers, or a deficiency of skill in the medical operator or inspector, in legal investigations.

He then speaks of the knowledge necessary to discharge conscientiously the duties required of a medical witness, and brings home the proper application to the members of the profession. In this point of his subject he is very clear, and produces the strongest evidence that a man may be a judicious, correct, and excellent practitioner of medicine, and yet be incompetent as a witness in certain cases. We shall quote the proposition of some regulations to avoid the evil resulting from such incompetency, in the doctor's own words.

"I have no novel proposition to offer on this subject. It is one that has been sanctioned by the experience of several continental countries, and has certainly led to the distribution of equal justice. It has done more. In the opinion of competent judges, it has led to the diminution of crimes, evidently from an apprehension of the certainty of their detection. I refer to the appointment of medical men in a county, a district, or a part of the state, who shall be specially charged with this duty.

"The first germ of this regulation appears in the German code which I have already noticed. It has for centuries, been the practice in Austria to appoint individuals to superintend these examinations and to report on them. In 1606, the illustrious Henry the Fourth of France, gave letters patent to his first physician, by which he conferred on him the power of appointing two surgeons in every city and important town, whose duty it should exclusively be to examine all wounded or murdered persons, and to report thereon. It was soon discovered that in many instances, the investigation would be incomplete, unless physicians were associated with them, and accordingly in 1692, this was ordained by the council of state. The form of the reports to be made by them, and the circumstances to be noticed, make a part of every work now published on the continent, concerning legal medicine.

"The advantages of thus designating individuals would seem to be striking and prominent. It would lead to more accurate study of the science. It would afford numerous and favourable opportunities of improving it. It would in a great degree, prevent that disputation about facts, which produces so many unpleasant collisions in courts of justice. It would spare to many, the performance of the most unpleasant duties, often amidst the circle of their practice, and hence liable to injure its extent or impair its usefulness. At present, under existing laws, all are liable to be summoned, yet as the calls to duty are rare, many neglect to prepare themselves. But under a different order of things, the incumbent, if assigned to a sufficiently large district, would be aware that his aid would be frequently required, and he would properly qualify himself for the task. He would also appear in a judicial capacity and in the discharge of his appointed duty, and would not be looked upon with that evil eye, which not unfrequently follows for years the physician, who it is insinuated, might have avoided the inquiry concerning the life of a neighbour.

"It speaks something for the suggestion which I have made, that even in England, wedded as they are to their institutions, and averse to borrow from other countries, a wish has sometimes been breathed in its favour by some of her writers.

"It may however be urged, that the time has not yet arrived for such an arrangement. If so, and we are to proceed according to former customs, it certainly appears ne-

cessary that examinations of the dead should be made with great deliberation and accuracy. And nothing can be more conducive to this end, than that two or more professional men should be associated together. They will assist each other not merely mechanically, but by suggesting various points of inquiry. While he, who is most skilled in anatomy, is pursuing his dissection, the other may note the appearances as they successively present themselves—and the same course may be adopted while performing chymical experiments. The advantage will thus be attained, of having a complete account prepared at the moment of observation, which may be afterwards reviewed both in coming to a decision on the case and in giving evidence before a jury. We all recognize the utility of discussion, in enabling us to weigh the merits of conflicting arguments, and the application of this may prevent many regrets, as well as prepare the mind for any difficulties that may be suggested. It should be recollected, that the opinion of a medical man before a coroner's jury, may consign an individual to a prison for months and heap on him the imputation of the most horrid crimes. How necessary then that his decision be strongly fortified by facts and by authority."

From a series of plain and at the same time truly philosophical directions to medical witnesses, he proceeds to canvass some points upon which the opinions of legal men are found to differ from the received medical authorities of the present day. He defends the hydrostatic test resorted to in cases of infanticide, from the doubts thrown upon it in consequence of the opposition made to it by Doctor William Hunter. He next very strenuously opposes the idea which legal men attach to the term a "lucid interval," in cases of insanity. The opinion, that an action which when committed by a sane person, would be criminal, is the same when perpetrated during the supposed lucid interval, he shows to be contrary to sound sense, as well as the opinion of most medical writers who have approached the subject. It is also opposed to the opinion of some eminent jurists, though hitherto the weight of opinion has preponderated against that held by medical writers. He then proceeds:—

"Leaving the consideration of these points, and which I fear has proved tedious, I proceed to mention that the medical witness is often placed in a delicate situation from the circumstances under which he is summoned. He is a witness for one or other party—for the prosecution or for the prisoner; and he is so summoned in the belief that his evidence will favour the side by which he is produced. It would be desirable, that at least the person who has made the previous examination before the coroner's jury, should be divested of this, so far as to enable him to give a full and fair statement of all the circumstances that make for either side. I am aware that he can now do so, and indeed his oath obliges him to it. He ought to put the judge and jury in possession of the "whole truth," even if he be not questioned to that extent. But often the technicalities of an examination, and particularly by an adverse counsel, overcome that self possession which is so essential. Pressed by perplexing questions, and probably irritated in his feelings, he is apt to make declarations more strongly corroborative of opinions that he has formerly advanced, and as his examination advances, he may incur the charge of being *biased*, more than facts will warrant.

"Would not this difficulty be avoided by having the written report to which I have referred, presented to the court, as the *medical facts in the case*? The examiner before the coroner's jury will always have time to prepare this deliberately and cautiously—he can state in it his doubts, and mention the circumstances which are favourable or unfavourable to the accused person. He can avoid all *imputations of being a partizan*, and having once signed it as his deliberate opinion, he ought of course not to be allowed to alter or amend without showing the most satisfactory reasons."

The address concludes by summing up the annals of the institution for the past year, in which the speaker hints at his predilections on some local divisions among the profession; but with a delicacy truly amiable and praiseworthy.

We will not be accused of venturing beyond our depth in giving our opinion of this work; for the style and manner are made perfectly comprehensible to the most limited capacity. It is not encumbered and obscured by any pedantick use of technical terms, but directly the contrary; a faculty of simplifying, and reducing scientific terms to common language, is discernible throughout. With the reputation of Doctor Beck the publick are already intimately acquainted, and in this instance he has given them no reason to call in question the share of applause they have heretofore awarded to the fruits of his scientific and literary researches.

Our legislative report is unavoidably postponed till our next.

FOREIGN. By the arrival of the *Sully*, Captain Macy, French dates to the 17th of January, and English to the 11th have been received. A change is certainly to be made in the British ministry, Lord Goderich having resigned, and the Duke of Wellington has the charge of forming a new cabinet. The same changes in the French cabinet continue to disappoint the expectations of the knowing ones. In Spain, the council of Castile has been warmly discussing the project of an act of amnesty. A majority is said to be in favour of a general amnesty to all parties and all opinions, since 1808. Portugal remains *in statu quo*, waiting the arrival of Don Miguel. Russia makes but slow movements towards the execution of her apparent plans; the army of the Pruth, however, receives continued reinforcements.— Prussia has an agent at Stockholm, purchasing cannon and ammunition on account of the government. Lord Cochrane has been accused of an attempt to persuade the primates of the isle of Naxos, that it was the intention of the allies to place them again under the Ottoman yoke. He has firmly contradicted the accusation. The grand sultan is still making preparations for war. He still persists that the ambassadors of the three powers have acted contrary to instructions. The United States' sloop of war Warren has been very busy chastising the pirates in the neighbourhood of Smyrna. She had fired upon the town of Myconi to obtain the restitution of some of the goods taken from American vessels, which were thereupon restored. Several houses were injured but no lives were lost. Captain Kearney had destroyed a number of the pirates, and rendered great services to the Americans and others. It now remains to be learned whether he will be rewarded for these services, in the same manner as Commodore Porter was in a similar instance.

ANOTHER GREAT MAN FALLEN. It is our painful duty to announce another witness to the vanity of human greatness, when put in comparison with the hand of death.—Major General JACOB BROWN, commander in chief of the armies of the United States, died at his residence in the city of Washington, on Sunday the 24th ultimo, after an illness of but three or four days. General Brown was a native of this state, and was born and educated a quaker. His pacific principles could not however deter him from espousing the cause of his bleeding country during the last war, and his rise in reputation and power have very few parallels in our history. They were not the meed of favouritism, as too many public honours are in all governments, but richly and fairly earned in the field and camp.

We cannot but feel a pride even amid the gloom his death casts around us, that our state has produced a BROWN,—a name to stand on the same page with her SCHUYLER, her HERKIMER, her HAMILTON, and a host of others who have honoured her by birth or adoption, and will be enduring lights in the firmament of her fame.

LITERARY NOTICES.

93 The *Boston Literary Gazette*, a new weekly paper first started in that city appears to pursue a different course opinion rather than ~~the~~ the day. We had imbibed an editors which reached us before hand; we are glad to say it has been completely changed, some the perusal. Some of the editor's eccentricities in the line of affected verbosity, have been taken for genuine fustian by these over grave readers. On the whole we are much pleased with the original matter contained in it, whether communicated or editorial, and these constitute a very large portion of the whole paper. Criticism is much needed in this country, and a proper execution of the plan laid down by the editor may do much towards correcting the loose and promiscuous character of our literature. We have as much first rate literary talent as any other nation, could we find some proper person or persons, with dexterity enough to separate the wheat from the chaff. The *Literary Gazette* richly deserves a liberal patronage from the literary community, and in the same proportion we venture to say will be its good effects upon the publick taste.

✂ The *Meteor*, a beautiful periodical pamphlet, has been received. The contents are entirely original sketches, of a character which richly deserve, but unfortunately re-

ceive but little of the publick patronage. We hope the fears of the publishers may be disappointed, and that a more liberal support may encourage them to continue their series. The contents are,—The Old Indian; the Muser; Burns; the Vision; and Carthian, a very chastely written poetick sketch. The typographical execution is neat, and in the best style of the present improved taste. It is published by R. D. Hart, No. 278, Broadway, New-York.

— The *Aurora Borealis* has come to us per mail, a phenomenon never before dreamed of, even in our most imaginative reveries. We have the assurance that it may be seen, not in the heavens, but on our table, once a week for the future, let the weather be what it will. It is a new hebdomadal, established at Plattsburgh in this state, advocating the cause of the present administration of the general government.

✂ We have also received a number of the *Selma Courier*, printed at Selma, Alabama. The *Courier* is for the election of General Jackson to the presidency.

✂ *The Mechanick's Free Press*, a new weekly publication lately established in Philadelphia, and edited by a committee of the Mechanick's Library company of that city, is a well filled medium sheet, quarto form, and we wish it a liberal support.

TESTIMONIAL OF RESPECT. The counsellors attending the February term of the supreme court, in this city, have resolved to procure a full length portrait of our respected and venerable fellow citizen, ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN, with a view of placing it in the court room. as a token of regard for the private virtues of that patriarch in the profession. It is perhaps needless for us to observe that to such a measure there will be but one unanimous response from the profession, individually or collectively; and that will be one cordial assent. It is not the less gratifying to our citizens in general, than to the members of the bar, to see true worth so duly appreciated.

TABLE-TALK.

The invention of lithographick printing has so facilitated the art of forgery in London, that bankers are constantly in danger of taking spurious bills of exchange. A person's signature has recently been so exactly copied that the writer did not know which was the genuine bill.—A Mrs. Fortune, in London, was lately delivered of female twins. [*Miss-Fortunes* never come single sure enough.]—The London cockneys are famous for giving the letter *v* the sound of *w*. One of this race was observed by a witty gentleman while in company with him not long since at Vauxhall, to repeat the phrase *Wauzhall* a number of times. It is very true, replied the gentleman, it is *walks all*, indeed.

—The following was given as the *fortieth* toast at a late publick dinner:—*Our wives*—may we not forget that they are waiting for us.—It is said there are seventeen men now living on the island of Nantucket, over eighty years of age. A certain editor in copying the statement omitted the age of these venerable men, and came near putting a pretty hoax upon the benevolent feelings of the old bachelors.—Only seventeen men, and that too in a population of nearly ~~four hundred~~ souls! They must be in a situation little bet-
sible, convert them to matrimony: ~~as he set on~~ plain, these philanthropick wights now stand "*as you were.*"—A citizen, accustomed to the signature of the firm in which he was a partner, being lately required to sign a baptismal register of one of his own children, entered it as the son of *Smith, Jones, & Co.* [Such partnerships are seldom acknowledged in a manner quite so official.]—A wag who keeps an oyster cellar in Newark, New-Jersey, advertises among other things, "wild fowls domesticated, and stool-pigeons trained to catch voters for the next president—warranted to suit all parties."—A person in Boston offers for sale two pews in different churches in that city, cheap for cash or *lottery tickets!*—The Middletown Gazette mentions that in cutting an elephant's tusk, at a comb factory in that city, a few days since, two *iron bullets* were discovered imbedded in it—the surface of the tusk being perfectly smooth.—The Little Falls People's Friend men-

tions a man in that village, who lately sold his wife for *five dollars* in cash, and *two dollars store pay*.—Adam and Eve are nominated for electors of president,—Mr Adam in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Eve in Kentucky. Adam is a Jackson man, and Eve is for Adams.—Mrs. Simpson paid a new year's visit to her husband, who was in jail for felony, in Davies county, Indiana, and the jailer good naturedly allowed her to remain in the jail with him over night. Early next morning, she bid him an affectionate adieu, and departed in tears. Sometime after, the jailer discovered that *he* had departed, and that *she* was left in unrivalled possession of the *breeches*!—A chancery suit is now pending in England, which was commenced in 1615. The dispute is relative to the right of representation to a lectureship in Warwick, the salary of which is £60 a year. The costs already exceed £15,000, and the present chancellor, in order to prevent the needless waste, has promised to *look into the case*!—Said Sambo to Cuffee during the late muddy walking,—“ Me wishe hab de Injun rubbum ober-shoe, dis wet wedder.” “ I tell you how you get him berry sheap,” says Cuffee, “ pull off youm shoe and tockin, and den youm hab him, water proof.”

"So let's to business; why this general call?
If these are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with *unturned coat!*
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?"

BYRON'S VISION.

NOMINATION. We learn that a meeting of the inhabitants of the village of Batavia, have nominated *Solomon Southwick*, as a fit person to administer the government of the state of New-York, and that his excellency *that is to be*, has with *much diffidence* consented to be a candidate at the next general election. A meeting was about to be called by these same citizens of Batavia, to discuss the *claims of the west* to the nomination for lieutenant governor.

DIED.

In this city, on the 29th ult. JANE C. EIGHTS, youngest daughter of the late Abraham Eights, of this city.

In this city, on the 27th ult. of a lingering consumption.
Mr. SAMUEL WEBSTER, aged 25 years, son of the late Mr.
George Webster.

In this city, on Sunday morning last, captain JACOB VANDENBURGH, of the firm of H. & J. Vandenburg.

In this city, on the 5th inst. Mr. JOHN HANSEN, aged 27 years.

At Gibbonsville, on the 3d inst. after a severe illness, Mr. JOHN W. DANA, in the 40th year of his age, formerly merchant of this city, and much respected by a numerous circle of friends and acquaintances.

ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, successors to the late firm of R. STARK & Co. in the above Foundry, continue to execute orders for Plain and Ornamental Type, Brass Rule, and Metal Cuts. Also, for Presses and Ink, Chases, composing Sticks, Cases and Stands, Galleys, and printing materials of every description, at short notice, and on terms as liberal as those of other Foundries.

Many new articles have been added to this Foundry within the last year—among which are new founts of Small Pica and Bourgeois. Also, Small Pica, Brevier and Minion *full face* capitals for captions, and full face two line letter of all the different sizes from Pica to Pearl. Likewise Canon, Double Great Primer, Double Pica, Great Primer and Pica Antiques, with lower case to each, and Long Primer, Brevier and Nonpareil *one* capitals. Also, many elegant Borders and News-work *clash*. The capitals of which are *stereotyped* from wood those cast in copper matrix, are the case with *knives*, but all are *cut* the edges rounded, as the case with *knives*, but all are *cut* large job letter and cuts are all cast in moulds and matrices, *from* metal bodies, and with the exactness of the smaller type.

Have also cast a new and very beautiful English Script, on *inclined body*, orders for which can be executed by the first of April. By being cast on inclined body, the face is not exposed as on square body, where most of the letters are kerner'd; and the mould in which it is cast having a notch or shoulder in the side the type are kept perfectly in line. No expense has been spared, and it is confidently believed, that this Script will be found the most elegant type ever cast in this country, or in Europe.

Type cast at this foundry is warranted equal at least in hardness and durability, to any cast in this country. Particular care is also taken to have the type well dressed, and the fonts regularly put up. It is intended to keep such a supply on hand as to be able to furnish orders without the usual delay. Orders by mail, or left at the Foundry, No. 8, Liberty street, will receive prompt attention.

Feb. 2

16.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONICK RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

THE UNFORTUNATE MINSTREL.

A minstrel sat lone on a surge beaten shore
As the mists of dim twilight his brow were surrounding;
He heard in the distance the sullen winds roar,—
Saw the tide swelling billows in restlessness bounding.

The danger he felt not—he thought of his home,—
Of the days of his childhood—of hopes that were o'er—
Of a father, a mother, a cottage and lawn—
And a grave, in the land he must visit no more.

That grave—oh that grave!—It did cruelly close
On a heart that had loved him in life's morning hour;
In time, and in distance, despair sought repose;
But time, no—nor distance had weakened its power.

The chill frosts of grief had his locks whitened o'er;
The flash of his dark eye was clouded and dim;—
Have ye seen the untimely, stript, autumn-struck bower?
Thus changed was that minstrel, from what he had been.

Faintly rose on the night-wind the notes of his lyre
In an air that o'er madness itself cast a spell;
He had sung it the day he saw Mary expire—
'Twas the song of her birth day—her requiem knell.

Where now is that bard? Ah! the sea is his grave!
He saw not, he felt not, its storm-driven spray;
From the sand he was swept by the merciful wave,
And left, not to linger out life's saddening day. W

THE FALLEN ANGELS.

BY EDMUND READE.

Night rose frightened from her sleep,
Where, athwart the boundless deep,
Palled o'er shapeless chaos, she
Had slumbered from eternity.
First was heard a far off sound
Of war cries in the distance drowned,
And a light like burning flame
O'er the red horizon came!
Then wildly drifted in the stream
Of that fiery spreading gleam,
With a sound as if a world
Were from its foundations hurled;
Thicker than the stars undying,
Or the sands, or rent leaves flying,
Swept before the whirlwind strong,
Rushed the rebel hosts along!
Vainly hurrying on they strove
To escape the ruin from above,
Downward came the whelming force,
Myriads crushing in its course,
From that form divine which trod
Once so high before their God!
Vain they struggled 'gainst the blow,
Dashed headlong on the rocks below;
Vainer still their curse or prayer,
As they writhed in madness there.

One there came, the last: oh! how
That godlike form was fallen now!
No longer on its waste path,
O'er his head his shield was flung;
From his crest the singed plume hung,
With a pale and angry glare
Streaming to the troubled air.
In his hand the shivered spear;
But that proud brow showed not fear
Though his name for this vain strife
Was ever blotted out from life;
Though from heaven a rebel thrown,
Fallen, and blasted, and alone:
Though the ruins round him broke,
And the lightning's scathing stroke;
And cleaving through his track to hell,
The thunder bolts in flinders fell!
In that eye defiance glared,
And indomitable will,
And pride and passion burning still;
And a hate that had not spared

A revenge, had fate so given,
To which his punishment were heaven!
One fierce gesture back he threw,
As a record in His view,
That he bore a soul unbent—
Pride that never could relent—
And alone would rather be
Throned in hell's sublimity,
Than above, o'er heaven's bright crowd,
To a higher yet have bowed!
Down plunged then his indignant fall,
And black chaos folded all.

THE DEATH COACH.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

'Tis midnight!—how gloomy and dark!
By Jupiter, there's not a star!—
'Tis fearful!—'tis awful!—and hark!
What sound is that comes from afar?

Still rolling and rumbling, that sound
Makes nearer and nearer approach;
Do I tremble, or is it the ground?—
Lord save us! what is it?—a coach!

A coach!—but that coach has no head;
And the horses are headless as it;
Of the driver the same may be said,
And the passengers inside who sit.

See the wheels! how they fly o'er the stones!
And whirl as the whip it goes crack:
Their spokes are of dead men's thigh bones,
And the pole is the spine of the back!

The hammer cloth, shabby display,
Is a pall rather mildewed by damps;
And to light this strange coach on its way,
Two hollow skulls hang up for lamps!

From the gloom of Rathcooney churchyard,
They dash down the hill of Glanmire;
Pass Lota in gallop as hard
As if horses were never to tire!

With people thus headless 'tis fun
To drive in such furious career;
Since headlong their horses can't run,
Nor coachman be heady from beer.

Very steep is the Tivoli lane,
But up hill to them is as down;
Nor the charms of Woodhill can detain
These Dullahans rushing to town.

Could they feel as I've felt—in a song—
A spell that forbade them depart;
They'd a lingering visit prolong,
And after their head lose their heart!

No matter; 'tis past twelve o'clock;
Through the streets they sweep on like the wind,
And, taking the road to Blackrock,
Cork city is soon left behind.

Should they hurry thus reckless along,
To supper instead of to bed,
The landlord will surely be wrong,
If he charges them wealth an increase;
As till now, all who drove to his door
Possessed at least one crown apiece.

Up the Deadwoman's hill they are rolled;
Boreenmannah is quite out of sight;
Ballintemple they reach, and behold!
At its churchyard they stop and alight.

"Who's there?" said a voice from the ground;
"We've no room, for the place is quite full."
"O room must be speedily found,
For we came from the parish of Skull.

Though Murphys and Crowleys appear
On headstones of deep lettered pride;
Though Scannells and Murleys lie here,
Fitzgeralds and Toomies beside;

Yet here for the night we lie down,
Tomorrow we speed on the gale;
For having no heads of our own,
We seek the Old Head of Kinsale.

ANGEL VISITS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"No more of talk, where God or angel guest
With man as with his friend familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast." MILTON.

Are ye for ever to your skies departed?
Oh! will ye visit this dim world no more?
Ye whose bright wings a solemn splendour darted
Through Eden's fresh and flowering shades of yore?
How are the fountains dried on that sweet spot,
And ye—our faded earth beholds you not!

Yet, by your shining eyes not all forsaken,
Man wandered from his paradise away;
Ye, from forgetfulness his heart to waken,
Came down, high guests! in many a later day,
And with the patriarchs under vine or oak,
Midst noontide calm, or hush of evening spoke.

From yon the veil of midnight darkness rending,
Came the rich mysteries to the sleeper's eye,
That saw your hosts ascending and descending,
On those bright steps between the earth and sky:
Trembling he woke, and bowed o'er glory's trace,
And worshiped, awe-struck, in that fearful place.

By Chebar's brook ye passed, such radiance wearing;
As mortal vision might but ill endure;
Along the stream the living chariot bearing
With its high crystal arch, intensely pure!
And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive Mount, by night appearing,
Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done!—
Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,
Fraught with the breath of God to aid his Son?—
Haply of those that on the moonlit plains,
Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours!—your heavenly dwelling
Ye left, and by the unsealed sepulchral stone
In glorious raiment sat; the weepers telling
That He they sought, had triumphed, and was gone!—
Now have ye left us for the brighter shore,
Your presence lights the lonely groves no more!

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,
With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet?
Though the fresh glory of those days be over,
When midst the palm trees, man your foot steps met—
Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,
When love by strength o'er masters agony?

Are ye not near when sorrow unrepining,
Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave?
When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,
Lead on the march of death, serenely brave?
Dreams!—but a deeper thought our souls may fill,
One, one is near—a Spirit holier still!

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1828.

NO. 7.

MASONICK RECORD.

ACT OF THE ASSOCIATE SYNOD,

CONCERNING THE MASON OATH.

First published in the Scots Magazine, for August 1757.

Edinburgh, 25th August, 1757.

Whereas an oath is one of the most solemn acts of religious worship, which ought to be taken only upon important and necessary occasions; and to be sworn in truth, in judgement, and in righteousness, without any mixture of sinful, profane, or superstitious devices:—

And whereas, the synod had laid before them, in their meeting at Stirling, on the 7th March, 1745, an overture concerning the masonick oath, bearing, That there were very strong presumptions, that among masons an oath of secrecy is administered to entrants into their society, even under a capital penalty, and before any of those things which they swear to keep secret be revealed to them; and that they pretend to take some of these secrets from the Bible; besides other things, which are ground of scruple, in the manner of swearing the said oath; and therefore overturing, that the synod would consider the whole affair, and give directions with respect to the admission of persons engaged in that oath to sealing ordinances:—

And whereas, the synod in their meeting at Stirling, on the 26th of September 1745, remitted the overture concerning the mason oath, to the several sessions subordinate to them, for their proceeding therein, as far as they should find practicable, according to our received and known principles, and the plain rules of the Lord's word, and sound reason:—

And whereas, the synod, in their meeting at Edinburgh, on the 6th of March, 1755, when a particular cause about the mason oath was before them, did appoint all the sessions under their inspection, to require all persons in their respective congregations, who are presumed or suspected to have been engaged in that oath, to make a plain acknowledgement, whether or not they have ever been so: and to require that such as they may find to have been engaged therein, should give ingenuous answers to what further inquiries the sessions may see cause to make, concerning the tenour and administration of the said oath to them; and that the sessions should proceed to the purging of what scandal they may thus find those persons convicted of, according to the directions of the abovementioned act of Synod, in September 1745:—

And whereas, the generality of the sessions have, since the aforementioned periods, dealt with several persons under their inspection about the mason oath; in the course of which procedure, by the confessions made to them, they have found others, beside those of the mason craft, to be involved in that oath: and the synod, finding it proper and necessary to give more particular directions to the several sessions, for having the heinous profanation of the Lord's name by that oath, purged out of all the congregations under their inspection: Therefore, the synod did, and hereby do appoint, that the several sessions subordinate to them, in dealing with persons about the mason oath, shall particularly interrogate them, if they have taken that oath, and when and where they did so? If they have taken the said oath, or declared their approbation of it, oftener than once, upon being admitted to a higher degree in a mason lodge; if that oath was not administered to them, without letting them know the terms of it, till in the act of administer-

ing the same to them? If it was not an oath binding them to keep a number of secrets, none of which they were allowed to know before swearing the oath?

Moreover, the synod appoint, that the several sessions shall call before them all persons in their congregations who are of the mason craft, and others whom they have a particular suspicion of, as being involved in the mason oath, except such as have been already dealt with, and have given satisfaction upon that head; and that, upon their answering the first of the foregoing questions in the affirmative, the sessions should proceed to put the other interrogatories before appointed: as also, that all persons of the mason craft, applying for sealing ordinances, and likewise others concerning whom there may be any presumption of their having been involved in the mason oath, shall be examined by the minister if they have been so: and upon their acknowledging the same, or declining to answer whether or not, the ministers shall refer them to be dealt with by the sessions, before admitting them to ordinances: and that all such persons offering themselves to the sessions for joining in covenanting work, shall be then examined by the sessions, as their concern in the aforesaid oath.

And the synod farther appoint, that when persons are found to be involved in the mason oath, according to their confessions, in giving plain and particular answers to the foregoing questions, and professing their sorrow for the same; the said scandal shall be purged by a sessional rebuke and admonition; with a strict charge to abstain from all concern afterwards in administering the said oath to any, or enticing any into that snare, and from all practices of amusing people about the pretended mysteries of their signs and secrets. But that persons who shall refuse or shift to give plain and particular answers to the foregoing questions, shall be reputed under scandal incapable of admission to sealing ordinances, till they answer and give satisfaction as before appointed.

And the synod refer to the several sessions, to proceed unto higher censure as they shall see cause, in the case of persons whom they may find involved in the said oath, with special aggravation, as taking or relapsing into the same, in opposition to warnings against doing so.

And the synod appoint, that each of the sessions under their inspection shall have an extract of this act, to be inserted in their books, for executing the same accordingly.

AN IMPARTIAL EXAMINATION

OF THE ACT OF THE ASSOCIATE SYNOD AGAINST THE
FREEMASONS.

First published in the Edinburgh Magazine, for October, 1757.

The society of freemasons, which, notwithstanding the opposition of human power, civil and ecclesiastick, has now subsisted for many ages, and always maintained its inseparable character of secrecy, prudence, and good manners, stands at this day in such high repute, that an apology in its behalf is certainly unnecessary.

Publick esteem has always been reputed a crime in the eyes of malevolence; and virtue and goodness have always been held as declared enemies, by hypocritical sanctity and bigot zeal. To such impure sources alone can be attributed a very extraordinary act lately pronounced against this venerable society, by the synod of the associate brethren, and published in the Scots Magazine for August 1757. From this act the practices of this holy

association appear so agreeable to those of the Roman Catholick church, that they afford a shrewd suspicion, that the principles from which such practices result, are of the same nature, and have the same dangerous tendency, with those professed by the Roman See.

In the year 1738, his Holiness, at Rome, by the plenitude of the apostolick power, issued a declaration, condemnatory of the society of freemasons; with an absolute prohibition to all the faithful in Christ, to enter into, promote, or favour that society, under no less penalty than an *ipso facto* excommunication; and the help of the secular arm is commanded to enforce the execution of this declaration. By an edict, consequent to this declaration, informations are commanded, under the severest corporeal punishment; and encouraged by an assurance from the Infallible Chair, "*That oaths of secrecy in matters already condemned are thereby rendered void, and lose their obligation.*" Let it be recorded in history, to the honour of their holinesses, the associate synod of Scotland, that, in the year 1757, they also thundered out their tremendous Bull against the freemasons; whereby all their votaries are enjoined to reveal every thing, which, under the sanction of a solemn oath, they are obliged to conceal: they are thereafter to abstain from such societies themselves, nor are they to entice others to enter into them, under the terrible certification of being reputed under scandal, debarred from sealing ordinances, and subjected to higher censure, as there should appear cause.

The professed reasons which brought the fraternity under the papal displeasure were, that they confederated persons of all religions and sects, under a shew of natural honesty, in a close and inscrutable bond, and under certain ceremonies; which, by an oath taken on the Bible, they obliged them, by the imprecation of heavy punishments, to preserve with inviolable secrecy.

These urged by the Seceders, as the motive of their proceedings, are, That the masons administered their oath of secrecy under a capital penalty, without first declaring what the matters to be concealed are; and that some of these things are taken from the Bible. And the publishers of the Scots Magazine very quaintly insinuate another reason, that the whole matters thus communicated under the strictest ties of secrecy, are a bundle of trifles and inconsistencies, unworthy the solemnity of an oath: this they do by a reference made to a pretended discovery of the secrets of masonry, published in their Magazine, 1755, p. 133, and communicated to them, it may be presumed, by the same correspondents.

The great conformity betwixt these two Bulls, leaves small room to doubt but the last, as well as the first, would have had the sanction of corporeal punishments, if God, for the curse of mankind, had strengthened the hands, and seconded the intolerating views of its authors with secular power.— They have not, however, omitted what was within their grasp; but have attempted to erect a dominion over the consciences of mankind, by assuming a power of dispensing with human obligations. This is a privilege, which, however envied, the reformed clergy have hitherto left, together with his pretended infallibility, in the possession of their elder brother at Rome; till in this more enlightened age, these bold assertors of the Christian rights have dared to reclaim and vindicate it as their own; for, should antichrist enjoy any benefit which the saints are not better entitled to?

This is not the least engine which has been suc-

cessfully employed to rear up and support the enormous fabric of the Roman hierarchy. The most solemn treaties betwixt princes and states, the allegiance of subjects to their sovereigns, the obligations of private contracts, the marriage vow, and every other the most sacred bond of human society, are dissolved, and fly off at the breath of this dispensing power, like chaff before the wind: and to this, as to their native source, may be ascribed those many wars and devastations, rebellions, massacres, and assassinations, with which every page of the history of the Christian world is defiled.

Is it possible that a doctrine, attended with such a train of dreadful consequences, can have any foundation either in reason or revelation?

(Conclusion in our next.)

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At an extra meeting of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the District of Columbia*, convened in Washington city, February 25, 1828, by special order of the M. E. G. H. P. for the purpose of evincing its sorrow for the sudden and lamented decease of our late brother and companion, the M. E. General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, DE WITT CLINTON, and of adopting measures to testify its profound respect for his memory: on motion, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from among us our worthy and most distinguished brother and companion, DE WITT CLINTON, General Grand High Priest of Royal Arch Masons, which exalted station he had for many years filled with honour to himself and advantage to the whole masonick fraternity throughout the United States: and whereas the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, deeply penetrated with the loss which the masonick institution in this country has sustained in the decease of so eminent a member, and so valuable an officer, are desirous of evincing the regard in which he was held by them:

Resolved, unanimously, that the officers and members of this Grand Chapter will wear the usual badge of Royal Arch mourning, for the space of thirty days, as a testimonial of their veneration and respect for the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, that the officers and members of the Chapters under the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter, be requested, in like manner, to wear mourning for the same space of time, and to clothe their respective chambers in suitable apparel.

Resolved, that a publick address, on the merits and character of the deceased, be pronounced by some worthy companion Royal Arch Mason, at as early a day as may be convenient; and that a masonick procession, to embrace all companions and brethren in the District, resident and sojourning, take place, under the direction of this Grand Chapter, on the day of the address, and move from Masons' Hall to the place of its delivery.

Resolved, that the Grand Council, the High Priests of the several subordinate Chapters, and the Grand Secretary, be a committee to make every necessary arrangement for the purposes above mentioned.

Resolved, that the Grand Secretary transmit a copy of the foregoing resolutions to the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter, and to the family of the deceased, and that the same be published in the papers of this city. Attest,

EDWARD S. LEWIS, G. Sec'y.

At a regular communication of *M'Donough Chapter*, held at the chapter room in the village of Keeseville, Essex county, on the 27th February, A. L. 5828, the attention of the Chapter having been called to the mournful consideration of the death of our worthy companion DE WITT CLINTON, a committee was appointed consisting of companions Tomlinson, Allen, and Williams, to draft resolutions expressive of the sentiments of this Chapter on the occasion. The committee having retired for a short time, returned and reported as follows:—

Whereas, by a sudden dispensation of Divine Providence in the death of our worthy and beloved companion DE WITT CLINTON, General Grand

High Priest of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, our country has been deprived of one of its most disinterested benefactors, science of one of its brightest ornaments, and our fraternity of one of its most distinguished patrons: And whereas, in common with our brethren and companions throughout our land, and in common with the whole community, (while we bow with reverence and submission to this mournful dispensation) we feelingly lament his premature removal from amongst us, in the midst of his usefulness, and while the fruits of his genius had but in a measure imparted the salutary influence which they are yet destined to exercise over the interests of his native state—an influence which will ever preserve the recollection of his memory green in our remembrance. In view, therefore, of his illustrious character, and as a just tribute of respect for his memory,

Resolved unanimously, that the companions of this chapter wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

R. H. PEABODY, Sec'y.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

HUNGER.

One of the first propensities of animals, and which, as being essential to their very existence, may be considered the most important, is the gratification of hunger; through the agency of which the vital principle is preserved, and the several parts of the animal system kept in due tone. To promote this sensation, nature has caused the stomach of animals to secrete a very active fluid, denominated *the gastric juice*, which possessing a solvent power over various substances, contributes in a very remarkable degree to their digestion. As soon, therefore, as the latter process has been completed, and the stomach becomes empty, the gastric fluid acts directly upon its internal coats, and causing their fibres to contract, it produces that pain or disagreeable sensation which we denominate hunger; and as this is only to be relieved by a fresh application of extraneous matter, animals are instinctively taught to seek out those substances which, under the denomination of food, are the best calculated to relieve the uneasiness; nature having bestowed on them the faculty of taste, to enable them to discriminate and avoid injurious articles and to relish their food, so that it be taken in due portions, and be sufficiently divided, previously to its undergoing those future processes upon which its ultimate digestion is made to depend.

[Lempriere's Lectures.]

SUPPLY OF WATER.

The supply and distribution of water in a large city, since the steam engine was added to the apparatus, approaches closely to the perfection of nature's own work in the circulation of blood through the animal body. From the great pumps or a high reservoir, a few main pipes issue to the chief divisions of the town; these send suitable branches to every street, the branches again divide for the lanes and alleys, and at last into every house a small leaden conduit rises, which, if required, carries its precious freight into the separate apartments, and yields it there to the turning of a cock. A corresponding arrangement of drains and sewers, constructed with the greatest exactness in obedience to the law of level, receives the water again after it has answered its purposes, and carries it to be purified in the great laboratory of the ocean. And so admirably complete and perfect is this counter-system of sloping channels, that a heavy shower may fall, and after washing and purifying every superficial spot of the city, and sweeping completely all the subterranean passages, it may, within the space of an hour, be again collected in the river passing by. It is the recurrence of this almost miracle, of extensive, sudden, and perfect purification, which has made London the most healthy, although the largest city in the world. English citizens have now become so habituated to the blessings of a supply of pure water, more than sufficient for all their purposes, that it causes them no more surprise than the regularly returning light of day or warmth of summer. But a retrospect into past times may still awaken us to a sense of our obligation to advancing

art. How often, formerly, did periodical pestilences arise from deficiency of water, and how often has fire devoured whole cities, which a timely supply of water might have saved. Kings have been accounted worthy of almost divine honours for having constructed aqueducts to lead the pure stream from mountains into the peopled towns. In the present day, only he who has travelled on the sandy plains of Asia or Africa, where a well is more prized than mines of gold, or who has spent months, on ship-board, where the fresh water is often doled out with more caution than the most precious product of the soil, or who has vividly sympathized with the shipwrecked man spreading out his garments to catch the rain from heaven, and then, with mad eagerness, sucking the delicious moisture into his cracked lips—only he can appreciate fully the blessing of that abundant supply which most of us now so thoughtlessly enjoy. The author will longer remember the intense momentary regret with which, on once approaching a beautiful land after months spent at sea, he saw a little stream of water sliding over a rock into the salt waves; it appeared to him that he was witnessing a most precious essence, by some accident, pouring out to waste.

[Arnott's Elements of Physics.]

PAPER FROM STRAW.

We have on our table a slip of paper manufactured from straw, at the mill of Col. Magaw, near Meadville. The specimen before us, though without sizing may be written upon without the ink spreading in the least: it is somewhat rough, but being the first that was made, great improvement may be expected to be made upon it. Should the expectation of its ingenious inventor not be wholly realized, should it not be capable of being manufactured into so delicate a paper as that we at present possess, he may nevertheless, expect to obtain an abundant compensation for his labour and his pains, by making large quantities of wrapping paper. Col. Magaw, we understand, is about applying for a patent for this discovery. [Harrisburg Argus.]

STEAM ARTILLERY.

In the steam artillery, which Mr. Perkins is constructing for the French government, he guarantees the perfect safety of the generator, its indestructibility, the ability to keep the steam up at any required temperature for any length of time, and its great economy. The piece of ordnance is to throw sixty balls of four pounds each in a minute, with the correctness of the rifled musket, and to a proportionate distance. A musket is also attached to the same generator for throwing a stream of lead from the bastion of a fort, and is made so far portable as to be capable of being moved from one bastion to another. This musket is to throw from one hundred to one thousand bullets per minute, as occasion may require, and that for any length of time.

[London Paper.]

VACCINATION.

Nothing can be more striking than the comparison of the success of Vaccination in Sweden and in France. In the former 15,000 perished annually by small pox. In 1810, only 6,000 died from that cause; in 1822, eleven, and in 1823, thirteen! whilst at Paris, during these two years, the mean annual amount of deaths, from small pox, was 1,448. Thus, the capital of France loses, by the small pox, 119 times more children than are destroyed by it in the whole kingdom of Sweden.

[Bulletin de Ferussac.]

NEEDLES.

Persons employed in grinding needles are usually seriously injured, and become consumptive, by inhaling the steel dust thrown off in the operation. To prevent this, a magnet is now suspended over the wheel, which attracts the particles and prevents all injurious effect. This is one of the many modern applications of science, to the purposes of humanity.

[Christian Observer.]

GREAT FALL OF RAIN AT BOMBAY.

In a letter from Mr. Scott, jr. of Bombay, he says, that during the first twelve days of the rainy season, thirty-three inches of rain fell, and that then

all the roads became like rivers. In England the average fall for the whole year is thirty-two inches—the quantity which fell in Bonbay in the course of twelve days. [Ed N. Ph. Journal.]

REMEDY FOR POISON.

The following singular remedy is much used by the Hottentots, and by many of the colonists, who have borrowed it from them. When a person is bit by any of the more venomous snakes, a fowl is instantly procured, and the fleshy part of the breast being cut open, it is pressed fresh and palpitating to the envenomed wound. The virus is by this means, rapidly abstracted; and if the poison be very deadly, the fowl speedily exhibits clear proof of its malignancy, becomes drowsy, droops, its head, and dies. It is withdrawn, and a second is cut open and applied in the same manner; a third, if requisite; and so on, until it appears, from the decreased influence in the poison on the fowls, that its destructive virulence is effectually subdued. The worst crisis is then considered to be past, and the patient in most cases recovers.

[London Weekly Review.]

THE GATHERER.

ISLAND OF SCIO.

Scio is one of the most beautiful and celebrated islands in the Archipelago. It is near the coast of Natolia; in length about thirteen leagues, and six in breadth. The productions are oranges, citrons, vines, mastick, game, and all the necessaries of life. The principal trade is in silk. The population is about 10,000 Turks, 30,000 Latians, who have a bishop, and 10,000 Greeks, who have also a bishop. The plague in 1788 destroyed 14,000 persons. The foreign commerce is very considerable. They export manufactured cottons, silk, velvet, gold and silver wove damasks, &c. to Asia, Egypt, and the states of Barbary. The Genoese were many years in possession of the island, but the Turks drove them out in 1595. The Venetians took it 1694, but the Turks retook it in 1698. Scio is the capital. It is a large beautiful city, with a fort and harbour. The Greek bishop is rich. The inhabitants believe that Homer was born in this island. They have a place near the city which they call the schools of Homer, but there is no reason for supposing Homer was ever upon the spot. It has been described by modern travellers, to be a place where they made sacrifices to Pan, or some other rural divinity. In this island there are several Greek families who claim nobility as the descendants of the Genoese Justinians. There are about 200 Christian temples in this island, and thirty religious houses for Christian men and women. The superstition of the Greeks and Turks is a remarkable feature in the general association. Mahomet the Second granted the Sciots many privileges, which the Grand Seigneur has never infringed. The Greeks, in every other part of the Turkish empire, are reputed slaves. In Scio they have a magistrate, named the Consul, who administers justice upon principles of liberty unknown to the Greeks in other parts. It is nineteen leagues from Smyrna, and eighty-four from Constantinople, longitude 43° 50' west, latitude, 38° 8' north.

BALLAD SINGERS.

The ballad singer is a town crier for the advertising of lost tunes. Hunger hath made him a wind instrument; his want is vocal, and not he. His voice had gone a begging before he took it up, and applied it to the same trade; it was too strong to hawk mackerel, but was just soft enough for Robin Adair. His business is to make popular songs unpopular; he gives the air, like a weathercock, with many variations. As a key, he has but one—a lute-key for all manner of tunes; and as they are to pass current amongst the lower sorts of people, he makes his notes like a country banker's, as thick as he can. His notes have a copper sound, for he sounds for copper; and for the musical divisions he hath no regard, but sings on, like a kettle, without taking any heed of the bars. Before beginning he clears his pipe with gin; and he is always hoarse from the thorough draft in his throat. He hath but one shake, and that is in winter. His voice is flat from flatulence; and he fetches breath,

like a drowning kitten, whenever he can. Notwithstanding all this, his musick gains ground, for it walks with him from end to end of the street. He is your only performer that requires not many entreaties for a song; for he will chant, without asking, to a street cur or a parish post. His only backwardness is to a stove after dinner, seeing that he never dines; for he sings for bread, and though corn has ears, sings very commonly in vain. As for his country, he is an Englishman, that by his birthright he may sing whether he can or not. To conclude, he is reckoned passable in the city, but is not so good off the stones. [Hood's Whims.]

A DOCTOR'S COMPLAINT.

[Found in a newspaper of 1768.]

If I go to a patient one mile I charge 8d; the advice, bleeding, or vomiting, 8d. more; the time generally taken up in this service, in the winter, is about half a day, people being unwilling a doctor should come away without some little stay; sometimes no medicine is left, so that I get only 8d. for my forenoon's service. Common labourers have 1s. 8d. and seldom work above six hours. My shoemaker charges me 3s. for small children's shoes, and 8d. more for boys of six years old; two pair of which he easily makes in a day. My blacksmith charges me 5s. for shoeing my horse, and I have paid 8s. for his forenoon's service in altering my iron by a charcoal fire. The tavernkeeper four or three pence at least, for New-England; a gallon of which cost them 1s. 6d., so that they gain upwards of £10 per barrel, inclusive of retail and leakage; higher than doctors sell spirits of wine camphorated, and for cash in hand, without taking notes or booking. I was called to other day to bleed my shoemaker's wife; I desired him to mend my boot the whilst, I charged him 8d. He charged me 1s., so that I imagine his ends and wax were thought to be more valuable than the wear of my lancet. Hundreds of such instances might be offered to demonstrate the valuelessness of learning is sinking into obscurity, and that if any one designs to live now-a-days he must metamorphose himself into a tradesman.

ECONOMY.

M. Say, the celebrated French writer on political economy, has the following story:—"Being in the country, I had an example of one of those small losses which a family is exposed to through negligence. From the want of a latch of small value, the wicket of a barn yard, (looking to the fields) was left open; every one who went through, drew the door too, but having no means to fasten it, it remained flapping; the poultry escaped, and were lost. One day a fine pig got out and ran into the wood, and immediately all the world was after it; the gardener—the cook—the dairy maid, all ran to recover the swine. The gardener got sight of him first, and jumped over a ditch to stop him, he sprained his ankle, and was confined a fortnight to the house. The cook on her return, found all the linen she had left to dry by the fire, burned; and the dairy maid having ran off before she tied up the cows, one of them broke the leg of a colt in the stable. The gardener's lost time was worth twenty crowns, valuing his pain at nothing; the linen burned, and the cloth spoiled, were worth as much more.—Here is a loss of forty crowns, and much pain, trouble, vexation, and inconvenience, for the want of a latch, which would not cost three pence, and this loss, through careless neglect, falls on a family little able to support it."

MAHOMEDAN AND CHRISTIAN SLAVERY.

Sir John Malcom, in his interesting "Sketches of Persia," says—"Slaves in Mahomedan countries are only liable, for any crimes they commit, to suffer half the punishment to which a free man would be subject. This law proceeds on the ground of their not being supposed on a par, as to knowledge or social ties, with other parts of the community." The Christian legislators of our West India Islands reverse this principle, there being scarcely an offence enumerated in the slave codes which is not punished with far greater severity on the ignorant and degraded negro, than on the educated and fortune-favoured white. If our vanity would allow us to make the admission, there is many a striking lesson of justice, as well as of morality, to be learnt from the Mussulman and the Heathen.

FIGHTING INSECTS.

It has been said that man is the only animal that makes war on his own species. But the insects, who out do us in many things, vie with us in that species of folly too. The manties have their forelegs somewhat in the shape of a sabre, so that they can cut off their antagonist's head, or cleave him down the middle. The Chinese children treat these animals like gamecocks, keeping them in cages for fighting. The scorpions seem peculiarly gifted with this human propensity. M. Maupertuis placed a hundred in one box, and the event was that they all destroyed each other. Spiders fight together till they have no legs left; and some caterpillars are professed cannibals, feeding on each other, as Saint Jerome tells us our ancestors, the Dalriads of Mr. Pinkerton, did in old times.

[History of Insects.]

YOUNG WOMEN'S KISSES.

The notion of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women was (observes Mr. Wadd) an agreeable delusion easily credited; and one physician, who had himself written on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings in a boarding-school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the proper atmosphere. Philip Thicknesse, who wrote "The Valetudinarian's Guide," in 1779, seems to have taken a dose whenever he could. I am myself (says he) turned of sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely both in body and mind, yet having always partaken of the breath of young women, whenever they lay in my way, I feel none of the infirmities, which so often strike the eyes and ears in this great city (Bath) of sickness, by men many years younger than myself.

[Wadd's Memoirs.]

A BOLD AND HAPPY REPLY.

During the reign of that superlative wretch, Henry VIII., a friar named Peyto was threatened by his detestable tool, Cromwell, for having preached with too much freedom: and the preacher was told by the courtier that he deserved to be enclosed in a sack and thrown into the Thames. Peyto replied with a sarcastick smile, "Threaten such things to rich and dainty folks, who are clothed in purple, fare deliciously, and have their chief hopes in this world: we esteem them not. We are joyful that for the discharge of our duty we are driven hence. With thanks to God, we know that the way to heaven is as short by water as by land, and therefore care not which way we go."

NAPOLEON.

The frugality of Napoleon was such, that his taste gave the preference to the most simple and the least seasoned dishes; as *œufs au miroir* and *haricots en salade*. His breakfast was almost always composed of one of these dishes, and a little Parmesan cheese. At dinner he ate little, rarely of ragouts, and always of wholesome things. I have often heard him say, "that however little nourishment people took at dinner, they always took too much." Thus his head was always clear, and his labour easy, even when he rose from table. Gifted by nature with a perfectly healthy stomach, his nights were as calm as those of an infant; nature, also, had bestowed on him a constitution so admirably suited to his station, that a single hour of sleep would restore him after twenty-four hours fatigue. In the midst of the most serious and urgent events, he had the power of resigning himself to sleep at pleasure, and his mind enjoyed the most perfect calm, as soon as directions were given for the necessary arrangements.

[M. Beausset.]

APATHY.

The first sense that a man has of the better part of his life being over, and the afternoon of his day come, is the consciousness of the matter of his hopes being quite exhausted. He may continue in the cheerful participation of all his habitual pleasures, seem mirthful to his companions, and still taste with relish his accustomed enjoyments; but a cold inward pressure, which resolution cannot remove, makes him to feel that the spring of his life hath spent its elasticity, and can never prompt to adventure without crouching.

[Galt's Rothelam.]

POPULAR TALES.

THE LAST VOYAGE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

We cannot fail to observe, as we advance in life, how vividly our earliest recollections recur to us, and this consciousness is accompanied by a melancholy pleasure, when we are deprived of those who are most tenderly associated with such remembrances, because they bring the beloved dead "before our mind's eye," and beguile the loneliness of the present hour, by visions of the past. In such visions I now often love to indulge, and in one of them, a journey to Y— was recently brought before me, in which my ever-indulgent father permitted me to accompany him, when I was yet but a child.

As we drove through C—r, a village within three miles of Y—, he directed my attention to a remarkable rising, or conical mound of earth on the top of the tower of C—r church. He then kindly explained the cause of this singular, and distinguishing appearance, and told me the traditional anecdote connected with it; which now, in my own words, I am going to communicate to my readers.

It is generally supposed, that great grief makes the heart so selfishly absorbed in its own sufferings, as to render it regardless of the sufferings of others; but the conduct of her, who is the heroine of the following tale, will prove to this general rule an honourable exception.

I know nothing of her birth, and parentage, nor am I acquainted even with her name—but I shall call her BIRTHA—the story goes, that she lived at C—r, a village three miles from Y— in N—, and was betrothed to the mate of a trading vessel, with the expectation of marrying him, when he had gained money sufficient, by repeated voyages, to make their union consistent with prudence.

In the meanwhile, there is reason to believe that BIRTHA was not idle, but contrived to earn money herself, in order to expedite the hour of her marriage; and at length, her lover (whom I shall call William) thought that there was no reason for him to continue his sea-faring life, but at the end of one voyage more, he should be able to marry the woman of his choice, and engage in some less dangerous employment, in his native village.

Accordingly, the next time that he bade farewell to BIRTHA, the sorrow of their parting hour was soothed by William's declaring, that, as the next voyage would be his last, he should expect, when he returned, to find every thing ready for their marriage.

This was a pleasant expectation, and BIRTHA eagerly prepared to fulfil it.

By the time that BIRTHA was beginning to believe that William was on his voyage home, her neighbours would often help her to count the days which would probably elapse before the ship could arrive; but when they were not in her presence, some of the experienced amongst the men used to express a hope, the result of fear, that William would return time enough to avoid certain winds, which made one part of the navigation on that coast particularly dangerous.

BIRTHA herself, had, no doubt, her fears, as well as her hopes; but there are some fears which the lip of affection dares not utter, and this was one of them.

BIRTHA dreaded to have her inquiries respecting that dangerous passage, answered by "Yes, we know that it is a difficult navigation;" she also dreaded to be told by some kind, but ill-judging friends, to "trust in Providence;" as, by such advice, the reality of the danger would be still more powerfully confirmed to her. This recommendation would to her have been needless, as well as alarming; for she had, doubtless, always relied on Him who is alone able to save, and she knew that the same "Almighty arm was underneath" her lover still, which had hitherto preserved him in the time of need.

Well—time went on, and we will imagine the little garden before the door of the house which BIRTHA had hired, new gravelled, fresh flowers sown and planted there; the curtains ready to be put up; the shelves bright with polished utensils; table linen, white as the driven snow, enclosed in a new-

ly-purchased chest of drawers; and the neat, well chosen wedding-clothes, ready for the approaching occasion: we will also picture to ourselves, the trembling joy of BIRTHA, when her eager and sympathizing neighbours rushed into her cottage, disturbing her early breakfast, with the glad tidings, that William's ship had been seen approaching the dangerous passage with a fair wind, and that there was no doubt but that he would get over it safe, and in day-light! How sweet is it to be the messenger and the bearer of good news, but it is still sweeter to know that one has friends who have pleasure in communicating pleasure to us!

But BIRTHA's joy was still mingled with anxiety, and she probably passed that day in alternate restlessness and prayer.

Towards night the wind rose high, blowing from a quarter unfavourable to the safety of the ship, and it still continued to blow in this direction when night and darkness had closed on all around.

Darkness at that moment seemed to close also upon the prospects of BIRTHA! for she knew that there was no beacon, no landmark to warn the vessel of its danger, and inform the pilot what coast they were approaching, and what perils they were to avoid; and, it is probable, that the almost despairing girl was, with her anxious friends, that livelong night a restless wanderer on the nearest shore.

With the return of morning came the awful confirmation of their worst fears!

There was no remaining vestige of William's vessel, save the top of the mast, which shewed where it had sunk beneath the waves, and proved that the hearts which in the morning had throbbed high with tender hopes and joyful expectations were then cold and still "beneath the mighty waters!" How different now was the scene in BIRTHA's cottage, to that which it exhibited during the preceding morning.

That changed dwelling was not indeed deserted, for sympathizing neighbours came to it as before; but though many may be admitted with readiness when it is a time for congratulation, it is only the few who can be welcome in a season of sorrow; and BIRTHA's sorrow, though quiet, was deep—while neither her nearest relative, nor dearest friend, could do any thing to assist her, save, by removing from her sight the new furniture, or the new dresses, which had been prepared for those happy hours that now could never be hers.

At length, however, BIRTHA, who had always appeared calm and resigned, seemed cheerful also! still she remained pale, as in the first moments of her trial, save when a feverish flush occasionally increased the brightness of her eyes; but she grew thinner and thinner, and her impeded breath made her affectionate friends suspect that she was going into a rapid decline.

Medical aid was immediately called in, and BIRTHA's pleased conviction that her end was near, was soon, though reluctantly confirmed to her, at her own request.

It is afflicting to see an invalid rejoice in knowing that the hour of death is certainly approaching; because it proves the depth and poignancy of the previous sufferings; but then the sight is comforting and edifying also. It is comforting, because it proves that the dying person is supported by the only "help that faileth not;" and it is edifying, because it invites those who behold it to endeavour to believe, that they also may live and die like the departing Christian.

But it was not alone the wish "to die and be with Christ," nor the sweet expectation of being united in another world to him whom she had lost, that was the cause of BIRTHA's increasing cheerfulness, as the hour of her dissolution drew nigh. No—

Her generous heart was rejoicing in a project which she had conceived, and which would, if realized, be the source of benefit to numbers yet unborn. She knew from authority which she could not doubt, that had there been a proper land-mark on the shore, her lover and his ship would not, in all human probability, have perished.

"Then," said BIRTHA, "henceforth there shall be a land-mark on this coast! and I will furnish it! Here at least, no fond and faithful girl shall again have to lament over her blighted prospects, and pine, and suffer as I have done."

She sent immediately for the clergyman of the parish, made her will, and had a clause inserted to the following effect: "I desire that I may be buried on the top of the tower of C—r church! and that my grave may be made very high, and pointed, in order to render it a perpetual land-mark to all ships approaching that dangerous navigation where he whom I loved was wrecked. I am assured, that, had there been a land-mark on the tower of C—r church, his ship might have escaped; and I humbly trust, that my grave will always be kept up, according to my will, to prevent affectionate hearts, in future, from being afflicted as mine has been; and I leave a portion of my little property in the hands of trustees, for ever, to pay for the preservation of the above-mentioned grave, in all its usefulness!"

Before she died, the judicious and benevolent sufferer had the satisfaction of being assured, that her intentions would be carried into effect.

Her last moments were therefore cheered by the belief, that she would be graciously permitted to be, even after death, a benefit to others, and that her grave might be the means of preserving some of her fellow-creatures from shipwreck and affliction.

Nor was her belief a delusive one—The conical grave in question gives so remarkable an appearance to the tower of C—r church, when it is seen at sea, even at a distance, that if once observed it can never be forgotten, even by those to whom the anecdote connected with it is unknown—therefore, as soon as it appears in sight, pilots know that they are approaching a dangerous coast, and take measures to avoid its perils.

But if the navigation on that coast is no longer as perilous as it was, when the heroine of this story was buried, and the tower of C—r church is no longer a necessary land-mark, still her grave remains a pleasing memorial of one, whose active benevolence rose superior to the selfishness both of sorrow and of sickness; and enabled her, even on the bed of death, to contrive and will for the benefit of posterity.

It is strange, but true, that the name of this humble, but privileged being, is not on record; but many whose names are forgotten on earth, have been, I doubt not, received and rewarded in heaven.

HISTORICAL.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

And wild and high the Cameron's gathering rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, that Albion's hills
Have heard; and beard too have her Saxon foes,
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills—
BYRON.

Whoever, for the first time, may chance to pass through the village of Lexington cannot but be impressed with a sort of local awe, as he approaches the field where the first blood was shed, in one of the greatest revolutions the world ever saw. Of a still summer afternoon, the New Hampshire wagoner is often seen turning off from the road, with his whip in his hand, to read the inscription on the monument, of which he has just caught a glimpse among the trees. He enters the enclosure with awakening attention. The tranquillity of the spot, the vicinity of the church, with which the green common is connected, and the bordering trees, which cast their lengthening shadows on the granite pillar, conspire to solemnize the scene, and open the mind of the stranger to a deep impression, as his eye catches the first lines of the inscription—

"Sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind,
The freedom and independence of America."

A thrilling interest arises in his mind, as he proceeds to the names of the simple yeomen who gave up their lives on that momentous occasion, and are sleeping in the dust beneath his feet. His thoughts recur involuntarily to the alarming scene of war, which burst out upon that field, sending horror and grief into the hearts of the inexperienced cottagers. Imagination pictures the ghastly countenances of the slain, and he seems to hear the wild shout of the conquerors, whose bayonets are reeking in their blood. He looks round for some loitering villager to give him an account of the place or battle, no circumstance of which, however trivial, but he will listen to with eagerness.

The rural town of Lexington contains less than two thousand inhabitants, yet possesses peculiar characteristics, which render it in some measure worthy to be the scene of the great event which distinguished it. All its citizens are agriculturists. Even in the earliest period of its history, before it became a township, when the old town of Cambridge swallowed up all the neighbouring territory, it was known by the name of "Cambridge Farms." This characteristic, joined with a healthy competence and equal distribution of property, led from its very settlement to principles of independence and liberty. This place has always been highly republican and patriotic; and considering its vicinity to the metropolis, and other confused trading towns, singularly distinguished for an universal equality of rank in society, and freedom from that obscuring of the human race, which loiter about the heels of the wealthy.

It is well known what excitement prevailed and spread unopposed among a social and united people, while the British troops were stationed in Boston, antecedent to the breaking out of the revolutionary war. Our fathers had time to consider what they were about to attempt, and to fortify their minds with cool determination. Children gathered closely round their parents; mothers grew pale for apprehension; but our fathers beheld them with a quiet though firm and unshaken aspect. They beheld the gathering of mighty clouds, whose effects they could not wholly foresee, yet the language of their hearts was, "Let it come." "The air of this wide, romantick land breathes liberty. The wolf and the catamount of our forest, and the bison-robed Indian have taught it to us. Our ancestors marked not their age with the character of adventure, and ploughed not the distant ocean, to plant us here in servitude."

At dead of the night which preceded the battle of Lexington, 800 British grenadiers and regulars leaped silently into boats, crossed over Charles River bay to Lechmere point, and with great wariness and expedition, struck across through bushes and marsh mud, to gain the high road which led to Lexington and Concord. But the vigilant colonists were not unapprised of their motions. As soon as a regular had leaped into a boat, a fleet horse was in the wind to carry the alarm into the country.—Suddenly the sleeping hills re-echoed to the clang of the church bell; shrill war-notes whistled among the valleys, and the gloominess of night gave wild presentiment of more gloomy reality. Then was the time for the dark spirit to arouse its sleeping energies. The cottager awakes, and fancies that he already hears the clang of arms, and the ruthless shout of the fierce grenadier, as he rushes to sheath his bayonet in the bodies of his wife and children. He springs from his couch, buckles on his leathern girdles, already supplied with the ammunition of death, and grasps his faithful musket; then turning to cast a look, perhaps the last, upon his wife and children, their faces pale with emotion, and more anxious for him than themselves, strengthen the nerves of his resolution. They cling to him: he conjures them to be quiet, and he will defend them, and rushes from his cottage.

The drum is heard which calls him to the field. By the light of the moon he hastens thither. The night is still again—no sound of the enemy is heard—an awful suspense ensues. Soon, however, horses' hoofs are heard—a breathless courier arrives announcing the near approach of 1500 of the enemy. And what could fifty militia yeomen, drawn up in battle array on the field of Lexington, think of doing with 1500 British infantry, by thus boldly intercepting their progress, while not another one of their countrymen had taken up arms or ever shed a drop of English blood? what but an utter recklessness of life, an enthusiastick ardour to be the first in their country's defence, a mad determination to thwart the first encroachment of tyranny, heightened by the midnight scene and the sudden outrage of a mercenary foe, could have induced them to take such a stand? Yet it was well. Now that the mighty struggle is over, which made us free, we applaud such ready and Spartan spirit; such promptness and daring in our fathers to go forward and resist, like the band of Leonidas, the first approaches of oppression.

Parker, their captain, charged them to keep their ground and not to give the first fire. "Let us not,"

said he, "begin the quarrel; but if they will have war, here let it be determined. Let them prick a vein of us, if they dare. Should we fall, it is in no common cause; on no trifling occasion. We shall be revenged." The enemy were now within one hundred rods, and their bright arms were just seen glimmering in the moonlight. They had heard the war-drum of the villagers, halted, charged their pieces, and were now coming up in double quick time. What could have been their thoughts on thus discovering this handful of yeomen quietly drawn up in silent and motionless array on the open field to meet them, notwithstanding all the wariness and expedition of their march from the metropolis under cover of the night? The enemy came up shouting to within ten rods of the unshrinking villagers. "Disperse, you rebels!" bellowed out the English colonel, with his opprobrious appellations, firing his pistol at them, brandishing his broadsword, and in the same breath ordering his foremost ranks to fire. The first platoon fired over the heads of the villagers, who still remained silent and undismayed. A second more general discharge was made directly among them. Seven Americans fell to the earth. The rest broke and dispersed with a retreating fire, which, however, only wounded a few of the enemy. The British kept up their fire as long as they could see one to fire at.

"After the first fire," says J. Munroe, one of the surviving villagers, "I thought, and so stated to E. Munroe, who stood next to me on the left, that they had fired nothing but powder; but on the second firing, Munroe said that they had fired something more than powder, for he had received a wound in his arm; and now, said he, 'I'll give them the contents of my gun.' We then both took aim at the main body of the British troops,—the smoke prevented our seeing any thing but the heads of some of their horses—and discharged our pieces. After the second fire of the British troops, I distinctly saw J. Parker struggling on the ground, with his gun in his hand, apparently attempting to load it. In this situation, the British came up, run him through with the bayonet and killed him on the spot. After I had fired the first time, I retreated about ten rods, and then loaded my gun a second time with two balls; and on firing at the British, the strength of the charge took off about a foot of my gun barrel." (Hist. Battle at Lexington by E. Phinney.) The conquerors, on gaining the field and thus opening the flood gates of the revolutionary war, drew up on the battle ground, fired a volley, and gave three huzzas, and soon after were on the highway again for Concord. The villagers closed warily upon their rear; and made prisoners of six regulars, who loitered behind.

On the return of the enemy from Concord, in the afternoon of the same day, the vanquished villagers had completely rallied, and with the yeomanry of all the surrounding towns, took them at much better advantage than in the morning, plying in flank and rear, from stone-wall ramparts, and the trunks of trees, in the true Indian style. Their fire was continual and deadly, yet would have been much more so, had not Lord Percy re-enforced the enemy from Boston, with one thousand men and some field pieces. These now roared against the Americans. Houses were pillaged and in flames, and women and children, hurried away to the woods. The royal forces collected on a commanding hill about a mile below the church, recruited themselves there, and by night succeeded in reaching Bunker hill. Forty-nine Americans fell in this battle, and sixty-five of the British. It was not great in profusion of blood, but only for the occasion, on which it was fought, and the circumstances which attended it.

It has been said by one of our first orators, that when our country shall have grown mightier in future times, and national history shall have poured out its tomes, and the dusk of antiquity shall have begun to gather round and consecrate the leading events of her earliest establishment, when our children's children shall have multiplied, this battle will be compared to that of the Spartans of Leonidas, and Lexington and Thermopylae will be pronounced together. But, although this may be too much for the present, even in the warmest panegyrics of the offspring of the patriots, who fell on this occasion, yet there is certainly a similarity in the two events.

The British foe did not indeed equal the millions

of Xerxes, yet came like them from a distant country to enslave a free people, who were inferior in wealth and numbers. Leonidas and his little band marched forth boldly and alone to battle, first to resist the mighty intruder and give him a sample of the freeborn character of those he was about to cope with. These heroes made a bloodier and longer resistance against the proud invaders than the yeomanry of Lexington, yet they were enabled to do so from the peculiar advantage of their situation in a narrow pass, while the latter met their foe in the open fields. Leonidas and his band were all slain except one man; and if Parker and his band of yeomen were not all strewn upon their native soil, it was not that they did not sufficiently expose themselves, were not sufficiently daring, or that the bright bayonets, which were leveled against their unshrinking ranks, were not sufficiently numerous, or that the bullets, which whistled about their ears, were not sufficiently plentiful. Some of the veterans who composed this remarkable band, are yet living with their offspring upon the soil which they then so bravely defended. I have often listened to the tales of this and other scenes of revolutionary warfare. There is one very old lady, living now in the same bevel-roofed house, on the highway to Concord, about a mile above the village, which she dwelt in on the day of the battle, who has often amused me with an account of her adventures on that occasion. I do not mention her in context with those aged veterans to diminish aught of their martial character, but merely to illustrate a little further the scene in which they acted.

"I heard the guns," says she, "at about day-break, but being unapprehensive of danger, did not, like most of our neighbours, move off for fear of the enemy; especially as my father was confined to his bed of a severe sickness, so that in fleeing from the house we must leave him behind, which I could not consent to. Our domesticks had already absconded we knew not whither. I, therefore, and my husband, who, on account of a certain indisposition, was incapacitated for military service, remained in the house with our father, while the enemy passed; which they did without offering us any injury. I remember well, their exact order, red coats, glittering arms, and appalling numbers.—Some time after, on their arrival at Concord, a report of musketry was once more heard, and in broken and incessant volleys. It was a sound of death to us. All now was trepidation, fever, and rushing to arms; women and children bewildered and scouring across the fields. With much ado, we succeeded in yoking our oxen and getting father on his bed into an ox-cart, and thus moving him off as carefully as we could to a neighbour's house, at some distance from the highway, on which we expected the enemy to return. Before leaving our house, I secured some of the most valuable of my effects, putting my large looking glass between two feather beds, and fastening all the windows and doors. The house we carried father to, had been already vacated, and here I was left alone with him. The dreadful sound of approaching guns was still ringing in my ears. Bewildered and affrighted, I betook myself into the house cellar, there to await my fate. Occasionally, I ventured to peep out to discover the approach of the enemy. After remaining some time in this dreadful state of fear and suspense, I at last discovered the enemy coming down a long hill on the highway, partly upon a run and in some confusion, being closely beset by 'our men' in flank and rear. The terrific array of war soon came fully into view, and as soon passed off again from before my eyes, like a horrid vision, leaving only a cloud of smoke behind and the groans of the dying, who were strewn in its wake.

"After the rattle of musketry had grown somewhat weaker from distance, and my heart became more relieved of its apprehensions, I resolved to return home. But what an altered scene began to present itself, as I approached the house—garden walls thrown down—my floors trampled upon—earth and herbage covered with the marks of hurried footsteps. The house had been broken open, and on the door-step—awful spectacle—there lay a British soldier dead, on his face, though yet warm, in his blood, which was still trickling from a bullet-hole through his vitals. His bosom and his pockets were stuffed with my effects, which

he had been pillaging, having broken into the house through a window. On entering my front room I was horror-struck. Three mangled soldiers lay groaning on the floor and weltering in their blood, which had gathered in large puddles about them. 'Beat out my brains, I beg of you,' cried one of them, a young Briton, who was dreadfully pierced with bullets, through almost every part of his body, 'and relieve me from this agony.' You will die soon enough, said I, with a revengeful pique. A grim Irishman, shot through the jaws, lay beside him, who mingled his groans of desperation with curses on the villain who had so wounded him.—The third was a young American, employing his dying breath in prayer. A bullet had passed through his body, taking off in its course the lower part of his powder-horn. The name of this youthful patriot was J Haywood, of Acton. His father came and carried his body home; it now lies in Acton grave-yard. These were the circumstances of his death; being ardent and close in the pursuit, he stopped a moment at our well to slake his thirst. Turning from the well, his eye caught that of the Briton, whom I saw lying dead on the door-step, just coming from the house with his plunder.—They were about a rod from each other. The Briton knew it was death for him to turn, and the American scorned to shrink. A moment of awful suspense ensued—when both simultaneously levelled their muskets at each other's heart, fired and ell on their faces together. My husband drew the two Britons off on a sled, and buried them in one of our pastures where they now lie, beneath a pine tree which has grown up out of their grave. The Irishman was the only one of the three that survived." [Harvard Register.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1828.

Post masters and secretaries of chapters and lodges are requested to act as our agents.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS. We have had occasion to refer to the proceedings of the different legislative bodies of the Mexican republic, as they have related to the Masonick Order and its adherents. The first notice we gave something like a year ago, which was an announcement of a signal defeat of the enemies of Masonry in the general congress of that republic. Several months subsequent to this, the congress of the state of Vera Cruz, a subject state of that nation, entered its testimony against freemasonry in an act of proscription, which *liberal* act was soon followed by an insignificant and imbecile attack on Mr. Poinsett, minister of the United States to Mexico. The next information we have, was a recent and more serious commotion raised by the party who opposed Mr. Poinsett, denominated Escoceses, which has however resulted in the utter discomfiture of their plans, and proved their hypocrisy beyond a doubt. A bill was pending before the general congress for the suppression of all masonick societies; but the state congress of Vera Cruz, not satisfied with the provisions of the bill, made a report, or rather an exposition to the general government, of a tone and character that told too plainly what subsequent events proved to be true,—that their aim was a monopoly in the affairs and offices of the general government. They recommended that the secretaries of despatch should be removed, and "that their places should be bestowed on men of known probity and merit;"—that a passport should be granted without loss of time to the envoy from the government of the United States, Mr. Poinsett;—and cap the climax, as is usual in all such *disinterested* persecutions, by some flaming protestations of patriotic zeal. Disappointed in these attempts, the Escoceses took up arms for the dismemberment of the federal government, and the *patriotic* legislature of the state of Vera Cruz followed suit. The rebellion continued for fifteen days; and was put down with the loss of but few lives. General Biavo the vice president of the Union, Barragan, governor of the state of Vera Cruz, and colonel Santa Anna, have been taken prisoners and before this have probably suffered death for their treason. They were the ring leaders. Since these events, the legislature of Vera Cruz has become wonderfully loyal to the

general government,—publicly "eating their own words,"—throwing the blame on Barragan and pleading "compulsion"—repealing the act passed last summer against freemasons and lodges,—and it was expected soon to see a "manifesto" eulogizing our minister, Mr. Poinsett, as much as it has heretofore abused him. If this has proved any thing political respecting the masonick order, we leave it for the impartial to judge, whether of the two parties respected and adopted the duties of good citizens, the masons,—or their persecutors, the Escoceses.

POETRY. The quantity of this article of domestic manufacture now in market seems to augur well for printers, if not for readers. Matter is never so dull as entirely to exhaust the patience of printers, if so be that they labour in hope of some substantial edification in the form of cash. It would be well if readers were thus supported through the trials which so perpetually beset them on every side.

It would seem that modern scribblers, after numberless attempts to scratch out something in the shape of *reason*, had abandoned the project as hopeless, and come to the unanimous conclusion to attempt nothing hereafter but *rhyme*. Here again, it were something more tolerable, had they succeeded universally even in this undertaking; for to our ear, which, if we say it ourselves, is not so dull as to mistake blank verse for rhyme, ten to one who undertake, at the risk of an enormous expenditure of ink, and the consumption of numberless reams of foolscap, to manufacture the fabric usually termed verse, fail, and produce a mixture, a sort of nondescript in literature, which is neither rhyme nor reason.

It really appears to us not so difficult a task to compose in rhyme as some imagine, but we will readily grant that poetry and rhyme are far from being synonymous terms. Yet it is an ornament much neglected by our best poets, perhaps on the ground that good poetry will sanction almost any defect. In the several articles we have selected for our present number, we find several such oversights, which to say the least are blemishes which might have been avoided by proper care. For instance, the word *eye* cannot be called a rhyme to the last syllable of the word *poetry*; *sighs* with the same of *harmonies*; nor *gone* with *flown*, let the writers be Mrs. Hemans, Percy Bysshe Shelley, or any other gifted poet. The article with the caption, "A Parthian Glance," while it bears witness to the genius of Mr. Hood as a comick poet, carries another and no less complimentary proof of his correct musical ear, in its exact and judicious rhyme. Not an exception to the last observation is to be met with in the whole article. The truth is that the inattention of some first rate-poets to these *minutiae* have furnished an excuse for every one who dabbles in iambs and dactyls;—and when you tell them of their defects in rhyme, they refer you directly to Byron, or Mrs. Hemans, or Scott, or some other eminent author as a standard for their blunders. By the same rule, even Pope's "Universal Prayer," and "Messiah" would become a ready excuse for the murdered syntax perpetrated by every ignoramus in America or England. To say that such trifling defects in rhyme are enough to condemn the writings of those who have licensed them, would be folly; but this we may safely say,—that composition can not be called finished poetry, which pretends to be rhyme and is not. We advise all aspirants for poetick fame to habituate themselves to a critical revision of their own productions, even in the most minute parts; there is no danger of their being too scrupulous.

Of all living poets, we believe that Moore is the most accurate in points of this kind. He however, has now and then a slip of the thought, in common with others of peculiarly high standing. Moore was so particular in one instance as to mention an error of this kind in a note at the end of Lalla Rookh, where it was discovered too late to correct it in the proper place; and this error was nothing more than coupling for rhymes the words *night* and *unite*.—Montgomery too is in general exact in his rhymes, which add in our opinion highly to his poetical character. In America, Doctor Percival is perhaps the most correct in that particular, but Byron has been so universally read and admired, that his false rhymes which in composition are perhaps his greatest blemishes, have obtained a sort of sanction among our writers, which ought not to be tolerated. Mr. Halleck, whom we consider in the first rank as a poet,

is forever rhyming the long sound of *i* or *y* with the short final sound of the latter letter.

Blank verse appears but little cultivated at present, or but little success attends it. It is a species of composition incapable of so many novelties of style as rhyme, and consequently not endowed with the capability of variety, which is the grand desideratum among our modern harp-stringers. On the whole, much as there is at present before the publick both classick and ephemeral, we doubt whether much eminence is easily to be acquired in the cultivation of it, and must again enforce a call on the young bards of America, to turn their attention more particularly to *rhyme*.

EDITOR BESIEGED. The editor of the Illinois Gazette, published at Shawneetown in that state, gives a very shrewd and lively account of the late remarkable rise of the Ohio at that place; or so far as he was personally interested in the general deluge, being driven by the waters into the garret of his office, there to ponder over his situation

"Like ships at sea, while in, above the world."

His office, which stands upon the highest spot of natural ground in the town, was inundated to the depth of six feet above the lower floor. His sole companion in this involuntary hermitage was a dog he had charitably rescued from the waters, who was far from being a pleasant one; for in the most tempestuous part of the flood, while this insulated castle was tottering under the furious application of the winds and rain above, and the ocean of waves beneath, he "kept chorus with the blast in such a manner as to render sleep out of the question." After many attempts to hush him without effect, he took up "a file of papers which formed a part of the bed, and belaboured the noisy animal until he grew tired of the exercise; and even this had no more impression than words had done before. The reason of this was discovered in the morning—it was a file of Penn's Weekly Advertiser, which makes no impression on the head of man or beast."

How long this brother of the type held this exalted though far from enviable station, he does not inform us; perhaps he did not feel exactly certain himself;—for he observes that on first putting their feet upon land the day of the week was forgotten,—some contending that it was Friday, others Saturday, and some Sunday, and others Monday. From the tenour of the narration we should judge that it could not have been less than from eight to twelve days that he was a tenant of this newly invented ark.

The neighbouring mounds, so often alluded to as the supposed fortifications of the ancient inhabitants of this country, were the only spots left dry. These were covered with cattle and hogs, which the editor presumes to afford a hint to the antiquarian, of the original design of these monuments of a former century. Some have supposed them to be burial places; others fortifications,—and many other conjectures have been wasted upon the subject. These may either or all of them be true; but as it now stands, we must concede to the opinion of the aforesaid weather-bound editor, and pronounce them commodious and permanent refuges from the floods, erected by the persevering industry of a race of natives now extinct. We have materially abridged the account given by the *Noah* of the west,—but we found it necessary to draw out this article much beyond our intention, to preserve even a tolerable share of the writer's shrewd and spirited narration. He says that the damage to the village sustained by this unlooked for and unusually protracted freshet, was not so extensive as had been anticipated. Yet the freshet was of an extraordinary character,—being the highest within the remembrance of the oldest inhabitants; and coming in an unusual season of the year, it must have put them to great inconvenience. The editor however states, that a truly neighbourly spirit was manifested towards him in particular—a faithful friend having furnished him every second day with the necessary staff of life.

INDEFATIGABLE PREACHER. The most extraordinary instance of long and laborious service in the clerical office ever under our notice, is the case of the Rev. John Charleston, a coloured preacher of the Methodist connexion, in Virginia. The Rev. Stith Mead, who was familiarly acquainted with him, describes this son of another race even to the particularity of height, weight, colour, dress and age, in a late number of the "Zion's Herald." He is now near six-

ty-one, very tall, and weighing 230 pounds. He has preached eighteen years, and during that time, he would walk thirty miles in a day, and preach three times. Neither storm nor flood were to him an obstacle; he would ford or swim large streams, and had his dog so tutored as to carry his bible and hymn book across in his mouth, without suffering them to get wet. He had the reputation of being a correct speaker, and a good orator. The effeminate and luxurious labourers in the spiritual vineyard may take a profitable lesson from this humble African.

SAINT PATRICK. The anniversary nativity of this apostle and guardian saint of Ireland will be on Monday next, the 17th inst. Born as he was in an age destitute of literary means adequate to hand down his history to posterity, the biography of this singularly gifted man is but little known to the present generation. He is supposed to owe his birth either to Wales or the adjacent county of Cornwall in England. Being taken and carried off to Ireland by pirates, he became the herald of Christianity to that then heathen people, and under his preaching the true religion acquired a strong and permanent footing in that island. Saint Patrick died about the year 460. His memory is deservedly venerated by the enthusiastick and generous natives of that oppressed island.

TABLE-TALK.

In Perry county, Ohio, a yellow woman was tried at the last term of the court of common pleas, convicted, and sentenced three years to the penitentiary, for *horse stealing*.—A poor labouring man with a family, who has lived in the town of Pomfret, Chataugue county, in this state, for several years, and whose pecuniary circumstances have at times been so low and discouraging, that he found it difficult to get trusted at any of the village stores to the value of a single dollar, has very recently received authentick intelligence from England, whence he emigrated, that he has become the heir to a fortune of more than \$40,000. He has of course departed to go into possession of his good fortune. —At a late New-York sessions, a woman was indicted for stealing some *bombazines*; but it being proved that she had taken only *bombazet*, she was acquitted!—One of the most moving sermons perhaps ever preached on land, was not long since delivered in a New-York church, while under the operation of *moving* from one street to another. As the pews were all in *tiers*, the audience must have been greatly *moved*.—Two divines, Mr. Walker and Mr. Reed, preached each in the same pulpit on the same day. The former took for his text, "What went ye out for to see,—a *Reed* shaken with the wind?" the latter preached from these words,—“And the Lord said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.” After a short introduction, he observed,—“from these words we may infer that the devil was a mighty *Walker*.”—A person living in Byron, Genesee county, has lately discovered that the persons concerned in the crucifixion of our Saviour were *freemasons*! alleging that he can prove the fact,—and furthermore offering to make *oath* to the statement! The same person intimates that an *anti-masonick bible* is about to be published, in which the names of *Solomon*, and all those considered as the patrons of freemasonry, will be omitted.—Proposals are issued for the publication of a new paper in some part of New-Jersey, to be entitled the *Celestial Trio*. [We shall next hear of the “*Martingale to Bucephalus*,” the “*Crupper of Pegasus*,” the “*Suspenders of Apollo*,” “*Melpomene’s Night-Cap*,” or the “*Garters of Minerva*,”—quite as appropriate as one half the *sky-high* titles assumed by our literary air-balloons of the present day.]—Two clergymen have lately departed from New-York for England, to enquire into their claims to the estates and titles of Scottish lords, of which it is believed they have become the legal heirs.—*Caveat Latrones!* The Trenton True American contains this very combustible threat:—“Those persons who steal the editor’s wood are informed that some of them are known, and unless they desist in future, they may chance to *burn* their fingers!”—By a typographical error in a late New-York paper, the Montreal Gazette is made to say, “the road to the isl-

and of Saint Helena is no longer passable for carriages!”—Paddy need wait no longer for his projected tour across the ocean by land. The island at Saint Helen’s, near Montreal, was meant.—Among the papers of the late John M’Intyre, Postmaster in Marion, Georgia, were found a great number of letters, broken open but containing money; one directed to D. D. Saunders, enclosing \$175. Mr. M’Intyre certainly and literally died for the publick good.—An eccentric Englishman used to object to having his horses shod, because it would make them so proud that they could not walk, for looking at their feet.

FOREIGN. Five packets have arrived from Europe, in New-York, during the present week, bringing regular files of English papers to the 16th of February inclusive. The new British ministry, with the duke of Wellington at the head, is composed entirely of tories. There appears to be much confusion and jangling among the *ins* and *outs*, and parliament having met on the 29th of January, no little noise was made by the disappointed knowing ones. Accounts from Constantinople are strongly confirmatory of the warlike intentions of the Porte. The Bosphorus has been closed against the vessels of all nations, and the subjects of the three christian powers have been warned to leave the capital. The pirates are rumoured to have captured two vessels sent from the United States with provisions for the Greeks. An American frigate, it is said, had proceeded to Carabusa, the station of these pirates, burnt several piratical vessels, and hung upon the spot the whole crew, fifteen in number! The Greeks had taken Scio after a terrible conflict. Lord Cochrane arrived at Portsmouth from Greece on the 15th of February. The London papers state that the scheme for settling the affairs of Turkey is, that the Greeks indemnify the Turks for the loss of their fleet, for which England is to become security,—and that on these terms Greece is to be independent! Doubtful. At any rate, the allied powers appear far more anxious for peace at present than the Porte.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Saturday, March 1. In senate, a message was received from his honour the lieutenant governor, transmitting resolutions from the legislature of Ohio, disapproving certain resolutions of the state of South Carolina relative to the constitutional powers of the general government. The message and resolutions, together with a report and resolutions, from the state of Georgia, on the same subject heretofore laid on the table, was referred to a select committee consisting of Messrs. Carroll, Throop and Jordan. The bill from the assembly to prevent obstructions in Eighteen Mile creek, to the town of Royalton, Niagara county, was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, Mr. Monell, from the committee on grievances, to whom was referred certain petitions and counter-petitions relative to the construction of the Cayuga and Seneca canal, submitted a resolution calling on the canal commissioners for information in relation to the same. Adopted.—A return was received from the bank of New-York, in pursuance of the resolution of the house. Ordered printed.—Bills read a third time and passed: to change the name of the Welch Religious Society in Remsen; for the relief of Andrew Purdy; concerning the jail limits in Steuben; authorizing J. Whitney and another to erect a dam across the Susquehannah; amending the act relative to the first Presbyterian society in Pittsford; for the appointment of a justice of the peace in the fifth ward of the city of Albany. The house occupied the remainder of the day in a committee of the whole on the bill for the renewal of the charter of the New-York State bank.

Monday, March 3. In senate, resolved that the canal commissioners report to the senate, when the mills and machinery erected on the Champlain canal were erected, and by whom, and on what terms, and by whose authority, and the length of time such mills and machinery have been in operation, and by whom conducted, and the rents received, and the value of the water power, whether taken from the canal, feeder or river, if the consequence of the construction thereof, and if any thing has been paid for such privileges, by whom and the amount thereof; and if nothing has been paid, the reasons why it has not been done.

Resolved, that the comptroller furnish to the chairman of the select committee appointed on the petition of Stephen Field and others in relation to the claim of John Jacob Astor and his associates, a detailed statement of the moneys which have been paid in relation to the examination of that claim, and the defence of the suits concerning it. The bill from the assembly to incorporate the New-York Beneficial society, was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, the following resolution, were unanimously adopted: The death of Major General JACOB BROWN,

Commander in Chief of the army of the United States, having been announced in the papers received from Washington, resolved, by the legislature of the state of New-York, that in common with the legislature of the general government, and the citizens of the United States, we deplore the death of General Brown as a national calamity. That although the lamented dead acquired his character as a hero and a patriot chiefly in the service of the United States, yet when we recollect that he grew up as a resident of our state, we cannot suppress a strong expression of the pride we feel in having produced so distinguished a soldier. Bills read a third time and passed: to settle the estate of Mary Doxtader, an Indian woman; to authorize the erection of a dam across the Chemung by Jonathan Brown and others; to amend the act declaring certain waters in Steuben publick highways, and relative to five mile creek in that county; to establish a ferry across Crooked lake; and to alter the time of the annual town meetings in the town of Painted Post.

Tuesday, March 4. The senate unanimously concurred in the resolution from the assembly, expressive of the sense of the legislature, in deploring the death of major general Jacob Brown as a national calamity; and the pride felt that this state should have produced so eminent a hero, patriot and soldier. Resolved, that the attorney general report his opinion to the senate, if the trustees of the Sailor’s Snug Harbour, in the city of New-York, can, with the aid of an act of the legislature, sell any part or parts of the land devised by Robert R. Randall, for the purpose of an asylum or marine hospital, to be called the Sailor’s Snug Harbour, without a forfeiture of the devise, and if the said hospital can be erected upon any ground other than that contained in the said devise. The bill authorizing Joshua Whitney and Hazard Lewis to erect a dam across the Susquehannah river, was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, General Porter, from the committee to which was referred the bill directing the payment of certain moneys to the minor heirs of De Witt Clinton, made a report proposing certain amendments to the bill, and recommending their adoption. The first section, directing the payment of the salary of the late governor to the end of the year, remains unaltered. The second section is proposed to be amended by granting and appropriating to the use of the minor children of De Witt Clinton,—thousand dollars, in consideration of the eminent services rendered by him to the people of this state. The report was laid upon the table.—A report was received from the commissioners for draining the Cayuga marshes. Bills read a third time and passed: for the relief of James Ashley; for the relief of the executors &c. of Huldah Rockwell; and to amend the charter of the village of Bridgewater.

TO PUBLISHERS OF PAPERS, &c.—It is intended before, or certainly by the first of May next, in a pamphlet with other statistical matter, to notice all newspapers and other periodicals in the United States, the city or town where published, condition of publication, &c. A copy containing the above shall be faithfully forwarded to each of you, who will insert this notice *once*, and forward a paper or copy of the work you publish, to Philadelphia, directed to “THE TRAVELLER.”

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ALBANY TYPE FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, successors to the late firm of R. STARR & Co. in the above Foundry, continue to execute orders for Plain and Ornamental Type, Brass Rule, and Metal Cuts. Also, for Presses and Ink, Chases, composing Sticks, Cases and Stands, Gallies, and printing materials of every description, at short notice, and on terms as liberal as those of other Foundries.

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Have also cut a new and very beautiful English Script, on *inclined body*, orders for which can be executed by the first of April. By being cast on inclined body, the face is not exposed as on square body, where most of the letters are *kerned*; and the mould in which it is cast having a notch or shoulder in the side the type are kept perfectly in line. No expense has been spared, and it is confidently believed, that this Script will be found the most elegant type ever cast in this country, or in Europe.

Type cast at this foundry is warranted equal at least in *hardness and durability*, to any cast in this country. Particular care is also taken to have the type *well dressed*, and the founts *regularly put up*. It is intended to keep such a supply on hand as to be able to furnish orders without the usual delay. Orders by mail, or left at the Foundry, No. 8, Liberty street, will receive prompt attention.

Feb. 2.

STARR & LITTLE.
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POETRY.

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Come, my crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little oblivion's veil;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to its tail.

Ay, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those criticks whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh! what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as further our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half a yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures are weak—
But no grief was allowed to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Through the Dalby's carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Heads or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish game!

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback softened with sand?
Had you ever your nose towelled up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a schoolboy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that "pepper and salt"
That was down to the elbows and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was killed by my stroke,
And extended my arms as "the arms that he wore!"

Next a lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot!
Have you bowed to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?
Like a beau that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelst of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am withered and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

TO A SISTER.

BY J. CONDER.

Louise! you wept, that morn of gladness
Which made your brother blest;
And tears of half-reproachful sadness
Fell on the bridegroom's vest:
Yet pearly tears were those to gem
A sister's bridal diadem.

No words could half so well have spoken,
What thus was deeply shown
By nature's simplest, dearest token,
How much was then my own;
Endearing her for whom they fell,
And thee, for having loved so well.

But now no more—nor let a brother,
Louise, regretful see

That still 'tis sorrow to another,
That he should happy be.
Those were, I trust, the only tears
That day shall cost through coming years.

Smile with us. Happy and light hearted,
We three the time will while,
And when sometimes a season parted,
Still think of us and smile.
But come to us in gloomy weather;
We'll weep, when we must weep, together.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

What wakest thou, spring!—sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes that have long been mute;
Thou bringest back to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's voiceless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, spring!—the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispering shade,
And happy murmurs running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters—they too hear thy call:
Spring the awakener!—thou hast burst their sleep;
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forest deep
Where diamond sparkles, and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers—the fairy peopled world of flowers!
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Colouring the cowslip with thy sunny hues,
And penciling the wood anemone;
Silent they seem, yet each, to thoughtful eye
Glow with mute poetry.

But what awakest thou in the heart, O spring?
The human heart with all its dreams and sighs?
Thou that givest back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies!
Fresh songs and accents break forth where'er thou art,—
What wakest thou in the heart?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds and leaves and living blooms?
Oh! is it not that from thy early track
Hope to the world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes! gentle spring,—no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones there!

END OF THE GLORIOUS.

Pour thy tears wild and free,
Balm blest and holiest!
Fallen is the lofty tree,
Low as the lowliest!
Rent is the eagle's plume,
Towering victorious!
Read on the hero's tomb—
The end of the glorious!
Lean on the shivered spear,
It threatens no longer!
Snapped like its high compeer,
The willow is stronger!
See on its dinted edge
The bright day beam flashes—
If thine be the soul to stand
And number its gashes!

Press not that hallowed mould
In darkness enshrouded!
Ashes but scarcely cold
Beneath it are crowded!
Thy feet o'er some noble heart
May stumble unheeding;
O'er thy familiar friend
Perchance may be treading!

O ye were scattered fast,
Sons of the morning!
Triumph but seen and past
Your proud brows adorning!
After such mortal toil
To slumber so soundly!
Can aught the heart of man
Speak so profoundly?

GLORY.

FROM THE BOSTON LITERARY GAZETTE.

Glory! Eternal Glory! At the word
How my heart leaps, as at the trumpet's blast!
Each life drop in its slumbering fount is stirred,
As if a mighty spirit had swept past
On wide and outstretched wings. Whate'er thou art,
Spirit invisible—omnipotent—
I bow to thee—and would become a part
Of thy existence! Not with bended knee,
And cowering spirit would I worship thee—
But here—beneath the broad blue firmament,
Alone and fearless, standing in the sight
Of ages past and future—I invoke
Thee in thy robes of majesty and might.
Thee and thy crowned ones—even him who broke
The slumber of the charnel house—and tore
From its embrace his buried ancestry;
Even him, the murderous fratricide who wore
A crown stained with the blood of infancy.
Spirit of mighty power, where is thy home?
For I would be companion there with thee.
He was no fool who fired the Ephesian dome,
And seeking, found an immortality.
I too would taste of glory—though it were
To shine and fall even like Lucifer!

W. G. C.

ON A FADED VIOLET.

BY SHELLEY.

The odour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown,
Which glowed of thee, and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not;
I sigh—it breathes no more on me!
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

LIFE'S CHASE.

The chief of the huntsmen is Death, whose aim
Soon levels the brave and the craven;
He crimson the field with the blood of his game,
But the booty he leaves to the raven.
Like the stormy tempest that flies so fast,
O'er moor and mountain he gallops past;
Man shakes
And quakes
At his bugle blast.

But what boots it, my friends, from the hunter to flee,
Who shoots with the shafts of the grave;
Far better to meet him thus manfully,
The brave by the side of the brave!
And when against us he shall turn his brand,
With his face to his foe let each hero stand,
And await
His fate
From a hero's hand.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1828.

NO. 8.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN IMPARTIAL EXAMINATION

OF THE ACT OF THE ASSOCIATE SYNOD AGAINST THE
FREEMASONS.

First published in the Edinburgh Magazine, for October, 1757.
(Concluded from page 50)

The nature of an oath, particularly of a promissory oath, which this pretended power only respects, comprehends a solemn invocation of the name of God, the supreme and omniscient being, the searcher of the hearts and the trier of the reins of the children of men; not only as an impartial witness (Jer. xlii. 5.) of what is promised, but likewise as the judge and certain avenger of perjury, falsehood and deceit. The performance of the oath becomes thereby cognoscible by the omniscience of the divine tribunal; (Jer. xxix. 23.) and his justice and omnipotence will not fail to pour out the vial of his threatened vengeance upon that execrated head, which has dared to invoke the name of the Lord in vain.

[Zech. v. 4. *Jurisperandis contempta religio satis Deum ultorem habet. P. et lib. 2. c. de Reb. cred. et. Jurejun.]*

Such are the conclusions of sound reason, warranted by Scripture. Can it then be imagined that God has left it in the power of man to alter these established rules of his judgements and procedure? Would not this be, as the poet says, to

*Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the God of God?*

There arises likewise from an oath, a requisitorial right to the person in whose behalf it is conceived. The thing promised becomes his property; of which, so far as the acquisition does not infringe any anterior obligation, he cannot be defrauded by any dispensing power, without manifest injustice, and the exercise of an arbitrary and despotick authority.

The cause of introducing oaths into civil society affords another forcible argument against this dispensing power. The natural and indispensable obligations to justice and equity, even assisted by the fear of civil punishments, were found insufficient to correct the depravity of the human mind, and prevent a bias to apparent self interest in the performance of mutual contracts. It was found necessary to assume the aid of religion; and upon the faith of an oath to establish a mutual trust.—This arises from a confidence that he who swears will never violate that promise to which he called God to be his witness, and of the breach whereof he has obtested him to be the judge and avenger. But, if there is any where on earth lodged a power of absolving from these obligations, mutual terror and diffidence must take place of the happiness and tranquillity expected from civil society, of which the utter subversion must ensue.

However extraordinary this claim may appear, his holiness, the pope, arrogates it to himself, very consistently with his other attributes. He is the viceroy of God; and under him, the spiritual lord of the universe: all mankind are his subjects; and every oath, every contract, is with a reversion of its being to him well pleasing.

But upon what consistent bottom their holinesses, the brethren of the association found their absolving power, is not so evident. Perhaps, like the Jesuits, those expert casuists and subtle divines, they will distinguish, and resolve it into a declaratory; whereby from their profound know-

ledge, they only show that certain oaths, from the particular circumstances that attend them, are unjust or wicked, and the performance of them will not therefore be expected by God; nor is it exigible by man, or obligatory on the conscience.

In this view let us examine their conduct towards the *freemasons*; and endeavour to explore on which side the imputation of blasphemy and impiety will fall.

In this conflict the match is very unequal. A *freemason*, while he defends the mysteries of the craft is at every step under the awe and reverence of his oath. He cannot therefore exhibit those mysteries to view, or subject them to examination. He must then, like the lion in the fable, suppose the picture such as it is represented by his antagonist.

Untainted probity frequently meets with strong opposition from villany supported by fraud. Experience has taught her to oppose prudence to cunning, and secrecy and resolution to the dark designs and dire machinations of her foes. But the depravity or facility of mankind soon discovered the difficulty of attaining that degree of secrecy, upon which the success of enterprise must often depend; and from a confidence of which resolution and activity result. To remedy this defect, religion opportunely interposes, and affords the sanction of an oath; under the security of which the schemes suggested, and maturely planned by judgement, are entrusted to prudence and resolution for their execution. Hence oaths of secrecy have become one of the necessary hinges of government; they have been adopted by every civil state; and every branch of administration requires them. To them must be ascribed the success of the greatest enterprises. Under their influence, the noble, generous plan of British liberty was matured into execution, and the purposes of popish tyranny rendered abortive by the Revolution: and to them the *freemason* owns his grateful acknowledgements, for the unrestrained liberty of defending his craft, and of detecting the damnable principles and black practices of the pretended messengers of Christ, without the dread of a merciless inquisition. The innocence of such oaths cannot then be doubted; and their necessity sufficiently sanctifies their use.

But it seems the seceders hold it a crime to exact an oath of secrecy, before the things required to be kept secret are revealed. Can any thing be more ridiculous than this objection? The purposes of such oaths would thereby be disappointed, for the secret would be communicated without any security or obligation to preserve it; and it would then become optional to grant it or not. Cromwell, that arch politician, when he imagined his secretary's clerk, who was fast asleep, had overheard him deliver some important orders, would not trust to the security of a subsequent oath, and thought that security could be assured only by his immediate death. The common practice of the world refutes the objection, which could only proceed from those whose want of modesty equals that of their honesty. Mankind is so prone to religion, that it requires only confidence enough, for any persons, however unqualified, to assume the character of spiritual guides, and they will not fail to obtain votaries. These, from that same tendency, soon yield up their judgement and consciences to the direction of their teachers; and their affections or antipathies, which become no longer their own, are pointed at particular objects, as the zeal or private interest of their priests shall dictate. One distinguishing characteristic of the associate brethren,

seems to be an abhorrence of every oath not devised by themselves, and framed to promote the interest of faction, rebellion, and schism.

[They have in their synods, condemned as unlawful, the clauses in Burgess oaths, with respect to religion and allegiance to the king.]

They have not as yet, however, perverted the morals of all their followers; some of them, notwithstanding all their endeavours, still retain a regard for an oath, as the sacred and inviolable bond of society. This, they perceived was a check to their ambitious views of an unlimited obedience from their people. It was therefore necessary to diminish that reverence, in hopes that when their deluded flock had learned to overleap the fence in one instance, they would not be scrupulous to do it in any other. And for this end, the nature of an oath of secrecy is deliberately misrepresented, and rashness and profanity ascribed to it.

As I am obliged to suppose the secrets of *masonry*, such as they are represented by the associate brethren, I shall follow the order laid down for their interrogations in their act.

They object, that the mason oath is administered by an invocation of the name of God, attended with certain rites and ceremonies of a superstitious nature, and under a capital penalty.

By attending to the nature of an oath, it will appear, that the obtesting God as a witness and avenger, necessarily implies an imprecation of his wrath; which, if the doctrine of providence is believed, must imply all temporal, as well as eternal punishments; it matters not whether any penalty is expressed; nor does the doing so, in any degree alter the nature of the obligation. (*Illud videtur esse certum, omne juramentum Promissorium, quacunque forma concipiatur, explicatione vel contractione, utramque virtualiter continere attestationem, sc. et. execrationem. Nam in juramento, et execratio supponit attestationem, ut quid sibi prius; et attestatio subinfert execrationem ut suum necessarium consequens. Saunderson de oblig. juram. pral. sect. X.*) As to the ceremonies pretended to be adhibited to this oath, they appear to be innocent in themselves; and if the masons use any such, instead of ascribing these to a superstitious regard, charity would conclude they were not without an emphatick and allegorical meaning.

Oaths have almost universally had some rite or ceremony annexed, which, however insignificant in themselves, were originally expressive of something that tended to increase the awe and respect due to that solemn act. The casuists all agree, that though the oath is equally obligatory without them, the perjury is however increased by the solemnity. All nations have adopted them: the Hebrews, by putting their hand below the thigh of the person to whom they swore, (Gen. xxvi. 2.—xlvii. 29.) the Pagans, by taking hold of the altar; (Et, ut mos Græcorum est, Jurandi causa, ad aras accedat, Cic. pro Balbo) and both, pretending their hands to heaven: (Gen. xiv. 22)

*Suspiciens cælum, tenditque ad sidera dextram,
Hæc eadem, Ænea, terram, mare, sidera juro.*

Virg. Æn. lib. xii, v. 198.

in which last, they have been followed by all Christian nations; some of whom, particularly our sister kingdom, when they take an oath, touch, or kiss the holy gospels: and not only so, but every private society, every court of justice have forms of administering oaths, peculiar to themselves. Shall not then the society of *freemasons* be allowed that

privilege, without the imputation of superstition and idolatry?

The *matter* of the oath comes next under consideration. The freemasons pretend to take some of their secrets from the *Bible*. A grievous accusation, truly! "Jack, in the Tale of a Tub, could work his father's will into any shape he pleased; so that it served him for a night cap when he went to bed, or an umbrella in rainy weather. He would clap a piece of it about a sore toe; or, when he had fits, burn two inches under his nose; or, if any thing lay heavy on his stomach, scrape off and swallow as much of the powder as would lie on a silver penny; they were all infallible remedies." But it seems Knocking Jack of the north, will not have all these pearls to be cast before swine, and reserves them only for his special favourites. What magical virtues there can be in the words of the sacred passage mentioned in the act, (1 Kings, vii, 21.) the world will be at a loss to discover; and the holy brethren, so well versed in mysteries, are the most proper to explain.

But there are other things which are ground of scruple, in the manner of swearing of the said oath. This the synod have not thought fit to mention; but their publisher has supplied the defect, by a reference to a mason's confession of the oath, word, and other secrets of his craft; (vide *Scots Mag.* 1755, p. 133,) which indeed contains variety of matters insignificant, and ridiculous in themselves, and only fit for the amusement of such persons as the ignorance and incoherence of the author display him to be.

The *freemason* does not think himself at all concerned to defend and support whatever nonsense shall be fathered upon the craft by the ignorant and malevolent. The honour of the fraternity is not in the least tarnished by it.

The whole narrative, particularly the method of discovering a mason, the 'prentice's shirt and the Monday's lesson, cannot fail to move laughter, even in gravity itself. But absurd and ridiculous as the whole of this matter must appear, a passion of another nature is thereby excited, which respects the discoverer himself; and that is an honest indignation of the perjury he has committed. For if this person, scrupulously conscientious, as he is represented, was actually under the oath he pretends, however trifling and insignificant the thing itself might be; yet, in the opinion of the most eminent casuists, he was obliged to keep his oath; the respect due to truth and falsehood being the same in trivial matters, as in those of greater importance; otherwise God must be invoked as witness to a lie. [Saunderson, de obl. jur. præl. 3, 115.]

But if ignorance or imbecility, deluded by hypocritical sanctity, or headstrong zeal, can afford any alleviation, (for an absolute acquittance it cannot) the charge must fall with redoubled weight upon those who induced him, and would induce others, over whom this influence extends, to put such an affront upon the honour of God, and to habituate themselves to the practice of insincerity and injustice towards man: is not this to adopt the practices and opinions of their religious predecessors in hypocrisy, sedition, and rebellion? who held, that

"Oaths were not proposed more than law,
To keep the good and just in awe;
But to confine the bad and sinful,
Like moral cattle, in a pinfold."

The natural curiosity of mankind, always eager and impetuous in the pursuit of knowledge, when disappointed of a rational account of things, is apt to rest upon conjecture, and often embraces a cloud in place of the goddess of truth. So has it fared with the secret of *masonry*. That society, though venerable for its antiquity, and respectable for its good behaviour, has, through falsehood and misrepresentation, groundlessly awakened the jealousy of states, and the obloquy of malicious tongues. Their silence and secrecy, as they gave ample room for the most extravagant conjectures, so they likewise afforded an opportunity for the greatest imputations, without fear of a refutation. They have been traduced as atheists and blasphemers, branded as idolaters, and ridiculed as the dupes of nonsense. The hard names, liberally bestowed on their secrets by the Seceders, partake of all these; (vid. *Scots Magazine*, 1755, p. 137.) but their proof relates only to the last; and indeed, it seems rather like the delirious ravings of a brain sick head, in-

flamed with the fumes of enthusiasm, than a rational design to expose them. Its publication is an affront upon the judgement of the world; no less than inserting it in the *Scots Magazine*, is an impeachment upon the taste of the readers of that collection.

To remove such prejudices, and in some degree to satisfy the world, and inquisitive cavillers, *masons* have condescended to publish what opinions they maintained, with respect to the great principles of human action. Their belief in God is founded upon the justest notion of his being and attributes, drawn from the light of nature, assisted by revelation. They never enter into the speculative regions, so much cultivated by divines. What cannot be comprehended in his nature, they leave as incomprehensible. They adore his Infinite Being, and reckon it the perfection of mankind to imitate his communicable perfections. Their duty to their superiours, to their neighbours, and to themselves, are all expressed in a manner the most agreeable to the soundest morality. And when their actions and behaviour, which alone are subject to human observation, and affect human society, are conformable to such principles, no power on earth has a right to inquire further.

The *freemason* professes a particular regard to the liberal arts; and he makes no scruple to own, that many of his secrets have a reference to them. From these, just notions of order and proportion are attained, and a true taste of symmetry and beauty is formed. And as the transition from the beauties of the natural to those of the moral species are so easy and apparent, if there is any virtue, if there is any praise, instead of slander and defamation, protection and encouragement ought to be his reward.

Men of the greatest power and dignity, the divine and the philosopher, have not been ashamed, in all ages, to own their relation to this society, and to encourage and protect it by their power and influence. But, should this combination terminate in nothing but wickedness and folly, can it be imagined, either that men of honour, wisdom and integrity, would lend their countenance to fraud, and encourage folly, merely to make the world stare? or that an association, resting on so untenable a foundation, would so long have subsisted without the cement of mutual trust and confidence, which result from virtue and consistency alone?

The *freemason*, conscious of his integrity, and persuaded of the good tendency of his principles to promote the purposes of virtue and human happiness, beholds with contempt the impotent efforts of envy and ignorance, however sanctified the garb, or dignified the title they may assume. In his lodge, which he considers as the school of justice, love, and benevolence, he is taught to oppose truth to misrepresentation; good humour and innocent mirth to sourness and grimace, the certain signs of malice and imposture. To attend the importunate calls of his enemies, would be to interrupt his tranquillity; and therefore, wrapped in his own innocence, he despises their impotent attacks, and for the future will disdain to enter the lists with champions so weak and ignorant, so deluded and deluding.

R. A. M. T. I.

Edin. Oct. 25, 1757.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

VIRGINIA.

At a special communication of *Clinton Lodge No. 139*, held at Mason's hall, in Romney, Virginia, on the 26th day of February, A. D. 1828, A. L. 5828, the following proceedings were had:—

Having been informed of the death of *DE WITT CLINTON* governor of the state of New-York, a brother honoured for his devotion to the great principles of masonry, his brilliant talents, his private virtues, his patriotism and benevolence,—we the members of *Clinton Lodge of free and accepted masons, No. 139*, in Romney, have convened for the purpose of expressing our unfeigned grief, occasioned by this dispensation of an all wise Providence.

Resolved, therefore, that the members of this lodge feel that our common country, our order, and the great cause of human improvement, have met with a heavy bereavement in the death of our

most excellent and worthy brother *DE WITT CLINTON*.

Resolved, that the members of this lodge (which received its name in honour of our deceased brother) as a testimony of their respect for his memory, will wear the usual badges of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded by the worshipful master to the family of the deceased.

On motion, *Resolved*, that the above resolutions be published. C. TAPSCOTT, Sec'y.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

THE OSTRICH.

[From the London Weekly Review.]

The ostrich is a polygamist, and at the time of breeding usually associates, to himself from two to six females. The hens lay all their eggs together in the same nest, which is merely a shallow cavity scraped in the ground of such a shape as to be conveniently covered by one of the birds. The eggs are placed upon their points, and the earth which has been scraped to form the nest is employed to confine the outer circle, and keep the whole in the proper position. The hens relieve each other in the office of incubation during the day, and the male takes his turn at night, when his superior strength is required to protect the eggs or the new fledged young from the jackals, tiger-cats, and other enemies, which are not unfrequently, it is said, found lying dead near the nest, destroyed by a stroke from the powerful foot of the gigantic bird.

So many as sixty eggs are sometimes found in a nest; but a much smaller number are also common; and incubation is occasionally performed by a single pair of ostriches. Each female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs. They continue to lay during incubation, and even after the young brood are hatched; the supernumerary eggs are not placed in the nest, but around it, being designed to assist in the nourishment of the young birds, which, though when first hatched are as large as pullets, are probably unable at once to digest the hard and acrid food on which the old ones subsist. The period of incubation is from thirty-six to forty days. In the heat of the day the nest is occasionally abandoned by all the birds, the heat of the sun being then sufficient to keep the eggs at the proper temperature.

An ostrich egg is equal in its contents to twenty-four of the domestick hen. When taken fresh from the nest, they are very palatable, and are wholesome though somewhat heavy food. The best mode of cooking them that I have seen is that practised by the Hottentots, who place one end of the egg in the hot ashes, and, making a small orifice at the other, keep stirring the contents with a small stick till they are sufficiently roasted; and thus, with a seasoning of salt and pepper, you have a very nice emelade.

The ostrich of South Africa is a prudent and wary animal, and displays little of that stupidity ascribed to it by some naturalists. On the borders of the colony, at least when it is eagerly pursued for the sake of its valuable plumage, this bird displays no want of sagacity in providing for its safety, or the security of its offspring. It adopts every possible precaution to conceal the place of its nest; and uniformly abandons it, after destroying the eggs, if the eggs have been disturbed, or the footsteps of man discovered near it. In relieving each other in hatching, the birds are never observed to approach it in a direct line. Some of the colonists on the skirts of the Korroo and other remote districts, make the pursuit of the ostrich one of their principal and most profitable amusements. Du Plois showed me five or six skins of ostriches he had lately killed. He said, however, that it was exceedingly difficult to get within musket shot of them, owing to their constant vigilance, and the great distance to which they can see. The fleetest horse, too, will not overtake them, unless stratagem be adopted to tire them out; but by several huntsmen taking different sides of a large plain, and pursuing them back and forward till their strength is exhausted, they may be at length run down. If followed up too eagerly, this

chase is not destitute of danger, for the huntsman has sometimes had his thigh-bone broken by a single stroke from the wing of a wounded ostrich. The beautiful white feathers so highly prized by the ladies of Europe, are found on the tail only of the male bird.

The food of the ostrich consists of the top of the various shrubby plants which even the most arid parts of South Africa produce in abundance. This bird is so easily satisfied in regard to water, that he is constantly to be found in the most parched and desolate tracts, which even the antelopes and beasts of prey have deserted. His cry at a distance is said so much to resemble that of a lion, that even the Hottentots are sometimes deceived by it. When not hatching, they are frequently seen in troops of thirty or forty together, or amicably associated with herds of zebras or quaghas, their fellow tenants of the wilderness. When caught young, the ostrich is easily tamed; but it does not appear that any attempt has been made to apply his great strength and swiftness to any purpose of practical utility.

THE GOLD MINES.

The Southern Review gives the following account of the first discovery of gold in the state of North Carolina:—

A young lad, a son of Mr. Reed, shooting with a bow and arrows at fish, in Meadow creek, struck a lump of gold, which, from the description given of it, must have weighed several ounces. Attracted by its lustre, he picked it up and carried it home. His father, not more skilled in metals than his son, yet thinking it might be valuable, wrapped it up, and put it away in one of the crevices of his rude habitation. Between the logs of his coarse dwelling it remained for three years, but business then accidentally calling Reed to Raleigh, his wife persuaded him to take that "lump of shining stuff" with him, and see if any one at Raleigh could tell him what it was. Reed applied in that town to a silversmith, who, as he said, gave him some trifle (\$3) for it, but honestly told him it was gold and very pure.

Reed's discovery gave him much embarrassment. He was a Hessian by birth, one of the soldiers, we believe, whom the British brought over to this country in our revolutionary war; honest but unlearned. He became restless and uneasy lest his neighbours might suspect and prosecute him, as for illicit practices, if he should acquire sudden wealth. When his apprehensions became known, they were soon relieved and a small association was made up, consisting of Col. F——, of Concord, Mr. Love, a preacher, in the neighbourhood, and a brother-in-law of Reed's, whose name we have forgotten. These three were to find labourers, and dig for metal, allowing Reed one fourth of the ore they should obtain. The work, however, was prosecuted very feebly, although their success might apparently have justified great exertion.

ELASTICK GUM VARNISH.

Dissolve elastick gum, cut small, in five times its weight of spirits of turpentine, by keeping them days together; then boil an ounce of this solution in eight ounces of drying linseed oil for a few minutes; lastly, strain it. It must be used soon.

DURHAM MUSTARD.

There are probably but few individuals acquainted with the history of the manufacture of Durham mustard. Prior to 1720 there was no such luxury as mustard, in its present form, at our tables. At that time the seed was only coarsely pounded in a mortar, as coarsely separated from the integument, and in that rough state prepared for use.—In the year I have mentioned, it occurred to an old woman of the name of Clements, resident at Durham, to grind the seed in a mill, and to pass the meal through the several processes which are resorted to in making flour from wheat. The secret she kept for many years to herself, and in the period of her exclusive possession of it, supplied the principal parts of the kingdom, and in particular the metropolis, with this article; and George the First stamped it with fashion by his approval.—Mrs. Clements as regularly twice a year travelled to London, and to the principal towns throughout England, for orders, as any tradesman's rider of the

present day; and the old lady contrived to pick up not only a decent pittance, but what was then thought a tolerable competence. From this woman's residing at Durham, it acquired the name of Durham mustard.

RENEWING OF COLOURS.

A fine bloom is given by fruit dealers to cucumbers, grapes, peaches, plums, &c. by powdering them with finely pounded magnesia, which has the effect of bringing the colours out. The colours of a carpet, too, on which some calcined magnesia had been scattered, have been observed to be completely revived.

MOULDINESS.

Le Bulletin Universel says, that mouldiness in the timber of a house may be prevented by washing it over with a weak solution of muriate of mercury.

THE GATHERER.

The manner of Watchmen intimating the Hour at Herrnhuth, in Germany.

- VIII. Past eight o'clock! O, Herrnhuth, do thou ponder;
Eight souls in Noah's ark, were living yonder.
- IX. 'Tis nine o'clock; ye brethren, hear it striking,
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.
- X. Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten and passing;
None rest but such as wait for Christ embracing.
- XI. Eleven is past! still at this hour eleven,
The Lord is calling us from Earth to Heaven.
- XII. Ye brethren, hear, the midnight clock is humming;
At midnight our great Bridegroom will be coming.
- I. Past one o'clock! The day breaks out of darkness;
Great morning Star appear, and break our hardness!
- II. 'Tis two! on Jesus wait this silent season,
Ye two so near related, Will and Reason.
- III. The clock is three! the blessed Three doth merit,
The best of praise, from body, soul, and spirit.
- IV. 'Tis four o'clock, when three make supplication,
The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.
- V. Five is the clock! five virgins were discarded
When five with wedding garments were rewarded.
- VI. The clock is six, and I go off my station;
Now, brethren, watch yourselves for your salvation.

INTEMPERANCE.

The use of ardent spirits has long been the bane both of savage and of civilized life; and it is extraordinary, and no small reproach to the latter, that it is among the former that the first firm and decided step is taken to put an end to an evil of such wide-spreading and alarming magnitude. At "a talk" of North American Indians, it seems, these people determined to abolish the use of spirituous liquors, alleging, with equal truth and simplicity, that "they drove them crazy." That it should be left to savage life to discover and correct this important fact, reflects but little credit upon those civilized states in which the practice prevails and maddens thousands, and not only no such resolution as this is come to, but where the very government connives at the madness and ruin of its subjects, and even condescends to raise a large revenue by such very means. Could the inmates of bedlam, and of every lunatic asylum in this kingdom, be examined, for the purpose of tracing the origin of their awful calamity, none so general as this would be found. Pride, disease, and mental affliction, are, we have no doubt, large producers of insanity; but those, and all other causes put together, would not, we are convinced, furnish any thing like the proportion in the fearful catalogue, which would be found to have had their origin in this intellectual incontinence. Were we asked, on the one hand, what it is that is more than any thing else destroying the manly open character of the common people of these islands, we should say it is the use of ardent spirits; and were we to prescribe, on the other, what it is that would bring them back to the habits and the character of former times, we should say that it would be by returning to the wholesome, the refreshing, and invigorating beverage of their hardy ancestors; ill-exchanged, indeed, for liquid fire.

[London Morning Herald.]

BRITISH REVENUES.

The following is a table of the revenues of Great Britain, since the epoch of the conquest.

	Anno.	£ sterling.
Wm. the Conqueror,	1066	400,000
William II.	1087	350,000
Henry I.	1100	300,000
Stephen,	1135	250,000
Henry II.	1154	200,000
Richard I. Cœur de Lion,	1189	150,000
John,	1199	100,000
Henry III.	1216	80,000
Edward I.	1272	150,000
Edward II.	1307	100,000
Edward III.	1327	154,140
Richard II.	1377	130,000
Henry IV.	1399	100,000
Henry V.	1413	76,648
Henry VI.	1422	64,976
Edward IV.	1460	100,000
Edward V.	1473	100,000
Richard III.	1483	100,000
Henry VII.	1485	400,000
Henry VIII.	1509	800,000
Edward VI.	1507	400,000
Mary,	1553	450,000
Elizabeth,	1558	500,000
James I.	1602	600,000
Charles I.	1625	895,000
The Republic,	1643	1,517,247
Charles II.	id.	1,800,000
James II.	1685	2,001,855
William III.	1688	3,895,205
Queen Anne, (Union)	1706	5,691,803
George I.	1714	6,752,643
George II.	1727	8,522,540
George III. (1778)	1760	15,372,971
Id.	1800	50,720,000
Id.	1815	71,150,142
George IV.	1826	58,000,000

DEAN SWIFT AND THE FARMER'S WIFE.

The celebrated Dean Swift had been so highly pleased with the conversation and deportment of a farmer's wife, near Dublin, that he invited himself to dine at her house, and sent her notice of the time. The trial was rather too hard for her prudence. Elated with the idea of entertaining a guest whose company was courted by the first nobility of the realm, she dressed herself as fine as her fingers could make her and in this rich attire received the Dean with stately ceremony. He in his turn made his profound obeisance, and then instantly inquired for the farmer's wife. "I am she! pray sir, don't you know me?" You! no madam, I won't be tricked, the farmer's wife that I am come to see is a plain woman, but you look like a Duchess."

Her excellent sense made her understand the hint, and her excellent humour made her take it in good part. She withdrew, changed her dress, and returned in a plain robe. "Ah! 'tis she," joyfully exclaimed the Dean, "this is the very woman I am come to see, and I expect to be very happy in her company."

COBBLER'S SIGN.

The following is the copy of a sign in North Wales, above a cobbler's shop in the village of Henllan:—"Pryce Dyas, Coblar, daler in Bacco Shag and Pig tale. Bacon and Gingerbread Eggs laid every morning by me, and very good Paradise, in the Summer Gentlemen and Lady can have goo Tae and Crumpets and straw berry with a skin milk, because I cant get no cream. N. B. Shuse and Boots mended very well."

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

A countryman in the county of Berks, who recently appeared as a witness in a cause, was thus addressed by the advocate of the opposite party, "How now, you fellow in the leathern doublet, what are you to have for swearing?" "Please your worship," quoth the countryman, "if you get no more by *bauling* and *lying* than I do by *swearing*, you will soon be in a leathern doublet as well as I."

ON THE UNDERSTANDING.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my *andies* grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a *cal* they have to carry."

Copy of a sign board lately erected over the door of a publick house in Carrick-on-Suir:—

All are welcome, this way who passes
Men, Women, Horses, Cows and Asses!

POPULAR TALES.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS.

[From Friendship's Offering.]

There were two heavy, middle aged merchants; they were either Dutch or German, I know not which, but their name was Vanderclump. Most decided old bachelors they were, with large, leathern, hanging cheeks, sleepy gray eyes, and round shoulders. They were men not given to much speech, but great feeders; and, when waited upon, would point clumsily to what they wanted, and make a sort of low growl, rather than be at the trouble to speak. These Messrs. Vanderclump were served by two tall, smooth faced dawdles: I never could discover which held the superior station in the menage. Each has been seen trotting home from market, with a basket on her arm; each might be observed to shake a duster out of the upper windows; each would, occasionally, carry a huge bunch of keys, or wait at table during dinner; and in the summer evenings, when it was not post-day both of them would appear, dressed alike, sitting at work at the lower counting-house window, with the blinds thrown wide open. Both, I suppose, were housekeepers. It happened, one cold, foggy spring, that the younger brother, Mr. Peter Vanderclump, left London to transact some business of importance with a correspondent at Hamburg, leaving his brother Anthony to the loneliness of their gloomy house in St. Mary Axe. Week after week passed away, and Mr. Peter was still detained at Hamburg. Who would have supposed that his society could have been missed! that the parlour could have seemed more dimly dull by the absence of one of those from whom it chiefly derived its character of dulness. Mr. Anthony took up his largest merchaum, and enveloped himself in its smoke by the hour; but the volumes of smoke cleared away, and no Peter Vanderclump appeared emerging from the mist. Mr. Anthony brought some of his heavy folios from below; and, in their pages of interest, (no common, but often compound interest,) lost for a while, the dreary sense of loneliness. But, a question was to be asked! Peter's solemn "yah" or "nein," was waited for in vain. Forgetful, and almost impatient, Anthony looked up—the chair was unoccupied which his brother had constantly filled. Mr. Anthony began to sigh—he got into a habit of sighing. Betty and Molly (they were soft hearted baggages) felt for their master,—pitied their poor master! Betty was placing the supper on the table one evening, when her master sighed very heavily. Betty sighed also; and the corners of her mouth fell—their eyes met—something like a blush crimsoned Betty's sleek, shining cheek, when, on raising her eyes again, her master was still staring at her. Betty simpered; and, in her very soft, very demure voice, ventured to say, "Was there any thing she could do?" Mr. Vanderclump rose up from his chair. Betty, for the first time, felt awed by his approach. "Batee!" he said, "my poor Batee! Hah! you are a goot girl!" He chuckled her under the chin with his large hand. Betty looked meek, and blushed, and simpered again. There was a pause—Mr. Vanderclump was the first to disturb it. "Hah! hah!" he exclaimed, gruffly, as if suddenly recollecting himself; and thrusting both hands into his capacious breeches' pockets, he sat down to supper, and took no further notice of Betty that night. The next morning, the sun seemed to have made a successful struggle with the dense London atmosphere, and shone full in Mr. Vanderclump's face while he was at breakfast; and, setting a piping bullfinch singing a tune which his master loved rather for the sake of old associations than from any delight in musick. Then Lloyd's list was full of arrivals, and the price current had that morning some unusual charm about it, which I cannot even guess at. Mr. Vanderclump looked upon the bright and blazing fire; his eyes rested, with a calm and musing satisfaction, on the light volumes of steam rising from the spout of the teakettle, as it stood; rather murmuring drowsily than hissing, upon the hob. There was, he might have felt, a sympathy between them. They were both placidly puffing out the warm and wreathing smoke. He laid down his pipe, and took half a well buttered muf-

fin into his capacious mouth at a bite; he washed the mouthful down with a large dish of tea, and he felt in better spirits. That morning he entered the counting house rubbing his hands. Within an hour, a crowd of huge, dusky clouds shut out the merry sunshine; and the Hamburg mail brought no tidings whatever of Mr. Peter. Mr. Anthony worked himself up to a thorough ill humour again, and swore at his clerks, because they asked him questions. When he entered his apartment that evening he felt more desolate than ever. Betty placed a barrel of oysters on the table—he heeded her not;—a large German sausage—his eyes were fixed on the ground;—a piece of Hamburg beef—Mr. Vanderclump looked up for an instant, and Europa like, his thoughts crossed the sea, upon that beef, to Hamburg. Gradually however, a genial warmth spread throughout the room; for Betty stirred up the fire, and let down the curtains, and snuffed the dim candles; while Molly loaded the table with bottles of divers shapes and sizes, a basin of snow-white sugar, and a little basket of limes, of well known and exquisite flavour; placing, at the same time, a very small kettle of boiling water on the fire. "Why, Mollee! my goot girl!" said Mr. Vanderclump, in a low and somewhat melancholy tone, (his eyes had mechanically followed these latter proceedings,) "Mollee! that is punch!" "La, sir! and why not?" replied the damsel, almost playfully; "why not be comfortable and cheery? I am sure; and here she meant to look encouraging, her usual simper spreading to a smile, "I am sure Betty and I would do our best to make you so." "Goot girls, goot girls!" said Mr. Vanderclump, his eyes fixed all the while, upon the supper table—he sat down to it. "My goot girls," said he, soon after, "you may go down, I do not want you; you need not wait." The two timid, gentle creatures instantly obeyed. More than an hour elapsed, and then Mr. Vanderclump's bell rang. The two matronly maidens were very busily employed in making a new cap. Betty rose at once; but, suddenly recollecting that she had been trying on her new and unfinished cap, and had then only a small brown cotton skull-cap on her head, she raised both her hands to her head to be certain of this, and then said, "Do, Molly! there's a dear! answer the bell! for such a figure as I am, I could not go before master, no how. See, I have unpicked this old cap, for a little bit of French edging at the back." Molly looked a little peevish; but her cap was on her head, and up stairs she went. Mr. Vanderclump was sitting before the fire, puffing lustily from his eternal pipe. "Take away," he said abruptly, "and put the leetle table here:" he pointed and growled, and the sagacious Molly understood. She placed the table beside him, and upon it the punch, which he had been drinking. "Batee, my poor Batee!" said Mr. Vanderclump, who had not yet noticed that Betty was absent. "It is not Betty, but Molly, sir," replied the latter damsel, in a voice of child-like simplicity. "Hah!" said he, apparently considering for a moment, "hah! Batee, Mollee, all the same! Mollee, my poor Mollee, you are a goot girl! Get up to-morrow morning, my poor Mollee, and put on your best gown, and I will marry you!" Molly was, as she afterwards declared, struck all of a heap. She gaped and gasped with astonishment; and then a power of words were rushing and racing up her throat to her tongue's end: a glance at her master stopped their explosion. His hands were in his pockets, his face towards the fire, his pipe in his mouth. "Yes, sir," she replied, humbly and distinctly. A few tears trickled down her cheeks, as she curtsied low at the door, and disappeared. She knew his ways, she thought within herself, as she walked very slowly down the stairs; and she congratulated herself that she had not risked another word in reply. "And now, Betty," she said, as she entered the kitchen, "I'll put the finishing stitch to my cap, and go to bed; for master will want nothing more to night." She sat down quietly to work, and conversed quietly with Betty, not disclosing a word of her new prospects. Betty, however, observed that she took off the trimming with which her new cap had been already half adorned. "Why, bless me! Molly!" she cried, "you are not going to put on that handsome white satin bow, are you?" "Why, yes! I think I shall,"

replied Molly; "for now I look at your cap, with that there yellow riband upon it, mine seems to me quite old-maidish." The next morning, Molly got up before her sister, and put on her best gown and her new cap. The morning was dark and dull, and Betty was sleepy, and Molly kept the window curtain and the bed curtains closely drawn. Unsuspected, she slipped out of the chamber, her shawl and her bonnet in her hand. As the clock struck eight, Molly was standing beside her master before the rails of the marriage altar; and, not long after, she burst upon the astonished eyes of her sister, as Mrs. Vanderclump. In due time, Mr. Peter Vanderclump returned; but a slight coolness arose between the two brothers, and Mr. Anthony, at the suggestion of his wife, took a small house in Copthall Court, Throgmorton street. Mrs. Vanderclump was fond of the country, and longed for a window that looked into the Drapers' Gardens! Betty was invited to accompany her sister; but no—Betty was also cool—she was nothing but a housekeeper! and no company for gentle-folks! She was poor Mr. Peter's servant, and could remain where she was!—and so she did: but poor Mr. Peter soon began to feel very lonely, and one evening, in the innocence of his heart, quite unconscious of his brother's manner of wooing, he took Betty's hand, and said, "Batee, my poor Batee! you are a goot girl! get up to-morrow morning, and put on your best gown, and I will marry you."

MISCELLANY.

HISTORY OF THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

[Compiled from original and unpublished documents.]

Of all the plots and conspiracies that ever entered into the mind of man, the Gunpowder plot stands pre-eminent in horror and wickedness.

The singular perseverance of the conspirators is shown by the fact, that so early as in Lent of the year 1603, Robert Catesby, who appears to have been the prime mover of the plot, in a conversation with Thomas Wintour and John Wright, first broke with them about a design for delivering England from her bondage, and to replant the Catholic religion. Wintour expressed himself doubtful whether so grand a scheme could be accomplished, when Catesby informed him that he had projected a plan for that purpose, which was no less than to blow up the Parliament House with gunpowder.

Wintour consented to join in the scheme, and, at the suggestion of Catesby, went over to Flanders to arrange some preliminary affairs there, and to communicate the design to Mr. Fawkes, who was personally known to Catesby. At Ostend, Wintour was introduced to Mr. Fawkes by Sir William Stanley. Guy Fawkes was a man of desperate character. In his person he was tall and athletic, his countenance was manly, and the determined expression of his features was not a little heightened by a profusion of brown hair, and an auburn coloured beard. He was descended from a respectable family in Yorkshire, and having soon squandered the property he inherited at the decease of his father, his restless spirit associated itself with the discontented and factious of his age. Wintour and Fawkes came over to England together; and shortly after met Catesby, Thomas Percy, and John Wright, in a house behind St. Clement's; where in a chamber with no other person present, each administered an oath of secrecy to the other, and then went into another room to hear mass, and to receive the sacrament. Percy was then sent to hire a house fit for their purpose, and found one belonging to Mr. Whinniard, Yeoman to the King's Wardrobe of the Beds, then in the occupation of one Henry Ferrers; of which, after some negotiation, he succeeded in obtaining possession, at the rent of twelve pounds per annum, and the key was delivered to Guy Fawkes, who acted as Mr. Percy's man, and assumed the name of John Johnson. Their object in hiring this house was to obtain an easy communication with the upper Parliament House, and by digging through the wall that separated them, to form an extensive mine under the foundations. A house was also hired in Lambeth, to serve as a depository for the powder, and Mr. Keys, who was then admitted as one of the num-

ber, was placed in charge. The whole party then dispersed, and agreed to meet again at Michaelmas. At Michaelmas it was resolved that the time was arrived when they should commence working at their mine; but various causes hindered them from beginning, till within a fortnight of Christmas. The party, at that time consisting of five, then entered upon their work; and, having first provided themselves with baked meat that they might not have occasion to leave the house, they worked incessantly till Christmas Eve, underpropping the walls, as they proceeded with wood. A little before Christmas, Christopher Wright was added to the number; and, finding their work to be extremely laborious, the walls being upwards of three yards in thickness, they afterwards admitted Robert Wintour to assist them. Taking advantage of the long and dreary nights between Christmas and Candlemas, they then brought their powder over from Lambeth in a boat and lodged it in Percy's house, and afterwards continued to labour at the mine. In the Easter following, (1605) as they were at their work, the whole party were dreadfully alarmed on hearing a rushing noise near them; but on inquiry they found no danger menaced them, but that it proceeded from the removal of some coals in an adjoining vault, under the Parliament House. Nothing could be more propitious for the conspirators; and, ascertaining that it belonged to the same parties of whom they held the house, but in the possession of a man of the name of Skinner, they lost no time in purchasing the good-will of Skinner, and eventually hired the vault of Whinniard, at the rate of four pounds per annum. Abandoning their original intention of forming a mine under the walls, they placed the powder in this vault, and afterwards gradually conveyed into it three thousand billets of wood, and five hundred faggots; Guy Fawkes arranging them in order, making the place clean and neat, in order that if any strangers, by accident or otherwise, entered the house, no suspicion might be excited. Fawkes then went into Flanders to inform Sir W. Stanley and Mr. Owen of their progress, and returned in the following August. Catesby, meeting Percy at Bath, proposed that himself should have authority to call in whom he pleased, as at that time they were but few in number, and were very short of money. This being acceded to, he imparted the design to Sir Everard Digby, Francis Tresam, Ambrose Rookewood, and John Grant. Digby promised to subscribe one thousand five hundred pounds, and Tresam two thousand pounds. Percy engaged to procure all he could of the Duke of Northumberland's rents, which would amount to about four thousand pounds, and to furnish ten good horses.

Thus far, every thing had prospered with the conspirators; success had followed every effort they had made.

On Thursday evening, the 24th of October, eleven days before the intended meeting of Parliament, an anonymous letter was put into the hands of the servant of Lord Monteagle, warning his Lordship not to attend the Parliament that season, for that God and man had concurred to punish the wickedness of the times. It is a most extraordinary fact that the conspirators knew of the delivery of this letter to the Lord Monteagle, and that it was in the possession of the Earl of Salisbury, Secretary of State, for eight days before the disclosure took place, as developed in Thomas Wintour's confession, taken before the Lord's Commissioners on the 23d of November, 1605; yet so strong was their infatuation, and so desperately had they set their fortunes on the event, that they unanimously resolved "to abide the uttermost travail."

The generally received opinion has been, that it was to the sagacity and penetration of King James that the detection of the conspiracy must be ascribed, and that it was his Majesty who first suggested the agency of gunpowder; but the Earl of Salisbury, in a letter to Sir Charles Cornwallis, ambassador at Madrid, asserts, that in a conversation between the Earl of Suffolk (Lord Chamberlain) and himself, on perusal of the anonymous letter, the employment of gunpowder first occurred to them, and that the King subsequently concurred in their opinion. The letter, after having been communicated to several of the Privy Coun-

cil, was shewn to the King three or four days before the opening of Parliament, who, with great prudence, gave orders that no notice whatever should be taken of it, but that every thing should go on as usual, until the very day appointed. On Saturday, the Lord Chamberlain, according to the customary forms of his office previous to the meeting of every Parliament, viewed every room and cellar belonging to the Parliament House, and amongst others the identical vault in which the wood and powder was deposited, and observed a man, who subsequently proved to be Guy Fawkes, standing there to answer any questions that might have been asked. The Lord Chamberlain then went to the Privy Council and reported what he had seen. After much discussion it was resolved that a more minute search should be made under pretence of seeking for stolen goods, in order that no suspicion might arise if nothing should be discovered. Accordingly, on Monday, at midnight, Sir T. Knyvett, accompanied by a small band of men, went to Percy's house, where, at the door, they found Guy Fawkes, with his clothes and boots on. Sir Thomas immediately apprehended him, and then proceeded to search the house and vault, and upon removing some of the wood, they soon discovered the powder ready prepared for the explosion; then, directly afterwards, searching Guy Fawkes, they found on him three matches and other instruments for setting fire to the train. He confessed himself guilty, and boldly declared, that if he had happened to have been within the house when Sir T. Knyvett apprehended him, he would instantly have blown him up, house and all.

On the arrest of Guy Fawkes, such of the conspirators as at the time were in London, fled into the country to meet Catesby at Dunchurch, according to previous arrangement; and after taking some horses out of a stable at Warwick, they reached Robert Wintour's house, at Huddington, on the Wednesday night. On Thursday morning the whole party, amounting to about twenty persons, confessed themselves to Hammond, a priest, received absolution from him, and partook of the sacrament together, and then, with their followers and servants, proceeded to Lord Windsor's house, at Hewell: from whence they took a great quantity of armour and weapons. They then passed into Staffordshire, and by night reached the house of Stephen Littleton, called Holbeach house, about two miles from Stourbridge. By this time the whole country was raised in pursuit of the rebels; and a large party under the direction of Sir Richard Walshe, high sheriff of Worcestershire, early on Friday morning arrived at Holbeach house. The party in the house—consisting of Catesby, Percy, Sir E. Digby, Robert, John, and Thomas Wintour, Grant, Rookewood, the two Wrights, Stephen Littleton, and their servants,—finding their condition now to be desperate, determined to fight resolutely to the last, treating the summons to surrender with contempt, and defying their pursuers. A singular accident, however, put an end to all conference between the parties. Some gunpowder, which the conspirators had provided for their defence, proving damp, they had placed nearly two pounds in a pan near the fire to dry; and a person incautiously raking together the fading embers, a spark flew into the pan, ignited the powder, which blew up with a great explosion, shattered the house, and severely maimed Catesby, Rookewood, and Grant; but the most remarkable circumstance was, that about sixteen pounds of powder, in a linen bag, which was actually under the pan where in the powder exploded, was blown through the roof of the house, and fell into the court-yard amongst the assailants, without igniting, or even bursting.

Sir R. Walshe then gave orders for a general assault to be made upon the house; and, in the attack that followed, Thomas Wintour, going into the court-yard, was the first who was wounded, having received a shot in the shoulder, which disabled him; the next was Mr. Wright, and after him the younger Wright, who were both killed; Rookewood was then wounded. Catesby, now seeing all was lost, and their condition totally hopeless, exclaimed to Thomas Wintour, "Tom, we will die together." Wintour could only answer by pointing to his disabled arm, that hung useless by his side, and as they were speaking, Catesby

and Percy were struck dead at the same instant, and the rest then surrendered themselves into the hands of the sheriff.

At the end of January, 1606, the whole of the conspirators, at that time in custody, being eight in number, were brought to their trial in Westminster Hall, and were all tried upon one indictment, except Sir E. Digby, who had a separate trial. On Thursday, January 30th, Sir E. Digby, Robert Wintour, John Grant, and Thomas Bates, were executed at the west end of St. Paul's Church, and on the next day Thomas Wintour, Ambrose Rookewood, Robert Keys, and Guy Fawkes, suffered within the Old Palace yard at Westminster.

On the 28th of February, 1606, Garnet was brought to trial at Guildhall, before nine commissioners specially appointed for that purpose. Of his participation in the plot there was no doubt; and he admitted himself criminal in not revealing it, although, as he asserts, it was imparted to him only in confession: but it is more than probable that the valuable papers, lately rescued from oblivion, and preserved in his Majesty's State Paper Office, will be able to prove his extensive connexion with the plot, his knowledge of it, both in and out of confession, and his influential character with all the conspirators.

Garnet was hanged on the 3d of May, 1606, on a scaffold erected for that purpose, at the west end of St. Paul's Church. Held up to infamy by one party as a rebel and a traitor, and venerated as a saint and a martyr by the other; the same party spirit, and the same conflicting opinions have descended from generation to generation, down to the controversialists of the present day.

NATIONAL PREJUDICE.

The following extract from Mr. Ryley's *Intendant in Scotland* contains a humorous exemplification of the strength of national prejudice. It is a short dialogue between an old Scots lady and her Irish footman.

This evening, the two little dogs, Sky and Mull, made known my arrival, in their usual way, by joyfully barking and running about, so that the pipers had scarcely left the room, when Murtoch was despatched with a polite invitation.

As I approached, the old lady was disposing of the last proof of national affection for national music, so called, with her hankerchief, and left her little eyes inflamed with the effects of her generous feelings for *auld lang syne*.

"Ah, Mr. Romney, ye'r just come twa minutes too late; ye'r oot o' luck, mun, or ye might have indulged yer lugs wi' a sample of ancient melody that wad have gaird ye danc'd for joy. I'm thinking, Mr. Romney, that its muckle strange in yer play-house, though I do not gang tull 'em, and speak but fra hearsay, that encouragement is given to Italian singers, French horns, and hautboys, but na sic a thing as a bra Scotch bagpipe to be met wi'. Ah, when I was a lassie, a comely chiel of sixteen, there were but twa pipers in a' the bonny Isle of Sky, Sandy Macgregor and Donald Macduggall, and whenever they ganged towards Heatherbell Hall, ye may think I didna ken them gang by, without a bannack ben, and a wee drappy of gude whiskey, and when they struck up the reel of boggy, gude faith I'd kilt my coats and jig it away like a roe upon a mountain. Ah, there's nothing in the world like a bagpipe, let ye'r English bragsters clatter what they will."

It would have been difficult to have answered the old lady in any way pleasing; most luckily, however, it proved unnecessary, for Murtoch, who had not left the room at the finish of the last sentence, with his native imprudent simplicity, burst into a loud laugh, upon which the colour flew into the face of his mistress, and after rubbing, with much force, a huge pinch of snuff into her little snub nose, she rose precipitately. "I'll not be fashed with thee another day, thou awsome coof; gang oot, I say, abins thou art sent here by the evil one to gar me to sin; three days thou hast beset me, and I am rightly served; I ken well the proverb, 'Tis easier to keep the deevil Butt than drive him Ben; gang oot, I say, ye'r as daff as yer days awid; what could have induced thee, thou beast o' Babylon, to burst out i' sic a horse laugh."

"By the powers, my lady, do'nt be angry and

I'll tell you now; I am above all prejudice of education, my lady, as they call it, because I never had any at all, so I can have no prejudice in favour of instruments of musick, except a knife and fork, and a plate, by way of accompaniment. Now, my lady, when you said there was nothing like a Scotch bagpipe in the world, to be sure, then thinks I, Ireland must be out of the world, or her ladyship would have thought of the darling sweet Irish pipes, so I could not help laughing, to think that yon two brawny beggars in petticoats, blowing their glistery pipes and squeezing their bladders till one's ears were ready to come down at one's nostrils, should be compared with the soft notes of the Union pipes of old Ireland. Oh, I have heard them so smooth and pianat in Paddy Carey, lee dee diddle de dee." Here he began to imitate, which, together with his sarcasm on Scotch bagpipes, quite settled accounts with his mistress; her countenance indicated a thousand dismissals, and unable to articulate, she rose again from her chair, with intent, no doubt, to show him the door, which Murtoch observing saved her the trouble, by making a precipitate retreat.

Again seating herself, and again taking a huge pinch of snuff, "What can I do with this chiel o' Satan, sir, this awfu' wicked sinner, ye ken his conduct; I canna say that I ever met wi' any circumstance that work'd up so evil a spirit in my mind as this reprobate has effected. He's sent on purpose to accelerate the work of the dee'l his master; he shall wallop in the morning; I dunna ken that I am justified." the eye o' the kirk, in harbouring a disciple of the *scarlet whore*, a Papistical chiel of Beelzebub, sent to awaken my besetting sin, that has hitherto been kept in subjection by religious discipline and incessant supplication." Here she paused, but finding I made no reply, after replenishing her nose, she thus proceeded, "An yet, if this ignorant creature is again let loose in the world and lost, I dinna ken how I can reconcile myself to be the cause of his destruction; for if the dee'l finds him idle, I'm thinking he'll soon supply him wi' business."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1828.

Post masters and secretaries of chapters and lodges are requested to act as our agents.

HENRY NEELE. A damp has been suddenly cast upon the hopes and sympathies of the lovers of fine writing, by the untimely end of this gifted writer. The particulars attending the calamitous affair have not reached us; but enough is known to harrow up our feelings, and to make us recoil from the task of announcing it to our readers. Suicide is a dreadful theme for contemplation let the subject be ever so obscure, or ever so infamous; but when to the finished reputation of a poet and a scholar, we add the unbounded confidence of the republic of letters, and the more universally venerated property of an amiable and edifying disposition, there can be no more bitter reflection than that the sweetest of his mental qualities, his pathetick temperament, should drive him on to self destruction.

"Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!"

The beautiful poetick effusions of Mr. Neele have often lent their beauties to our columns. As a worshipper of the muses he had few if any superiours in the sphere of his acquaintance. All the English literary journals were eager to enlist his pen, and those who were so fortunate, were not backward in expressing the pride they felt for such a contributor. The annual Christmas and New-Year's Gifts owed much of their interest to his pen; and they will feel most severely his fall. The world will feel it at large. His tales of fiction were related in a style vibrating between exquisite pathos and shrewdness. We had hitherto taken him for a writer who strove to write pathetick, but could not for the natural levity of his disposition. We now believe the reverse. We see so many of his productions in which the overwhelming tenderness of his diction preponderates, in spite of his forced archness, that we needed not this last proof, to pronounce his mind the abode and temple of melancholy. It is a sorrowful reflection, but it is no less the

fact, that the sweetest productions of the muse, over which the young and enthusiastick heart has beat with rapture, and among which the lovely and happy have revelled like the happiest insect amidst the flowers of spring, have often emanated from a soul tortured and persecuted by conflicting hopes and doubts, and entirely a stranger to the calm and soothing delights it has the power of bestowing to others. Parnell, Otway, Cowper, Chatterton, and Neele are not the only monuments history has presented, and will present, of the tyranny which melancholy exercises over the tender mind.

These remarks may very properly be followed by the stanzas produced by our friend "G," on the same melancholy occasion, and we have for that reason given them a place not usually occupied by poetical contributions.

THRENODIA.

Thou brilliant one,—and thou art gone,
And sorrow wildly questions—why?
What maddening spirit urged thee on
To scorn our love, our hope,—and die?
We waited for thy tender muse
Like lovers for the trysting hour;
And when she came, Castalian dews
Descended like a summer shower.

Thou bright one! could we call thee back,
How would our lips expostulate!
What did this world of beauty lack,
That thou shouldst bend thy brow at fate?
If ever faithful hearts leaped out
For friendship, 'twas beneath thine eye;
And yet heaven chilled thy soul with doubt,
And anguish hurried thee to die.

Why didst thou bury from all eyes
The poisoned fountain of thy grief,
When thousand hearts and hands would rise
To give a breast like thine relief?
And thou art gone,—and we, too late,
Grieve for what thou hast been—and art;
But more, that all-reluctant fate
Forbade to bind thy broken heart.

Oh, never may a silent grief
Rule in a spirit so divine,
While there is one to reach relief,
And snatch him from a fate like thine!
'Tis madness to our tortured brain
That thou didst grieve and die alone,
If tears like cataracts of rain
Could have retained thee yet our own.

But rest in peace. No heart of flesh
Deserved a better lot than thou
Hast thrown away, while green and fresh
The bays just blossomed on thy brow.
Ay, rest in peace. Thy God is just;
Though thou wert rashly cruel thus
To bury in unhallowed dust
A gem that he had loaned to us!

March 22, 1828.

THE MORGAN AFFAIR. The prospect of having something done, and therefore less said, in relation to the unprofitable and demoralizing excitement which has for a long time spread over the western part of this state, appears something more likely to be realized. On Wednesday last, the acting governor, Pitcher, transmitted a message to the senate, proposing, as a more efficient means to allay the excitement, that a law be passed authorizing the appointment of a competent person to investigate the alleged criminal transactions in relation to the removal of William Morgan, and all the incidents connected therewith; that the powers of district attorney be vested in him; that it be made his duty to repair to the places where the offences were committed; to examine witnesses; to enter complaints; to cause witnesses and parties implicated to be bound over to appear; to conduct all criminal prosecutions which may be instituted; and to perform all other acts and duties which shall be necessary to a full and fair investigation and determination of the alleged offences. Should this measure be

productive of no other result, it will contribute to hasten the eradication of this bugbear from the minds of the honest and well meaning who feel an interest in this affair. The guilty,—and such their doubtless are, not only for but against the outrage in question,—in spite of the vigilance of the strictest police, will comfort themselves in security; for it cannot be expected, when so much popular feeling has been enlisted, that any tribunal which can be specially instituted, can do more than has already been done to detect and bring the offenders to justice. The result will be, that the general imputation of the crime to the institution as a body, will be refuted, and whether the guilty be brought to light or not, as masons and citizens, we hope the affair may come to some speedy issue. Had we no motive founded on the principles of impartial justice, and we believe every true mason has,—we should wait anxiously for the result, because we know that the complete acquittal of the order, in the public mind, must follow.

But on the other hand we find the order more directly aimed at. It is well known that at the late election in this state, members of our legislature were elected for the express purpose of putting down, or at least, making their best exertions to put down all manner of secret organized societies in the state. That they have been so long silent on the great object of their mission, was a matter of surprise. But they have hitherto waited like puppets for the hand behind the scenes to pull upon the wires. At last the signal has been given, and a memorial has been presented from the Le Roy convention, praying that the order of speculative freemasonry be prohibited from administering oaths by the imposition of penalties. This was the famous convention, who, not content with the *bare declaration* that they were guilty of perjury, *publicly resolved* that they were so, and bore witness to it under hand and pen. They did not however *swear* to it for fear it would be very consistently doubted.—It was not convened for political purposes; O no! far from it. True, it resulted in the nomination of Solomon Southwick, but that is no proof that any thing but pure disinterested patriotism actuated them. They have not publicly declared that they *did* meet for political purposes, and, until they do say so, we shall believe they did; when they confess it we shall consider it doubtful.

But to return to the memorial,—we are happy to see our anti-masonick friends come forward and offer to break the ice. Now a man may have something to say, without the imputation of having begun the wrangle. Now the friends of our republican institutions are free to test its principles, and examine them by the constitution. What do they expect to gain by the introduction of such a law? Do they think that legislation can intimidate that brotherhood, which not even the uttermost stretch of arbitrary power could ever put down? Or do they presume that freemasons can be led to contend for the rights which the constitution of the state and the United States have so long guaranteed to them? We take the rights we now have for granted; and as no anti-mason knows what our rights are, we shall treat them like frivolous and impertinent upstarts, by telling them in the politest possible way—to mind their own business. If any act of the legislative authority fall under our displeasure, it will be from principle,—from some palpable infringement on the rights of citizens, individually or collectively;—not from any evil that can result from its execution to the masonick order. No laws can dissolve our order,—no force can dissipate our mystick union; for so long as three men live, worthy of the name and fellowship and privileges of freemasonry, so long shall the order stand,—“and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it!”

GOVERNOR SOUTHWICK'S VERACITY. It is not perhaps generally known that the statement contained in the following extract from the National Observer of the 22d of Feb. ultimo, has ever been made. So little credit was given to it even by the satellites of that paper to the west, that none copied it or even paraphrased it for the edification of their anti-masonick patrons, and of course little credit could attach to it nearer home, where the editor's true character is better known and his veracity duly valued. Indeed we strongly suspect that the article was written at home, and consequently before the transaction mentioned could have happened, as the editor left the city previous to the funeral,

and it is altogether improbable that he could have heard the information, and communicated thereupon, all the way from the westward, in the short space of time that elapsed between the funeral and the day of publication. After contradicting the reports respecting the number of masons attending the funeral, and then expatiating loudly upon the disinterested love of truth, so conspicuous in the editor of the Observer, he comes out with it in these words:—

"Now for a plain and simple statement of ungarbled facts. The masons with that unparalleled impudence, that dauntless effrontery, which is their peculiar GRAND ATTRIBUTE, attempted to take from the hands of the committee of the senate and assembly, the whole management and superintendence of the funeral.

"Upon this occasion, as they have upon others, we are respectably informed, FRANCIS GRANGER and BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, took a bold, manly and decided stand, which redounds to their honour, and is another flower in the blooming wreath which they have entwined for themselves, upon this heart-rending public calamity."

Soon after the appearance of the above paragraphs, we addressed a note to the gentlemen of the joint committee whose names are given in them, requesting an answer, if any such attempt had been made in behalf of the masonick fraternity, to which we received the following note in return; and as an act of justice to them, as well as to the fraternity, it is now given to the publick.

Albany, March 5, 1828.

Sir—An earlier answer was due to your letter, received some days since, by which our attention was called to an article in the National Observer, stating that the editor had been informed that the masonick fraternity had endeavoured to wrest from the joint committee of the senate and assembly, the management of the funeral of our late governor, and that we had defeated such attempt. This statement is erroneous. To correct all existing errors on this subject, we have thought it proper to present the facts as they occurred.

At the first meeting of the committee it was determined that the direction and government of the funeral ceremonies should rest with them alone. A request was presented on behalf of the masonick societies, that a place might be assigned to them in the procession, and it was unanimously determined that these and other citizens of our state were privileged in mourning the common loss in such manner as should be most congenial to their feelings; but it was also unanimously determined that no ceremonies could be permitted other than those directed by the committee.

This reply was given, not from an understanding that the request from any of the societies had extended to the expression of a desire to perform any ceremonies; but to prevent the possibility of misconstruction either of the request or of the decision upon it.

Regretting that a sense of justice to all, compels us to present our names to the publick, we are
Your obedient servants,

FR. GRANGER,
B. F. BUTLER.

E. B. CHILD, esq.

THEATRE. The Albany Theatre under the management of Mr. Vernon, and in immediate connexion with the Bowery Theatre, New-York, was opened on Wednesday last.—Not having as yet seen the performances, we cannot speak particularly of the merits of the company. *Paul Pry* we understand is announced for this evening.

—The *Philadelphia Album*, *Literary Cadet*, and some other papers, have given an insertion to "Mag's attempt at High Life," perhaps without knowing that it was ushered "into this breathing world," through our columns, and perhaps not. The *Bower of Taste* is excusable, having credited it to the former paper, very naturally supposing it original there.

—Mrs. WARE, of the *Bower of Taste*, is in error when she says that the "Magician's Visitor" was written by the editor of the *Yankee*. The author was HENRY NEELE, esq. the same whose untimely death it is our melancholy task to announce in the present number. The *Yankee* Neal meets with a strange reception from the editorial craft we think.—Not content with denying him his own truly lawful productions and wresting the meaning of what he has written, they are intent to force upon him the authorship of articles he never pretended to. He would laugh at this mistake but for the recent sorrowful event associated with the real author's name.

Another word to the *Bower*, or rather to the contributor who writes over the signature M. and seven stars. In our

opinion the poem in the last number of the *Bower* has some very good points to recommend it; but it would have looked better in the writer to have followed the original more exactly, or else not at all. For example take the first stanza:—

There is a flower, a little flower,
With azure crest and golden eye,
Whose smile illumines the vernal hour,
Whose tints reflect the sky—
Know ye its name?

Montgomery, (not Burns, Mrs. Ware,) has it:—

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

Again in the second stanza,—

The gayer beauties of the field, &c.
The prouder beauties of the field, &c.

And in the third.

But this small flower to friendship dear, &c.
But this small flower to Nature dear, &c.

And this is intended for original poetry! Mrs. Ware would do well to inform her contributor that he has too much poetick talent of his own to throw away his reputation on such foolish plagiarisms.

LITERARY NOTICES.

—Contents of Flint's *Western Monthly Review*, No. 10, for February:—The Hermit of the Prairies; Reptiles of the Mississippi Valley; Menander, a Western Epick. REVIEWS: Chronicles of the Canongate; The Red Rover; Le Genie du Christianisme; Burrough's Address.

—Contents of the January number of the *Western Medical and Physical Journal*:—Notes on a case of Cellular Inflammation; an account of the death of a man from a lacerated wound of the Jejunum; Observations on Piperine; Bichat's Pathological Anatomy, concluded; A Treatise on the Effects and Properties of Cold; Hepatica Triloba; Fœtal Monstrosity; Medical Convention of Ohio; Cincinnati Eye Infirmary; Epidemic Quackery; Obituary Notice of Doctor John Sellman.

—The *Western Tiller* has passed from the hands of its original proprietor. Mr. William J. Ferris is now editor and proprietor.

—A new evening paper is about to be established at Philadelphia, to bear the title of the *Daily Chronicle*, by Charles Alexander, late partner of the firm of Atkinson and Alexander. It is to stand neutral as it respects the presidential question.

—The *Vermont Statesman*, at Castleton, has been taken by Mr. Samuel W. Bush, a young man of good talents, both as a writer and a mechanic, late of this city.

—Another weekly paper has been established at Pottstown, Pennsylvania, named the *Montgomery Republican*, by S. Royer. It is in favour of the general administration.

—*Old Hickory*, by Captain Cudgel & Co. has been received; the second satirical paper established lately in Ithaca. There is something very striking in these names, particularly that of the editor.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Wednesday, March 5. The senate reconsidered their vote of yesterday, rejecting the bill to facilitate trade between this state and Boston, and the bill was laid on the table. The remainder of the day was spent in committee of the whole, on the bill from the assembly, to incorporate the president, directors and company of the Monroe bank.

In assembly, Mr. Williams moved to reconsider the vote of yesterday, agreeing to the report of the committee of the whole on the bill to incorporate the Watervliet Turnpike company; for the purpose of adding a section authorizing the supervisors of Albany at any time within three years, to raise money by tax for the purpose of paying to the stockholders of the company the moneys expended by them in the construction of the road, together with the interest of the same; and that after such payment the road shall be a free road, and toll shall be no longer demanded on the same. The motion prevailed, the amendment made, and the bill ordered to be engrossed for a third reading. A report was received from the canal board on the petition of Joy, Brace & Co., forwarding merchants, relative to preference given to passage boats on the canals in the passage of the locks.—The board recommend that such preference be given to but one daily line west of Utica, and to two daily lines east of Utica.

Thursday, March 6. In senate, a report was received from the canal commissioners on the petition of George Tibbits, and also on the petition of Stephen Ross and others, for an act of incorporation to construct a side-cut from the Erie canal to the Troy dam. The reports were severally laid on the table. Bills read a third time and passed: to settle the estate of Mary Duxtader; to increase the capital stock of the Flushing Institute.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: to authorize the supervisors of Washington county to raise money by tax to extend their county poor house; to alter the time of the election of the vestry of St. Luke's church, Rochester; to lay out a road from Oxford to Otseck creek; to incorporate the village of Oswego; to revive and amend the act incorporating the Catharine and Spencer turnpike company. [The Watervliet turnpike company bill was passed by a vote of 93 to 9.] The third reading of bills for the renewal of bank charters was suspended.

Friday, March 7. In senate, a communication was received from the canal commissioners, on the subject of mills and machinery erected on the Champlain canal and its feeders, stating that the present regulations by law are wholly insufficient to secure to the state, in such cases, an equivalent for the use of the water. Referred to the committee on canals. The bill for the relief of Thaddeus B. Bigelow, was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, the canal committee were instructed to inquire as to the necessary measures to be taken to complete the Glen's Falls feeder. The annual report of the New-York savings bank was received and ordered to be printed. Bills read a third time and passed: to reduce the capital and renew the charter of the Albany Insurance company; to lay out a road from Amherst to Lockport; relative to the Monroe and Haverstraw turnpike company; to alter the time of the annual meeting of the Farmers' Hall library in Jefferson; for the relief of Elisha C. Hickox. Mr. Johnson offered a resolution disapproving of the South Carolina resolutions, and postponing their discussion until the 31st of December next, which he subsequently amended by accepting a resolution offered by Mr. Butler, and adopting it as his own, in these words:—Resolved, that while this house is free to declare that it does not concur in the said resolutions, and particularly that part of the same relating to the encouragement of domestic manufactures, yet it is deemed inexpedient at this time to treat the subject more at large, and therefore their consideration is indefinitely postponed.

Saturday, March 8. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: to erect a new town from Moriah and Minerva, in the county of Essex; to appoint commissioners to lay out a road from Claverack to the Massachusetts line; for the relief of James Ashley; to alter the time of the election of wardens and vestrymen of St. Luke's church, Genesee Falls. The bill to alter the time of holding the annual election of the Rutland Farmers' Library in the county of Jefferson, was read a third time and lost.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: to amend the act to incorporate the city of Troy; to alter the time of town meeting in Galen; to confirm the proceedings of commissioners of highways in Davenport; to confirm the appointment of commissioners of deeds in Ulster; concerning sales by the sheriff of Cayuga, and to increase the capital of the Flushing Institute.

—Our customary dish of "Table talk," is unavoidably crowded out, this week.

DIED.

In this city, on Sunday last, after a lingering illness, Mrs. HASBROUCK, wife of Peter Hasbrouck, esq.

MILITARY STANDARD, Sign, Masonick and Fancy Painting.—JOHN LEMAN, at 882, North Market-street, Albany, has at considerable expense, collected an entirely new set of fancy grounds and letters, of various shades and patterns, by which, in addition to his determination to devote his best exertions to please, he is now enabled to execute any order in the above line, in the most elegant style, and on short notice. For evidence of his ability in the Military department, reference is had to Gen. S. Van Rensselaer. March 22. 81

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market sts. Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship.

—An assortment on hand.—Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec. 22. 471

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 470, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. —Cash paid for clean, combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan. 12. 501

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONICK RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

IMMORTALITY.

Throw off the robe that earth can give,—
The crown for which the earthly live;
They are but baubles of a day,
Which lend a hue to baser clay;
They are like tears, purchased to shed
Their mimic sorrow o'er the dead,
And all corruption may be taught
To shine like them—and still be naught.
I will not stoop for weeds like them,—
So dole the robe and diadem
To fools who court them,—but to me
A glorious immortality!

Take back the gold;—it is a weight
Which ill befits a deathless state;
It is a synonyme to care,
And builds an altar to despair,
And they who worship there must learn
Allegiance to the earth I spurn.
Chains, though unwrought, they wear not less
Who the enslaving mine possess,
Than they whose limbs cleave to the earth
Of the dank dungeon—while by birth
The soul can wander wide and free
To its own immortality.

Tell not of love;—its honeyed kiss
May be the paragon of bliss;—
The glory of its melting eye,
The balm of its impassioned sigh,
The burning agonized embrace
That would dismember time and space,
And raptures more than tongue hath spoken,
Are spells that bind but to be broken;
And fatal has it ever proved
To love, or yet to be beloved,
For the young spirit;—then for me
No love but immortality.

Keep back the cup;—its potent spell
Alas! can counterfeit too well.
Yes;—for a moment I may dream
I taste the renovating stream,
And the deception leads me on
Till faith, and strength, and hope are gone,
And leave me lone, debased, and wasted,
Where first the bitter cup was tasted,
Bitter—not till too deeply drained
To cleanse the lip its curse hath stained.
Oh, crush the goblet ere it be
A pledge to immortality!

The noisy pleasures which ye bring
Cannot call back my upward wing.
What care I for earth's thousand smiles?
They are as false as other wiles:
What care I for the greet or frown
That meets alike the sage and clown?
And fashionable friendship too—
What care I, be it false or true?
Nor power, nor wealth, nor love, nor wine,
Nor friendship, have to eyes like mine
A single hue or shadow free
To blend with immortality.

But o'er the fields, the earth, the sky,
The silvery river, or the high
And wind-struck mountain, or the low
And sheltering vale, where streamlets flow
Untasted but by sinless flocks,—
Whose darkened woods and gray old rocks
Give not an echo, nor have given,
But would be answered even in heaven,—
I still would hover.—They are rife
With tokens of eternal life;
And oh, may all their beauties be
Blent with my immortality!

March 19, 1828.

THE BEAUTY.

BY EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

Qua puella nihil unquam festivius, amabilius, nec modo
longiore vita, sed prope immortalitate dignius vidi.
PLINY.

All history is but a smoky column
By heated minds sent up into the past;
Vain, unsubstantial, mutable, and solemn,
It scars, to terminate in clouds at last;
It is unsolid at its very base—
What should it be at any loftier place?

I turn away then, and disdain to borrow,
Thou authorized romance, a theme from thee,
False record of true folly, guilt and sorrow,
That have been, are, and shall not cease to be!
And lingering memory, led by time along,
Reverts to one deserving of my song.

Amid the common crowd, she seemed a grain
Of gold among the sands of life's dull stream;
She cheered this sleep, perturbed and full of pain,
Which men call life, like some delightful dream;
So, as I see such seldom, she was not
Calmly beheld, nor soon to be forgot.

I speak not of the form that blessed the sight
Of her beholder—for it fills his mind,
And verse to others about charms so bright,
Were like discourse on sunbeams to the blind;
Suffice it then to say, no fairer one
Hath ever cast a shadow from the sun.

In her fine fancy lovely thoughts disported
Like Naiads playing amid classic waters:
Nature gave her the mental grace that's courted
Vainly from art, by earth's less gifted daughters;
Lodged in the beauteous person of this woman,
The soul, "at Rome," conformed, and was a Roman.

The signs of genius on her face were seen,
That dangerous but fascinating boon,
And gentle passions ruled her, as a queen
Rules in the east—for as the shining moon
Dims the thick stars that gem a summer night,
Her modesty obscured these lights with light.

Her voice was sweet as she was—with one lay
She stilled the spell-bound phantoms of the main,
As Indian wizards used to charm away
Less baneful reptiles from their native plain;
For even in speech her soft tones could delight
Like music heard in visions of the night.

Enough;—on graver subjects I have mused
Too much, as was my pleasure, pain, or duty—
My heart and harp have been too long disused,
To celebrate aright this perfect beauty.

THE CHANGING WORLD.

BY MRS. HALE.

How the world's aspect changes! Doth it change?
Or are the changes in the eye that gazes?
See the light hearted boy—all earth is strange
And new, but lovely; and he laughs and praises,
And makes his life a holiday, nor dreams
His bounding foot will ever press the thorn;
The world he treads as bright and softened seems
As far off mountains, robed in hues of morn.

There comes a change, when youth with burning thought
Roams o'er the sunny fields in search of roses;
And he may pluck them, but thy're dearly bought;
For every step some blasted scene discloses:
And the flowers wither ere the wreath is twined,—
Haste, seize another—'twill be all the same—
His wreath he scatters to the passing wind,
Sighs, and confesses pleasure but a name!

There comes a change—when manhood walks abroad,
He seeks no roses—let the frail things wither!
The path he chooses mighty ones have trod,
And on he rushes, scarcely heeding whither—
But shining dust is scattered o'er the ground—
He stoops to grasp it, and is bowed for ever!
Though heaven's transcendent glories beam around,
The eye intent on gold regards them—never!

There comes a change—when age's sunken eye
Hath lost its vision, and the mists have gathered;
Then life's dark shadows o'er the cold earth lie—
Nor spring nor blossom when the heart is withered:
And all is barren—even gold grows dim—
But trembling mortal, thou mayst look above thee,
One blessed star still burns to guide to Him—
Who from the throne of heaven has stooped to love thee!

ANDRE'S LAST REQUEST.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow,
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now.
I can die with lip unstirred
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look;
My sister's kiss,—
I can think of love—yet brook
A death like this!
I can give up the young fame
I burned to win—
All—but the spotless name
I glory in.

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live,
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish—
By my dying breath—
I ask that I may perish
With a soldier's death!

CASSIN.

SONG.

FROM MOORE'S NATIONAL AIRS, NUMBER SIXTH.

Hope comes again, to this heart long a stranger,
Once more she sings me her flattering strain;
But hush, gentle siren, for ah, there's less danger
In still suffering on than in hoping again,
Long, long, in sorrow, too deep for repining,
Gloomy, but tranquil, this bosom hath lain,
And joy, coming now like a sudden light shining
O'er eyelids long darkened, would bring me but pain.
Fly then, ye visions, that hope would shed o'er me;—
Lost to the future, my sole chance of rest
Now lies not in dreaming of bliss that's before me,
But, ah, in forgetting how once I was blest!

LINES TO —.

PRESENTED WITH A COPY OF LALLA ROOKEE.

With wishes fond, and vows that burn,
I bless the gift I send to thee;
The happy leaves thy hand shall turn,
The happy lines thine eyes shall see:
Each little gift is as a link,
More closely severed hearts to bind:
And this may lead thy soul to think
Of him whom it hath left behind.

Oh! when thou dwellest upon the page,
To chase away some idle hour,
And thoughts of love and truth engage,
Expressed with all the poet's power;
While round thee fairy fiction weaves
The veil, oh! spare one thought to me;
Think that my spirit, mid the leaves,
Breathes through the poet's words to thee!

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1828.

NO. 9.

MASONICK RECORD.

On the receipt of the melancholy news of the death of Gov. CLINTON, at Circleville, Ohio, CALEB ATWATER, esq. wrote the following article, which was read to a number of his masonick brethren.

DE WITT CLINTON,

As a Mason—a Statesman—and Philanthropist.

During a great number of years DE WITT CLINTON belonged to the order of freemasonry. He did honour to the fraternity, by constantly exhibiting in his life a living picture of all those virtues which the principles of masonry enjoin. In every act of his life, through a long course of years, he exhibited a lively faith in the great Redeemer—a lively hope in immortality, and his christian charity, was not only extended to his masonick brethren, their widows and orphans, but towards all mankind. He soothed the afflicted, bound up the broken heart, and dried up the tears of the widow and the orphan. He reduced his large fortune by acts of charity. He considered his extensive patronage, as governour of New-York, as placed in his hands by the Almighty for the purpose of enabling him to do good to mankind; and it was used in strict accordance with that view of the subject.

We could name, not only individuals, but whole families, which have been raised from poverty and despondency to competency and usefulness, through his aid. His private benevolence was not confined to the state of New-York; no, like the sun his light shone over the world. Wherever he heard of an orphan or poor man struggling to obtain an education, or to extend his knowledge of any particular science DE WITT CLINTON took him by the hand—he recommended him to the world, furnished him money, gave him books, applauded all his efforts when properly directed, and told him in what he was in error.

If any scientific man was unable to obtain such books as related to any subject which he wished to pursue, as soon as governour Clinton knew the fact, without waiting to inquire of the man himself what he needed, the books were purchased, whatever they might cost, and presented gratuitously to the one who needed them. If they were not to be found in the United States, they were sent for to Edinburgh, to Paris, or to London.—There are such works so procured and presented to a citizen of this town.

He was the father of the school fund in New-York, and of the common school system of education. He always advocated liberal appropriations to colleges, academies and other seminaries of learning. He was the father of internal improvements in the United States.

The publick services of DE WITT CLINTON have been worth millions to the United States.—During thirty years, he has been a faithful publick servant. We have seen him in the assembly and senate of New-York, an able and faithful legislator. We have seen him in the court of errors of New-York, an independent, learned and accomplished jurist. We have seen him in the senate of the United States, a senator, who did honour to his station, and was the early, intrepid and successful "FRIEND OF OHIO." For the last fifteen years he has employed his time and his talents upon a work which will be gazed on with wonder by all succeeding generations. This work will be the pride and delight of mankind, so long as human

wisdom or publick policy have a monument remaining on the globe. The grand Clinton canal stretches from the Hudson to the lakes, rousing enterprise and industry, and enriching the people. Its waters are covered with the productions of every clime and every soil, building up cities, towns and villages, and multiplying all the enjoyments of civilized life. Its vast advantages no mind can estimate. They affect the destinies of the whole union, and their value increases every day, and will increase so long as this nation exists.

While we give way to the impulses of our gratitude, need we wonder at the distinguished attention to this great and good man, by the people of the west while on his tour among us? It is now difficult to appreciate Mr Clinton's services, in producing the New-York canals. The mind often becomes incredulous in retracing the steps which have led to gigantic works, where even this is simple and practicable. To make the New-York canals is now deemed an easy matter, and we wonder that they were ever opposed by any man of common sense and common honesty.—New-York is now an empire, with a disposable capital of millions of dollars, to be loaned at an interest below the legal standard. She stands ready to loan every cent that may be necessary to construct a canal from lake Erie to the Ohio river. But how was it fifteen years ago? To connect lake Erie with the Hudson was then ridiculous, and its commencement one hundred years too soon. It would cost fifty millions of dollars, and take whole centuries to complete it! It was to ruin the farmers with taxes and destroy the credit of the state forever. Aid was asked of the general government and refused—of the individual states and all refused but Ohio, then weak in numbers and poor in purse, yet she, and she alone, returned for answer, that she fully believed in the feasibility of the project and the ability of New-York and her Clinton to complete it, and pledged herself, as soon as circumstances would permit, to assist her elder sister in the work. This answer was all Ohio had to give at that time, and she may be proud that she then gave such an answer. Thus treated by all the union, New-York resorted to her own resources and "HER GREAT WORK IS DONE." But supposing, at that dark and portentous period, DE WITT CLINTON had desponded of success, where would have been the most stupendous work of any age or country? It would not yet have been even begun, nor our Ohio canals been thought of to this day.

Ohio has lost her oldest, her ablest and best friend. She owes it to him, to his aid and influence in congress, that she was admitted into the union when she was. It was objected by several influential members of congress: "that Ohio was too young in years and too feeble in numbers, to be thus admitted into the confederacy. To which Mr. Clinton replied, "that her mild climate, her fruitful soil, her great natural advantages and the absence of domestic slavery would one day render her the brightest star in the constellation of the union."

To his successful example, to his animating voice, Ohio is indebted for her grand canal. It was his aid and influence which procured us funds, to enable us to carry on this grand work. He made a long and tedious journey to be present at its commencement. Had he lived, arrangements were made for his being present at its completion. But alas! He has been called off from his labours by our Grand High Priest above, to refreshment.

No more shall he visit our lodge as he did when in this town—no more shall his voice be heard among us, because the Grand Tyler death has admitted him into the door of the Grand Lodge above, at the command of our Almighty Grand Master.

All that was mortal of our distinguished brother is dead, but his example remains with us and all free and accepted masons to cheer and to animate us in every variety of fortune that awaits us in life.—His private benevolence and charity, his love of learning and science—his pure republican principles—his faith in God, his hope in immortality, and his charity to all mankind, especially towards his masonick brethren, their widows and orphans, still shine like great lamps in the world to lead us through it, in peace and safety up to heaven and to God. While learning and science have votaries, while private virtue and transcendent talents, natural and acquired, find admirers among men—and while great publick usefulness is honoured on earth, our CLINTON will be gratefully remembered by posterity. As a statesman he stood upon the usefulness of his measures, hence his fame will continue and grow brighter as their usefulness will become more and more apparent, until the end of time.

Let other statesmen follow some momentary impulse, and be wafted along upon the momentary gale of popular applause—so did not our deceased friend and brother. He followed not after applause of the moment—he led the way, performed his gigantic works, and they will speak his praises all over the world as long as time endures. While the petty party politician of the moment, resembles most a glaring meteor, which shines its moment and is extinguished forever, CLINTON resembles the sun in the heavens, performing his diurnal revolutions to diffuse his steady light, to illumine, to warm, and give life and vigour to a whole system.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

VERMONT.

At a regular communication of *Mount Calvary Encampment*, held in Masons' Hall, in Middlebury, Vermont, on the 11th March, 1828, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

PREAMBLE:—*Memento mori*, it deeply engraven on every sublunary object. Death has an established empire over all the works of nature. Mutation is an essential characteristic of all natural beings. Daily observation as well as divine inspiration proclaims the unerring truth, that all inanimate and animate objects, like the passing current, are designed only for a limited duration. Man, the noblest work of God, in accordance with those laws which pervade all terrestrial things, continues in his earthly tenement but for a season. "The body then returns to the dust from whence it came, and the soul to God who gave it."

Notwithstanding the instances of mortality we so frequently witness, yet through some unaccountable infatuation have we not practically forgotten that we are born to die! Have we not gone from one disguise to another—added hope to hope;—and laid out secular schemes for the employment of many years! Amid this our careless and inattentive career, God has appeared in judgement amongst us. The Grand Master of our General Encampment has suddenly been removed by death! DE WITT CLINTON, whose political fame will remain while canals and rocks exist, is now num-

bered with the illustrious dead. Whatever the private life of CLINTON may have been, his public acts placed him in the rank with the first of public benefactors. His loss is deeply and sensibly felt by an immense community. His opposers acknowledged him great,—his friends knew him to be such. Yet great as he was, he could not resist the commanding influence of truth, nor gainsay divine revelation. He yielded to its impulse, and bowed humbly at the Cross of Christ; and his name will ever remain enrolled among those weary way-worn pilgrims, who have espoused the cause of the Christian Religion. "IN HOC SIGNO VINCES" was his motto. Guided by these principles, he was early found a patron of freemasonry, of learning, of Bible societies, of Sabbath schools, and of other moral and religious institutions. By his death we are forcibly reminded that in the midst of life we are in death; and that whatever elevation of character we may have attained, yet shortly must we all submit as victims of its destroying power, and endure the humbling level of the tomb. On an occasion of so much magnitude as the present, it is laudable to mingle our sympathies with those more immediately bereft: therefore,

Resolved, that this Encampment consider the late dispensation of Divine Providence in the removal of their late General Grand Master, DE WITT CLINTON, by death, as an event deeply afflicting to the publick, and especially so to the masonick institution.

Resolved, that the jewels and furniture of Mount Calvary Encampment be clad in mourning, and that the members thereof wear the appropriate badge of mourning during their convocations, until the session of the next Grand Encampment.

Resolved, that the Recorder cause the above preamble and resolution to be published.

JONA. A. ALLEN, Recorder p. t.

GEORGIA.

Masonick Hall, Milledgeville, March 1.

The afflicting intelligence having reached us, through the medium of the papers, of the sudden death of our estimable brother, DE WITT CLINTON, the brethren of the several lodges of freemasonry in this place, assembled on Saturday, the 1st of March instant, at their Hall, and appointed a committee to take suitable measures to manifest their sincere regret at his loss; which committee reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, to take to himself our worthy and highly cherished brother, DE WITT CLINTON, by which divine dispensation the masonick fraternity is deprived of its respected chief, and the nation of a highly distinguished statesman and a patriot—while his native state is plunged in sorrow for his loss, we may be permitted to commingle our tears with those that water his tomb. To commemorate his deeds of publick and enduring utility, is the office of the historian; but to bestow upon his memory the tribute to which the private and masonick virtues, that adorn his character, are justly entitled, is ours. As there are none so humble within the sphere of his usefulness, who have not felt their influence; so, there are none so exalted, who might not be ennobled by their possession. Although far removed from the immediate masonick circle in which he was wont to preside, yet, as members of the great masonick family, we have viewed with pride the expanding usefulness of our gifted brother. We revered his exalted character while living; we cherish his memory and mourn his loss now that he is no more.

Be it therefore resolved, that the jewels and columns of the chapter and the several lodges of this place, be shrouded in mourning for sixty days; and that the brethren do wear crape on the left arm for the same period.

Resolved, that a brother be designated to pronounce his eulogy on the ensuing anniversary of St. John's, 24th June next.

Resolved, that a copy of the foregoing be transmitted to the afflicted family of the deceased by the chairman of the committee, and published in the different papers of this place.

J. S. CALHOUN, Chm.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

FOOTSTEPS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

A very curious paper, by Mr. Grierson, was read before the general meeting of the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth on the 22d of November last; the subject of which was some footsteps of quadrupeds discovered in a red sandstone quarry, about two miles to the north of the town of Lochmaben, in the county of Dumfries. Professor Buckland, having received casts of some of the most distinct impressions, together with a fragment of the sandstone itself, expressed his full conviction (though the fact was at variance with his general opinions respecting the geological formation,) that the rock, while in a soft state, had been traversed by living quadrupeds. The dip of the strata in the quarry is towards the west, and at an angle of about 35 degrees. On the eastern side, therefore, it is the upper surface of the strata that presents itself; and of this there is a great lateral extent. The upper edge of the strata, the face of which is there exposed, reaches within about fifteen feet of the surface of the ground. From this upper boundary down to the line where they disappear under the rubbish, which (since the working has been carried on chiefly on the opposite side of the quarry) has accumulated at their base; there are fully fifteen feet of their surface distinctly exhibited, and that for a range of not less than between forty and fifty yards. On the range of this acclivity, no less than four separate tracks were found of as many different kinds of animals. Three of these tracks were towards the south extremity of the range on the surface of the same identical layer, and two of them within two or three yards of each other. The fourth one was towards the north extremity, and probably on the same layer as the others; but owing to a quantity of earth which had rolled down, this was not fully ascertained. The simple inspection of the tracks, however, made it impossible to doubt in what manner they had been produced. The great number of the impressions in uninterrupted continuity, the regular alternations of the right and left footsteps, their equidistance from each other, the outward direction of the toes, the grazing of the foot along the surface before it was firmly planted, the deeper impression made by the toe than by the heel, and, in one instance, the sharp and well-defined marks of the three claws of the animal's foot,—are circumstances which immediately arrest the attention of the observer, and force him to acknowledge, that they admit of only one explanation. The impressions of one of these tracks, Dr. Buckland thinks have been produced by the feet of a tortoise or crocodile. It will be obvious from the preceding description of the stratum containing these animal impressions, that though now lying bare and superficial as at the time when the impressions were made, it is really the one on which all the other strata of the quarry had been superimposed. One of the deepest and most distinct impressions was found at the base of the stratum in the lower part of the quarry, perhaps sixty or seventy feet beneath the surface of the earth. In what manner the facts and phenomena described may affect some interesting questions in geology, Mr. Grierson says he shall not presume to inquire; "but," adds that gentleman, "I think I may be permitted to remark in conclusion, that we have now specimens of the new red sandstone, containing impressions of quadrupeds,—impressions, which, to say the least, may be denominated, Footsteps before the Flood."

ARCHITECTURE OF THE HUMAN SKULL.

It requires no disquisition to prove that the brain is the most essential organ of the animal system, and being so, we may presume that it must be especially protected. We are now to inquire how this main object is attained? We must first understand that the brain may be hurt, not only by sharp bodies touching and entering it, but by a blow on the head which shall vibrate through it, without the instrument piercing the skull. Indeed, a blow upon a man's head, by a body which shall cause a vibration through the substance of the brain, may more effectually deprive him of sense and motion than if an axe or a sword penetrated into the substance of the brain itself. Supposing that a man's

ingenuity were to be exercised in contriving a protection to the brain, he must perceive that if the case were soft, it would be too easily pierced; that if it were of a glassy nature, it would be chipped and cracked; that if it were of a substance like metal, it would ring and vibrate, and communicate the concussion to the brain. Further thoughts might suggest, that whilst the case should be made firm to resist a point, the vibrations of that circular case might be prevented by lining it with a softer material: no bell would vibrate with such an incumbent; the sound would be stopped like the ringing of a glass by the touch of a finger. If a soldier's head be covered with a steel cap, the blow of a sword which does not penetrate will yet bring him to the ground by the percussion which extends to the brain; therefore, the helmet is lined with leather, and covered with hair; for, although the hair is made an ornament, it is an essential part of the protection: we may see it in the head-piece of the Roman soldier, where all useless ornament being despised as frivolous, was avoided as cumbrous. We now perceive why the skull consists of two plates of bone, one external, which is fibrous and tough, and one internal, dense to such a degree that the anatomist calls it *tabula vitrea* (the glassy table.) Nobody can suppose this to be accidental. It has just been stated, that the brain may be injured in two ways; a stone or a hammer may break the skull, and the depressed part of the bone injure the brain; whilst, on the other hand, a mallet struck upon the head will, without penetrating effectually, deprive the brain of its functions, by causing a vibration which runs round the skull and extends to every portion of its contents. Were the skull, in its perfect or mature state, softer than it is, it would be like the skull of a child; were it harder than we find it is, it would be like that of an old man. In other words, as in the former, it would be too easily pierced; so, in the latter, it would vibrate too sharply and produce concussion. The skull of an infant is a single layer of elastic bone; on the approach to manhood it separates into two tables; and in old age it again becomes consolidated. During the active years of man's life the skull is perfect; it then consists of two layers, united by a softer substance; the inner layer is brittle as glass, and calculated to resist anything penetrating; the outer table is tough, to give consistence, and to stifle the vibration which there would be if the whole texture were uniform and like the inner table. The alteration in the substance of the bones, and more particularly in the skull, is marvellously ordered to follow the changes in the mind of the creature, from the heedlessness of childhood to the caution of age, and even the helplessness of superannuation. The skull is soft and yielding at birth; during childhood it is elastic, and little liable to injury from concussion; and during infancy, and up to the period of maturity, the parts coming in contract with the ground are thicker, whilst the shock is dispersed towards the sutures (the seams or joinings of the pieces) which are still loose; but when, with advancing years, something tells us to give up seats of activity, and falls are less frequent, the bones lose that nature which would render concussion harmless, and at length the timidity of age teaches man that his structure is no longer adapted to active life.

GEOGRAPHY.

The Geographical Society of Paris has existed little more than six years. In the course of that short period it has established prizes to the amount of 16,400 francs; published a series of questions with reference to the principal desiderata in the science; caused several maps to be engraved; given the most complete text extant of the Travels of Marco-Polo; prepared instructions for a great number of travellers; obtained for them the countenance of the French and foreign governments; pointed out Cyrenaica as one of the most useful objects of inquiry; rewarded the admirable travels of M. Pacho, and M. Braghiere's remarkable memoir on the horography of Europe; published two volumes of memoirs and manuscript narratives; received an immense variety of communications from all parts of the globe; maintained a scientific correspondence with the principal academies and learned societies in the two worlds; formed a valuable library; conceived the idea of a new hy-

drographical map of France, and concurred in its production by a committee from its own body; and, finally, offered a reward of eight thousand francs to the traveller who may be so fortunate as to penetrate into central Africa, either by the French possessions in Senegambia, or by the countries in the vicinity of the region of the upper Nile.

The members of this society are at present 349 in number. Twenty-two travellers are now pursuing their inquiries, under the auspices of the Society, in Peru, Colombia, Chili, Persia, India, Thibet, Arabia, Georgia, Numidia, Abyssinia, Senegal, &c., not to mention the Antilles, and a voyage round the world. It was recently proposed to the Society by its President, to offer two annual medals for the most important geographical discoveries of the year; to receive communications on the subject written in either English, Spanish, or Latin; to accelerate the publication of a volume of memoirs and questions; and to address a circular letter to all the travellers, consuls, and correspondents of the Society.

ANTIQUITIES.

The remains of a fine Roman villa have been recently discovered near Helpstone, between Stamford and Peterborough. Mr. Artis, well known for his successful antiquarian researches, has caused the spot to be explored, and his investigation has been rewarded by finding a tessellated pavement, of superior workmanship. The same gentleman (says the York Chronicle) has discovered a complete iron-foundry of the Romans near Wansford.

Amongst the bandages of an Egyptian mummy in the Philosophical Hall at Leeds, a small piece of red leather has been found, stamped with hieroglyphic characters, which determine the date of this interesting monument of antiquity. They are the Royal Legend of Yemesses V. the Amenophis, Momophis of the Greek writers, the father of the great Sesostris, and the last monarch of Manetho's 19th dynasty of the kings of Egypt; He ascended the throne of the Pharaohs in the year 1493, B. C. The individual, therefore, whose remains are still in so perfect a state of preservation, was the contemporary of Moses, and officiated as incense bearer and scribe to the shrine of the Mandon, at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, more than 3300 years ago.

CORRECTION OF TIME.

It may not, perhaps, be generally known, that those who were born before the 20th of February, 1800, should, after that day, reckon their birth days a day later than before. Those who were living before the alteration of the style, in 1751, may recollect that after that alteration, their birth days were reckoned 11 days later. A further alteration of one day took place in 1800, which would, in the usual course, have been a leap year, but had only 365 days. If we suppose a child to have been born on the 31st Dec. 1796, on the 31st Dec. 1800, he had lived 4 years, of 365 days each; but as every 4th year should have 366 days, the child was not 4 years old till the 1st of Jan. 1801; and a man born 1st of Jan. 1751, was 10 years old on the 12th of Jan. 1761, and was 50 on the 13th Jan. 1801.

[London paper.]

DISCOVERY OF QUINIA AND LITHOTRITY.

The Academie des Sciences has adjudged a prize of 10,000 francs, to M. M. Pelletier and Caventou, for their discovery and introduction into use of Sulphate of Quinia, and another prize of 10,000 francs, to M. Civiale, for having been the first to practice lithotritry, on the living body, and for having successfully operated by his method, on a great number of persons afflicted with the stone in the bladder.

[Brandes' Journal, No. 3.]

INK SIMILAR TO CHINA INK.

Mr. Fontenelle says, that an ink, equal in colour and goodness to China or India Ink, may be made by dissolving six parts of isinglass in twelve of water, one part of Spanish liquorice in two of water, mixing the solutions whilst warm, and incorporating with them one part of best ivory black, using a spatula, and adding but small portions at once. When the mixture is complete, it is to be

heated in a water bath, until so much water is evaporated as to leave a paste which may be moulded into any required form, and then the drying completed.

THE GATHERER.

[From the Philadelphia Mercury.]

THE SPEECH OF SOLOMON SOUTHWICK.

DONE INTO BLANK VERSE.

Believing, gentlemen, that when the people
Express their will spontaneously, that then
It is expressed correctly, and so forth,
And knowing that your compliments are just
Unto my talents and my modest merit,
However I may hesitate, by Jove!
I won't refuse to be your Governour.

True, I'm not rich, but that's no obstacle,
I'll stick to business and not cut a swell,
People who dine with me shall dine on codfish
And drink small beer, like plain republicans,
I shall economize, and thus be able
To live upon my salary as Governour.

In justice to myself I must aver
I have not sought this honour, and they lie
Who say that I intrigued for nomination.
The fact is, I received repeated letters
(Postage not paid, I'll thank you to remember
That unpaid letters are d—d impositions)
From the saints at Le Roy and thereabouts,
And though my presence could not be of service
I thought it all important for to go.
Spontaneously they asked me to be Governour,
Reflectingly I answered that I would:
Take the same answer, if you please Batavians!
I run not after fame, fame chases me,
But I run slow—I fear that she will catch me.

Permit me now to add, that if the hearts
Of the good people should incline towards me
And make me Governour, I'll do my duty;
So let's walk in and take some gin and water,
I'll treat all round, by Jove, we'll have a row!
Provided that the landlord will give tick
And wait for pay till I become your Governour.

SOLOMON SOUTHWICK.

This is an excellent quiz of that queer old woman who abuses the masons; and whom some wags have in ridicule nominated for governour of New-York. But Solomon thinks it all gospel.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF ST. PAUL.

This prince of apostles seems to hint concerning himself, that his bodily presence was not calculated to command respect at the first sight: 2 Cor. x. 10. St Chrysostom terms him, "a little man, about three cubits, or four feet and a half in height."

Lucian, or whoever is the author of *Philopatris*, is supposed to have had St. Paul in view where he introduces "A Galilean (for so the Christians were contemptuously styled) rather bald headed, with an aquiline nose; who travelled through the air into the third heaven."

But of all other writers, Neciphorus Callistus has given us the most circumstantial account of St. Paul's person: "St. Paul was small of stature, stooping, and rather inclinable to crookedness: pale faced, of an elderly look, bald on the head. His eyes lively, keen, and cheerful; shaded, in part, by his eyebrows, which hung a little over. His nose, rather long, and not ungracefully bent. His beard, pretty thick of hair, and of a sufficient length, and like his locks, interspersed with grey."

BEAU BRUMMELL.

When Brummell was the great oracle on coats, the Duke of Leinster was very anxious to bespeak the approbation of the "Emperour of the Dandies" for a "cut" which he had just patronized. The Duke in the course of his eulogy on his Schneider, had frequently occasion to use the words "my coat." "Your coat, my dear fellow," said Brummell, "what coat?" "Why, this coat," said Leinster; "this coat that I have on," Brummell, after regarding the vestment with an air of infinite scorn, walked up to the Duke, and taking the collar between his finger and thumb, as if fearful of contamination—"What, Duke, do you call that thing a coat?"

THE CHIMPANSA.

This enormous monkey inhabits the coast of the Gulph of Guinea. Its height is sometimes greater than that of a man; it has a small beard and mustachios; and is exceedingly pugnacious. It lives in society; at least numerous individuals of the species congregate together, to plunder the negroes and carry off their wives. It builds itself a hut,

makes love to the negresses, and drives away those who approach his dwelling, by pelting them with stones. Several young ones have been tamed, and found to possess great imitative talents.

ROMANCE READING.

Perhaps the perusal of romances may, without injustice, be compared with the use of opiates, baneful when habitually and constantly resorted to, but of most blessed power in those moments when the whole head is sore and the whole heart sick. If those who rail indiscriminately at this species of composition were to consider the quantity of actual pleasure which it produces, and the much greater proportion of real sorrow and distress which it alleviates, their philanthropy ought to moderate their critical pride or religious intolerance. [Scott.]

LA BOURDONNAIS.

Few men in the last century were more celebrated or more unhappy than La Bourdonnais, the governour of the Isles of France and Bourbon; by whom indeed those two colonies were almost created, and who, as a reward for his services, was thrown into the Bastille. He there composed a volume of historical memoirs. Handkerchiefs, stiffened with rice-water, soot and the dregs of coffee; and a small coin, bent, slit, and fastened to a wooden skewer, served him for paper, pen, and ink. The grandson of this intrepid sailor has just republished these Memoirs, which contain much curious matter.

LORD BYRON.

During the short time that his lordship was in parliament, a petition, setting forth the wretched condition of the Irish peasantry, was one evening presented, and very coldly received by the "hereditary legislative wisdom." "Ah," said Lord Byron, "what a misfortune it was for the Irish that they were not born black! they would then have had a plenty of friends in both houses."

IRISH WIT.

As Sir Walter Scott was riding (a few weeks ago) with a friend in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, he came to a field-gate, which an Irish beggar, who happened to be near, hastened to open for him. Sir Walter was desirous of rewarding this civility by the present of sixpence, but found that he had not so small a coin in his purse. "Here my good fellow," said the baronet, "here is a shilling for you; but mind, you owe me sixpence." "God bless your honour!" exclaimed Pat; "may your honour live till I pay you!"

TEMPER.

The great Duke of Marlborough was as remarkable for good temper as for good conduct and bravery. Being one day overtaken with a shower, as he was riding, he called to his servant for his great coat, which the man not immediately bringing, nor giving any answer, he repeated his order; upon which the fellow muttered, "I suppose you'll stay till I have unbuckled it!" The duke instead of being angry, said coolly to a gentleman who was with him, "Now, I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

REASONS FOR EMIGRATING.

A Scotch gentleman, in the warmth of national veneration, was praising Scotland for the cheapness of provisions; a salmon might be bought for *saxpence*, and a dozen mackerel for *twapence*. "And pray, sir," asked one of the listeners, "how came you to leave so cheap a country?" "In gude truth, mon," replied the Scotchman, "although fish is plentiful enough, the *saxpences* and *twapences* are unco scarce."

THE SAILOR'S REVENGE.

An old tar, who had a garden, the entrance of which had been much impeded by a snarling cur that belonged to a person in his neighbourhood, was observing to a friend, that the enemy had not been there that day: "And don't you think he'll be here again by and by?" asked his friend: "No, by —," replied the tar, "for when he was here last night I cut his rudder away," showing at the same time the dog's tail, that he had cut off, "and I'll be d—d," added he, "if he comes here any more, now that he has got nothing to steer with."

POPULAR TALES.

[From "Whimwhams."]

THE MYSTERIOUS MANSION.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH END.

"A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide."—*Dame Quickly*.

Many years ago, there stood on the upper horn of Moon Street, and not more than a stone's throw from Frizzel Square, a low, beetle-browed mansion, bearing indubitable marks of antiquity. The moss covered its dilapidated roof; the drapery of the spider and the moth hung in thick festoons about its windows; and the melancholy swallow annually built her nest under its eaves. Unlike the dwelling-houses of modern days, it belied not into the street to attract the admiration of the vulgar; but chose rather to retire from the public eye, and enjoy a halcyon repose in the quiet neighbourhood of a congregation of pig-sties. Its whole appearance was that of isolated age, shrinking from the folly and bustle of the world, to muse in silence on its wasting strength and increasing years.

The date of this venerable building baffled the memories of the most pains-taking old women of the time. Granny Scraggs, who had talked away her sight and hearing in Deacon Quiddle's chimney, fairly owned it was erected "before her day." Doctor Hodgepodge, a grey-headed bachelor, who had worn a pair of leather small clothes out of the recollection of the generation about him, remembered being measured there for his freedom suit; which was full fifty years ago, come the season for string-beans. "I recollect it," he used to say, "as if 'twas yesterday. The tailor was James List, a yellow-haired man, who was so corpulent he could hardly sit on the bench. Bless me, how time does pass!" In fine, it was one of those pestilent old mansions, to be found in most ancient places, which afford matter of eternal conjecture to the prying blockheads of the neighbourhood.

It is not to be supposed that such a mysterious edifice should be without a corresponding occupant. To repeat one half of the stories that were told of old Haggelwetter would exhaust the lungs of a town crier. He was a grisly old Dutchman, that drank more gin and smoked more tobacco than was necessary to perfume the atmosphere for a league—and then he would swear—bless my soul! if his oaths had only been uttered in intelligent English, the very building would have trembled so as to topple down upon his head. And then, too, he had been tumbled about on the salt sea so long as to have lost the mastery of his legs; and he was as likely to stagger in one direction as another, in spite of his will. Moreover, it was said he had been a sinful freebooter, who had mortgaged his soul to the devil for more than it was worth, and there was no telling how much gold he had stowed away in sly corners about the old building. But then he was a tremendously fierce old fellow, and wore such a threatening pair of whiskers, that nobody dared to venture within pistol-shot of his house; nay, his very name, whispered after candle light, made one tremble like a gravedigger at the sight of a ghost.

It is a sage remark, that Time, though it can do every thing else, is unable to stop people's tongues. One generation of talkers passeth away, and another cometh to take the word out of their mouths. Though a man should exist to eternity, he would never outlive the bad opinion of his neighbours. Thus was it with old Haggelwetter. Not even his fiery whiskers could repress the voice of scandal. As he advanced in years, he also increased in bulk. He was naturally thick set and puffy; but he now seemed blowing up like a bladder. Folks noticed this, and predicted he would eventually explode like a torpedo. "He is," they said, "in his sinfulness like a corn that is parching before the fire; he will swell and swell, and anon go off in a tremendous puff! It is astonishing, mankind will bring upon them such judgements, by dealing with Satan!"

The usual place where the character of old Haggelwetter was discussed, was the shop of Solomon Soper, a famous blood-letting barber; and the time,

towards the close of a drowsy summer's day. Here the blacksmith, the sexton, the skipper of the Winnismit ferry boat, and old Dozy, the watchman, would sit and spin out their tedious tales until it really seemed as if they did not think how time was wearing away. Deacon Quiddle, also would occasionally offer a sententious remark on the subject, as the barber elaborately adjusted his queue; and as for Master Solomon, he would fret and chatter about it all day long. It seemed to be the primary object of his existence, occupying all his time, and absorbing all his faculties, to grumble at the mysterious wealth of Haggelwetter and to bewail his own poverty.

I doubt whether there was ever such a snarling, discontented barber as Solomon Soper in the whole world. His thin, weasel face, his ungainly form, his fractious disposition—all were remarkable. There is in the profession of shaving, something that warms the heart, while it elevates the understanding; it will smooth the asperities of an irascible temper, and relapse the grim features of a misanthrope into a grin of universal suavity. But it was ineffectual with Solomon. Avarice, like a worm, had eaten into his heart and withered him up like a dried hazel-nut. Envy and bile had yellowed him like a quince, and made him as sour and as crabbed. His eternal fretfulness was past endurance. The dulness of the times, the niggardliness of customers, the mystery of Haggelwetter, excited continual murmurs. He would declaim on these grievances, in passing his razor over the throats of his customers, with such a frenzied vehemence, that, in trembling alarm, they would try to soothe him by the promise of double remuneration for his labour. In these transports, razors, soap, pimples, or even throats, appeared to him of no consequence. It grew at last to be almost as much as a man's life was worth to sit down in his chair.

Perhaps this consideration operated with others to reduce the custom of his shop. Perceiving his business decline, he became more and more penurious and passionate. He abstained altogether from the use of soap, alleging that hot water was preferable to lather for softening the beard. To this, the unfortunate occupants of his chair grinned a melancholy assent—they did not dare to do otherwise. He also substituted candle-ends for pomatum, and rye-meal for hair-powder; and finally ceased to sharpen his razors, or to wash his napkins, because they wore out so fast. It was outrageous—it was intolerable—his customers were nearly flayed alive!

But while he harassed the nerves, and scarified the visages of his friends, he was not more easy with himself. Continual murmuring and complaint had worn upon him until he was as poor as a snake. He was like a barber that had talked himself to the very edge of the grave. What had he to live for? His shop was deserted, his customers were continually dropping away, and he was nearly distracted. To be sure, old Haggelwetter stuck to him, but the time might come when even his extensive chin would be withdrawn. In fine, he sunk into the deepest despondency, and would spend whole hours in melancholy anticipation of the period, when himself, his brush and his razor, would be left in the bleak world alone.

One night he was sitting in his shop buried in a profound reverie. Never before had he felt so depressed and forlorn. A long day had passed away without depositing in his pocket a single penny; and he had stormed and raged until he sunk down in a state of exhaustion. His head leaned back on the chair; his eyes were half closed; and his whole frame was relaxed and powerless. It was towards the close of autumn, when the crickets chirp in their shrillest tones, and an occasional gust of wind, will sweep around the house, and moan plaintively in the key-hole for admittance. It was, in fact, the appropriate season for reveries and visions.

As Solomon Soper sat musing in his chair, it seemed to him as if some wonderful change had taken place before him. His shop had gradually assumed the appearance of the interior of a church; the black crickets which had hopped about the floor were transformed into human beings, dressed in the sable habiliments of mourners, who formed a funeral procession, and slowly marched up the grand

aisle, raising the solemn anthem for the departed. How full, how deep, how rich was the volume of harmony that swelled on his ear! But for whom was the requiem? A melancholy presentiment filled the soul of Solomon. Was it for himself? Or had the jaws of death snapped up another of his customers? He was alarmed. Meanwhile the procession reached the centre of the church; the chant ceased; the velvet pall was uplifted; but he strained his eyes in vain to read the inscription on the coffin lid. As he gazed still more sharply, the spectacle slowly faded away, and he found himself standing alone in his shop. A huge winding sheet was on the point of extinguishing his candle. He snuffed the light with his fingers. The bell struck twelve. Soon after a knocking was heard at the door. It slowly opened and a muffled figure entered, which proved to be the black domestick of Haggelwetter. It had always been the private opinion of Solomon Soper that this character was old Clawfoot himself in disguise.

"The old smoker is dead," she said in a hoarse whisper.

The unfortunate barber clapped his hand quickly to his forehead and staggered back. "What!" he cried in a tone sharp even to fierceness, "my last customer gone!" He wrung his hands in agony of grief. "None of your antics, Master Barber," croaked the hag with a sneer of derision. "He is gone to his place; I have laid him out and called up Deacon Quiddle to make him a coffin. He must be buried at low water mark before the change of tide. And hark you! See that you come speedily with your tools and shave him for the last time." She slammed the door and left the barber to his cruel reflections.

It was long past the hour of midnight, when the wretched Solomon started on his melancholy errand. As he closed the door, his eyes fell on that party-coloured staff, the mysterious ensign of his profession. It shone in the dim light, like a spectre waiting as if to marshal him unto the dwelling of the dead. This appalling idea haunted him in his progress through the streets; and more than once, he cast his eyes over his shoulder, expecting to behold it stalking at his heels.

Arrived at the place of destination, he paused a moment to wipe the drops of terror and fatigue that started upon his brow. With a trembling hand he lifted the latch and entered. The black domestick was crouched down in a corner of the kitchen chimney, moaning and muttering to herself. All the diabolical stories he had heard of the mansion and its inmates thronged on his memory at the sight. His countenance turned to a deadly paleness; his knees smote together with fear; and he essayed in vain to speak; he could not utter a word. An accidental turn of the head discovered him to the hag. She arose, and without saying a word, ushered him to the fatal chamber, set down the light and withdrew.

There is something in the visit of a barber to the couch of death, that is calculated to arouse all the tender sensibilities of the breast. To enter the silent room, to approach the cold and extended form, to gaze on the unconscious features of one he had known in joyous life, cannot but excite the most saddening emotions. It is beyond the power of language to describe; nothing but the warm imagination of the young and susceptible, can conceive what pangs of anguish rend the bosom of the barber, when, for the last time, he takes an old friend by the nose!

With more than ordinary sensibility, Solomon Soper gazed around on the scene of desolation before him. The hour, the place, the occasion, all urged their commingled terrors upon his imagination. A ruinous chamber, faintly perceptible by a flickering lamp; a dreary stillness, disturbed only by the sighing of the wind, or the squeaking and gibbering of the rats behind the wainscot; a stiffened corpse, waiting, from his hand, the last sad office of his profession. His teeth chattered at the spectacle. He wished to retreat, but some mysterious power, like fascination, drew him toward the remains of his departed friend.

With a noiseless step he approached the solitary couch. He uncovered that countenance upon which it had been his happiness to operate for so many years; and which now, would shrink beneath his razor no more. It was necessary to

make a great effort. With a trembling hand he softly held the nostril of the body, whilst with the other he applied the blade. Just then he was startled by a singular noise. His heart was in his mouth. He paused and looked around. At this awful moment the body slowly opened its eyes and fixed them upon him with a hideous stare. It appeared to turn the barber into stone. Breathless, motionless—he stood like a marble statue. His very soul seemed escaping with the glance which he fixed upon the corpse.

"Tausand deyvils! Let go my nose!" roared a voice of thunder.

The barber turned a somerset of fifteen feet in the air, and dropped on the floor as dead as a sturgeon.

This affair made a wonderful talk at the North End, and served to bring the old mansion into still worse repute. Doctor Hodgepodge would never believe that poor Solomon came within the house by mortal means; and, to his latest day, would shake his wig when he heard old Haggelwetter bluster about "der tam mat parber dat come to shave him in dis sleeps."

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

THE LAIRD OF MACNAB'S OPINION OF THE RUSSIANS.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

Our veteran chief was once in company with a young officer who had lost his leg in the disastrous attack on Bergen-op-Zoom. He was a remarkably fine young man; and being about six feet high, he attracted much sympathy from the laird, who had a sovereign contempt for all diminutive personages. Having surveyed the maimed hero for a great length of time, he muttered within his teeth,—"A deefvish fine fallow, by the L—d! and nae doot o' gude Heeland blude" (which was the case), and then proceeded—"Hoo lost ye the leg, my fine fallow! what wanchancy* ball plaid ye that d—ble plisky?†" "At Bergen-op-Zoom, Macnab; a grape-shot did the busines," was the reply.—"And a deevil o' a business, too, my fine fallow. My auld friend Lyndoch was confoundedly oot in that concern: after driving the poor fusinlest bodies of Frenchmen over the Priyan (qy. Pyrenean!) craigs, and chasing, and rugging, and worrying the creatures, like sae mony frightened sheep, it was a meeserable conclusion he made o't, for an auld pawky offisher like my friend Balgowan. But let us hear a' about it, my fine fallow,—let us hear a' about it, my fine fallow." After describing the attack and its failure, the youthful martialist went on to say,—"It was cursedly hard, after all; for within a mile or two of the place were stationed three hundred Russians, with whose assistance we must have carried the fort; but Sir Thomas, no doubt, thought there was no need for them, and wished the British to have all the glory of the achievement. These Russians (added the young soldier) were as fine a body of men as I ever clapt my eyes on. When these gallant fellows found that their services would not be required against the general enemy, they grew frantick with rage, and you might have seen them beating their fire-locks to pieces on the ground. D—me! it was the toss-up of a halfpenny, whether I would have headed such a set of brave souls, or an equal number of our own kilted lads." This was more than enough to put the chief into a perfect frenzy. "Haud you there, sir—haud you there, sir;—ye have said a d—d deal mair than ye can mak amends for, were ye to live as lang as auld Methuselah. It's doonright blasphemy, by the L—d! What, sir, wad ye ever, in ae breath o' your unhallowed jaws, even‡ oor glorious lads o' the hill and the heather, whilk are a marvel to the hail world, to the oily bastes o' Russians!—A wheen bastely cannibals, meeserable wretches, wha, till they cam west, an' be d—d to them, had naething to cram their craving gude-fornaething kytes wi, but stinking, stranded whales, or an orra sealgh, whilk was a perfect godsend to them. Bonny vivres, by the L—d! I mind weel the time, about twenty year bygane, a cheeld ca'd Admiral Siniavin, or some ither cursed name, cam into the Frith wi' a

squadron o' these monsters amang men. Dootless it was a veesitation for oor sins. It was the eleventh plague o' Egypt, sir. Had Pharo' set een on them for a single moment, he wad hae let the Eesralites gang about their business without a single cheep.* Whatever they laid hand on, was momentarily turned into ulve;† and mair than that, they were a perfect abomination wi' vermin. I was ae day taking a dander along Leith shore, when I saw one of the loathsome brutes gang into a kanler's shop, and buy a bawbee bap‡ and spying a barrel o' ulve, in he droeps the bap, and sookit it as ye wad do a jergonel peer. Sune after it pleased Providence to veesit poor Edinburgh and its bounds wi' thae creeshy tykes, a' the lamps in Leith Walk and ither places gade oot, without any veesible reason. A' the folk were bumbazed|| about it, and auld wives thoct that Sathau was playing cantrips wi' the lights. Some were knock-it doon, and ither got off wi' their pockets turned inside oot. And what was the cause o' a' this hobbleshaw, think ye? What! but the infernal oily bastes o' Russians. They were caught speeling§ up the lamp-posts and taking oot the cruizes and drinking the ulve, wick and a'. Ane o' the monsters happened to break his ill-faur'd neck. Burying sic a brute was oot o' the question, ye may weel suppose; so they gave him up to Doctor Monro, who unco fain to get ha'd o' him, as a kind o' nondescrip. By my saul, sir, I was tald by one o' the phesical lads, that when they cam to disseek him, the moment they put the knife into his carcass, he ran doonright train ulve. (With immense exultation) What think ye noo o' your Russians, sir! are they o' any use on God's earth, think ye, but to lunt¶ like tar barrels in a general illumination?"

*Chirrup. †Oil. ‡Halfpenny roll.
||Astonished. §Climbing. ¶Blaze.

SAGACITY OF THE ELEPHANT.

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine.

An elephant was intrusted, at the age of two or three years, to a young man who took care of it, and who taught it various exercises, which he made it repeat for the amusement of the publick. It rendered an entire obedience to its master, and felt a lively affection for him. Not only did it submit, without the smallest hesitation, to all his commands, but it was even unhappy in his absence; it repelled the advances of every other person, and seemed to eat with a kind of regret when its food was presented to it by a strange hand.

So long as this young man was under the eyes of his father, the proprietor of the elephant, whether the influence of the family restrained him, or age had not yet developed his bad propensities, he conducted himself with propriety towards the animal entrusted to his care; but when the elephant came into the possession of the royal menagerie, and the young man who was taken into its service was left to himself, things became changed. He gave himself up to dissipation, and neglected his duties; he even went so far in his moments of drunkenness, as to strike his elephant. The latter from being habitually cheerful, became melancholy and taciturn in so much as to be thought unwell. It still however obeyed, but no longer with that briskness which showed that all its exercises were regarded by it as amusements; signs of impatience were even sometimes manifested, but they were immediately repressed.

It was obvious that very different feelings were combating within, but the situation so unfavourable to obedience to which this violent state reduced it, did not less contribute to excite the discontent of its keeper. It was in vain that the most positive orders were given to this young man never to strike his elephant, and that he was made to see that good treatment alone could restore the docility of the animal. Mortified at having lost his authority over the elephant, and especially at not going through his exercises with the same success as formerly, his irritation increased, and one day being more unreasonable than usual, he struck his animal with so much brutality, that the latter goaded to the utmost, uttered such a cry of rage, that its terrified master, who had never before heard it emit such a terrible roar, ran off precipitately: and it was well

for him, for henceforth the elephant would not so much as suffer him to come near it; at the mere sight of him it became furious, and all the means which afterwards were employed in order to inspire it with better feeling, were ineffectual. Hatred supplid the place of love; indocility succeeded to obedience; and, as long as this animal lived, these two feelings predominated in it.

THE DEATH OF KING JOHN.

Extracted from an old black-letter volume, entitled "The Abridgement of the Acts and Monuments of Martyrs, from the earliest period of Christian suffering to the time of Queen Elizabeth, our gracious lady, now reigning," printed in her reign.

In the yere 1216, King John was poisoned, as most writers testify, at Swinsted Abbey, by a monk of that abbey, of the order of Cisterians, or St. Bernard's brethren, called Simon of Swinsted. The monk did first consult with his abbot, shewing him what he minded to do, alleging for himself the prophecy of Caiphas, 11th of John, saying, it is better that one man die, than the whole people perish. I am well content, saith he, to lose my life, and so become a martyr, that I may utterly destroy this tyrant. With that the abbot did weep for gladness, and much commended his fervent zeal. The monk then being absolved of his abbot for doing this fact, went secretly into the garden, on the back side, and finding there a most venomous toad, did so prick him and press him with his penknife, that hee made him vomite all the poison that was within him; this done, he conveyed it into a cup of wine, and with a flattering and smiling countenance he sayeth to the king, "If it shall please your princely majesty, here is such a cup of wine as you never drank better in your life time. I trust this wassall shall make all England glad," and with that he drank a great draught thereof, and the king pledged him; the monk then went out of the house to the back, and then died, his bowels gushing out of his belly, and had continually from henceforth three monks to sing mass for him, confirmed by their general charter. The king, within a short space after, feeling great grief in his body, asked for Simon, the monk; answer was made he was dead. "Then God have mercy on me," said the king; so went he to Newark-upon-Trent, and there died, and was buried in the cathedral church at Worster, in 1216, the 19th day of October, after having been much feared with the clergy 19 years, 6 months, and a day.

SINGULAR PROGNOSTICKS.

On the eve of the day of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, the temple of Jupiter Stator trembled to its foundation, and an enormous piece of rock fell from the height of the capitol, and carried with it a Roman standard bearer, who was on guard at the opening of the road.

The Generals of Alexander the Great noticed, that on the morning of the death of this great captain, the armour which he wore at the passage of the Granicus and the battle of Arbela, perspired all over, and exhaled a smell like that of a dead body.

Every year on the anniversary of the battle of Marathon, a day of victory and liberty for the Greeks, there was heard in the plains where the battle was fought, a great clashing of arms, and a noise as of the shouts of persons rousing each other to the combat.

Dessaix, on his departure for the campaign of Italy, on his return from Egypt, said to his friends who were congratulating him upon the new laurels he was going to gather,—"You will not, perhaps, see me, the bullets are no longer our friends." The day of Marengo was the anniversary of one of his victories in Upper Egypt.

The day of the violent death, or rather of the assassination of Charles XII. they experienced at Stockholm a hurricane more dreadful than any which had occurred within the memory of man. The arms of Sweden placed over the door of the Swedish Ambassador, at London, also fell with a crash.

Duguesclin, on advancing to lay siege to Randan, fell from his horse, and his constable's sword, which he then held in his hand: buried itself so deep in the earth, that it required a powerful effort

*Unlucky. †Trick. ‡Very weak. ||Compare.

to draw it out. His bier was decorated with the keys of the conquered towns.

On the day of the entry of the Russians, Austrians, and Prussians, into Paris, the great branch of the tree under which Marechal Catinat lay buried at St. Cratien, fell with a loud noise.

The Prince of Navarre (afterwards Henry the 4th) while playing at dice with several personages of Charles the 9th's Court, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, observed several drops of blood fall on the cloth, which spread consternation among the players.

The mother of Varus, a Roman lady of the highest distinction, on the day of her son's defeat, perceived large tears to fall from his bust. A fearful eclipse foretold to Rome and to Augustus the massacre of his legions and the first personages of his state.

Gustavus Adolphus, when young, received from a lady whom he much loved, an iron ring, which he never allowed to leave him. It was composed of seven circles, which formed the letters of his two names. Seven days before his death it was taken from him without his perceiving this extraordinary theft.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1828.

Erratum. Our readers will be astonished to find the "*Laird of Mac Nab's opinion of the Russians*" under the head of "*Arcana of Science*" yet there may be much scientific lore drawn from it by a proper perusal. It is however *nulium arcanum* that there was a blunder committed in making up our first form, for which we hope our generous patrons will exercise their indulgence towards us by reducing the aforesaid article to their own notions of science.

The article in our last under the caption of *The Gunpowder Plot* was not original in our paper, as the appearance would seem to indicate. It was among the unpublished matter prepared for the Amulet, and appeared in the *London Mirror*, from which we copied it. The due credit was accidentally omitted.

The October and November numbers of *Hone's Table Book*, the January numbers of the *London Mirror*, and *London Literary Gazette*, and *Artiss' Magazine* for February, have all been received at this office, during the last week.

Post masters and secretaries of chapters and lodges are requested to act as our agents.

LEIGH HUNT. The *Reminiscences of Lord Byron*, lately published by this outrageously ungrateful pretender to literary parts, we are gratified to hear, meet with their merited contempt from the literary amateurs of Great Britain. We take Leigh Hunt for one of that class who care not a fig for either the esteem or ill will of the good and great, if they can but make a noise, and draw for a season some small portion of the publick attention. We know that the noble poet has his enemies, even on this side the Atlantick; but we can maintain our position when we state that no man ever attentively read his whole works, without being strongly convinced of his claims to immortality as a poet. We know many who dislike him and his poetry so inveterately that they have never read a line! Such judges will be pleased no doubt with the "*little bow-wows*" of Leigh Hunt; but even in these, if they have a spark of candid penetration, they will discover that his attacks are dictated by an illiberal and vindictive meanness, wholly unworthy the character of a historian. Some very appropriate strictures in the *London Literary Gazette* of January 26, convince us that, however Mr. Hunt may succeed with the vulgar, the intelligent class of his countrymen will treat him with the contempt he deserves.

In the *London Times* the following bitter sarcasm has appeared,—supposed to be from the pen of Mr. Thomas Moore. We think the article carries sufficient proof of the authorship to silence every doubt. Mr. Moore is about publishing a biographical notice of the noble bard, in which we may hope to see this little petulant cynick soundly basted.—The present castigation is severe, but no more than

every admirer of the splendid talents of Byron will pronounce honest and just.

The "Living Dog" and the "Dead Lion."

Next week will be published (as "*Lives*" are the rage) The whole *Reminiscences*, wondrous and strange, Of a small puppy-dog, that lived once in the cage Of the late noble lion at Exeter 'Change.

Though the dog is a dog of the kind they call "*sad*," 'Tis a puppy that much to good breeding pretends; And few dogs have such opportunities had Of knowing how lions behave—among friends.

How that animal eats, how he moves, how he drinks, Is all noted down by this Boswell so small; And 'tis plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks That the lion was no such great things after all.

Though he roared pretty well—this the puppy allows— It was all, he says, borrowed—all second-hand roar; And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour.

'Tis, indeed, as good fun as a Cynick could ask, To see how this cockney-bred setter of rabbits Takes gravely the lord of the forest to task, And judges of lions by puppy-dog habits.

Nay, fed as he was (and this makes it a dark case) With sops every day from the lion's own pan, He lifts up his leg at the noble beast's carcass, And—does all a dog so diminutive, can.

However, the book's a good book, being rich in Examples and warnings to lions high bred, How they suffer small mongrelly curs in their kitchen, Who'll feed on them living, and foul them when dead.

We shall say but little more of this sacrilegious attempt to rise into notice by disturbing the hallowed peace of the dead. If those who read this libellous publication do not find enough, in the work itself, to establish the writer's claim to the unlimited exercise of sovereign hypocrisy, we offer the following lines, selected from an epistle, composed, written, and inscribed to the now abused Byron, by this veritable Leigh Hunt, when the former was just departing for Italy and Greece.

"And so adieu, dear Byron, dear to me
From many a cause disinterestedly:—
First, for unconscious sympathy, when boys,
In friendship, and the Muse's trying joys:—
Next for that frank surprise, when Moore and you
Came to my cage like wabblers kind and true,
And told me, with your arts of cordial lying,
How well I looked when you both thought me dying:—
Next for the rank worn simply, and the scorn
Of those who trifle with an age free born:—
For early storms on Fortune's basking shore,
That cut precocious ripeness to the core:—
For faults unhidden, other's virtues owned;
Nay, unless Cant's to be at once enthroned,
For virtues too, with whatsoever blended,
And e'en were none possessed, for none pretended;
Lastly for older friends—fine hearts, held fast
Through every dash of chance, from first to last:—
For taking spirit as it means to be,—
For a stretched hand, ever the same to me,—
And total glorious want of vile hypocrisy.

Adieu, adieu:—I say no more.—God speed you!
Remember what we all expect, who read you."

Now, readers, peruse the vile and contemptible language of this same panegyrist, (for we will not disgrace our columns, even with a single extract,) and judge for yourselves. We will say no more. We are ashamed of the prevailing publick character, both literary and moral, that so much has been said. Far more honourable would it be, to suffer such impotent sallies of spleen, and venomous malignity to go their own way to oblivion:—not even giving them the honour of a castigation. So long as the splendid numbers of "*Childe Harold*," and the "*Corsair*," are preserved from the fate which must certainly befall the "*little bow-wows*" of Leigh Hunt, no envy can reach the sleeping Byron,—no calumny can injure him.

ELISHA ADAMS. Few of our readers probably have ever heard of the pretended disappearance of this man, which has been so pathetically echoed from one anti-masonick paper to another, ever since its first appearance in the *Rochester Anti-Masonick Enquirer*. Probably owing to the discredit which such a source must attach to any statement of the kind, having the misfortune to issue from it, the assertion was scarcely noticed by readers, and not even copied into such papers as pursue a course over which they are anxious to preserve even the appearance of truth. It is doubtful whether the mysterious statement would ever have been thought worthy of a serious refutation, had it not succeeded with the executive of the state of New-York, so far as to

find place in his late message to the senate on the Morgan affair. We hope, for the honour of his reputation, as an officer of the state, and a man of judgement, that he will not again allow himself to be so palpably hoaxed, by the artifices of a man, who for the petty purposes of electioneering, has been detected in the eyes of the publick, in the sacrilegious attempt to disguise the sacred remains of the dead! We mean Thurlow Weed, editor of the *Anti-Masonick Enquirer*, and author of this and other experiments upon the publick faith.

It was stated in that professedly libellous print that Elisha Adams, an invalid pensioner, who lived at Fort Niagara, disappeared in August last, while on his way to Canandaigua, as a witness for the people in the Morgan trials. He was said to have had charge of Morgan in the magazine, after Giddings left there for York—that he prepared the boat for the persons who took Morgan into the river, and stood on the shore until they returned without him.

Knowing the propensity of these zealots to fabricate such statements, we had our doubts whether any such person ever had existed as described in this Adams. But we were disappointed. For once they have only imputed fictitious actions to a real individual; in other instances they have produced both persons and actions from nonentity.

In the *Vermont Patriot* of March 24, we have the complete refutation of every item of the statement, respecting his mysterious disappearance. He is now living with his brother, in Brookfield, Orange county, in Vermont, and states that he voluntarily left the country for the purpose of visiting his friends in that vicinity, and shall return with no less freedom: and further declares that he knows nothing relative to Morgan, except what he has learned from the newspapers. The editor of the *Patriot* says,—"Should any person feel disposed to communicate with him, we have no doubt, a letter addressed to him at Brookfield, Orange county, Vermont, post paid, will receive due attention." So much for this hoax!

Now we ask, who is this Edward Giddings? Shall he be allowed to throw firebrands among the people of this state, when by his own testimony he is the nearest implicated in the murder, of any one whose name has yet appeared before the publick? He says that Morgan was drowned; he endeavours to fix it on one and another with the same success, and yet he runs at large, and not one suspects him. Any person guilty of the misrepresentations already fathered upon him, would not hesitate in our opinion to commit any crime. Why does he run at large? We call upon the honour of the police of the west for a reply.

We have received, from Jamestown, Chataque county, a communication over the signature of "*Fair Play*," intended as an answer to the remarks of our correspondent "*Naked Truth*." Instead of an answer, it appears to us a series of quibbling questions,—calling our Vermont friend any thing but a good christian,—and accusing him of penning his article to attack the Baptist denomination. *Naked Truth*, we doubt not, is able to give him satisfaction; but it would require more patience than most *unregenerate men* are possessed of, to answer even the *unanswerable* questions,—let alone those that were never written to be answered. We considered his article not in the least degree militant against the Baptists, as a church. He advanced nothing, we believe, but what is the candid faith of the majority of that denomination, both here, and to the east of this,—nothing but what they hold every where, when free from the extraneous operation of politicks, or some other power, altogether foreign to the government of Him who declared that his kingdom was not of this world.

Fair Play would have played more fairly with us, had he been courteous enough to pay the trifle which came very improperly taxed to us, on the face of his letter, in the shape of postage.

JOHN-BULL-ERY. The *London Literary Gazette* makes a doleful lament for the present state of American commerce and credit; and why?—because, forsooth, by *Cornfield's Lottery Argus*, the editor discovers that there are no fewer than one hundred and forty seven broken banks in the United States! Add to this five columns of altered, counterfeit, and spurious bank notes, and the poor editor's

"voice sticks to his jaws," as Virgil says? There are probably from 500 to 800 incorporated banks in the United States. Of this number, the list spoken of, to say the least, must contain all the failures of that kind for ten or fifteen years past. The same must be the case with the bank note table, if the table be any thing like a perfect one. Now we have very reasonable doubts whether any other nation on earth, with half the commerce of these republics, can present so good a proof of a prospering commerce, or an established credit. We must excuse the London editor for his alarm; for we have no doubt from his fears that he believed that all these banks had broken, and all this trash been let out upon the publick, in the space of a single fortnight!

DRAMATICK DINNER. A dinner in honour of the drama was lately given at Baltimore, of which the papers of that city speak in the highest terms. Among the toasts given on the occasion we select the following.

Vocal Science.—The warble of the nightingale, the coo of the dove, the call of the trumpet, the inspiration of the cymbal, the exploit of the hero, the victory of patriotism, all, all spring to thy invocation.

The Memory of George F. Cooke.—He who taught man the great lesson "*know thyself*," deserves to be ever remembered as a publick benefactor.

Mr. Forrest.—The ancients worshipped their deities in consecrated groves—we offer the tribute of our adoration to the muse of tragedy in a Forrest.

Mrs. Knight.

For "such a Night as this
Let all the number of the Stars give light."

The collection of amateurs present may render needless the hackneyed term, "interspersed with appropriate songs." Musick was however not the least enlivening part of the festivities.

A BITE. We notice a translation from the Spanish in the last *New-York Mirror*, purporting to be translated for that paper, which we believe appeared more than two years ago in the *Edinburgh Review*. Editors of literary papers cannot be too cautious in the inspection of offered communications; there is perhaps a more extensive gang of literary thieves abroad than even of counterfeiters. We do not say this because we think their plagiarisms can essentially injure the publick taste; but it is confoundedly vexatious to remember that we have indulged the vanity of a poacher on other men's labours, by becoming his dupe, even for a season.

TABLE TALK.

Mr. Farnham's toast, at the publick dinner given to Mr. Southwick at Batavia, is really a curiosity. "*Freemasonry*—If the ancient Solomon built it up, may the modern Solomon live to pull it down!" The *New-York Morning Courier* remarks, that "Solomon of Israel, and Solomon of Albany, bear about as much resemblance to each other, as a chew of tobacco to a tom cat."—A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Gazette* says, that if congress wish to make wool cheap and plenty, they must pass a law compelling every body to dine on mutton every Wednesday. Boston folks, in the good old time, used to dine upon codfish every Saturday,—not that they preferred that dish to any other, but simply to encourage and support the fisheries.—The following stanza is the closing sentence of the poetical *caveat* of an illfated or rather illfated husband, in Colerain township, Ross county, Ohio, who warns all persons, in rhyme, "not to trust that frail deceptive fair—my once dear Kate—" in a metrical *pro-fusion* of thirty lines. He bears the gloomy influence of his perverse stars more like a philosopher than a poet.

"Farewell—a long farewell—to married life—
Cursed be the hour that gave me such a wife,
Who fairest days could cloud with her fierce will.
'And raise a tempest—though the winds were still.'
I'll live alone—henceforth—(a quiet tiller)
And have no more of her, so help me G—d:
JOHN MILLER."

—A dandy lately entered a menagerie of wild beasts with a cigar in his mouth, but was requested by the keeper to put away the weed, lest he should learn the monkeys bad habits. —At a late custom house sale in Liverpool, a cask of rum was sold, which, when tapped, proved to be of the finest apple flavour, but when the spirits were drawn off, a Guiana

snake was found coiled at the bottom, five feet in length! —Sir Daniel Donnelly, the Irish pugilist, when asked by a novice in his science, what was the best way to learn to fight? replied,—“Och, sir, and there is no use in life, in a man's learning to fight, unless *nathur* give him a bit of a taste for it.”—The first play performed at the Salem new theatre, was *The Road to Ruin*! [A dangerous omen.]—

A fire lately broke out in a milliner's shop at Taunton, Mass., in consequence of depositing hot ashes in a *band-box*, under the counter.—A man, (we say *man*, having no other term in the language to designate a walking swill-barrel,) in the village of Buffalo, after a hearty supper, undertook to devour a gallon of oysters,—and performed the task with apparent ease,—eating plentifully at the same time of crackers and butter, with some slices of cheese, by way of relish, and seasoning his meal with copious libations of strong liquor.—The Boston Literary Gazette says,—“*Solomon Southwick's* paper of the 14th instant is printed on *blue paper*. We opine it turned blue when Solomon's nomination for governor was stamped upon it.”—A western editor says he shall not take *dogs* in payment for his paper “after the weather changes.”—A story of a child with *two heads* is going the rounds largely. [We are disgusted at such loose treatment of human deformity. There can no possible good flow from the publick discussion of such *lusus naturæ*; nor would we have mentioned the indelicate subject only to acquaint the publick that some political intimate friends of ours have two or three faces more than even old Janus himself! There is some use in this figure; they may by that means keep all parties in *countenance*.]—A brace of schoolmasters in Providence advertise in proof of their ability, that they have in the short space of *four months* rendered pupils of ordinary capacity so perfect in Latin, Greek, and Mathematicks, as to enter Yale College six months in advance. [Probably by the power of some new invention similar in its manner and effect to Perkins's steam gun. No other method within the reach of our conception could have that effect on their noddles in so short a time.—A petition has been presented to the legislature of Pennsylvania, for aid to erect a bridge over *Yellow Breeches Creek*!—An eastern paper contains the marriage of Master David Turner, aged 17, to Miss Almira Brown, aged 14, after a courtship of *five years*! [One would hardly believe that either groom or bride were *half baked* at that age, but the little man, thinking her in danger of burning too *Brown* on one side, like a pap-cake, very carefully undertook to *Turn* her. Success to his enterprise, is all we can wish.]—A midshipman of the British ship *Genoa* had his arm nearly severed from his body, in the battle of Navarino, and it was found necessary to amputate at the socket. On reaching the cockpit, he called aloud to the surgeon,—“Bear a hand here my hearty; the fun's not half over yet, and I must have another touch at the fellows.” One of the sailors having his leg shattered by a ball, submitted to amputation with the greatest indifference; but when the limb was thrown overboard, Jack called out,—“curse your eyes, I'll complain of you to the captain. If you were ordered to throw my leg overboard, you had no right to throw my shoe with it.”

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Monday, March 10. In senate, the day was chiefly spent in committee of the whole, on the *statute of limitation*, as presented in the revised statutes, chapter IV. of the third part.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: to confirm the election of justices in the town of Pendleton; in amendment of the law relative to lotteries, (appropriating avails of licences in Troy to the use of schools); to incorporate the Jefferson county agricultural society; for the relief of T. B. Bigelow; amending the act relative to state prisons; providing for the erection of a fire proof clerk's office in Kings; for the appointment of a canal appraiser in a certain case; to incorporate the Gouverneur high school in St. Lawrence; to abolish the justices court in Schenectady; to authorize the sale of a parsonage lot in West Oswego; to change the name of a family of *Roses* to that of Smith, and of Isaac Sanders to Isaac P. Voorhees; for the relief of school district No. 3, in Herkimer; to amend the act authorizing T. Hunt to erect a dam in Westchester; to alter the time of

meeting of supervisors in Livingston county; to lay out a road from Claverack to the Massachusetts line.

Tuesday, March 11. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: authorizing the commissioners of the land office to sell certain lands to the supervisors of the county of Erie, for the erection of a county poor house; to revive and amend the act to incorporate the Catharine and Spencer turnpike company; to confirm the election of clerk for the county of Seneca.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: to erect a new town from parts of Moriah and Minerva; to incorporate the Sullivan county academy; to lay out a road from Bethany, in Genesee, to Lima, in Livingston; to regulate sheriff's fees in Livingston; for the relief of certain justices of the peace; to establish the location of a court house, &c. in St. Lawrence; to increase the capital of the Dutchess Glenham manufacturing company.

Wednesday, March 12. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: to confirm the appointment of certain commissioners to take the proof and acknowledgment of deeds, &c. in the county of Ulster, and for other purposes; to confirm the proceedings of the commissioners of highways of the town of Davenport, in the county of Delaware; to incorporate the village of Oswego.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: to incorporate the Granville academy; to amend the act to prevent horse racing; to confirm the doings of commissioners of deeds in the county of Madison; to improve a road in the town of Brasher; to authorize R. M. Curtis to erect a dam across the Genesee river, to provide compensation to publick officers in certain cases; to incorporate the Fall creek flouring and manufacturing establishment at Ithaca; to authorize the removal of a gun house in Binghamton; to extend the jail limits in the county of Yates; to authorize D. C. Case to erect a dam across the Chenango river; to repeal the act for the preservation of fish in Crooked lake; and to settle the claims of Myron Holley, late canal commissioner.

Thursday, March 13. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: relative to the duties of the comptroller, surveyor general and the attorney general; authorizing Nelson J. Beach to erect a toll bridge across the Black river; to amend the act to fix and establish the location of the court house and other publick buildings of the county of St. Lawrence; to alter the time of the annual meeting of the board of supervisors of the county of Livingston; to regulate sheriff's fees in the county of Livingston; to authorize the Glenham company of the town of Fishkill, Dutchess county, to extend their capital; to confirm the election of justices of the peace in the town of Peadleton, in the county of Niagara.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: declaring the Owego creek a publick highway; relative to improvements in West-street, New-York; authorizing the Goshen and Wall-Kill turnpike company to surrender their charter; authorizing the raising of money by tax in Sherburne for the building of a town house. The bill to incorporate the Fall creek flouring and manufacturing establishment at Ithaca, was read a third time and lost for want of a constitutional majority.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North-Market and Steuben-streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots, mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders.
March 29, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

MILITARY STANDARD. Sign, Masonick and Fancy Painting.—JOHN LEMAN, at 382, North Market-street, Albany, has at considerable expense, collected an entirely new set of fancy grounds and letters, of various shades and patterns, by which, in addition to his determination to devote his best exertions to please, he is now enabled to execute any order in the above line, in the most elegant style, and on short notice. For evidence of his ability in the Military department, reference is had to Gen. S. Van Rensselaer. March 22. 81f

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market sts. Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship.

—An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec. 22. 47f

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 470, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. —Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan. 12. 50f

POETRY.

WOMAN'S HEART.

BY MARY ANN BROWNE.

Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin,
As woman's heart.— MISS LONDON.

Say, what is woman's heart? A thing
Whence all the deepest feelings spring;
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony;
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought;
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

What is its love? a ceaseless stream,
A changeless star, an endless dream,
A smiling flower that will not die,
"A beauty and a mystery;"
Its storms as light as April showers,
Its joys as bright as April flowers,
Its hopes as sweet as summer air,
And dark as winter its despair.

What are its hopes? rainbows that throw
A radiant light where'er they go,
Smiling when heaven is overcast,
Yet melting into storms at last;
Bright cheats, that come with siren words,
Beguiling it like summer birds,
That stay while nature round them blooms,
But flee away when winter comes.

What is its hate? A passing frown,
A single weed mid blossoms sown,
That can not flourish there for long;
A harsh note in an angel's song,
A summer cloud, that all the while
Is lightened by a sun beam's smile,
A passion that scarce hath a part
Amidst the gems of woman's heart.

And what is its despair? A deep
Fever, that leaves no tears to weep;
A wo that works with silent power,
As canker worms destroy a flower;
A viper that shows not it wakes
Until the heart it preys on breaks;
A mist that robs a star of light,
And wraps it up in darkest night.

Then what is woman's heart? a thing
Whence all the deepest feelings spring—
A harp whose tender chords reply
Unto the touch in harmony—
A world whose fairy scenes are fraught
With all the coloured dreams of thought—
A bark that still will blindly move
Upon the treacherous seas of love.

PERSIAN LOVERS.

FROM THE KEEPSAKE.

The sun was in his western chamber,
Sunk on his cloudy ottomans,
All tissue scarlet, gold and amber;
The breezes round him waved their fans;
Below, the twilight tinged the water,
The bee was humming through the roses,
The ring dove told what nature taught her,—
'Tis thus a Persian evening closes.

Who paces with such fairy feet,
Beside that fountain's dewy gushings?
Why does her heart so wildly beat,
Why paint her cheek those crimson flushings?
Why like the fawn from hunters flying,
Those glances through the perfumed grove?
Why panting, weeping, smiling, sighing?—
Thus Persian maidens fall in love.

But see the rustling of the blossoms,—
Like snow a warrior shakes them round him,
And to the loveliest of all bosoms
Swears that its spells for life have bound him.
The turtle o'er them waves his wing;
In silver o'er them smiles the moon;
And still the Persian maidens sing
The loves of Omayn and Meinoun.

SONG.

FROM BAYLEY'S MELODIES.

Oh, no! we never mention her—
Her name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to name
That once familiar word.
From sport to sport they hurry me,
To banish my regret,
And when they win a smile of me,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They 'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more
The valley where we met;
I do not see the hawthorn tree—
But how can I forget?

They say that she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets her vow—
I heed not what they say.
Like me, perhaps, she struggles with
Each feeling of regret,
But if she loves as I have loved
She never can forget.

THE ELM TREES.

Oh! may these trees be ever green,
Perpetual spring enwreath them,
May bloom on every bough be seen,
And lovely flowers beneath them!
Be fresh each leaf, be strong each form;
No biting winds impair them;
And may the red wing of the storm
Pass ever by, and spare them!
'Twas here in boyhood that I strayed,
When not a care molested;
With her I loved, beneath this shade,
On summer eves, I rested.
I feel those years revive again,
So sweet and far departed—
And thoughts like these are worse than vain,
They mock the broken hearted!

It is a melancholy scene
To view the woodlands yellow,
And Winter's snow, where late serene
Waved Autumn's harvests mellow:
But 'tis a more desponding truth
To feel that we must sever
From all that gave delight to youth,
Despairing, and forever!

As in a mirror, vanished years
This well known view is raising,
With lightning glow the past appears,
As thoughtful I am gazing!
May no rude hands this spot deform,—
No biting winds impair it;
And may the red wing of the storm
Pass ever by, and spare it!

THE CYPRESS TREE.

A slender tree upon a bank
In lonely beauty towers,
So dark, as if it only drank
The essence of the thunder showers;
When birds were at their evening song,
In thoughtful reverie,
I've marked the shadows deep and long,
Outstretching from that cypress tree.
I've thought of oriental tombs,
Of silent cities, where
In many a row the cypress glooms
In token of despair;
And thought, beneath the evening star,
How many a maiden crept
From busy life's discordant jar,
And o'er the tomb in silence wept.
I've thought, thou lonely cypress tree,
Thou hermit of the grove,

How many a heart is left like thee
In loneliness to rove;
When all that charmed the early day,
And cheered the youthful mind,
Have, like the sunbeams, passed away,
And left but clouded skies behind!
Thou wert a token unto me,
Thou stem with dreary leaf,
So desolate thou seemest to be,
That earth is but the home of grief!
A few short years shall journey by,
And then thy boughs shall wave,
When tempests beat and breezes sigh,
Above my head, and o'er my grave!

DOCTOR MONRO.

"Dear doctor, be clever, and throw off your beaver;
Come bleed me, and blister me, do not be slow;
I'm sick and exhausted, my schemes they are blasted,
And driven heels-over-head, Doctor Monro."
Be patient, dear fellow, you foster your fever,
Pray what's the misfortune that bothers you so?
"O, doctor! I'm ruined! I'm ruined for ever!
My lass has forsaken me, Doctor Monro.

I meant to have married and tasted the pleasures,
The sweets, and enjoyments, in wedlock that flow;
But she's taken another, and thwarted my measures,
And fairly confounded me, Doctor Monro."
I'll bleed and I'll blister you over and over;
I'll master your malady ere that I go;
But raise up your head from below the bed cover,
And give some attention to Doctor Monro.

If Flirta had wed you, she would have misled you,
And laughed at your love with some handsome young bean;
Her conduct will prove it; but how would you love it?
"I soon would have lamed her, dear Doctor Monro."
Each year brings a pretty young son or a daughter;
Perhaps you're the father, but how shall you know?
You hug them,—her gallant is bursting with laughter—
"That thought's like to murder me, Doctor Monro."

The boys cost you many a penny and shilling;
You breed them with treasure, with trouble and wo;
But one turns a rake, and another a villain—
"My heart would not bear it, dear Doctor Monro."
The lasses are comely, and dear to your bosom;
But virtue and beauty have many a foe!
O think what may happen—just nipped in their blossom—
"Ah! merciful heaven! cease, Doctor Monro!"

"Dear doctor, I'll thank you to hand me my breeches!
I'm better; I'll drink with you ere that you go;
I'll never more sicken for women or riches,
But love my relations and Doctor Monro.
I plainly perceive, were I wedded to Flirta,
My peace and my pleasures I needs must forego."
—He still lives a bachelor—drinks when he's thirsty—
And sings like a lark—and loves Doctor Monro.

ELEGIACK STANZAS.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

Peace to his memory! Tears have flowed for him,
And strong hearts have been wrung with agony!
Can it then be that death hath power to dim
Eyes once so eloquent?—and can it be
That the strong hand is nerveless—that the brow
On which we loved to gaze is laid so low?
Is the warm heart so cold and frozen now,
Never again to heave with passion's throes—
Never again to bound with love and joy?
Are the lips hushed for evermore—whose tone
Of lightness, once, charmed even the careless boy
From his wild sports?—and is this left alone
To tell of what he was—this lifeless form?
Is this the wreck of the mind's majesty?
Ay, he hath long been battling with the storm,
And sleeps at last!—Peace to his memory! JUAN.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1828.

NO. 10.

MASONICK RECORD.

It is pretended by some of the political disputants of the day, that Mr. Clay has given his sanction to certain political movements in the western part of this state, calculated to cast a discredit on the masonick institution, of which he is an efficient and prominent member.

We do not in the least doubt that the Morgan affair will be made a strong electioneering instrument against general Jackson, who is well known to be a firm and honourably distinguished brother,—but we do doubt the presumption that Mr. Clay has ever given his counsel or consent, to any such political measure. That he should do it, is in our opinion a wide departure from his known integrity as a politician or a mason; and so long as we hold indisputable evidence in favour of both, we shall lay down as a position, that some dishonest—not to say infamous—intriguers have projected the plan to incorporate the unfortunate fanaticism of the good people at the west with the presidential question,—and by pretending that the measure has the sanction of Mr. Clay, to chalk out a path for their own rise into popular favour.

Some time in the month of March, 1822, a number of eminent masons, while attending to their duties at Washington, as members of Congress, and to other official duties, conceived the idea of forming a general grand lodge of the United States. The idea was not wholly new, having been several times previously agitated; but owing to the languor of leading brethren in the several state grand lodges, the desideratum had not been realized.

A meeting of the members of congress who were masons, and other brethren from different parts of the union, was accordingly called, of which the honourable THOMAS R. ROSS, of Ohio, was appointed chairman, and the honourable WILLIAM DARLINGTON, of Pennsylvania, secretary. At this meeting appropriate resolutions were adopted relating to the projected general grand lodge, and the following brethren were constituted a committee to open a correspondence with the respective grand lodges within the United States, and to take such other measures as they might deem expedient to carry the aforesaid resolutions into effect:—Chief Justice Marshall, of Virginia; Henry Clay, of Kentucky; gen. William H. Winder, of Maryland; William S. Cardell, of New-York; Joel Abbot, of Georgia; John Holmes, of Maine; Henry Baldwin, of Pennsylvania; John H. Eaton, of Tennessee; William W. Seaton, of the District of Columbia; Christopher Rankin, of Mississippi; Thomas R. Ross, of Ohio; Hutchins G. Burton, of North-Carolina, and since governor of that state; and the reverend Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D. of Massachusetts.

The report of this committee we give our readers entire. It is as a document, not alone valuable for the high authority of its testimony in favour of masonry, but it also contains some truly masonick hints, which every brother will be eager to peruse.

The committee, in complying with the above resolutions, are aware, that a meeting of individual masons, however respectable in number and character, could delegate no regular authority in behalf of the masonick body; and, if they could, it

was unnecessary. This paper will, therefore, be understood as it is intended, a proceeding, originating in the necessity of the case, to adopt some mode by which the general views of masons in the different states of the American Union may be ascertained.

The history of the masonick institution shows that, though established among various nations, it was, in each country, confined to a comparatively small number. The jurisdiction exercised by grand lodges, like almost every exertion of power, or of moral influence, was concentrated in different capital cities. The subordinate lodges were few in number, and their connexion with the supreme head was very direct. Till within a recent period, it is believed, no great number of lodges have been united under a single jurisdiction. The art of printing, and other causes, have produced great changes in the condition of the world; and these causes have operated in their full proportion on the society of freemasons. The sphere of civilization is greatly enlarging its boundaries: intellectual attainments, and the influence of moral operations, are taking the place of brute force: known principles and laws are recognized: and the advantages of cultivated reason are shared, by an increased proportion of mankind. Under these circumstances, masonry has been extended, and its lodges so multiplied, as to make their proper conduct a subject of much interest to the friends of the society.

There are two points which at once present themselves, in connexion with the idea of establishing a general grand lodge of the United States. The first is to acquire, in a correspondence with foreign nations, an elevated stand for the masonry of this country; to unite with them in maintaining its general principles in their purity; and, secondly, to preserve, between our own states, that uniformity in work, and that active interchange of good offices, which would be difficult, if not impossible, by other means.

The committee do not presume to instruct their brethren in the nature of an institution in which they have a common interest. They are governed by a few plain considerations, known to all who have attended to the subject.

The antiquity of the masonick society, extending so far beyond all other human associations, seizes the attention, and the mind is naturally impressed with feelings of interest for an institution, transmitted to us through the long train of a hundred ages. Time, which destroys all perishable things, seems to have consolidated the pillars of this moral temple. We contemplate the long catalogue of excellent men, who have been equally the supporters of masonry, and the ornaments of human nature; and, we say, almost unconsciously, that the present generation, with all its lights, must not tarnish the name of an institution, consecrated by so many circumstances, calculated to endear it to the mind of a good man.

Without making invidious comparisons between the United States and other portions of the world, there are some great considerations of responsibility, which our intelligent citizens, accustomed to reflect on the affairs of nations, can not overlook. The masons of the United States, in character as such, have their full share of this moral responsibility. They will consider their institution as one of the great social causes, to allay low-minded jealousies between nations at peace; and in war to mitigate the horrors which it cannot avert.—While they offer their gratitude to a beneficent Providence for their own blessings, they will not

be regardless of their obligations to their brethren through the world.

These reflections, drawn from the external circumstances of masonry, are strengthened by the consideration of its intrinsic nature. Its foundation is fixed in the social feelings and the best principles of the human mind. Its maxims are the lessons of virtue, reduced to their practical application. It stands opposed to sordidness; to a jealous or revengeful temper; to all the selfish and malevolent passions: it coincides with the highest motives of patriotism; the most expanded philanthropy, and concentrates all its precepts in reverence to a Divine Creator, and good will to man.

The United States are supposed to contain near 80,000 freemasons. They are generally in the vigour of manhood, and capable of much active usefulness. Notwithstanding the abuses in some places, by the admission of unworthy members, they are, as a body, above mediocrity in character and talent. It becomes an interesting question, how the energies of this body can be best combined, to give effect to the benevolent design of their association.

From causes which need no explanation, the masonick jurisdiction in this country has taken its form from the political division. The modification which it has undergone, from the spirit of our civil institutions, has its benefits, and its defects. Each of our state jurisdictions is supreme within itself. Whatever collisions may exist; whatever abuses; whatever departures from the correct standard, in principle, or in rites; whatever injury to the common cause; there is no mode assigned to obviate the wrongs which it is the interest of all to prevent. There is no provision for a systematic interchange of masonick intelligence. In one or two instances there are two or more grand lodges in the same state, each claiming superiour jurisdiction, and with no acknowledged boundaries between them. Will not these evils increase as our population becomes more dense, unless means be seasonably used to guard against them? Is the difference which now prevails between different states an evil which calls for remedy? Every good mason must wish chiefly for the harmony of the general institution: for the society is so formed, that no particular part, however meritorious by itself, can continue to prosper, if the body at large is brought into disrepute. Is the masonry of our country at present a great arch without a key stone? Is it not in danger of falling? Are not many of the books which are published in the name of the masonick institution, derogatory to its character and interest?

It is not the design of the committee to enter into arguments upon this subject; nor to lay down their own opinions as a guide for those better able to judge; but to proceed to the only duty required of them to perform.

According to the preceding resolutions, the committee are to submit the question, whether it be expedient that a grand lodge of the United States be formed; and, secondly, to request those grand lodges which approve that object, to appoint delegates to meet at Washington, on the second Monday of February next, to take such measures as may be deemed most proper for the organization of such general grand lodge.

It is requested that this letter may not be published in newspapers; but submitted to the several grand lodges, and distributed among masons as a subject concerning the affairs of their own body.

If the information furnished to the committee

should render it expedient, perhaps another letter may be forwarded, giving a statement of such facts as may be interesting to be known, previous to a final decision on the course to be taken.

An answer is requested, with a free expression of opinion on the subject of this communication. Such answer may be directed to any member of the committee, or, in particular, to WILLIAM W. SEATON, esq. Washington.

HENRY CLAY,
WILLIAM H. WINDER,
WILLIAM S. CARDELL,
JOEL ABBOT,
JOHN HOLMES,
HENRY BALDWIN,
JOHN H. EATON,
WILLIAM W. SEATON,
CHRISTOPHER RANKIN,
THOMAS R. ROSS,
H. G. BURTON,

Why this project never arrived to maturity we do not know. It is probable however that the same languor which has heretofore frustrated similar plans was the obstacle in the way of this. No one who knows and feels the importance of such a measure can raise a single doubt of its utility, and we do believe that when the political schemes of the enemies of Masonry have subsided, the attention of the craft may yet be brought to a profitable consideration of this important topic.

But to return to our first subject, we doubt whether the fact that Mr. Adams is not a member of the mystick brotherhood will weigh much in his favour with the enemies of our institution, when they all know that the members of his cabinet are the major part not only brethren, but of high and honourable standing in the councils of the brotherhood. It is at best a pitiful appeal to the good sense of free citizens, to set before them the merits of candidates for the highest office they can bestow on an individual as being masons or not. Such vile distinctions were never intended to interfere with the politics or the religion of our citizens; but if men are determined to make a political *cat's-paw* of our professions of faith, let them do it in their own way. Masons will show in the character of citizens, their respect for their rights as individuals; and intolerance will be looked upon by them as the signal for defending, not only the rights of masons, but of all who fall under the persecution of bigots, so far as the constitution will protect them.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

[From the National Intelligencer, March 31.]

The Masonick ceremonies which took place in this city, on Saturday, in honour of the memory of the late governor CLINTON, were amongst the most imposing and solemn which we ever witnessed. The fraternity of the District were joined by the Grand Chapter of Maryland, and the procession which they composed, amounting perhaps, to four hundred, was not only the most numerous, but, in its general appearance, the most respectable and impressive, which has ever been exhibited in this city. The varied and rich clothing of the different orders; the intermixture of the mourning appendages; the solemn strains of two bands of music; the orderly and becoming movement of the long line—combined to give a dignity and solemnity to the scene, highly creditable and appropriate. The publick services of the occasion took place at St. John's Church.

The procession having entered the church and being seated, a full and excellent choir, under the direction of Mr. McDuell, sung the following Hymn, to that noblest and most impressive of all church anthems, "Old Hundred:"

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,
Parched by the Sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows:
Fairer than Spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.

Or worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears—
Dwindles, decays, and dies away.

Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If Heaven must recompense our pains,
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

Religious services were then performed by the Rev. William Hawley, Grand Chaplain.

After which, the following ode was sung, to "Pleyel's Hymn:"

Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take a new treasure to thy trust,
And give his sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the silent sleepers there,
And angels watch their soft repose.

So Jesus slept, God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed:
Rest, rest, dear saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O! Earth, His sovereign word!
Restore thy trust a glorious form,—
He must ascend to meet his Lord.

Samuel L. Knapp, esq. a member of the fraternity, then rose, and delivered an address, of considerable length, on the life and character of the deceased; as honourable to the talents of the orator, as it was to the memory of the eminent citizen whose merits were its theme. We listened to the whole discourse with unmingled satisfaction, and frequently with those sensations of delight, which only deep pathos and true eloquence can call forth.

The address being concluded, the Throne of Grace was again addressed; and

The choir sung the following appropriate anthem, in a style to produce the most thrilling effect on the crowded auditory:

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying:
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath!
Tell me my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphick ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!

After a benediction, by the Grand Chaplain, the procession was again formed, and returned, the several orders to the places of their respective meetings.

The different grand and subordinate Chapters having re-entered the Masonick Hall, the presiding officer of the Grand Chapter of the District, (under whose order and direction the ceremonies of the day were performed) for himself and his chapter expressed his acknowledgements for the judicious and efficient arrangements of the committee—to his brethren of the Grand Lodge, and brethren and companions, generally, for their co-operation and aid—to the vestry and choir of the church, and the gentlemen composing the amateur bands of music, for their politeness—and, especially, to the Grand Chapter of Maryland, and Washington Lodge of Alexandria, for honouring their companions and brethren of the District, and the occasion, with their presence—and to the orator for his admirable and appropriate address.

VERMONT.

At a communication of Temple Chapter, No. 4 held at Mason's Hall in Bennington, Vermont, on the 6th day of March, 1828, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, that the death of his excellency De

WITT CLINTON, High Priest of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, is a dispensation of Divine Providence which this Chapter deplore as an irreparable loss to masons, to the nation, and to the world.

Resolved, that this Chapter in testimony of the high sense in which they hold the memory of that distinguished man and mason, will cause the jewels and furniture thereof to be clothed in black, and that the members will wear the customary badge of mourning while in session until the next communication of the Grand Chapter of this state.

Resolved, that the foregoing resolutions be signed by the High Priest, and Secretary, and published.

NATHAN BOWEN, H. P.

FRANCIS BRACKENRIDGE, Sec'y.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

OPIUM.

[From a new work on Animal and Vegetable Poison.]

The most important of all the narcotick vegetables, and the one most frequently productive of accidents, is the inspissated juice of the *Papaver Somniferum*, or, as it has been termed more familiarly, *Opium*. This article is imported from Persia, Egypt, Smyrna, and other parts of the Levant, and from the East Indies, in cakes from four ounces to a pound in weight, and is prepared from the poppy. Genuine opium is of a reddish brown colour, and possesses a strong, peculiar smell, and a nauseous, bitter, and acrid taste, followed by a slight warmth in the mouth. It dissolves in water, in wine, and in alcohol, and it readily blends with solid substances, thus admitting of a variety of pharmaceutical preparations, so as to meet the views and intentions of the prescribing physician, when used as a remedy. Considered as a medicine, opium may deservedly be ranked among one of the greatest blessings conferred on mankind, since there are few diseases in which it does not afford some relief; many very painful and dangerous maladies it rapidly cures; and in lingering and hopeless cases, it seldom fails to suspend the more violent symptoms, and to render the afflicted patient as easy and as comfortable under his sufferings as the nature of his complaint will admit. When taken or administered as a poison, it has usually been swallowed in its pure solid state, or simply dissolved in wine or spirits under the familiar name of laudanum; and when suicide is decided upon, this poison is often preferred, from the mistaken notion that death will follow without being preceded by pain or a consciousness of its effects; or, in other words, by its producing immediate and fatal sleep, from which the individual can never again be roused. Owing to the resemblance of laudanum in its colour to tincture of rhubarb, and to some other pharmaceutical preparations, (particularly should the bottle in which the article is contained be without a label, or have received an erroneous designation,) it is also not unfrequently taken by mistake; and as the medicines which it resembles are generally nauseous, the whole is commonly swallowed before the error has been detected. In those countries in which opium is produced, and where the prevailing religion prohibits the use of wine, as in Turkey, in the Barbary states, in Egypt, and throughout a large part of Hindoostan and other portions of Asia, opium, by progressive habit, is swallowed in very large proportions in the solid form, to the amount of half an ounce or more each day, without producing any other effect than that of temporary inebriety; and we know of many instances of its being taken with extraordinary freedom in this country by persons who have gradually accustomed themselves to its use. This practice, however, cannot be too sufficiently deprecated; since, by enervating the system, it renders it more susceptible of the attacks of disease, and by accustoming the constitution to its use, it effectually deprives the individual of a remedy, which, when required, is the most efficacious, perhaps, of any in the whole *materia medica*. Under ordinary circumstances, great circumspection in the administration of this very powerful drug is required, so as to adapt its proportions to the constitution and state of health of the individual for whom it has been prescribed.

IMPROVED PRINTING MACHINE.

[From the Westchester Herald.]

It is with peculiar gratification that we announce to the profession, and to the publick in general, the completion of an improved Printing Machine, invented by Mr. Elijah Brady, and constructed by him, in connexion with the proprietor of this paper, for the purpose of printing the Herald on an enlarged sheet. The improvement is exceedingly simple, and very effective and successful in its operation. The bed with the form is placed upon a frame similar to a table, and is propelled to and fro by means of a crank, passing under an ingenious inking apparatus and a cloth-covered cylinder, by which an impression is produced each way. The inking apparatus consists of rollers, judiciously arranged for the distribution of the ink, and connected with the movement of the bed, by which it is kept in continual motion while the machine is at work. The sheet is placed upon the cylinder, at a proper distance to meet the form, and is drawn in as the cylinder revolves by means of its connexion with the bed; is printed at the junction of the form with the cylinder, and thrown out on the opposite side: so that by the single transition of the form from one side to the other, the ink is conveyed to the types, the sheet is drawn in, and an impression obtained in a moment of time. It is particularly well adapted to the purpose of printing newspapers. This machine has been in operation for a considerable time, and its practicability for the uses of letter press printing we conceive to be fully established. The machine can be worked to advantage by a man and a boy, and will print as fast as the sheets can be placed in a proper position on the cylinder. We do not wish to enter into very close calculation as to the number of impressions that might be produced within a given time, for we know that a great deal depends upon the expertness of the workmen; but we do think that this machine will yield impressions to about three times the rate of the old presses, or perhaps about one thousand sheets an hour. The machine occupies about the same room as the common presses, and may be constructed at about the same price. It is now completed and ready for inspection at this office. Printers are invited to call and see its operation.

The inventor and patentee will be prepared in a short time with his estimate of expense, &c. for constructing these machines; and persons desirous of procuring one or more of them will be promptly furnished.

THE PROPERTIES OF PHOSPHORUS.

The properties of phosphorus are very singular, and created great attention on its first discovery. It has at a temperature of about sixty or seventy degrees, the consistence of wax, but at a lower temperature it is brittle; its colour varies from a deep yellow to white; it has a peculiar smell, somewhat resembling garlic, and if we expose a stick of it, which has been wiped dry, to the air, we observe that it is constantly exhaling alliaceous fumes. There is a very strong analogy between the smell of phosphorus and electricity; and the fumes, which are constantly exhaled from phosphorus, are luminous in the dark with a bluish light. Its specific gravity is seventeen, water being ten; at a temperature of 105 degrees, or thereabouts, it fuses; and at a temperature of from 500 to 600 degrees it boils in close vessels, and rapidly evaporates. It requires to be handled with great caution, because when dry it is apt to inflame with the slightest friction; but the flame of phosphorus will not kindle paper, which is easily accounted for; the fumes of phosphoric acid coat over the paper, and prevent it from coming in contact with the oxygen of the air. The temperature at which phosphorus is said to take fire, is about one hundred degrees; but if it be coated with an oxide of phosphorus, as it generally is, it takes fire very readily at a much lower temperature, and therefore we should be very cautious how we handle it.

NEW COMPOUND RESEMBLING GOLD.

This metallick compound is invented by a gentleman at Leghorn, a friend of T. Appleton, esq. the American consul there, who has sent an account of it with specimens, to Dr. Mease, of New-

York, where it has been examined by competent judges. It is of the same weight as gold of 18 carats, and can be made like that of 24. Mr. Appleton's snuff-box is made of it, and is always mistaken for pure gold. At a manufactory of it established at Bologna, metal buttons are made of it at 50 cents per dozen; when new they resemble the most highly gilt buttons. The inventor sells the metal to the manufacturers at Bologna at two dollars and 60 cents per lb. of 12 oz. which makes 9 dozen of coat buttons. The editor of the Franklin Journal states that the Artimomantico is soft and bends, and founds its superiority to other gold-coloured metals on its not tarnishing.

THE WILD POPPY.

The frequent use of the decoction of poppies for fomentations, baths, and poultices, has rendered the publick so familiar with the plant, that they are accustomed to use it in almost indefinite quantities, especially for children, without regard to their ages, or their power of resisting its narcotick influence. It is a very common practice for mothers, especially among the lower orders, to give their infants large quantities of poppy syrup to make them sleep; and we know cases in which that sleep has terminated in a state of quiescence from which they have never been roused. We would caution the publick, more especially medical men, to be more careful how they recommend the use of the poppy, whether the wild or the oriental; and the more so, since we observe, in the *Archives Generales*, several cases of poisoning of infants, by the free use of the decoctions, recorded by Dr. Melier.

[London Dissector.]

THE GATHERER.

VOYAGE OF HUMAN LIFE.

In the *Waterly Novels* we sometimes meet with snatches of sentiment which are worthy of the sages of olden time. Our readers will probably recollect the following gem:—"When we set out on the jolly voyage of life, what a brave fleet there is around us, as stretching our fresh canvass to the breeze, all 'ship shape and Bristol fashion' pennons flying, musick playing, cheering each other as we pass, we are rather amused than alarmed when some awkward comrade goes right ashore for want of pilotage! Alas! when the voyage is well spent, and we look about us, toil-worn mariners, how few of our ancient consorts still remain in sight, and they, how torn and wasted, and, like ourselves, struggling to keep as long as possible off the fatal shore, against which we are all finally drifting!"

A MONKEY AND A FIDDLE.

The late Cecil, of St. John's, Bedford row, was, as is well known, a shrewd observer of men and manners. One day he met, in the course of his walks, an Italian with a box of plaster medals. They were superiour even to Bani's best. Cecil, who was also a man of some taste in the fine arts, appreciated them at once, and told the artist that he might soon make a fortune by his casts. The poor fellow could not make bread by them. Cecil was amazed, and asked, if he had exhibited them properly? "Ah, sair," said the Italian, "dere is no getting on here vitout a monkee and a feedle." Cecil did not forget this. Being some time after, at a committee of ways and means in behalf of a humane institution, the funds of which were declining, one member said, "We must have a popular preacher to the Chapel of the Institution, or we shall not get on." Another said, "We must have a new organ, too, or we shall not get on." "True," said Cecil, "as the Italian said, there is no getting on here without a monkey and fiddle." He then told his story, which, by the way, cuts wider and deeper than he seems to have discerned at the time.

[Trades' Free Press.]

DAVID HUME AND L-Y W-E.

The lady was partial to the philosopher, and the philosopher was partial to the lady. They once crossed the Frith from Kinghorne to Leith together, when a violent storm rendered the passengers apprehensive of a salt water death; and her ladyship's terrors induced her to seek consolation from her friend, who with infinite sang froid

assured her "he thought there was great probability of their becoming food for fishes." "And pray, my dear friend," said Lady W—ll—c, "which do you think they will eat first?"—"Those who are gluttons," replied the historian, "will undoubtedly fall foul of me; but the epicures will attack your ladyship."

TAXES.

A British reviewer thus enumerates what he terms in England, the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory.

"Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the feet—taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, sell, smell, and taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug which restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant we must pay:—The school boy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road:—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid 7 per cent. into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent—flings himself back into a chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent—makes his will upon an eight pound stamp—and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of an hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death:—His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more."

LESSING AT HOME.

The following anecdote is related of Lessing, the German author, who, in his old age, was subject to extraordinary fits of abstraction. On his return home one evening, after he had knocked at the door, his servant looked out of the window to see who was there. Not recognizing his master in the dark, and mistaking him for a stranger, he called out, "The Professor is not at home." "Oh, well," replied Lessing, "no matter, I will call another time," and he very composedly walked away.

LORD HOWE.

When the late Lord Howe was a captain, a lieutenant, not remarkable for courage or presence of mind in dangers (common fame had brought some imputation upon his character) ran to the great cabin and informed his commander that the ship was on fire near the gun-room. Soon after this he returned exclaiming, "you need not be afraid as the fire is extinguished." "Afraid!" replied Captain Howe a little nettled, "how does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

LAW.

Horne Tooke used to say, that law in his opinion, ought not to be a luxury for the rich, but a remedy for the poor. When told that the courts of justice were open to all, he replied, so is the London Tavern to such as can pay for entertainment.

DR. JOHNSON.

A lady asked Dr. Johnson why he was not invited to dine at the tables of the great. "Because," said he, "Great lords and ladies do not like to have their mouths stopped."

THE CHASE.

In a letter from Mr. Burns to Mr. Rawlins, June 14th, 1785, in the Bodleian collection, he states, that one Mr. Vernon, followed a butterfly nine miles before he could catch it.

POPULAR TALES.

DEATH'S HORSE.

[The following is an abridgement of a German legend, from a work recently published in London, entitled "Tales of an Antiquary," in three volumes. The scene is laid in a forest near Wolfsfeld, so infested by demons, that no person can pass unmolested. At length a bold knight undertakes the adventure: he sets off, with the Evangelists at his saddle-bow, his spear in his hand, and a song on his lips.]

He was carolling on in this manner, when the wood began to resound with all sorts of noises: there were laughing, shouting, and many voices were heard mocking him. "Hark to the fool-hardy braggart!" cried one. "He little thinks we're to roast him to-night on molten gold," said another. "Yes," howled a third, "for the impious fool came out without a blessing from the brethren of St. Francis' convent." "Let him go on, let him go on; he cannot escape Death's Horse." In this manner was Ludwig accosted by his invisible foes on his entry to the forest; but though he was not daunted, yet he gathered up his strength for his future trials; "for," thought he "although what I have heard may be as gross falsehoods as ever were uttered by the fiend himself, yet I shall not cast away my blows upon an invisible enemy, but reserve them until I can see something to fight withal." He rode on for a while unmolested, though the forest grew thicker, and the night grew darker every moment; when, as he passed the entrance to a narrow and deep defile, he saw a figure very richly habited in the ancient dress of Germany come riding up it, on a bay horse: upon his head was a crown of gold, and in his face where his eyes should have been, were two large balls, which shone like the regal metal when glowing in the furnace. "Ho, friend!" cried Langenspeers, when he saw the figure, "who are you with your fiery eyes, and what do you seek in this forest?" "My name," said the stranger, "is King Guldneugen, I am lord of all the gold in Germany." "And I," returned the knight, "am Lodowyck Langenspeers, of Wolfsfeld, as poor as an howlet, but in arms against all roving spirits." "What say you, Ludwig, to becoming my subject? You shall have coined gold by the handful, and wedges enough to build you a palace with." "Well said, King Golden-eyes," answered Langenspeers, "but what must I do for all this?" "Only give me that little book which is at your left saddle-bow, and swear upon it to be mine for ever and ever." "A likely tale, King Guldneugen," replied the knight; "but if you can carry my lance without stooping, I'll serve you." "Come then," said the king, "let me try." "Take it, then," said Ludwig, letting his ponderous spear fall with all his force upon the shoulder of the unfortunate monarch, and bearing both horse and man to the earth with the weight of it. "How now!" cried the knight, "what are you down, King Guldneugen? you are well fitted, truly, to play a forest fiend, not to stand a touch like that. Believe me, my faith is much heavier. Hark ye, friend, I shall give you a little wound, that I may know you when we meet again: there!" continued he, running his spear through the fictitious spirit's arm, "Good night!" "Go on, thou sacrilegious man!" said the fallen king; "Death's Horse is abroad in the forest! thou wilt meet him anon." "And then," returned Langenspeers, "I shall serve it as I have served yours;" and so he rode on his journey. He again continued unmolested for some time; but whether he had missed the road, or whether any fiendish sleights were cast over him, he could not tell, though certain it was that he rather seemed to get deeper into the forest, than to issue from it on the high road to Nurnberg. In spite of himself, too, the night air made him weary and drowsy, and he even nodded in a broken slumber over his horse's head. It is, however, in these brief spaces of forgetfulness, when we are neither sleeping nor waking, that the power of dreams is most perplexingly active; for the things which are actually passing before us are mixed up with the wild incoherencies of vision, and we are unable to distinguish the true from the false. Such was the situation of Langenspeers; he thought that he was still

riding through the wood, greatly wearied, and that a beautiful female, fantastically habited in oak and ivy, like a forest sprite, was approaching him, singing—

"Turn and rest thee, soldier, here,
Let thy wearied barb go free;
Lay aside thy massive spear,
Turn and pass the night with me."

Here securely feast and sleep,
Beauty here shall bless thine arms;
Rest thee, knight, nor longer keep
Vigil to the forest charms."

A sudden start of his horse awakened Ludwig from his trance, and he beheld the figure which he had dreamed of, standing before him. "And pray, fair one," began the knight, "was yours the voice I heard inviting me to stop and rest, and banquet?" "Yes, gallant stranger," she replied; "I am the Princess Brinhilda, the daughter of Achenmann, the erl king; I came forth from my bower to find a brave knight, to take him to my castle and make him my lord. Say, then, wilt thou be he? I can bestow on thee more riches than the emperor of this land ever saw; all Germany shall be under thy control; and I will be thy lady-love, possessing a youth and beauty which are continually renewed by time." "But what," returned Ludwig, "must I give in exchange for all this?" "Only," said the lady, "one kiss from your lips, one drop of your blood, that little book which hangs at your saddle-bow, and swear upon it to be mine for ever and ever." "A goodly guerdon, truly, fair Brinhilda; and now let me tell you, that I am the stout Ludwig Langenspeers, who am in arms against all roving spirits; but if you can carry my sword, I am content to be yours, and it's the office of a gentle damosell to unarm her knight." "Unbrace it," said Brinhilda, and let me try." "There, fair gentlewoman," returned Langenspeers, casting the sword with a violent clank to the earth, but retaining in his hand the chain to which it was suspended. Brinhilda tried to raise it, but it was enough for any three ordinary men, and therefore all her attempts were in vain: but while she was stooping over it, the knight silently took from her head the oak and ivy crown, and shred off with his dagger a large tress of her golden hair. At length, seeing her labours were to no purpose, he drew up the sword again, and, after bracing it on, put his steed into a gallop, and said, "Fare you well, lady! you are no erl king's daughter, not to be able to lift my sword. I shall never yield to you, for my faith is heavier than that brand; but I shall carry off these trophies, that I may know you when we meet again." "Go on, uncourteous knight," said the lady, "Death's horse is abroad, and he will revenge me;" and Ludwig rode onwards through the forest. As the moon began to sink down the sky, he drew near to a sort of plain in the wood; but ere he could gain it, he heard the hollow voice of some one apparently riding very near to him, and singing:—

"I ride the forest, I ride the wood,
I ride on the broad highway;
The track of my charger is marked with blood,
Like a field on the battle-day!
Whatever he pursues, in vain is flight,
There never was barb so fleet;
Whatever he attacks, in vain is might—
Whole armies fall at his feet!
No mortal dare upon him to look,
Although he be stout and brave;
Each step of his tread is a knell for the dead,
And each bound is the span for a grave!"

Ah! said Ludwig to himself, this is a terrible homily, truly: it comes, doubtless, from that same Death's Horse of which I have heard so much; but he must not go unanswered neither:—

"Oh Death! oh Death! there is one by thy side,
Who fears not thy steed nor thee.
In arms against demons to-night I ride,
Then come forth, if thou can'st, to me!"

As he gained the plain, a troop of figures, like skeletons and fiends, of the most horrible grotesque shapes, came running in wild rabble rout from another path of the wood, and in the midst of them there was a fleshless form seated upon a little black horse, having harness of cord, and a bell hung about his neck, which continually swung with a

melancholy sound. The figure on his back was habited in a kind of white shroud; but though his visage was the face of a skull, he had a long black beard, and his streaming hair was surmounted by an eastern crown twined about with serpents. He held in his left hand an hour-glass and dial, and in his right a spear, with which he made towards Ludwig; but the brave knight, breathing a short prayer, couching his own resistless lance, and putting Maximilian to his full speed, rushed valiantly on the band—we need scarcely add, with the accustomed success of knights-errant.

THE MAN WITH A MOUTH.

[From the Boston Evening Bulletin.]

Angelina Skamble was the seventh daughter of a rich fisherman, abiding on the coast of Spratwich—a wild, bleak and stormy spot, often the scene of shipwreck and death. The snug mansion of skipper Skamble was located on one side of a valley that opened upon the broad ocean. Behind it arose a vegetable garden, adorned with cabbage-heads, potato-blossoms, and here and there an elderberry bush by way of variegation. At its wings stood the barn and appurtenances, and an orchard of stunted quince trees. In front flowed a narrow knee-deep rivulet, skirted beyond with a fringe of barberries, thistles and blue lilies; while above them towered a thick forest of firs. The house itself was like an oyster—tight, well filled, comfortable, somewhat polished in the interior, and withal enclosing a "pearl of great-price;" though roughcast and weatherbeaten on the outside. Yet Miss Angelina had contrived to ornament its uncouth walls with trails of parasitical plants, that clung to the main chance like politicians to the powers that be. Upon the whole the residence of Captain Skamble, as he was now styled, presented a *tout ensemble* quite refreshing to the eye that had previously wandered over the neighbouring region.

Among the gossips of the vicinity, it was a very current opinion that the old seaman, who had already settled large marriage portions upon his six elder daughters, must have obtained his vast wealth by other means than the curing of codfish and the pickling of mackarel. Some went so far as to say that he got it by mooncursing; others that he had found a large pot of guineas buried among the sands of the beach; and others, still more plausibly, conjectured that he had extracted it from the intestines of a wreck, that got on the Periwinkle Shoal, hard by, some twenty years ago. But the secret was not to be fathomed; it was too deeply inhumed within the bosom of its single possessor—and as the publick could only guess, and surmise, and wonder, without arriving at any sort of certainty or satisfaction, it is very evident that the fact had never been communicated even to the fisherman's wife. As to Miss Angelina, she neither cared nor thought about it. Immured in this rude and solitary vale, she knew not the worth nor the want of riches—she had never adopted the advice of Poor Richard, and ascertained the value of money by trying to borrow some. She had attained her seventeenth year, without having laid her eyes on more than eleven featherless bipeds of the masculine gender, including her father, her brother-in-law, the parson, and his nephew—the latter of whom was most murderously in love with her. Indeed, although as uncultivated as the cliffs and forests by which she was surrounded, she was albeit more beautiful than—reader! be kind enough to think of the prettiest being thou hast ever beheld, not only amidst the sober realities of existence, but in the most felicitous and romantick nightmares.

Though the minister's nephew, as we have before related, was in a predicament of affectionate desperation; still, the sentiment known in vulgar life by the name of love, had never yet crept in among the fancies of Miss Angelina Skamble. Her greatest delight consisted in wandering along the strand, gathering specimens of pebbles, shells and sea weed—or in tending her honey-suckles and creepers, as they stretched their stalks and fibres, through the sunshine, along the corners and window frames of her paternal domicile. One day, in her customary ramble on the sea side, after a long continuance of wind blowing off-shore, when the

tides had receded far below their usual boundary, she observed a huge shell partly concealed in the sea-grass, upon the very border of the briny element. Considering it a prize of no ordinary magnitude, she advanced with greedy intention to make it her own. As she stooped to grapple the treasure, which was evidently nothing more than an immense clam, the testaceous monster opened its valves, sighed dismally, "Ah!" and sunk irretrievably into the subjacent mire.

Poor Angelina went home in tears, with that enormous mouth continually yawning before the eyes of her imagination. Night after night she dreamed of it—day after day, she sighed despondingly in the same melancholy and well remembered tone, "Ah, Ah!" She had heard of love; and now, as settled in her own mind, she felt it. Thus passed several weeks, wherein nothing occupied the disappointed maiden's sensorium, but the lamented submarine apparition—or rather disappearance—until one memorable fourteenth of February, seventeen hundred and odd, when a tremendous snow storm raged over the face of the country, like an elemental assortment of hurricanes, whirlwinds and tornadoes. Just at night-fall a rap was heard at the porch door. Miss Angelina was within, pondering on sighs and clam-shells, while the old folks were snoozing in the chimney corner. She lifted the latch, and a half-smothered seaman, dripping with brine, entered without ceremony. About his person there was nothing remarkable, save a mouth that extended from whisker to whisker, and gave to his profile the semblance of a tinman's shears. She asked if he had been ship-wrecked—and when he opened his mandibles, ejaculating "Ah!"—the sight and the sound fell upon her senses like rays of fruition upon the almost blighted blossoms of hope. The bewildered damsel fell upon his neck, sobbing, giggling, wailing, and rejoicing; while the hardy old tar, whose appearance indicated more than half a century's buffeting on the "boisterous main," dropped his nether jaw upon his collar-bone, and stood stark agast with amazement.

Meantime the sleepers in the corner awoke; and old Capt. Skamble's visage relaxed into an awful degree of longitude, on beholding the spectre before him. He knew that mouth, of old; but he had fondly hoped that the sharks had long since disjointed its hinges. But, as the rugged veteran was about to speak, the skipper raised his thumb in token of silence, and the tar's clapper came together like an alligator's. All sorts of comforts were immediately provided, and after remaining a week or two, it was announced in the newspapers that Richard Shive, aged 57, had espoused Angelina Skamble, aged 17. True, after becoming somewhat more acquainted with the world, lady Shive repented of her fantastick choice; but these affairs belong not to the story—which ends badly enough: for the parson's nephew drowned himself in the very cavity made by the mysterious shellfish in its unkind descent.

MISCELLANY.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

[From Tales of Modern Genins.]

It was on this awful night (the night preceding the battle of Bosworth Field) according to a letter which I have read from Dr. Thomas Brett to Dr. William Warren, president of Trinity Hall, that the King took his last farewell in his tent of Richard Plantagenet, his natural son, who himself thus describes that interview. "I was boarded with a Latin Schoolmaster, without knowing who my parents were till I was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentleman who acquainted me he was no relative of mine, came once a quarter and paid for my board, and took care to see that I wanted for nothing. One day this gentleman took me and carried me to a great fine house, where I passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left me, bidding me stay there. Then a man richly dressed, with a star and garter, came to me, asked me some questions, talked kindly to me, and gave me some money. Then the fore-mentioned gentleman returned and conducted me back to my school.

"Some time after, the same gentleman came to

me again with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told me I must take a journey with him into the country. We went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth Field, and I was carried to King Richard's tent. The King embraced me, and told me I was his son. 'But, child,' said he, 'tomorrow I must fight for my crown. And assure yourself that, if I lose that, I will lose my life too: but I hope to preserve both. When you stand on yonder hill, where you may see the battle out of danger, and when I have gained the victory, come to me; I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let no one know that I am your father; for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me.' The King then presented me with a purse of gold, and giving me a farewell embrace dismissed me from his tent. I followed the king's directions; and when I saw the battle lost and the king killed, I hastened back to London, sold my horse and fine clothes, and the better to conceal myself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that I might have the means to live by my honest labour, I put myself apprentice to a bricklayer. But having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, I was unwilling to lose it; and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those I am obliged to work with, I generally spend all the time I have to spare in reading by myself."

The letter says, "When Sir Thomas Moyle built Eastwell house, near London, about the year 1544, he observed his chief bricklayer, whenever he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had curiosity to know what book the man read, but it was some time before he could discover it, he still putting the book up if any one came towards him. However, at last Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him, and looking into it found it to be Latin. He then examined him, and finding he pretty well understood that language, he inquired how he came by his learning. Hereupon the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him with a secret which he had never revealed before to any one. He then related the above story. Sir Thomas said 'You are now old and almost past your labour, I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live.' He answered, 'Sir, you have a numerous family, I have used to live retired, give me leave to build a house of one room for myself in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die.' Sir Thomas granted his request, he built his house, and there continued to his death. Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22d day of December, anno in supra ex registro de Eastwell sub 1550. This is all the register mentions of him, so that we cannot say whether he was buried in the church or churchyard; nor is there now any other memorial of him except the tradition in the family and some little marks where his house stood. This story my late lord Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, told me in the year 1720." Thus lived and died in low and poor obscurity, the only remaining son of Richard III.

THE ASIATICK ASSASSINS.

[From the Foreign Quarterly Review.]

Von Hammer's history of the assassins gives a brief but pertinent detail of the rise, progress, and extinction of those tremendous sectarians, whose influence paralyzed for so many years the noblest Asiatick potentates. They originated, it seems, in the south of Persia, and their founder was a zealot, named Abdallah, whose professed object was to conceal the tenets of his disciples, till a prince of their persuasion should be seated on some African or Asiatick throne. This was, with some difficulty, after a lapse of years accomplished; a pretended descendant of Mahomet, released from prison, was placed on the throne of Egypt; and the doctrines of Abdallah, which, in their impious and daring absurdity, bore no slight resemblance to those of the revolutionary atheists of France—became the established religion of Africa. Not content with this triumph, the sectarians, through the zeal of their Dais, or missionaries, dispersed their heresies over Asia, until at length, in the 11th century, about two hundred years after their institution by

Abdallah, the famous Hassan Ben Sabah, a Persian of ignoble extraction, modified them so as to suit his own views and the spirit of the times, and spread them (under the title of the "Sect of the Assassins"—the word assassin being derived from Hassan, their chief promoter) over the greater part of the east. Hassan himself was one of those daring characters who stand out on the foreground of history, and singly fix its attention. His mind towered far above the world in which he lived, and never stooped from its eyrie to earth, without tracking its course in blood. He was, in fact, an Asiatick Cromwell, versed in all the varieties of dissimulation; patient, but unwearied to revenge; cool, calculating, and well read in the volume of human nature. Under his superintendence the Assassins obtained unprecedented supremacy throughout Asia; and from their strong Persian fastness at Alamoot, where Hassan,—or the Old Man of the Mountain, as himself and his descendants were styled,—resided, gave laws to the Caliphs at Bagdad. Their chief weapon was the dagger: they rarely engaged in open warfare; but, assuming every variety of disguise, and spread by thousands over every part of Asia, they executed their chieftain's behests, to whom they were devoted as to a deity, with adroit and insatiable enthusiasm.—Nothing was too mighty nor too inglorious for their revenge; neither prince nor peasant escaped them, for they moved like the Spirit of Night, in darkness; and, in point of numbers, consistency, and perseverance, equalled, if they did not exceed Bishop Hatto's army of rats. The manner in which Hassan first initiated each votary into his sect is thus picturesquely described:—

"There was at Alamoot, and also at Masiat, in Syria, a delicious garden, encompassed with lofty walls, adorned with leaves and flowers of every kind—with murmuring brooks and translucent lakes—with bowers of roses and trellices of the vine—airy halls and splendid kiosks, furnished with the carpets of Persia and the silks of Byzantium. Beautiful maidens and blooming boys were the inhabitants of this delicious spot, which ever resounded with the melody of birds, the murmur of streams and the ravishing tones of voices and instruments—all respired contentment and pleasure. When the chief noticed any youth to be distinguished for strength and resolution, he invited him to a banquet, where he placed him beside himself, conversed with him on the happiness reserved for the faithful, and contrived to administer to him an intoxicating draught prepared from the hyoscyamus. While insensible he was conveyed into the garden of delight; and there awakened by the application of vineyard. On opening his eyes all Paradise met his view; the black-eyed and blue-robed houries surrounded him, obedient to his wishes; sweet music filled his ears; the richest viands were served up in the most costly vessels; and the choicest wines sparkled in golden cups. The fortunate youth believed himself really in the Paradise of the Prophet, and the language of his attendants confirmed the delusion. When he had had his fill of enjoyment, and nature was yielding to exhaustion, the opium was again administered, and the sleeper transported back to the side of the chief, to whom he communicated what had passed, and who assured him of the truth and reality of all he had experienced, telling him such was the bliss reserved for the obedient servants of Imaum, and enjoining at the same time the strictest secrecy. Ever after the rapturous vision possessed the imagination of the deluded enthusiast, and he panted for the hour when death, received in obeying the commands of his superiour, should dismiss him to the bowers of Paradise."

After a sway (more or less in the ascendant) of centuries over Asia, the Assassins were finally exterminated by Mango the Great, Khan of Tartary.

NOLLEKENS.

[From Hazlitt's Table Talk.]

Mr. Nolleken's left £240,000 behind him, and the name of one of our best English sculptors. There was a great scramble among the legatees—a codicil to a will with large bequests unsigned, and that last triumph of the dead or dying over those who survive—hopes raised and defeated without a

possibility of retaliation, or the smallest use in complaint. The king was first said to be left residuary legatee. This would have been a fine instance of romantick and gratuitous homage to majesty, in a man who all his life time could never be made to comprehend the abstract idea of the distinction of ranks, or even of persons. He would go up to the Duke of York or Prince of Wales (in spite of warning,) take them familiarly by the button like common acquaintance, ask them how their father did, and express pleasure at hearing he was well, saying, "when he was gone we should never get such another." He once, when the old king was sitting to him for his bust, fairly stuck a pair of compasses into his nose, to measure the distance from the upper lip to the forehead, as if he had been measuring a block of marble. His late majesty laughed heartily at this, and was amused to find that there was a person in the world ignorant of that vast interval which separated him from every other man. Nollekens, with all his loyalty, hardly liked the man, and cared nothing about the king (which was one of those mixed modes, as Mr. Locke calls them, of which he had no more idea than if he had been one of the cream-coloured horses)—handled him like so much common clay, and had no other notion of the matter, but that it was his business to make the best bust of him he possibly could, and to set about it in the regular way. There was something in his plainness and simplicity that savoured perhaps of the hardness and dryness of his art, and of his own peculiar severity of manners. Nollekens's style was comparatively hard and dry. He had as much truth and character, but none of the polished graces or transparent softness of Chantrey. He had more of rough, plain, downright honesty of his heart. It seemed to be his character. Mr. Northcote was once complimenting him on his acknowledged superiority—"Ay, you made the best busts of anybody!" "I don't know about that," said the other; his eyes (though their orbs were quenched) smiling with a gleam of smothered delight, "I only know I always tried to make them as like as I could."

ANECDOTE.

[Translated from the French.]

A carriage is overturned in a stony road near the little town of Gondrecourt. It must be set to rights; but there is much to be done, and consequently the delay will be long. Besides, there is no accommodation in the place; the judge, the curate, the bailiff and bailiffs, the procuratress-fiscal, and in fact all the best company, being in the country. Our traveller spies, in this pretty predicament, a very modest looking house, surmounted by as modest a belfrey. It is a little convent of capuchins. He walks up to it; his ring is heard; they open the door; and see a very lean man; somewhat unwell, but otherwise of good appearance and polite address, who solicits their hospitality.

Our stranger is well received and well cared for. After the customary compliments lavished on one side and returned on the other, with equal civility, they begin to talk of one thing and another. The traveller listens well, and speaks little, but when questions come in course, they find that he answers in a very sensible manner.

The bell rings for the Angelus. "Do you say your prayers, sir? inquired the good fathers. "The very thing I was going to propose to you!" said the stranger. Dinner comes next, plain of course, but still better than their every day fare; and they take care to have only wholesome things on the table; on account of the delicate health of the new guest. During dinner, theology is the subject. The stranger knows almost as much about it as the fathers, and is exactly of their opinion. They speak of different Capuchin Convents in France, and Germany, and Italy, which, to them, are the capitals of all true countries. The traveller is more knowing than they suspect him to be on this interesting question of geography. He talks highly of the peculiar talent of the children of St. Francis for finding out pretty situations for their settlement. They quote some anecdotes of the humility of the good St. Francis of Assisi; the stranger admires them, and, in turn, relates some others that the good fathers had not heard before.

It was no wonder that they grew very fond of

this civil stranger; and that at last they hugged themselves for having been so polite to a man who deserved it so well on every account; a man who, in spite of his modesty, appeared to have received a brilliant education—a man who had undoubtedly studied, and could converse on every subject, inasmuch as he understood one or two Latin quotations almost as well as the Superiour—a man who appeared to have at his finger's ends every thing that interested the order—and who even promised to be one day in a condition to converse with their principal members without wearying them.—Things, at last, went so far that they were desirous of enrolling him in their order; and already the fathers showed him in perspective their most splendid dignities, if he would consent to take their habit. The stranger would think of it; he is sensible as he ought to be of the sentiments they entertain for him, and without refusing positively the offers that are made to him, he defends himself from so undeserved and honour. In the mean time his carriage is announced to be ready; the whole house is affliction, and there is no man in that good company who does not give and receive, at parting, the most lively demonstrations of interest and esteem. Now tell me, who was this man who gained the hearts of the Capuchins? It was—Voltaire.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1828.

Post masters and secretaries of chapters and lodges are requested to act as our agents.

Through the politeness of a friend in New-York, we have received during the last week, late numbers of the *London Athenæum*, the *Age*, *High Life in London*, and the *Macclesfield Herald*.

We owe an acknowledgement to another New-York friend, within a few days, for late numbers of the *London New Times*, and other English papers.

EXTRA-JUDICIAL OATHS. On Wednesday last, Mr. Childs, of Monroe county, from the committee of the assembly, to which was referred the memorial of the famous convention at Le Roy, made a report to the house, animadverting severely on the "abuse of the practice of administering oaths, as it is alleged to exist in masonick societies," as set forth by the aforesaid convention; and to conclude, brought in the following bill.

An Act to prevent the administration of extra judicial oaths.

The people of the State of New-York, represented in senate and assembly, do enact as follows:—

Section 1. It shall not be lawful for any person to administer an oath or affirmation, in any case not authorized by the laws of the state.

§ 2. It shall not be lawful for any person to take an oath or affirmation, in any case not required by the laws of the state.

§ 3. Any person offending against either of the preceding sections shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor; and on conviction shall be punished by fine and imprisonment; the fine not to exceed two hundred dollars, and the imprisonment not to exceed six months.

They who are aware that the constitution of this state guarantees a free and complete toleration to all religious denominations,—an unlimited exercise not only of their opinions, but also a free administration of such rules and matters of faith as their circumstances may make necessary among themselves,—will readily allow with us, that the above act is directly and pointedly an attack upon this constitutional guaranty. The privileges hitherto allowed to ecclesiastical tribunals, of receiving on oath the testimony, not only of their own members but of those without the pale of the church, in matters of church discipline, has been considered as protected by this same constitution. So far as offences and differences in a religious view are incognizable by civil tribunals, and so far as it is necessary to arrive at truth in such cases, it were unjust to debar them of this privilege, even had it no countenance of support from the constitution, or any existing laws. Many of the concessions made by legislative and judicial authority to the particular creed of different sects, have in our opinion a more dangerous power over the consciences and safety of our

citizens than this principle, or even the "hydra headed monster" so much dreaded by the wise and politick self-constituted delegates at Le Roy. It has been decided in our courts of law, that the auricular confession of a Roman Catholic cannot be either required or admitted as evidence in trials before any judicial tribunal. This too is remarkable in a land like this, where the first prejudices our parents contrive to fix in our tender minds is an abhorrence of that church and its ordinances. If this decision were not founded on strict equity and supported by the broad protection of the constitution, how did it ever supersede such prejudices, and become a part of the law of the land? It cannot be even questioned that it is a matter of right, since it is a part of the faith of not a small portion of American citizens, and consequently as much the subject of toleration as any article of any creed. In this example of toleration may be considered all that appears dangerous to society and the laws. Experience has furnished no dreadful proofs of its deleterious effects; and if it belongs to the wise men of the west to prune away the dangerous clauses of our laws and constitution, let them attack this also,—and thus go on lopping off branch after branch, till we have neither civil nor religious liberty left us at all.

The bearing of this bill, should it ever become a law, upon freemasonry, let it be distinctly understood, is not the subject for which we have made these remarks. There can be no danger to the institution from that quarter, let the tables turn as they will. It is evident that the blow is aimed at freemasonry; but they must be wholly ignorant of the order, and the thousand ordeals it has passed through, who think to frame laws, having even the appearance of equity in them, that shall have any direct weight upon its prosperity. To use the eccentric comparison of an intimate, you may with the same propriety set a bear trap to catch a humming-bird.—Nothing short of universal proscription and massacre can suppress this persecuted brotherhood, even for a season. Let the apes of tyrants mark this declaration and despair.

We have before us the annual Report of the Regents of the University, to the legislature, made to the senate February 29, 1828. It certainly gives a favourable view of the literary prosperity of the state, and contains much matter of encouragement to the warm friends of our present highly improved system of education. Annexed to this report is an abstract from the returns of Meteorological Observations made to the regents of the university, by sundry academies in the state, in obedience to instructions dated March 1, 1825, prepared by Doctor T. ROMEYN BECK, principal, and JOSEPH HENRY, one of the professors of Albany Academy. To the scientific man who looks with a friendly eye to generations yet to come, this record of facts must be highly valued. Posterity will learn and be grateful to its projectors; for they alone will feel its full value. Let this measure be continued for a century or two, and our children's children will hardly be made to credit the fact that there ever was a generation so blind to philosophical interests as to neglect a duty so important to the ages before them.

POLITICKS. We are highly gratified with the perusal of the article in Thursday's Daily Advertiser, respecting the incorporation of the Morgan excitement with the presidential question. With a candour and independence highly honourable to them, the editors deprecate the indiscreet conduct of some of their political friends in this measure. Such a course, however it may gall the dupes of Thurlow Weed & Co. cannot fail of acquiring them the confidence of all good and honest men of every party.

FOREIGN. The latest arrivals in New-York have brought London dates to February 24th, and Liverpool to the 26th. Cadiz was on the eve of being evacuated by the French, and the Spanish troops were on their march to garrison that city. News from Constantinople is not so pacific as could be expected. That city is represented as one vast camp. The Porte has publicly declared to the pachas of the provinces, that his conduct after the battle of Navarino had no other object than to gain time for the armaments. The whole naval strength of Turkey guards the Bosphorus; yet no act of hostility has been dared by the Turks. The great-

est concern is manifested in the christian kingdoms, for the safety of the Europeans in that city. The arrival daily of the Asiatick subjects of the Porte,—those savage hordes who spread murder and pillage along the whole line of their march in 1820—must feel their lives in jeopardy. Russia is concentrating her forces; and Poland, who has again become a nation both in name and fact, is also in the field against her old enemy, the Turk. If the Sultan does not choose his own capital for the field of combat, it is evident that he must abide by the choice of Wittgenstein, and contend where he may select.

FROM RIO GRANDE. The hostile armies of Brazil and Buenos Ayres, are approaching each other, and it is probable the next intelligence from that quarter will be of more than ordinary interest. This information was received by the brig Celeno, captain Frazier, arrived at Baltimore from Guayaquil. The Celeno was not permitted any communication with the Brazilian shore.

TABLE TALK.

It is both melancholy and amusing to a sober reader to peruse the "cut-and-thrust" eloquence of our members of congress. A short time since, Mr. Wright, of Ohio, happened to call the eccentric John Randolph to order, no doubt in a proper manner, only somewhat too late, and afterwards observed,—"I called the gentleman to order because he was addressing the chair after a motion had been made to adjourn; and upon my call the gentleman sat down." "I sat down before," quoth Mr. Randolph. "If the gentleman did not hear me" quoth Mr. Wright, "how can he know that he sat down before I called him to order." "Because I sat down before the gentleman had done speaking," quoth Mr. Randolph. "If the gentleman from Virginia wishes to build up a man of straw," quoth Mr. Wright, "I wish him success, and hope he will find one to suit him." "I have one already before me," quoth Mr. Randolph. —A member of the Massachusetts legislature lately closed his speech on the militia law with the following conclusive argument: "Mr. speaker, if this bill is postponed, I shall be as crazy as a bed-bug." The same member in the course of some remarks on another question, said he really believed he was *instigated by the devil*!—A sailor was observed not many mornings since, very early, working at one of the street pumps with as much industry as if he had been at sea with six feet water in the hold; but not finding the element wherewith to "cool his coppers," he went off muttering,—"d—n the pump;—drunk last night, just as I was;—both devilish dry."—The Western Advertiser, a Morgan paper, printed at Buffalo, died week before last, of hydrophobia, in consequence of the scanty and unwholesome sustenance afforded it. It might have lived a little longer, perhaps, but in one of its rabid fits, it cut its own throat with a meat axe! Its ghost is said to be *spooking* grimly about the office of the Buffalo Patriot.—We copy the following from the Little-Falls People's friend:—"Sale of a wife! No. 2.—We recently recorded an event of this kind which took place in our own neighbourhood; but the reader must not suppose that this new traffick is wholly confined to the rocky precincts of Little-Falls; other places have followed the delectable example. The amiable and accomplished companion of an inhabitant of one of the northern towns of this [Herkimer] county, eloped with a male acquaintance from the west, some two years since; but unfortunately blundering back to his former residence, in the vicinity of a certain state prison, was encountered by his *own* wife, and threatened with certain punishment within its gloomy walls. He therefore returned to his first love, and left his stolon Dulcinea to shift for herself. The latter wandering south, lately picked up a third husband near the Pennsylvania line, and 'with much fair speech and flattering of her lips,' induced him to return with her to this county to visit her friends. Without knowing that she had another husband, he did so; and when acquainted with the fact,

took witnesses, and fairly purchased 'all the right, title, interest, and claim' of this valuable property, by paying to her loving spouse the sum of *three dollars and fifty cents*; thus converting this 'bone of contention' into his lawful *rib*, which he continues 'to have and to hold,' as aforesaid." [So it seems the commodity has taken a fall in the Herkimer market.]—An officer in the Galway custom department, long famous for *pets* of almost every kind, has now in his possession a very extraordinary one indeed—no less than a *pet oyster*!! taken off the Mayor's bed, the property of the corporation, and the largest and finest of the *Poll Doo* breed. Being fed on oat meal, for which it regularly opens its shell, and occasionally treated with a dip in its native element, it seems to enjoy a place in the curious menagerie, almost as well as its neighbours. But the most extraordinary trait in the history of this pet is, that it has proved an excellent mouser, having already destroyed five mice, by instantly crushing their heads, when they had the temerity to intrude them within his bivalvular clutches. Twice have two of the little trespassers suffered together.—The Lincolnshire Agricultural society, in England, has awarded a prize of ten guineas to one man, the father of *seventeen* children, (ten living,) and having been forty years in the service of one master; and to another a prize of five guineas, being the father of *twenty-five* children (ten living,) and a service of forty-one years with one master.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Friday, March 14. In senate bills read a third time and passed: to authorize Reuben Ellis to contract with the ordnance department of the United States to furnish this state certain fire arms in lieu of such as have heretofore been received under the act of congress of 1806, ayes 14, noes 10; authorizing the board of canal commissioners to pay Ara Broadwell a balance due him; authorizing David C. Case to erect a dam across the Chenango river; authorizing the removal of a gun-house in the village of Binghamton in the county of Broome; to repeal the act for the preservation of fish in the Crooked Lake, in the counties of Steuben and Yates.

In assembly, a report was received from the canal board on the petition of John Merriam and others, which was referred to the committee of the whole, when on the bill to extend the equitable powers of the canal board, and ordered to be printed.

Saturday, March 15. In senate bills read a third time and passed: authorizing the appointment of commissioners to lay out a road between the town of Bethany in Genesee county and Lima in Livingston county; to extend the jail limits in the county of Yates; providing for the erection of a fire proof clerk's office in the county of Kings; to authorize Rosel M. Curtiss and others to erect a dam across the Genesee river; to authorise the supervisor of the county of Washington to raise by tax a sum of money for the purposes therein mentioned; for the appointment of canal appraisers.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: for the establishment of a superiour court of common law in the city of New-York; relative to a surrender of part of the road of the Johnstown turnpike company; to incorporate the Lansingburgh turnpike company; to amend the charter of the village of Rochester; to authorize the raising of money by tax in the town of Adams for the improvement of roads and bridges; to divide the town of Mexico.

Monday, March 17. In senate, the bill to authorize the Goshen and Walkill turnpike company to abandon their road, was read a third time and passed.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: to amend the act to incorporate the Pittstown Bridge company; to incorporate the Spencer and Danville Turnpike company; and for the relief of Samuel Heacock and others. The bill for the relief of Stillman Foot was read a third time and lost for the want of a constitutional majority.

Tuesday, March 18. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: for a sale of part of the state arsenal lot in the city of Albany; to lay out a street in the village of Salina, and for other purposes; to divide the town of Mexico in the county of Oswego.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: to amend the charter of the village of Catskill; to incorporate the Hyde Park ferry company; for the relief of Stillman Foot; to incorporate the Munroe manufacturing company; to incorporate the Black River canal company; to relieve the town of Bedford from the payment of quit rents; to provide for the laying out of a road from Lodi to Jamestown; authorizing the Oneida lake to be lowered, and to improve the navigation of the Oneida river; to incorporate the Attica

manufacturing company; to incorporate the New-York fur company; relative to the Rensselaer Oswego academy; relative to the road from Northampton to the Mohawk turnpike; to incorporate the village of Brownville; to amend the charter of the village of Ithaca; to authorize the conveyance of a certain lot at Black Rock by the land office for the use of a county poor house in Erie.

Wednesday, March 19. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: for the relief of the rector, church-wardens, and vestrymen of St. John's church in Brooklyn; to amend the charter of the society of the New-York hospital; to appoint commissioners to lay out a road from Amherst in the county of Erie, to the village of Lockport in the county of Niagara; to alter the time of the annual meeting of the board of supervisors of the county of Orleans; to amend the act for the relief of the first presbyterian society of the town of Pittsford in the county of Monroe; for the relief of the trustees and collector of school district number three, in the town of Frankfort in the county of Herkimer; to provide for building a bridge across Oak Orchard Creek in the town of Ridgeway in the county of Orleans.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: ceding certain lands on Staten Island to the United States for the use of a light-house; dividing the town of Bethel; altering the time of the meeting of the supervisors in Greene; amending the charter of the village of Salina; concerning gospel and school lots in the town of Sanford.

[From the Rutland (Vermont) Herald]

Martin Flint—the same who is trying to cut a small figure on this mundane sphere by his anti-masonick exertions—has sent us a number of the National (Albany) Observer, requesting us to publish a *flimsy* piece of his therein contained. It is proper for us to state that neither we nor our paper will enter the lists in a masonick controversy. Masonry is a thing we know nothing—and to speak our mind—care nothing about. We have no prejudices either for or against the institution. In a free country, we know no reason why masons should not enjoy their privileges unmolested. But we abhor a traitor—we despise a renegade; and certainly, an institution which has withstood the shocks of time—which appears to be built on the strong "rock of ages"—seems to us in no danger of being overturned by such an one as Martin Flint.

DIED.

In Wilmington, state of Delaware, JOHN SELLARS, esq. an old and highly respectable citizen of that borough, and M. W. Past Grand Master of Masons in the state of Delaware.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, and ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

—The first number of the second volume of this work was presented to the publick on the 2d of February last; and the publication will be continued regularly every Saturday. The volume is printed in the quarto form, and with an entire new type.

Its columns are devoted to Freemasonry, the Arts and Sciences, Selections from the works of recent Travellers and writers upon the works of Nature, Sketches of the Lives and Characters of Eminent Individuals, Essays on various subjects, Tales, Sketches of Fancy, Scraps of Sentiment and Humour, Anecdotes, Poetry, Foreign and Domestic News, Literary News, &c. &c. &c.

The Masonick department contains Essays, Orations, Addresses, Odes, Hymns, Songs, accounts of Elections, Calendar of Regular Communications, and all other Information touching the interests of the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity.

Such portions of the Miscellaneous Departments as are not occupied by Original matter, are devoted to Selections from choice and valuable works. The editor has entered into arrangements by which he receives from Europe, regular files of several periodical publications of the first respectability in that country, and which have been thought eminently entitled to the confidence of the American Reader; and he trusts that by making liberal expenses to enrich the columns of the RECORD and MAGAZINE, he will entitle himself to a share of the publick confidence.

TERMS.

To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year, payable half yearly. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Three Dollars* a year, which may be discharged by paying *Two Dollars in advance*, or *Two Dollars and fifty cents* within three months after subscribing. No subscriptions for a less term than six months.

Agents, on procuring six subscribers and forwarding the amount of subscription to the editor, will be entitled to a copy gratis.

All letters intended for this paper must be post paid and directed to
E. B. CHILD.

Albany, April 5. 1828.

Printers with whom we exchange, will confer a favour by giving the above a few insertions.

POETRY.

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

FROM THE KEEPSAKE.

The power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings like the sailor's from the shore,
And dim remembrances whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more,—
Is not this all a mystery? who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way?

The sudden images of vanished things
That o'er the spirit flash we know not why;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings;
Warm sunset hues of summers long gone by;
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar;
A flower scent floating past our parents' door;

A word scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown;—
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
And press vain spring showers from the blighted heart?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread,
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—
These are night's mysteries—who shall make them clear?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
That sometimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low sighing tone which nought can still,
Mid feasts and melodies a secret guest;—
Whence doth that murmur come,—that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus?—'tis mystery all!

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of unseen worlds, and know it not!
Yes! it may be that nearer than we think
Are those whom death hath parted from our lot.
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, yet undismayed!

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way among these marvels of the mind;
Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal
The immortal nature with our dust entwined?
So let us deem! and even the tears they wake
Shall then be blessed, for that high nature's sake.

ON THE BIRTH DAY OF WASHINGTON.

BY J. G. C. BRAINARD.

Hic cinis—ubique fama.

Behold the mossed corner-stone dropped from the wall,
And gaze on its date, but remember its fall,
And hope that some hand may replace it;
Think not of its pride when with pomp it was laid,
But weep for the ruin its absence has made,
And the lapse of the years that efface it.

Mourn WASHINGTON's death when ye think of his birth,
And far from your thoughts be the lightness of mirth,
And far from your cheek be its smile.
To-day he was born,—'twas a loan—not a gift;
The dust of his body is all that is left
To hallow his funeral pile.

Flow gently, Potomack! thou wastest away
The sands where he trod, and the turf where he lay,
When youth brushed his cheek with her wing;
Breathe softly, ye wild winds, that circle around
That dearest, and purest, and holiest ground,
Ever pressed by the footprints of spring.

Each breeze be a sigh, and each dewdrop a tear,
Each wave be a whispering monitor near,
To remind the sad shore of his story;
And darker, and softer, and sadder the gloom
Of that evergreen mourner that bends o'er the tomb,
Where WASHINGTON sleeps in his glory.

Great God! when the spirit of freedom shall fail,
And the sons of the pilgrims in sorrow bewail
Their religion and liberty gone,
Oh, send back a form that shall stand as he stood,
Unsubdued by the tempest, unmoved by the flood;
And to TRIZZ be the glory alone.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

Lo, the seal of death is breaking,
Those who slept its sleep are waking,—
Eden opens her portals fair!
Hark, the harps of God are ringing,
Hark, the seraphs' hymn is singing,
And the living rills are flinging
Musick on immortal air!

There no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
Heaven's own harvests woo the reaper;
Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper;
Not a tear is left the weeper
To profane one flower above.

No frail lilies there are breathing;
There no thorny rose is wreathing
In the bowers of Paradise;—
Where the fountains of life are flowing,
Flowers unknown to time are blowing,
Mid superber verdure glowing
Than is sunned by mortal skies.

There the groves of God, that never
Fade or fall, are green forever,
Mirrored in the radiant tide;
There, along the sacred waters
Unprofaned by tears or slaughters,
Wander earth's immortal daughters,
Each a pure immortal's bride.

There no sigh of memory swelleth;
There no tear of misery welletth;
Hearts will bleed or break no more:
Passed is all the cold world's scorning;
Gone the night, and broke the morning,
With seraphic day adorning
Life's glad waves and golden shore.

Oh, on that bright shore to wander,
Trace those radiant waves' meander,
All we loved and lost to see,
Is this hope, so pure, so splendid,
Vainly with our being blended?
No! with time ye are not ended,
Visions of eternity!

DIRGE OF AN INFANT.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strewed thy bed,
O blest departed one!
Whose all of life—a rosy ray—
Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes, thou art gone, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub soul and form!
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower
That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Oh, hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty—fair as brief!
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion, or with grief!
Now not a sullyng breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb,
No sculptured image there shall mourn,
Ah! fitter for the vernal bloom
Such dwellings to adorn;
Fragrance and flowers, and dews must be
The only emblems fit for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with nature's brightest wreath,
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe;
And often on the midnight air
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit visit our repose,
And bear from thine own world of rest
Some balm for human woes;
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine—to messenger of heaven?

"I'M NOT A POET NOW."

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

When I was in my little teens,
When I was half a man,
When I was always making love,
But never made a plan—
When I admired Anacreon Moore,
And never rose till ten,
I rhymed to every one I knew—
I was a poet then.

The Rhyming Dictionary then
My *Vade mecum* was,
And women to my fancy were
Aerial as gas—
I could have kissed a satin shoe,
Or challenged twenty men,
Or turned crusader—for a look—
I was a poet then.

I used to wear Macassar oil,
And murderous tight shoes,
And hunt for tender epithets
In tender hours to use;
I bought a razor and began
To shave when I was ten,
And mounted gills and quizzing glass—
I was a poet then.

But I am changed—my pocket book
My *Vade mecum* is,
And women weigh so many pounds,
And Cupid's but a quiz;
I never stand up to be shot;
I seldom make a bow;
"A look" is not worth looking for;—
I'm not a poet now.

My life, in short, is perfect prose;
I tie cravats behind;
I wear a pair of overshoes,
And keep a quiet mind—
I know a gravestone from a ghost,
A woman from a cow,—
I go to bed at ten o'clock—
I'm not a poet now.

CASSIUS.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North-Market and Steuben-streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots, mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders.
March 29. 1823. JOHN F. PORTER.

MILITARY STANDARD, Sign, Masonick and Fancy Painting.—JOHN LEMAN, at 362, North Market-street, Albany, has at considerable expense, collected an entirely new set of fancy grounds and letters, of various shades and patterns, by which, in addition to his determination to devote his best exertions to please, he is now enabled to execute any order in the above line, in the most elegant style, and on short notice. For evidence of his ability in the Military department, reference is had to Gen. S. Van Rensselaer. March 22. 8tf

BOOK BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market sts. Albany. WILLIAM SKYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship. An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec. 22. 47tf

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 470, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan. 12. 50tf

PUBLISHED

Every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. Entrance from Steuben-street.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1828.

NO. 11.

MASONICK RECORD.



FOR THE MASONICK RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

Sublime Freemasons' Calendar, continued from page 138, Vol. I. of this paper.

Jewish year of the world, 5688-9

1st Nisan, 16 March, 1828.	4	17
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27	1st Jan. 1829.
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		1st Nisan,	

FOR THE MASONICK RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MR. EDITOR, I observe in your paper of March 29th, some remarks, from which I conclude that some person calling himself "Fair Play," has very *unfairly* saddled you with *postage* and very *falsely* and *uncandidly* accused me of having made an attack upon the Baptists as a denomination; and that through your columns. In answer to this charge, I would remark, that I intended my former article not as an attack upon any denomination whatever, as such,—but only as a defence of truth against the churches composing the *Genesee Baptist Convention*; and all other churches and individual professors of religion, who endeavour to oppress and violate the consciences of their brethren;—and under the cloak of religion, to exert an undue and dangerous influence on our political institutions; and by thus distracting the public mind, to undermine our government, and "deal damnation round the land."

I considered the object of that convention to be a political one, and in accordance with the object of those who commenced this unhallowed attack upon the institution of masonry; and the subsequent nomination of Solomon Southwick for governor of New-York, has proved beyond a rational doubt, that I had penetrated their ragged disguise and discovered their unholy purpose.

That individual Christians should be proscribed, and their consciences fettered, is entirely opposed to the spirit of the gospel; and although a Christian may, by a heated imagination and misguided zeal, be so far led astray as to adopt such a course, yet it must bring leanness to his own soul. But a real Christian, while under the influence of the Holy Spirit, can no more exercise such a disposition towards his brethren, than the inhabitants of the infernal regions can exercise sincere love towards the Lamb of God! because it is not congenial with the spirit of the gospel, the very essence of which is charity; and when the heart is warmed by this charity, the whole soul flows out in love to God, as the supreme source of all our enjoyments, and *love* to our brethren and fellow beings, as the work of His hands, and as the intermediate source of our earthly enjoyments. To this every person who has felt the divine influence pervade his soul, will bear me testimony.

That some are sincere in engaging in this persecution, I doubt not. Equally sincere was St. Paul when he "breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord;" for he testified that he verily thought that in so doing he was serving God. But sincerity was not then a sufficient excuse, much less is it now, when we have on record for our instruction the example of Paul, and also the testimony of one greater than Paul, who went about doing good, and enforcing the duties of charity, humility, meekness, and forbearance; and who so regarded the rights and consciences of his followers, that he made the following declaration,—"*Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones, that believe on me, it were better for him that a millstone be hanged about his neck, and that he be drowned in the depths of the sea.*"

The apostle also in the same spirit of the gospel, exhorts his brethren,—"*Let no man therefore judge you in meat,*"

or in drink, or in respect of a holy-day, or of the new moon, or of the sabbath days;" and thus he would warn his brethren not to do violence to any man's conscience, or suffer others to do the like to them. Hence, I argue that a disposition to compel any person to renounce a sentiment, or an institution, which they have and can support, and still be Christians, is diametrically opposed to the temper of Christ and his holy apostles. Such a disposition may indeed as St. Paul says, "Have a show of wisdom in will worship;" but originates in the "beggary elements of the world."

I am compelled here to notice one figure in the Rev. Mr. Stearns' "Inquiry into the Nature and Tendency of Masonry!" He comes before the public as a minister of that gospel of peace we have just mentioned, and compares the institution of masonry, (from which, for aught I know, he has been expelled) to "Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of harlots, and abominations of the earth." Was this the purpose for which he entered the holy office of priest. Or has he forgotten the solemn determination of the apostle, "to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified?" And may not the public justly conclude from the disposition manifested by the reverend gentleman, that he yet holds carnal intercourse with "the mother of harlots," and is striving with all his powers to become "drunken with the blood of the saints?"

The institution of masonry was antecedent to the advent of Christ; and if it was so derogatory to the Christian character, why did He not command his disciples to avoid it? Peradventure those who essay to minister at the altar in these days of wonders, may have become wiser than the great Head of the church, and better know the Christian's duty.

In case Morgan's exposition of masonry be true, it is no justification of the conduct of the Genesee convention; of Bernard (who if I mistake not has acknowledged himself an expelled member.) of Stearns; and the little editor of the North Star, at Danville, Vermont, who also professes religion; because if their consciences compelled them to renounce the institution, they could have done so without violating the solemn obligations which they must voluntarily have taken upon them, according to their own confessions; for curious indeed must be the fabric of that conscience, which compels its possessor to become guilty of perjury.

The editor of the Star, mentioned above, has joined the rabble; and as an excuse for so doing, says, that twenty eight years since, he was initiated into the mysteries of the first and second degrees of masonry; but in consequence of religious scruples, has made no further progress. But the truth is, that twenty years since, he endeavoured to rise to the third degree, but was found unworthy, and has ever since stuck fast in the mud. And it is not improbable that all who are pursuing a similar course are in the same, or a worse predicament.

I will now inform Mr. "Fair Play" that I depend not for support on perjured ministers or perjured editors; but on the volume of Divine Truth, some portion of which I may again present to his view, should he take the trouble to read.

NAKED TRUTH.

Caledonia co., Vt., April 5, 1828.

CONNECTICUT.

Officers of *New-Haven Encampment*, No. 2, in New-Haven, elected December 25, 1827:—

Laban Smith, Grand Commander; Rev. Benjamin M. Hill, Generalissimo; William H. Jones, Captain General; Timothy P. Beers, Prelate; Nahum Flagg, Senior Warden; Justin Redfield, Junior Warden; Curtis M. Doolittle, Warder; Nahum Haywood, Sword Bearer; Henry Peck, Standard Bearer; Andrew Kidston, Treasurer; William H. Ellis, Recorder; Augustus R. Street, John M. Garfield and Eliphalet G. Storer, Captains of Guard; Darius Higgins, Sentinel.

Officers of *Harmony Council*, No. 8, in New-Haven, elected December 28, 1827:—

Jeremy L. Cross, T. I. G. M.; Augustus R. Street, Dep. T. I. G. M.; William H. Ellis, P. Conductor; James C. Parker, Captain of Guard; Andrew Kidston, Treasurer; E. G. Storer, Recorder; Henry Peck, G. Steward; Darius Higgins, Tyler.

Officers of *Franklin Chapter*, No. 2, in New-Haven, elected December 11, 1827:—

William H. Jones, High Priest; Augustus R. Street, King; James C. Parker, Scribe; Nahum Flagg, Captain of the Host; Justin Redfield, Principal Sojourner; Eliphalet G. Storer, Royal Arch Captain; Richard Dodd, Treasurer; William H. Ellis, Secretary; Curtis M. Doolittle, 3d, Joel Potter, 2d, and Aaron Millar, 1st, Masters of Vails; William Myers and Philip Saunders, Stewards; Darius Higgins, Tyler.

Officers of *Hiram Lodge*, No. 1, in New-Haven, elected December 6, 1827:—

Charles A. Ingersoll, Master; Thomas G. Woodward, Senior Warden; Eliphalet G. Storer, Junior Warden; David Kimberly, Treasurer; George Lewis, Secretary; Aaron Millar, Senior Deacon; Joseph Fairchild, Junior Deacon; Rev. Henry Lines, Chaplain; Lee Dunning and Aaron G. Bodwell, Stewards; Darius Higgins, Tyler.

Officers of *Adelphi Lodge*, No. 63, in New-Haven; elected December 5, 1827:—

Augustus R. Street, Master; Henry Peck, Senior Warden; Avery C. Babcock, Junior Warden; Alexander Coburn, Treasurer; Cyprian Wilcox, Secretary; Curtis Doolittle, Senior Deacon; Richard M. Treadway, Junior Deacon; Rev. Benjamin M. Hill, Chaplain; Philip Saunders and Joseph Barber, Stewards; Darius Higgins, Tyler.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

HORSE BUTCHERIES OF PARIS.

[From the New-York Journal of Commerce.]

We have just been looking into a new French work, lately published by the civic authorities of Paris, with the singular title of "*Recherches et Considerations sur l'enlèvement et l'emploi des chevaux morts*"—that is, "Researches and Considerations on the removal and disposal of dead horses;" which furnishes us with some curious facts.

It appears that there are in Paris a number of Horse Butcheries; and that in only two of them as many as 12,775 horses have been slaughtered in a single year. Of these about one fourth had died in the city, and the rest had been worn out with labour, exhausted by disease and old age, and sold by their owners, for a few francs, to these establishments. Here every part of the animal is turned to some account. The hair of the mane and tail is taken off before he is killed, and sent to the upholsterer, &c. After he is dead, the skin is sold to the tanners. The flesh is then cut up and sent about for food for cats and dogs, and possibly some *morceaux* of it pass through the hands of skilful cooks into the stomachs of men and women. Some other parts are disposed of to the farmers for manure. Occasionally, the small intestines are manufactured into cords for the wheels of turners. The tendons are valuable to the makers of glue. The fat, if any, is carefully separated and preserved. The old iron shoes and nails are not forgotten. The hoofs are separated and made into coarse combs, or if any of them are injured or defective, they are sold to the manufacturers of volatile alkali, and Prussian blue. The bones were formerly good for nothing and troublesome; but now there is a constant call for them from the cutlers, toy-men, and fan-makers.

These establishments, it seems, are infested with innumerable rats that make nothing of devouring the whole carcase of a horse (except the bones) is left exposed, during a single night. They are, however, paid for their pains, and forced to contribute to the profits of the concern—for they are caught and killed for their skins. More than 2600 of them have been killed in a day, and 9100 in four hunts; but the largest number despatched in a month was 16,050.

These Horse butcheries are chiefly established at Montfaucon; but they have become so noxious, and dangerous to the public health, that the authorities of Paris have been obliged to interfere, and the commissioners appointed to examine them and report, have found that the business at them has been managed with so much barbarity and disorder as to require a change of the whole system. They admit, however, that such places, under proper regulations are necessary, and useful; and the business, it seems, shocking and disgusting as it is offers chances for making fortunes.

SURGICAL.

[From the Williamstown (Mass.) Advocate.]

A grand-son of Mr. J. Burchard, aged 10 years was born with but one nostril and his mouth so much awry and deformed that he was unable to close it by the space of an inch. Surgeons of eminence, far and near, were requested to operate on

the child, but so faint was the prospect of success they uniformly declined. On the 15th March, however, Dr. Emmons of this town gave it as his opinion that something might be done; and he accordingly commenced by cutting the left side of the face—after detaching the ligatures that held the skin and muscles askew, he brought down a flap from the left side over the nose which completely answered the purpose by forming another nostril. He then brought the parts of the mouth together in a proper shape and dressed the wounds in the usual way. Such is the success which has attended this operation that the boy is now well, and so much improved, both in looks and speech, that those who formerly knew him can hardly recognize him for the same person.

ILLINOIS LEAD MINES.

From the report of the superintendent of the United States' lead mines in Illinois and Missouri, during the last year yielded a clear revenue of 91,038 pounds of lead; and that the mines in this state during the same time, produced 518,218. During the year 1825, but 100 miners were employed at the mines near Galena. The number was increased in 1826 to 400. In 1827, to 1600. The amount of mineral obtained in 1825, was 1,278,528 pounds; in 1826, 1,848,164; in 1827, 11,248,366. In the last year, 5,192,180 lbs. of lead have been made, leaving on hand mineral and ashes sufficient to make 2,116,000 pounds more. The value of the lead made in 1827, including the amount which will be obtained from unsmelted mineral, is estimated at \$305,735 64, one-tenth of which, is paid as rent to the United States, making \$30,573 56.

The superintendent says, "from an examination of the mineral region on the east bank of the Upper Mississippi, I am fully convinced of the richness of it. It extends at least one hundred miles from south to north, and from thirty to fifty east and west. Much of the soil is very fertile; some parts of it exceedingly rich; it lies high; is well watered, containing fine springs, but is not well timbered in general; there are districts of it, however, covered with groves of thriving timber well adapted to smelting the ore; and the mines are of easy access to the Mississippi, where fuel is abundant."

[Illinois Intelligencer.]

SINGULAR HEAD.

At the Royal Institute of France, on the 2d of October, M. Julia Fontenelle presented a head of a New Zealander in a complete state of preservation. The teeth were sound and complete: the hair very black, rough, long, and curled; the skin was of a yellow colour, and the tattooed surface was black, very regular, and smooth. The head appeared to be that of a man about 30 or 40 years old. Notwithstanding this, the sutures of the skull were perfectly ossified internally, which is seldom the case, excepting in the skulls of old persons. The occipital region was very large, its projection well marked, whilst the frontal cavity was narrow. There was a vertical bony septum, of more than two lines in height, in the interior of the skull, which the members of the Academy had an opportunity of seeing. This anatomical variety having only been observed in animals, the facial angle of this head, as well as of the inhabitants generally of New Zealand, being very narrow, the frontal cavity very limited, M. J. Fontenelle concludes, that this race may be considered as a sort of link between man and the orang outang. The head presented by M. J. Fontenelle was evidently not tanned, but had only been immersed in a solution of chloruret of sodium (marine salt,) and then slowly dried.

EXTRAORDINARY CRANIA.

In the cabinet of natural history at Marseilles, there is preserved the cranium of a man, named Borghini, of very extraordinary dimensions. He died at the age of fifty, and was not quite four feet high. His head measured three feet round the sides, and one foot from the summit to the base. The intellectual faculties of this individual were not in proportion to the quantity of brain which nature had bestowed upon him, for tradition has yet kept up the proverb of "as great a fool as Borghi-

ni." When he arrived at the age of manhood, he was obliged to support his unwieldy head by means of cushions placed upon each shoulder. A Moor resided some years at Tunis, whose head was of a most unusual size. His nose was four inches long, and his mouth so capacious, that he could put into it a middling sized melon. This man was an idiot. [London Medical Gazette.]

GEOGRAPHY.

The following curious passage is found in an ancient geographer, Pytheas, of Marseilles:—

"In the proximity of Great Britain, on the north side, distant about six days' sail, there appears neither land nor water, nor air; but these three elements confounded, forms a substance, which cements in its composition, all the parts of the world. Neither vessels, nor persons on foot, can break this impenetrable obstacle."

This passage was treated as a fable by the Abbe de Longuechamp, and other learned men, but particularly by the Benedictine monks, who published the *Literary History of France*. The substance, however, alluded to in the above passage, is unquestionably that immense mass of eternal ice which environs the poles, and which no navigator could ever yet pass. So that what Cook and Le Maire have proved in our days by demonstration, that the ice forms an insurmountable barrier to any access to the North Pole, appears to have been known even in the time of Pytheas, 2000 years ago. And the learned Benedictines unjustly derided a man, who appeared to them to relate a fabulous story; but which the sequel has proved to be a well established fact. The works of many ancient authors abound with passages still held as fabulous, but which may yet, perhaps, prove to be perfectly natural truths.

CEMENT FOR BOILERS.

It is stated by a correspondent in the London Mechanics' Magazine, that a cement of Lime, (made from oyster shells,) and worked into a paste with the white of an egg, and used upon a cracked boiler ten years ago, which has been in constant use ever since, is now as firm as when first put on. It effectually stops the escape of gas through any aperture, when no other cement could be made to rest. The lime must be fresh and unslacked, and the cement applied as soon as mixed, otherwise it becomes solid. It will resist the united action of fire and water; and even the concentrated acids are stated to have little or no effect on it.

RAILWAY CAR.

A car has been constructed at Charleston for use on the Railway about to be commenced from that city to the interior of which the Courier speaks as follows:—"The car weighs upwards of one ton, and is now loaded with 47 bales of cotton, average in weight upwards of 300 lbs. each. The road, commencing on Wentworth-street, ascends, during the first ninety feet, in the proportion of 22 1-2 feet per mile. The remainder is on a level. It required 16 horses, 16 drays, and 16 hands, to convey the cotton to the spot, yet one car, one horse, and one hand, in addition to the weight of the car, is sufficient to move it with facility. The total weight, including the car, is between 15 and 16000 weight; notwithstanding, a single horse draws it with apparently less exertion and fatigue than either of the 16 horses, employed to bring it up, underneath."

THE GATHERER.

SHEEP DOGS OF BRAZIL.

For the purpose of shepherding a flock of one thousand, two cur-dogs are sufficient, bred up in the following mode:—As soon as they are whelped, the lambs of a ewe are killed, the puppies are put to her, and she suckles them until she becomes habituated to treat them as her young, when upon opening their eyes, and seeing no other benefactor, they attach themselves to her, and play with the lambs as if they were of the same species. Nothing is ever given them to eat: they are shut in the fold with the sheep, and, on obtaining strength and vigour to attend the flock, they are suffered to go

at large, when they accompany it to the field. In a little time, and without more instruction, they are so familiarized with the sheep that they never separate from them. When it happens that a ewe lamb is in the field, and the lamb cannot accompany the mother, in consequence of its not yet having sufficient strength to follow her, one of the dogs watches near, and if he finds that the lamb cannot follow the mother to the flock, he carries it in his mouth, without doing it the least harm. No other animal or unknown person can approach the sheep of which these dogs are the guardians, without the risk of being attacked. The other domestic dogs and the hordes of the chimarro dogs, are the greatest enemies to the flock: against them and the birds of prey, which pick out the eyes of the lambs, the vigilance of the watch-dogs is requisite.

[Henderson's History of Brazil.]

VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

The inhabitants of Falkirk have a picturesque remembrance of seeing riderless horses, after the battle of Falkirk Moor, scampering through the lanes which give entrance to the town on that side—their saddles turned round below their bellies, and many of them trailing their intestines on the ground. A brewer succeeded in securing a beautiful and unwounded horse, which he afterwards reduced to the humble labour of dragging his professional sledge. One day, some years after the battle, when the once spirited animal had become a patient and worn out drudge, the brewer was filling the barrel with which it was loaded at the public well, when a troop of dragoons, which happened to be in the town, was called into order by the sound of the trumpet, close to the spot where it was standing. No sooner did the old hack hear that lively point of war, than totally forgetting its present duties, it scampered off along the street, rushed up to the troop, which was then just falling into line, and with irresistible force, clearing room for itself among the bystanders, took its place, sledge, barrel, brewer and all, in the midst of the ranks. The commander of troop, highly amused at the scene, patted it kindly on the head, observing, "Ah, I see you've been a soldier in your day," and gave orders for its being gently led out of the line. [Chambers' Rebellion.]

HAIDEE.

BY LORD BYRON.

That isle is now all desolate and bare;
Its dwellings down, its tenants past away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair,—
No stone is there to show, no tone to say
What was,—no dirge, except the hollow sea's,
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

But many a Greek maid in a loving song
Sighs o'er her name; and many an islander
With her sire's story makes the night less long:
Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with her;
If she loved rashly, her life paid for wrong—
A heavy price must all pay who thus err,
In some shape;—let none think to fly the danger,
For soon or late love is its own avenger.

PRACTICAL DIVINITY.

While a parson was standing at his door, smoking a pipe near a country village, he was accosted by a poor labouring man. The parson told him he made it a rule not to encourage idleness, but if the man would go into his garden and root up the weeds he would pay him for it. "That's all I want," said the poor man. "Well then come along with me and I'll show you what's to be done." When they were in the garden the reverend gentleman agreed to give the man a shilling for his trouble; but after the job was done, he thought sixpence enough for the time he had worked. The poor man being half starved and finding the other would give no more, agreed to take it provided the parson would teach him the Lord's Prayer, which he consented to do, and began "Our Father"—"What," said the labourer, "the Father of both." "Yes, Yes," said the parson, come repeat after me—"Our Father,"—"what" said the labourer, again, "your father and

mine too? "to be sure," said the parson. "Well, then," returned the labourer, "you must be a confounded rogue to cheat your brother of sixpence."

PICTURE OF A LITERARY PARTY.

Stop till the cloth is removed. Then for the conversation and play of intellect; the electric flash of wit; the condensed sententious wisdom; those gentle and fertilizing distillations, that fall from the lips of highly gifted men, when they pause from their severe studies in pleasing converse with congenial spirits. Nothing of this. The master minds of the age talked, debated, and prosed; but not a word was uttered that was worth remembering. It might be a feast of reason, but it was fit only for a Barmecide. Nothing was served up at it but the husks and shells of old, worn out subjects; nor did the epigrammatic terseness in which they were expressed, atone for their staleness and vulgarity. It was Dulness herself presiding at her most chosen rites. Whether it was from her leaden influence, or that of the philosophick port, I returned yawning home, feelingly convinced that if literary men could make books, they were quite incompetent to make clubs. [The Clubs of London.]

SEASONABLE COUNSELS.

In an almanack, dated from the Council-Room of a learned university and society, are the following trite remarks:—"Preservation of Health: December—The convivial meetings, and the heated rooms consequent upon them, are the sources of many diseases in this month. Warm clothing, temperance, and regular hours, are therefore essential. January—Chilblains are prevented by promoting circulation in the fingers and the feet, by friction. February—No person should take medicine in this month without advice. April—The best spring physick is sulphur and cream of tartar. July—Frequently change linen, and take off flannel which has been worn next the skin. November—The body must now be encased in flannel."

HEADS.

Two Scotch clergymen, who were not so long-headed as they themselves imagined, met one day at the turning of a street, and ran their heads together unawares. The shock was rather stunning to one of them. He pulled off his hat, and laying his hand on his forehead, said, "Sic a blow! my heed's a' ringing again." "Nae wonder," said his companion, "your heed was aye Boss (empty) that makes it ring; my heed disna ring a bit."—"How could it ring," said the other, "seeing it is cracket! Cracket vessels never ring." Each described the other to a T.

LORD SANDWICH.

Lord Sandwich, when dressed, had a dignified appearance; but to see him in the street, he had an awkward, careless gait. Two gentlemen observing him when at Leicester, one of them remarked, "I think it is Lord Sandwich coming;" the other replied, that he thought he was mistaken. "Nay," said the gentleman, "I am sure it is Lord Sandwich; for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once." But Lord Sandwich gave a better anecdote of himself:—"When I was at Paris I had a dancing-master; the man was very civil, and on taking leave of him I offered him any service in London. 'Then,' said the man, bowing, 'I should take it as a particular favour if your Lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance.'" [Cradock's Memoirs.]

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

The following is to be seen on a window in Poole's-buildings, Gray's inn-lane London:—A Day School kept hear nite and morning. Children taught reeding, riting, sifring, and rithmittick. Books kept and closed. Caps, Gowns, Coats, and Pennyfoals made and Re-Paired. Letters rote. Petitions and Leases drawn.

A MODEST LADY.

A would be modest lady pulled the sleeve of her under garment over her wrist when a physician was about feeling her pulse. The doctor took the corner of his coat and laid it upon his patient's arm, saying "a linen pulse should have a woollen physician."

POPULR TALES.

THE COFFIN-MAKERS OF EISENACH.

[From Tales of an Antiquary.]

They who have known Eisenach for many years past, must remember a tall wooden pillar, standing near its entrance, on the road from Langensalz, bearing a carved and painted black 'scutcheon, surmounted by a baron's helmet and mantling, and charged with the effigy of a hideous red-haired dwarf, in a very ancient German habit, employed in making a coffin, over which he was looking with malicious joy, holding up a nail, and pointing to a scroll above him, on which was inscribed the words,—"Only seven are wanting!" Below the shield could be traced, by good eyes, the name of Adeliche Stark; though his story, and the date of its events, were entirely obliterated; yet as it was certain that every visiter to Eisenach used particularly to inquire about that strange armorial ensign, old Singpsalm, the Lutheran clerk, used generally to satisfy them by the following story; which is the more curious, as it seems to contain an allusion to smoking, at the least two centuries before it became general in Europe.

"In the earlier days of Eisenach," he would say, for every body knows that it is a town which existed even before the time of the great Friedrich Rothbart, "there used to live in it an idle fellow named Adeliche Stark, commonly called through the principality *der Landstreicher*, or the Vagabond, because he was one of those individuals who, though they are continually padding the hoof after employment, always pray heartily that they may never find it. Froschie Stark, the father of this hero, was as industrious a woodman as ever lifted an axe in the prince's forest lands; but neither advice, nor example, his mother Trudchen's entreaties, nor his uncle Stiebel's stick, could make him any thing else than Adeliche the Vagabond.

"But it is not to be thought that idleness alone was the cause of his not taking to work; no, truly, for he always asserted that it was simply his being too clever. There was not a man in all Thuringia who knew so many wild stories and songs as Adeliche; and the consequence was, that he was so much in request at the bier-schenkes, that he could at last do little else but wander from one to another, where his time and his legends were recompensed by black beer, straw, and potatoes. It is not wonderful that such a life should at last clothe him in a jerkin of rags, with a pair of nether-stocks of the same silk, which procured him the new surname of 'the Ragged Storyteller;' whilst his constitution being daily undermined, it was usual to say of him when he was seen seated in his glory on the ale-house bench,—'Ah! there's Stark the Landstreicher knocking another nail in his coffin!'

"But so delighted was Master Adeliche with this kind of life, that there was no man more contented, and very few so merry. Having nothing of his own, all that was given him was gain; and whilst he was telling his stories, if he could but get some generous traveller to bestow on him a flask of better wine, he not only made them happy, but became so himself in spite of his nakedness. However, to speak heaven's honest truth, as a biographer should do, this love of 'a jolly full bottle' was at once the spring and continuance of his ruin, since he ever liked a kegel-platz, or bowling-alley, better than a church; and Wenzel Malzmann, the publican, better than Lorenz Puchert the priest. Dame Trudchen had nothing to answer for concerning him, since her advice was equally unceasing and useless; and one of her principal arguments against his intemperance was grounded on the effect which it must have upon his health, and was expressed in the common proverb, 'Adeliche Stark, Adeliche Stark, you're knocking another nail into your coffin!'

"It is said to have been in the beginning of winter, after a long conversation, concluded with this ancient saw, that Adeliche set off to Malzmann's to decide upon a brewing which was that evening to be tried in full conclave. There were to be Claus Brommell, the charcoal-burner, and Karl Kranesnech, the tall goat-herd, and little Velten

Schwill, the swine-keeper, and I know not how many others, all good men and true, to pass the night with him; for he had promised to regale them with some of his best stories, and as he could command a truss in the stable he was not expected back till the morning.

"I never heard whether it were by the strength of the *getranke*, or the astonishing nature of Adeliche's tales, but it is said that about midnight, his host and his companions were all fast asleep, some on the floor, and some on the bier-bank remaining immovable under the roughest means which he used to wake them. A loud voice was now heard without, calling on host, house, and ostler, for shelter and provender; and Adeliche, after again stoutly though vainly kicking and shaking his friends, resolving that Wenzel should not lose a customer for the want of a little exertion, took up the lanthorn and opened the door, where he saw a remarkable short and stout man leading an immense black horse, to which he bore somewhat of the proportion of a bear's whelp to an elephant. It was a strange-looking night abroad, for whilst the distant prospect lay beneath a most beautiful moonlight sky, the planet itself was veiled by a dark purple cloud which hung like a curtain half drawn up, immediately in front and over the house, the rays of golden light falling in streams from beneath it. Adeliche at first stared a little at the traveller, but as he spoke in a blunt and good-humoured voice, he lighted him first to put up his horse, and then ushered him into the Bier-schenke. 'How's this, mine host!' said the stranger, looking at the slumbering peasants, 'is your ale so potent, or do ye always slumber thus soundly? I trow that I called lustily at the door, and my horse stamped and snorted loud enough to have waked half Eisenach.' 'In good truth,' answered Adeliche, 'I know not what ails them all, for it can hardly be the score of ale-cans that we've emptied. We met here to-night to take a draught of a fresh brewing with our host Wenzel,—that's he in the goatskin jerkin lying across yonder table,—and I'd been telling them some old tales of the Nibelungen; but about midnight, as I guess, they all fell asleep, and though I shook them soundly when I heard you call, there was no moving them any more than a full hogshead!'—'No,' returned the traveller, tossing one off a bench on to the ground, and kicking another out of his way, 'they won't wake at present, I'll warrant you; for they've been driving another nail in their coffins!'

"Again Adeliche stared at the guest, whom he now observed to be dressed in a more ancient habit than any he had ever yet seen: his face had a singularly ugly and sarcastick expression, whilst a profusion of red hair, and immense pointed ears, like a satyr's, did not greatly improve it. But though Adeliche might have some odd thoughts about the traveller, his frank and good-humoured manner soon gave him confidence, which increased when he drew from his pouch some excellent provision and wine, and invited Adeliche to sit down and partake with him. It proved a noble feast to our story-teller, who endeavoured to requite it by several of his most interesting romances; at the end of which the stranger said,—'You tell these tales bravely, though I've heard them before, and methinks you might be better employed, for the song and the bier-kanne do but drive another nail into your coffin! But you speak of the Nibelungen-land, I promise you there's some strange things there, that few people wot of.' 'So I should guess,' replied Adeliche, 'since nobody knows where it is; for some tell us it's in Norway, and some say it's in Burgundy.' 'Be it where it may,' rejoined the traveller, 'I came thence not an hour past. But you've played the host mightily well to-night, and I've a liking for you; now this odd thing I brought from the Nibelungen-land, and, if you use it rightly, 'twill make you tell a better tale than you ever yet heard of.' The stranger again felt in his pouch, and produced a short bent tube of some kind of yellow metal, having a large bowl and cover at one end, to which he put a lighted match, and then passing the instrument to Adeliche, continued,—'There, put the silver bit in your mouth, and suck away as you would with a reed in a Rhenish cask.'

"The simile was so perfectly adapted to Adeliche's understanding, that he soon became acquaint-

ed with the strange-looking tube, which seemed to inspire him with a feeling of delicious intoxication; and for awhile he thought himself in Paradise, clothed like a prince, and formed like an angel. Then, as he continued to inhale the fragrance of the burning perfume, he thought that a vast cloud of smoke arose from it, which conveyed him in his own shape and dress, along with his short companion, to the side of a mountain, in a wild forest, which echoed with the deafening sound of ten thousand hammers. Whilst he was looking round him at the perfect solitude of the spot, and wondering where the workmen were concealed, the traveller said to him,—'Well, how like ye the Nibelungen-land! this is the Knocking mountain; and yonder,'—he continued, pointing up to a terrific-looking cavity, at a great height, in a very precipitous part of it,—'Yonder is the goat's gateway; climb up it, and you'll see that which you won't forget for one while.' 'I get up there!' exclaimed Adeliche, 'why there's not room on the rock for a goat to set one foot! and for climbing to it,—I could as soon mount the steeple of Eisenach outside!'—'Try man, try,' returned his companion; 'that perfume of mine has made you stronger than you think for;' and so Adeliche set out cautiously and slowly, and at length stood safely before the goat's gateway.

"Upon looking in, he saw a vast cavern lighted by immense lamps of brass, and containing some thousands of persons, shaped and habited like his conductor, all employed in making coffins; some being engaged in cutting them out, and others in joining them, the nailing of which produced a tremendous noise, to which the cavern replied with its countless echoes. When he was able to look more steadfastly, he saw that each coffin was marked with some person's name, and that as they were finished they seemed to be sent away through a passage in the earth. He next observed that some of the names were familiar to him; and he felt a strange sensation of fear, when he read those of Velten Schwill, Karl Kranesnech, and Wenzel Malzmann his host, on coffins that were nearly finished; from which he half began to think that their heavy sleep would never have a waking. But he also observed that there were other coffins scarcely begun, and on one of these he read the name of Andreas Beyspiel, a hearty old shepherd, renowned throughout Thuringia for his temperance and piety. His age was not certainly known, but some said he was more than an hundred, yet he looked as youthful as if he were only a quarter of it.

"Whilst Adeliche was making these remarks, one of the most malicious-looking dwarfs in the whole crew, whose work was almost finished, called out to him—'Ho! honest friend, art there! wilt buy thee a coffin now! here's a sound one with thy name upon it,' continued he, showing him the lid, which had 'Adeliche Stark' fairly graven upon it. Dost know, now, that I've been these twenty years making this for thee! and I've often heard thy mother say thou wert driving a nail in thy coffin, when thou wert off to the bier-schenke.' 'And art thou making that black box for me?' said the trembling Adeliche. 'Aye,' said the dwarf, 'I shall send it home to you when it's finished, and somehow the owner don't live many hours afterwards. I had a round three hundred nails to drive into it at first; I hammered in one for every night you were carousing with your mates; and now,' added he, holding up a large nail and speaking in a solemn voice, 'only seven are wanting!' Adeliche heard no more, for whether it were the vapours of the perfume in his head, or the dwarf's terrific words, he knew not, but he fell backwards, and on his recovery found himself alone in the forest, as wretched and ragged as ever.

"With the most perfect recollection of all which had passed, he wandered on through the wild wood, till he reached an iron-forge belonging to a baron of Lower-Saxony, and as he had not a single coin in his pouch, and probably but a short time to live, he offered himself in a sort of desperate fit to blow at the furnace. In these old days there were no bellows, and so one of the smiths used to blow through an iron pipe; and whether this occupation gave him more breath, or temperance and labour made him more healthy, he could not tell, but he

certainly began to look quite another man. He now wore a good coarse suit of clothes, and got together a little money; whilst years passed away and he heard no more of the coffin-makers, though he never forgot them. It was clear to Adeliche, that these dwarfs could be no other than the ancient inhabitants of Germany, who were driven into the forest and mountains, when Attila, king of the Huns, overran the country about the year of God 432. They are said to have taken with them all their great riches and wonderful secrets, and to be still living in the Nibelungen-land; but how true that may be I can't pretend to say. One thing, however, Adeliche had learned from their mountain-workshop, and that was the making of wooden bellows, by placing one box over another with a tube at one end, and then shutting them forcibly together. He made these somewhat in the form of coffins; and they raised so furious a blast, that many believed he had a familiar fiend confined in a box to blow for him as long as he lived. However, that was all an idle tale; but Adeliche told his secret only to the baron and his fellows, who kept it so well, that to this day the name of the inventor is doubtful; though it is acknowledged that wooden bellows were first used in the Hartz Forest. Schluter says, that the Bishop of Bamberg devised them; Andreas Reyher gives the credit to Klaus Schelhorn, a miller of Schmalebuche; and Calvor makes it out that Ludwig Pfannenschmidt, bellows-maker to the Hartz, first brought them out of Thuringia, which seems to trace them to the descendants of Adeliche Stark. When the baron died, he bequeathed the iron-forge to Adeliche in recompense for his invention, by which, and by the discovery of a golden wedge or two in his furnace, doubtless sent him from Nibelungen-land, he grew so rich, that he bought an estate in his native country, and set up the pillar and escutcheon to record his story. He died perfectly hearty somewhere about the age of 137; having repeated his fortunes to his great-grandchildren, and always closing his narrative with 'Idleness and the tankard drive the nails of our coffins, but temperance and labour will build us a palace.'"

BIOGRAPHY.

BELZONI.

John Belzoni the son of a poor barber at Padua, was born in the year 1788. When a boy, he worked at his father's trade, but had always a desire to see the world. At thirteen years of age he left his home, taking his brother Anthony with him, and made his way in the direction of Rome as far as the Appenines. Arrived at this point, and being almost in a state of destitution, the alarms of Anthony, who sat upon a rock, and refused to proceed farther, compelled the young traveller to return. Three years after, however, having enlisted a new companion, he started a second time, and then reached Rome in earnest. What Belzoni did at Rome is uncertain. It has been said that he applied himself to the study of hydraulicks, but we should doubt whether he ever received any regular instructions in that science. In the end, however, being fertile in resources, he took up the trade of a monk, for want of any better means of livelihood, and remained in that condition until the period of the revolution. Having laid aside the cowl, Belzoni returned to Padua; but finding but little prospect there, in 1800 he proceeded to Holland, proposing to instruct the Dutch in the science of hydraulicks. Apparently, however, there was some miscalculation in this arrangement; the Dutch turned out to know more of hydraulicks than their Italian master; and at the end of twelve months the traveller again appeared in Italy, from whence he proceeded to England in the year 1803. By this time his colossal figure began to develop itself, and his personal strength was in proportion to his exterior appearance. He married a young English woman, and being still something at a loss for a profession, he determined to profit by the curiosity, which his personal powers excited, and to exhibit from town to town through Great Britain his hydraulick experiments and feats of muscular strength. It was a curious spectacle to see this colossus coming forward on the stage, carrying sometimes as many as

twenty men, placed in different ways upon his body.

This resource, however did not last long. The people got tired, and Belzoni was obliged to seek his fortune elsewhere. In 1812 he went with his wife to Portugal, and offered his services at the great theatre of San Carlos, in Lisbon. The Portuguese speculation did well for a time, for a pantomime, called *Sampson*, was brought out, and Belzoni attracted immense audiences in the principal character, but at length the people here got tired too, and Belzoni went to Malta, where he offered his services as a professor of hydraulicks to Ismael Gibraltair, agent of the Pacha of Egypt. Belzoni's exhibitions as a posture master, terminated at this period; but though he was engaged to the Pacha of Egypt, his first essay as a professor of hydraulicks was rather unfortunate. He had been presented to the Viceroy, who employed him to construct a machine to water the gardens of Sautra, a villa which he possessed on the banks of the Nile. The work was performed, and according to Belzoni's account successfully; but the event was unfortunate, and had nearly proved tragical. The Viceroy took it into his head to put fifteen men, besides Belzoni's Irish servant upon the machine when it was in motion. The result was that an accident occurred. The men were thrown, Belzoni's servant had his thigh broken, and, but for the exertion of his master's personal strength, would have been entirely destroyed. The superstitious temper of the Turks led them to regard this event as ominous; and that which, perhaps, went as far in finally knocking up the project, the Pacha discovered that it cost him more to water his gardens with the new machine than it had done by the old system with the bullocks.

Fortunately for Belzoni, he fell at this time into the hands of the consul, Mr. Salt, who, perceiving his capacities, employed him in those works by the performance of which he afterwards acquired so much reputation. His physical powers fitted him admirably for the execution of the new duties intrusted to him. Dressed in the Turkish garb, he ruled the Egyptian peasants with the gravity of a Cadi or an Aga; and it is said that he did not scruple to administer personal correction for any failures of duty of which they might be guilty. In his temper, however, and manners, he was mild in general, and unassuming; and M. Depping describes his peaceable demeanour as rather curiously contrasted with his Herculean figure and appearance. "One day," says Mr. Depping, relating his first interview with the eastern traveller, "in the autumn of the year 1821, I saw a man of extraordinary stature enter my house. He was built like a Hercules, and his head touched the top of the door as he came in. His shoulders were broad, and his hair thick and bushy; but his countenance was mild, and there was nothing fierce or alarming in his demeanour. He carried a book under his arm, and was followed by the publisher, Galignani; from which circumstances I instantly guessed that he was an author, though certainly I had never seen one of such dimensions. If the Patagonians wrote, possibly this fellow might be discovered among them. This Hercules, however, explained to me, with great mildness and simplicity the object of his visit, which was to get a translation made of his Egyptian travels, which had just appeared in English. At the time, I knew very little of the man, even by report; but I appreciated his character as soon as I looked over his work; and I was still more astonished when I became acquainted with the detail of his early life; and found the individual who had begun by walking upon stilts, and playing the mountebank for bread, concluded by opening the pyramids of Egypt, and digging out from under a mountain of sand the giantick temple of Ipsamboul. [French paper.

MISCELLANY.

MAN THE GREATEST OF ALL MIRACLES.

[From Buck's Beauties and Sublimities of Nature.]

No bee has ever introduced a single improvement in the construction of its cell; no beaver in the style of its architecture; and no bird in the formation of its nest. They respectively arrive at perfection by intuition. Man could form a cell as geometrically as a bee; but he can collect neither the honey nor the wax. He surpasses the beaver;

and can collect the materials for the nest of a bird: but the utmost effort of his art will not enable him to put it together. He can neither make the leaf of a tree, nor the petal of a flower; nor can he, when he finds them already formed to his hand, inclose the one in a calyx or fold the other in a bud.

Beasts are covered with hair, with wool, and with fur; birds with feathers; fishes with scales; and insects by a skin so hard, that it not only supplies their want of bones, but preserves their warmth. Of these, the coverings of birds and fishes are the most perfect. There is a species of crab which clothes itself in the discarded shell of a lobster; but man is the only animal, that can regularly form a covering for itself. He is the only animal, also, to whom nature has intrusted the element of fire; an agent, which is the most wonderful of the elements, and which still baffles, by its opposite effects, the researches of philosophy.

Whether we consider man as one complete bodily machine, or in his relative parts of head, arms, hands, fingers, thighs, legs, and feet; bones, ligaments, and membranes; veins, arteries, glands, muscles, tendons, and nerves; the heart, the blood, the stomach, and the mechanism, by which all those members are connected, and the nice expedients, employed to convert the food into chyle, to blend it with the blood, and to diffuse it through the entire system; it may truly be said, that man presents to the astonished imagination, an attesting wonder! But if we extend the contemplation to his sensations in youth, his reason in age, and his capacities in every stage of manhood, the visible signs, by which speech is embodied, and by which sounds are realized, are found to be inadequate of media, by which to express the excellence of the wonderful machine.

In fact, man needs not blush to be proud, since he is capable of expressing all his wants and all his ideas by the medium of four and twenty characters; of calculating numbers to comparative infinity with only nine numerical figures; and with only seven separate notes, to elicit, on musical instruments, almost innumerable combinations of sound.

But the universe is replete with miracles: from the first source of calorick to the simple grain of sand, which contains animals, to which it is a world, as large as the whole circumference of the globe is to us. For nature constitutes a mirror, in which the Eternal seems to allow himself to be seen greatest in his smallest works; while, though a sublime mystery envelops and conceals, in awful solitude, the first principles of life and reason; yet, as it is the privilege of a great mind to be capable of seeing much, where common minds see little, the most apparently insignificant object will frequently present to an enlarged imagination more than all the associations, connected with Raphael's school of Athens.

TAKING OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

[From Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.]

While Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important place, but as you know, the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them. So, while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman, named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph that in his youth he had lived in the castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady, who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see his mistress; he had practised a way of clambering by night down the castle crag on the south side, and returning up at pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high on that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag. Francis had

gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner, that though it was now long ago, he told Randolph that he knew the road so well, that he would undertake to guide a small party of men, by night, to the bottom of the wall, and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was, that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished. Nevertheless Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty, (you must be sure they were chosen for activity and courage,) and came one dark night to the foot of the crag, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them, upon his hands and feet, upon one cliff, and down another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet each man under such crag as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well." The stone came thundering down over the head of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed, for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them, merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick, (as indeed he was,) passed on without further examination. Then Randolph and his men got up, and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way: Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh castle taken in the year 1312-13.

A GRECIAN HEROINE.

[From Blaquiere's Letters from Greece.]

Sophia Condulimo was the wife of an officer of distinction, who fell during the siege of Missolonghi. When the Turks entered the town she was among the crowd who sought to escape the fury of the enemy by quitting the walls, accompanied by her son and daughter. They had not proceeded far, when the mother perceived a party of Turks coming towards them: horrified at the fate which was to befall her daughter, a beautiful girl of 16, she turned to her son, who was armed, and told him to shoot his sister, lest she should fall a victim of Musulman brutality! The youth instantly obeyed the dreadful mandate, drew a pistol from his girdle, and lodged the contents, four large slugs, in his sister's head, when she fell to the ground apparently a lifeless corpse. Thus relieved from a charge which the mother could not preserve, herself and son endeavoured to take refuge in a cavern. Just as they were entering it, a grape shot struck the boy in the leg. Scarcely had the mother succeeded in dragging him after her, than a piquet of Turkish cavalry came up, one of the party drawing a pistol, pointed it at the temple of poor Sophia, who, suddenly rising up, looked at the Turk and exclaimed, "Barbarian! do not you see that I am a woman!" This appeal had the desired effect, and both the mother and the son were spared to be conducted into slavery. The most extraordinary

part of this story remains to be told. Being among two hundred ransomed by the continental Greek committees, they were sent over to Corfu, and placed with the others. Judge of the mother's astonishment on finding that her imaginary murdered daughter was among the number. To be brief, on perceiving she was a female, the Turks carried her back to Missolonghi, bound up her wounds, which had all the appearance of being mortal, but she recovered, and her story having attracted the attention of the ransoming agents, the interesting Cresula was rescued from bondage, and, what is more, thus singularly destined to be once more restored to the arms of her disconsolate parent.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1828.

Post masters and secretaries of chapters and lodges are requested to act as our agents.

We learn with astonishment that some respectable masons in the county of Saratoga have thought it advisable to recommend to the members of the different lodges in that county to discontinue their operations, and to surrender their charters. In conformity to this recommendation, we understand the lodge at Ballston Spa, has come to that determination. The Saratoga Sentinel, gives the following reason for so extraordinary a step; "It is, briefly, that the present state of public excitement on the subject of masonry is such, that it produces discord in neighbourhoods, and among members of the same family, and even in the church of Christ; to allay or to prevent which, is one of the fundamental principles of the order."

Without pretending to a superiour discrimination in the matters which relate to the influence of freemasonry on the moral character of community, we must dissent from our brethren of Saratoga county, and pronounce this step at once premature, imprudent, and inconsistent with the reasons assigned for it. The very enemies of the order will pick at this reason, and exultingly demand,—"Why then abandon it?—If the fundamental principles of the order are to allay or to prevent the evils mentioned, how much more will it allay or prevent them by dissolving the union that those principles have united? Or do the principles and the body form two distinct parts, which can be severed, or put together, as conscience or policy may demand?" Such must be the argument of our enemies, in this case, if, indeed, they ever do descend from the sublimity of rant and abuse into the level arena of argument. But what does it become a brother to say to this deliberate and open abandonment of the cause he so much venerates? When before did public excitement ever deter firm and faithful men from a good cause? When was the truth left to the mercy of its contemners, by those who wished to see its ultimate triumph? Will not these timid brethren incur the character of being brow-beaten, when, after this feverish state of the public mind has subsided, they again assume the badge and privileges of brotherhood?

In the reason given above, there is a very striking example of the inefficacy of a religious or a masonick institution without the energy to enforce its proper discipline. It is stated that the public excitement produces discord among neighbours and among members of the same family. Now, brethren of that district, we ask you one simple question, which we beg of you to put to your consciences. In your hands have been the discipline of our order; how have you answered for your duty to the brotherhood in the exercise of this discipline? Neighbours and members of the same family quarrel to maintain the principles of freemasonry;—and instead of admonishing and exhorting with brethren thus offending, or even, when irreclaimable, of suspending them from the privileges of the lodge, the influence and example of the whole body, together with its salutary authority, must be given up, and its members left to wrangle on with the enemies of the order, unadvised, unadmonished, and unchecked! A neighbour, a husband, a father, or a son, who flies to bitterness and invective with his relatives and associates, to defend the order, no matter how much reviled, is a subject for the sharpest reproof from the brotherhood, if he belongs to their body. But the reason extends further. Even into the church of Christ this question carries its dis-

cord! Is there then no discipline in the church? Shall brethren in the strong kindred of christian brotherhood be suffered to revile and scandalize each other? and the church unable to avert an evil of such magnitude? Surely then the day we live in is a time for universal peace. If every social compact must give way to such difficulties, why shall we not with the same propriety dissolve our constitution, because some disaffected intriguers are jealous of its protection? Why shall we not dismember our great confederate republic, because the people cannot all agree in a candidate for its supreme magistrate? And why shall not the holy church of Christ declare itself extinct, because it is agitated by enemies without and conflicting opinions within?

BEETHOVEN. Many in this country, who have admired the exquisitely finished compositions of this great musician, have not even known the author by name. Much less has it been the fortune of American amateurs to read the music of the soul, which was the life, the happiness, and the torture of Beethoven. It is too common that the mind which nature has made the receptacle of the most exquisite musical taste, is rendered a desert, by the vanity, or the ignorance which accompany it. We are led to condemn the construction put upon the expression of Shakspeare, when he speaks of "music in the soul;" for we have a better opinion of that attribute than to believe so pure an intellect as Shakspeare's, would identify this idea with that taste for sound, which is often the property of the veriest clown. There is a music which ear never heard,—which only can be felt,—which even the voiceless elements have power to waken into extatic melody to the human soul. In a word, whatever may be said of the songs of supernatural spirits, may be properly exemplified by the idea of "music in the soul."

Beethoven was afflicted with the greatest natural evil which could befall a musical amateur,—deafness. The consequence of this infirmity, was a shyness, and a dislike of society which his relatives attributed to a morbid and misanthropic state of mind. Being dangerously ill in the year 1802, and having a kind of superstitious impression that his end was near, he wrote, with his own hand, a document which has recently been given to the public, under the name of Beethoven's Will.

In this paper, he exculpates himself from the charge of misanthropy, and leads those who were accustomed to look with contempt on his shyness and apparent insociability, to sentiments of the most exalted pity.

"When I ventured," says the sufferer, "to appear in society, I seemed to myself a kind of excommunicated being. If circumstances compelled me to appear in the presence of strangers, an indescribable agitation seized me; I was tortured by the fear of being rendered conspicuous by my infirmity only."

It is natural to suppose that a mind like his could not but impart its tone of melancholy to the powers of animal existence. By the advice of his physician, he retired to the country; yet here his malady did not find the relief which ordinarily is felt in a rural retirement. The beauties of the country are to be heard as well as seen; and our musician was subject to the same deprivation here as elsewhere.

"How bitter," says he "was the mortification I experienced, when some one near me would stand listening to the tones of a flute, which I could not hear; or to the shepherd's song, sounding from the valley, not one note of which I could distinguish! Such occurrences had the effect of driving me almost to despair: nay, even raised gloomy thoughts in my mind of seeking relief in self destruction. It was nothing but my art restrained me; it appeared impossible for me to quit the world, till I had accomplished the objects I felt myself, as it were, destined to fulfil."

But in his postscript, is his true pathos of spirit more clearly expressed.

"Thus then do I bid you farewell—and with heartfelt sorrow too! Yes, the delightful hope of being restored to health, and the use of my faculties, which till now I had never ceased to cherish, has entirely abandoned me, as the leaves in autumn forsake the tree, leaving it naked and forlorn. Even so am I deserted; and as I came into life, so do I go out of it. Even the inspiring delight which overflowed my soul in the fine season of spring has fled. Oh! that Providence would but permit one single day of pure joy to shine upon me as before; for, alas, too long is it since the interior voice of unmixed delight has spoken to my bosom. When, when, oh Father of Goodness! shall I again taste happiness in the temple of nature, and in the society of man? Never? Ah, no! that would be too severe!"

Look;—listen;—ye insensible masses of clay, who wear

the form, and assume the title of men! Forbear to vent the innate cruelty of your nature on beings whose sorrows ye can never feel. Yet be the humiliating truth known, that far more intolerable is the highest enjoyment of such sordid souls, than even the deepest gloom that can darken a soul like that of Beethoven.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE LADIES MAGAZINE. This truly interesting periodical, published monthly in Boston, and edited by Mrs. SARAH J. HALE, is one of the few literary works which we can with confidence recommend to our friends and patrons as worthy their particular notice. The talents of Mrs. Hale, as a writer, both in prose and verse, are too well known to need our commendation. Suffice it to say, that her reputation as a writer is well sustained in this work, and that the lover of literature who is governed by a correct taste, will not fail of receiving a rational and complete satisfaction by the perusal of the Ladies' Magazine. The contents of the March number are,—Sketch of a beauty; Sketches of American character, No. 3; Accomplishments; Notice of Gallaudet's Address on Female education; Legend of the White Mountains. **CRITICAL NOTICES:**—"Blue Stocking Hall;" "Flirtation;" "The well spent Hour." **ORIGINAL POETRY:**—Stanzas written on journeying in the Low Country of South Carolina; The Sacrifice; The two Maidens; The old Elm Tree; The Dream; The Departed; Children at their Winter Sports; Sonnet—to Marianne.

Mrs. Hale is a widow, with five children,—and besides the claims which her talents and industry have upon the patronage of the publick, to our patrons we recommend her as the *widow of a worthy brother*,—and such a claim, though scoffed at by our hypocritical opponents, will not be unregarded by the man who unites the character of a scholar and a mason. We need hardly acquaint our readers, that we shall be proud of the opportunity to serve both them and Mrs. Hale, by becoming agent for the work. The Ladies' Magazine is printed in the pamphlet form, of forty-eight pages, at *three dollars* a year, payable in advance or on the delivery of the third number;—making two volumes per annum of about three hundred pages each. Subscriptions will be attended to at our office, where a copy of the work is kept for the inspection of such as wish to satisfy themselves of its merit.

¶ We have received "an Address on the Character and Services of De Witt Clinton," delivered at Nashville Tennessee, March 11, 1828, at the request of the Grand Chapter of Tennessee; by WILLIAM GIBBS HUNT, General Grand Marshal of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Tennessee. We have not had time to give it a perusal, but shall present it to our readers as soon as circumstances will permit, knowing that the character and talents of the author will entitle it to their attention.

¶ Proposals have been issued at Pittsburgh for publishing the *Masonick Souvenir and Pittsburgh Literary Gazette*, devoted to Freemasonry, Literature, Science, the Arts, &c., by Lewis F. W. Andrews, of that city. It will be issued weekly on a fine super-royal sheet, in the quarto form, and in a style of extra neatness,—advertisements excluded,—at *three dollars* per annum, payable always in advance. No subscription received for less than a year.—Agents will be allowed every *ninth copy gratis*, or one dollar on every three subscriptions, for which the cash is forwarded. It is with pleasure we see this accession about to be made to the media of masonick intelligence. The most permanent as well as the most efficient organ of light is the press; for by that, when its object is to disseminate the truth, every specious disguise of bigotry and intolerance is torn off, and the foe to intellectual light, "to be hated needs but to be seen."

TABLE TALK.

"How strange it is," said a lady, "that fashionable parties are called routs! Why, rout signifies the defeat of an army, where all are put to flight, or to the sword." "Not improperly named," replied a clergyman, "for by them whole families are often routed out of house and home."—At the trial of a man for stealing a pair of boots, the judge asked the witness who seized the prisoner,—"What

did he say when you caught him?" "He said, sir, that he took the boots in joke," answered the witness. "And pray how far did he carry the joke?" demanded the judge. "About forty yards, please your honour," said the witness. —A sporting gentleman passing along the street, observed on a door, the separate names of a physician and a surgeon, and remarked that the incident reminded him of a double barrellled gun; for if one misses the other is sure to kill.—Thurlow Weed, of the anti-masonick humbug, at Rochester, will not support Solomon Southwick for governor. Now, if this anti-masonick fever be genuine, it is strange that the very father of the patriotick policy is to be thus neglected.—The Waterford Chronicle, (Ireland,) renders the exploits of Leander, Lord Byron, and even Malgherita Spolecina, almost contemptible, by the relation of a recent instance of female determination. "Last night about ten o'clock, a young female was observed on the parade ground, standing in rather a forlorn attitude upon the brink of the river. After a moment or two, she proceeded to take off her clothes; but before she had quite unrobed herself, a sailor from the brig Apollo, who had observed her with astonishment, and suspected her intentions, rushed from the vessel and caught the unfortunate creature, at the moment she was about to plunge into the river. She stated that she was an English girl, and that she was going to swim after her lover, who was gone to America.—Some time in May last, a body, supposed to be that of Henry Martin, a printer, was found dead on the road, in Georgia. He was supposed to have died in a fit, while on his way to visit his parents. The corpse was recognized by the parents, relatives, and many personal acquaintances, of Henry Martin, and at the funeral a sermon was preached to a numerous audience. Yet the identical Henry Martin is still living, and was very recently at the office the Sentinel, in Burlington, Vt. on his way to visit his mourning parents.

LEGISLATURE OF NEW-YORK.

[Reported for the Record and Magazine.]

Thursday, March 20. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: authorizing John Beach and Anson Seymour to erect a dam across the Onondaga river; to incorporate the Colesville bridge company; to amend the act to prevent the sale of tickets of unauthorized lotteries, and to prevent the forgery of lottery tickets; authorizing the raising of an additional sum of money in the town of Adams for the improvement of roads and bridges; relative to the Monroe and Haverstraw road company; to amend the act to authorize Theodosius Hunt and John E. W. Stephens to erect a dam across a creek in Westchester county, to relieve the inhabitants of the town of Bedford, in Westchester county, from the payment of quit rents. The bill to change the name of the first Welsh Whitfield Methodist religious society at Remsen, Oneida county, was read a third time and lost, for the want of a constitutional majority.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: authorizing the raising of moneys in the county of Orleans to build a bridge across Oak Orchard creek where the ridge road passes the same; to improve a road from Canton to Antwerp; to incorporate the Bainbridge bridge company; directing certain payments to the minor children of De Witt Clinton, late governor of this state. The bill to incorporate the Fall creek flouring and manufacturing company was a second time lost, on the question of its final passage, for the want of a constitutional majority.

Friday, March 21. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: to enable the supervisors of Montgomery county to raise an additional sum to complete their poor-house; relative to the Fulton bank of the city of New-York; to appoint commissioners to lay out a road from Oxford, in Chenango, to Otseck creek, in Cortland county; for the relief of Andrew Purdy; for establishing and regulating a ferry across the Crooked lake, in Steuben county; to authorize the town of Sherburne, in Chenango county, to raise money to build a town house; declaring the Owego creek a publick highway; to authorize John Wormley, Harry Clark, and Jonathan Brown to erect a dam across the Chemung river; to amend the act declaring certain waters in Steuben county publick highways; declaring certain parts of Five Mile creek in Steuben county a publick highway; concerning the jail liberties in the county of Steuben; to alter the time of holding town meetings in the town of Painted Post, Steuben county; to alter time of holding town meetings in Galen, Wayne county.

In assembly, bills read a third time and passed: authorizing the building of a free bridge across the Oneida river near the Caughdenoy rapids; authorizing the supervisors of Genesee to raise moneys by tax to build certain bridges across the Tonawanta creek in the town of Alexander.

Saturday, March 22. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: to divide the town of Danube, in Herkimer county; to divide the town of Bethel, in the county of Sullivan; to improve a road in the town of Brasher, in the county of St. Lawrence.

In assembly, the bill to incorporate the Au Sable rail road company, was read a third time and laid on the table.

Monday, March 24. In senate, bills read a third time and passed: concerning the publick administrator in the city of New-York; respecting the state prison and concerning the penitentiary in the city of New-York; for the relief of the Orphan Asylum society in the city of New-York; to incorporate the Albany Female seminary; relative to the office of surrogate of the several counties in this state; for the establishment of a superior court of law in the city of New-York, to confirm the proceedings of certain commissioners to acknowledge deeds, &c.; requiring the stockholders of the Johnstown turnpike company to abandon their road and to declare the same a publick highway; directing the construction of a lateral canal from the Cayuga and Seneca canal to the village of East Cayuga; to amend the act incorporating the village of Rochester; to incorporate the Hyde Park ferry company.

In Assembly, bills read a third time and passed: an act relative to the Sussex and Orange canal company,—an act authorizing S. Butler and others to erect a dam across the Delaware river,—an act to amend the act incorporating the Rochester high school,—an act for the relief of James Sheldon.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,
and

ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

¶ The first number of the second volume of this work was presented to the publick on the 2d of February last; and the publication will be continued regularly every Saturday. The volume is printed in the quarto form, and with an entire new type.

Its columns are devoted to Freemasonry, the Arts and Sciences, Selections from the works of recent Travellers and writers upon the works of Nature, Sketches of the Lives and Characters of Eminent Individuals, Essays on various subjects, Tales, Sketches of Fancy, Scraps of Sentiment and Humour, Anecdotes, Poetry, Foreign and Domestic News, Literary News, &c. &c. &c.

The Masonick department contains Essays, Orations, Addresses, Odes, Hymns, Songs, accounts of Elections, Calendar of Regular Communications, and all other information touching the interests of the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity.

Such portions of the Miscellaneous Departments as are not occupied by Original matter, are devoted to Selections from choice and valuable works. The editor has entered into arrangements by which he receives from Europe, regular files of several periodical publications of the first respectability in that country, and which have been thought eminently entitled to the confidence of the American Reader; and he trusts that by making liberal expenses to enrich the columns of the RECORD and MAGAZINE, he will entitle himself to a share of the publick confidence.

TERMS.

To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year, payable half yearly. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Three Dollars* a year, which may be discharged by paying *Two Dollars in advance*, or *Two Dollars and fifty cents* within three months after subscribing. No subscriptions for a less term than six months.

¶ Agents, on procuring six subscribers and forwarding the amount of subscription to the editor, will be entitled to a copy gratis.

All letters intended for this paper must be post paid and directed to

Albany, April 5. 1828.

¶ Printers with whom we exchange, will confer a favour by giving the above a few insertions.

MILITARY STANDARD, Sign, Masonick and Fancy Painting.—JOHN LEMAN, at 382, North Market-street, Albany, has at considerable expense, collected an entirely new set of fancy grounds and letters, of various shades and patterns, by which, in addition to his determination to devote his best exertions to please, he is now enabled to execute any order in the above line, in the most elegant style, and on short notice. For evidence of his ability in the Military department, reference is had to Gen. S. Van Rensselaer. March 8th

BOOK BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market sts. Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship. ¶ An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec. 8th

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONICK RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

TO MATILDA.

My daughter,—lovely visions meet me
When I think of thee,
And spurn at time and space to greet me
With thine artless glee;
In sleep while thou perhaps art sinking
At thy mother's side,
Thy father is awake and thinking
Of his infant pride.

And in thy heart,—though I forget it—
Shall this token rest;
So pure a love will never let it
Wander from thy breast;
And when in silence I am sleeping,
Thou wilt lean above
My grassy couch, and there with weeping,
Read thy father's love.

I sighed to watch the tear just gushing
Down thy little cheek,
And sudden through my brain came rushing
Thoughts I dared not speak!
There is within that infant sorrow,
Brilliant though it shine,
The germ of grief which shall tomorrow
Spring to growth like mine.

Yes; though all outward likeness vanish
As thy youth retires,
Time never from thy breast can banish
Warmth that was thy sire's;
And to that warmth, the false world's favour,
Or the cold world's breath,
Comes with a chill which blasts forever,
Like the frost of death!

But smile thou on, my little gay one,—
Smile, and joy thy fill;
No grief of thine would now allay one
Throe of future ill.
And when in silence I am sleeping,
Come and weep above
My grave; for thine is sinless weeping
For thy father's love.

Albany, April 9, 1828.

PASSAGES.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

She was not pretty—short and small—
You would not like her face at all.
Her brow was ample—high—but oh
It was a scandal upon snow;
Her face was broad—her cheek and chin
With not a sign of a dimple in—
Her features coarse and wanted chiselling,
Her hair untamed and wanted frizzling,
And how to prove her red and white
Would puzzle a painter's managed light.

And yet her eye!—that matchless eye!
'Twas like a drop of a midnight sky,
The darkest—purest—deepest blue
That e'er distilled the silent dew—
And every light unthinking glance
Seemed kindling with a prophet's trance,
And met and melted in your eye
As 'twere its life to look and die!

I loved—oh how I loved her!—yet
I could not—did not—quite forget
Her features—and 'twould sometimes come
Like sadness in a festal room,
And brood unbidden in my breast,
Like a bad spell to poison rest,
Till that large eyelid's rise and fall,
Like a swift magick, broke it all!

So looked I on. We walked one night,
Simply to breathe in the clear moonlight—
Disturbing not that dreamy spell,
The heart's deep fibres know so well;
And as across the silver moon
Stole one thin cloud, like clouds of June,

I turned to meet a still reply
For some stray thought in that rich eye—
And only saw the fallen lid
By which its liquid light was hid.

I looked again—her face alone,
With its rude mass of flesh and bone—
The face as of an ugly sleeper—
The face as of a nine day's weeper—
It met me with a loving smile
On lips a Caffre would revile—
Its fond expression, all—alas!
Confined to that unmeaning mass—
Till—spite of that exalted soul
It seemed so ludicrously droll—
That, had all heaven and earth forbid,
I must have laughed—and laugh I did!

I meet that face—I see that eye—
It thrills me as I pass it by—
But that one look, by moonlight caught
Comes over me like a haunting thought,
And then again her eye is shut—
And so I laugh—and so am "cut!"

CASSIUS.

TO A VERY OLD MAN.

Of the years that are vanished and fled,
Thou standest a relick alone!
The winter of age hath encircled thy head,
With a white and immaculate zone!
And brightly thou shinest a landmark between
The days that are now, and the years that have been!

The sun in his gorgeous career,
Unnumbered the times, thou hast viewed—
When bright in arising his splendours appear,
Or mild in his evening mood,
When calmly he sinks in the waves of the west,
Like a spirit of earth in the sleep of the blest!

But say, bath his glory decreased
Since the dawn and the morn of thy day?
His might and his splendour to show hath he ceased?
Or to lighten the world with his ray?
No! mighty in power—eternal in bloom;
He dreads neither death nor the night of the tomb!

But a different race he illumines
From those he beheld in thy youth;
For they have gone down to their separate tombs—
Their vigour—their virtue—their truth!
Whilst thou art remaining, a limb of the dead!
Yet rescued by time from oblivion's bed!

Thus oft have I seen in the field,
When the work of the reapers was o'er,
A stalk that eluded the death-dealing wield
Of the scythe, and bloomed on as before—
But soon did stern winter its beauty deform.
It quivered and sunk 'neath the arm of the storm!

The watch word is sounded aloud—
"Death—death is approaching to all!"
And o'er us, enrobed in the folds of the shroud,
Shall yet wave the wide flowing pall!
And oh! may our day in its verging decline,
Have a sky as unclouded and spotless as thine!

There rest thee, thou remnant alone
Of a race now embracing the clod!
And mayst thou triumphantly ascend to the throne—
The mansion of bliss in the mansions of God!
Sink calmly and sweet to thy slumber of rest—
Mount, spirit, from earth! to the realms of the blest!

STANZAS TO GREECE.

FROM THE BOSTON LITERARY GAZETTE.

Hand of the time,—the song,—the lute—
Lure of the sword,—the spear,—the shield,—
The Spartan blade and Dorick flute
Once more are on thy battle field;
And high above the ranks of war
Rings wild the Dorian Alala.

Land of all great and glorious things,—
Whose soil is full of heroes' hearts,—
Back to the fountain of its springs
The current of my life blood darts
To feel,—oh, shame!—that thou shouldst be
For one short moment less than free.

The memory of a thousand years
Is as a dream of yesterday,
When in the waste no deed appears
To mark these ages past away;
While the base offspring of the slave
Crawls to his undistinguished grave.

But ye have risen like the flush
Of morning on a dreary night,—
And now be like the cataract's rush,
Mighty and glorious in the light,—
On,—torrents,—on, and sweep away
These barbarous hordes of haughty clay.

The spirit of an elder time,
When men's right hands were made for swords;
When Athens, on her rocks sublime,
Bought no vile breath of foreign lords,—
That spirit is upon you now,
And like a glory lights your brow.

The voice of ages long gone by
Comes awful from the shades below;
"Your fathers' sword is at your thigh,—
Your fathers' curse is on the foe;—
Son of the Greek! the veriest slave
May look for freedom in the grave."

And now the cross is overhead,
The sabre hilt is in your hand,
Beneath you are the glorious dead;
Your foot is on your father land,
Rank,—deluged with the blood and tears
Of twice two hundred festering years.

And generous hearts, that scorn alike
The tyrant and the willing slave,—
Shall bless each noble blow you strike,—
The good, the beautiful, the brave,
From the sweet south's eternal smile
To ocean's uttermost blue isle.

G. L.

STANZAS.

FROM THE ETONIAN.

There was a voice,—a foolish voice,
In my heart's summer echoing through me;
It bade me hope,—it bade rejoice;—
And still its sound were precious to me—
But thou hast plighted that deep vow,
And it were sin to love thee now!

I will not love thee! I am taught
To shun the dream on which I floated,
And tear my soul from every thought
On which its dearest vision doted,
And I have prayed to look on thee
As coldly as thou dost on me.

Alas! the love indeed is gone,
But still I feel its melancholy;
And the deep struggle, long and lone,
That stifled all my youthful folly,
Took but away the guilt of sin,
And left me all its pain within.

Adieu! if thou hadst seen the heart,
The silly heart thou wert beguiling,
Thou wouldst not have inflamed the smart,
With all thy bright unconscious smiling;
Thou wouldst not so have fanned the blaze,
That grew beneath those quiet rays!

Nay! it was well,—for smiles like this
Delayed at least my bosom's fever!
Nay! it was well, since hope and bliss
Were fleeting quickly,—and forever,—
To snatch them as they passed away,
And meet the anguish all to-day!

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North-Market and Steuben-streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots, mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders.
March 9, 1833. JOHN F. PORTER.

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 470, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. (G-Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan. 12 50tf

PUBLISHED

Every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North-Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. (G-Entrance from Steuben-street.

Terms. To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year, payable half yearly. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Three Dollars* a year, which may be discharged by paying, Two Dollars in advance, or Two Dollars and fifty cents within three months after subscribing.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1828.NO. 12.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

On the Character and Services of **DE WITT CLINTON**, delivered at Nashville, March 11, 1828, at the request of the Grand Chapter of Tennessee.

BY **WILLIAM GIBBES HUNT,**

General Grand Marshal of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Tennessee.

Companions and Brethren,

It is among the happiest tendencies of the venerable order to which we are attached, to teach us the value of departed worth, and to inspire us with a suitable veneration for the illustrious dead. The primary objects of masonry are, indeed, to smooth the rugged road of life, to remove the asperities of the human character, and to increase, at once, the usefulness and happiness of man. But these objects are sought through the influence of example as well as of precept, and no where is example so powerfully efficacious as in the recollection and the history of those who are gone. It is not till the whole career of life is run that the character can be considered as unalterably fixed, or its real merits can be fairly appreciated. It is not till the grave has closed over its victim, and buried forever, with his mouldering remains, the jealousies, and rivalships, and petty hostilities, by which all are surrounded while living, that impartial justice can be done to the most illustrious benefactor of mankind. It is not till the immortal spirits of the good and great have taken their upward flight to the scenes of their ultimate triumph and reward, that the brilliancy of their course on earth can be clearly discerned, and the clouds which had obscured the full-orbed splendour of their fame can be thoroughly and finally dispersed.

Masonry, it is true, teaches us to regard all mankind as upon a level, and claims, for all, the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges. She respects not the accidental or arbitrary distinctions of wealth or rank, but looks at personal merit only, and very properly inculcates the lesson "that he who faithfully performs his duty, even in a subordinate or private station, is as justly entitled to esteem and respect, as he who is invested with supreme authority." Her favourite and most appropriate sphere of operation is indeed in the retired circle, in the cultivation of the social affections, the encouragement of domestic virtues and the promotion of individual happiness. The humblest citizen, who, by his industry, frugality and cheerfulness, gives comfort and support to a dependent family, and irradiates with his virtues the contracted sphere in which he moves, is as truly an object of masonick regard, as the most exalted individual on the catalogue of fame. When the obscure but amiable and useful parent, relative or friend is taken away from the little circle by which he was respected and beloved, masonry drops the sympathetic tear and tenders the balm of consolation with as much sincerity and ardour as when called to lament the loss of the most illustrious benefactor of our race. Yet it would be absurd to suppose that the same degree of importance would be given to the event in the one case as in the other. It is in the power of us all to be upright and virtuous citizens, and to secure the affections of our neighbours and friends; but it is the lot only of a favoured few to be able to shed a lustre on the age in which they live, to be known and esteemed throughout the habitable globe, and eminently to contribute by their talents and services, to the improvement

of the general condition of man. Unfortunately, too, those brilliant and rarely gifted minds, designed and calculated to enlighten and to bless, are sometimes perverted to purposes of mischief and employed as instruments to blight and destroy. The same orb of day, which imparts a genial warmth, and by its temperate influence vivifies and sustains, inflicts also a mortal blow—parches and consumes. The same wind which wafts the vessel on its way and impels it rapidly towards its destined port, sometimes impedes its progress, excites the turbulence of the waves, and drives it onward to inevitable destruction. So likewise the same intellectual powers, which, rightly employed, might add to the dignity and welfare of man, when unattended by moral principle, exercise a baleful and pernicious influence. Amidst, therefore, the whirlwinds of passion, the conflicting elements of pride and ambition, and the raging billows of faction and of war, how seldom can we discern those towering and brilliant minds, upon which the eye of the patriot and philanthropist may repose with unmingled delight! Thinly scattered at remote distances throughout the range of the mental vision, they appear

"Like specks of azure in a clouded sky,
Like sunny islands in a stormy sea."

No wonder then, that when these master-spirits of the age are taken from the sphere of their influence and cut off in the midst of their usefulness, the shock is felt and the loss deplored—not by a family circle only—not by the inhabitants of a village or a city—but by a nation and by the world. On such occasions, surely masonry cannot fail to participate in the general sorrow, nor can she be backward in the exercise of those sympathies, which are always ready for the consolation of the afflicted. Sometimes, too, as at present, masonry herself is directly concerned, being called to mourn the loss of her own distinguished votaries and friends.

We are assembled to-day, companions, brethren and fellow citizens, in obedience to the impulse of feelings alike natural and honourable, to mingle our expressions of heartfelt regret with those of the whole masonick family and of every class and description of people in this extensive republic—nay, of every friend to virtue, science, and human improvement throughout the world—for the unexpected loss of one who was not only the pride and ornament of our institution, but an eminent blessing to his country and to mankind. The unusual suddenness of the shock renders it the more peculiarly and painfully severe. While our hopes with regard to his future usefulness and fame are yet glowing with more than ordinary brilliancy and warmth, they are, in an instant, extinguished forever. No preparatory warning precedes the fatal blow; no gathering cloud portends the approaching desolation. One moment **DE WITT CLINTON** stands firm and erect in the vigour of health, and the eyes of his grateful country are fixed upon him with pride, exultation, and hope. But the next moment he is gone, and the eyes of his country are suffused with tears. He is gone, and learning deplors the loss of an efficient advocate and powerful patron. He is gone, and public improvement is deprived of its most ardent and successful promoter. He is gone, and masonry mourns for the most prominent and distinguished among her champions and friends. His family are overwhelmed with the desolating blow. His wife, rendered frantic by the shock, finds only in the wildness of delirium those hopes and consolations which reason and truth are unable to afford. His

neighbours rush forward to the spot with breathless solicitude, to learn the extent of the calamity. A whole city is instantly electrified, and animated with a single all-absorbing interest, and the anxious throng, forgetting their individual cares and deserting their ordinary pursuits, are concerned only for the general loss. The legislature of the great state, over which he presided with such distinguished ability, and whose interests he promoted with such unrivalled success, pause in the midst of their public labours, and join the chorus of universal lamentation. Opposing parties drop their weapons of contention and are anxious only to be foremost in expressions of respect for the memory of the deceased. The melancholy intelligence travels with unexampled rapidity, and reaches in every direction the extremities of our republic in anticipation of the ordinary channels of information. Every where it is received with the same poignant regret, and every where spontaneous and unequivocal bursts of feeling attest the severity and keenness of the loss. We too, my friends, remotely situated as we are from the place of his residence and the immediate theatre of his useful labours, have left, for a time, our business and our pleasures, and have come up together to this temple of the Most High, here to enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of expressing our sorrow and of uniting in the contemplation of the character and services of him whom we mourn. Let us then, in pursuance of this object, take a brief and a rapid survey of the eventful and valuable life of the illustrious deceased, and dwell, for a few moments, on those prominent traits, which elevated him so far above the mass of his contemporaries.

De Witt Clinton was born in Orange county, in the state of New-York, in March, 1769. His family was distinguished and highly respected. His father was a major general in the army of the revolution, and his uncle, the venerable **George Clinton**, filled, successively, the important offices of governor of the state of New-York and vice president of the United States. Young **De Witt** received the rudiments of a classical education at Columbia College, in the city of New-York, being the first student who entered that seminary after the conclusion of the revolutionary war. Having obtained the honours of his *Alma Mater*, he entered with assiduity upon the study of the law, and, in due season, was licensed to practise that profession. Other pursuits however soon attracted his attention, and prevented him from prosecuting his original design. At an early age he was appointed secretary of his uncle, then governor of New-York, and entered, with characteristic ardour and signal ability, into the political discussions of the day. After the retirement of his uncle from the executive office, he was himself elected, without opposition, in his twenty-eighth year, a member of the legislature from the city of New-York.—Here he commenced that career of practical utility and steady devotion to the cause of science and benevolence, for which he was afterwards so preeminently distinguished. Already regarded as the leader and most efficient member of a great political party, he was not, however so blinded by zeal for the interests of his friends as to lose sight of the claims of philanthropy and learning, but, by directing a large portion of his attention to these important considerations, he was the instrument of much good to others, and added greatly to his popularity and influence. In the year 1802 he was elected to the senate of the United States and was

eminently distinguished as an able and efficient member of that body. For many years he occupied with signal ability and success the very important and responsible office of mayor of the great and growing city of New-York. He was afterwards again placed in the legislature of his native state, and was, as before, the zealous and powerful friend of the interests of education and benevolence, urging the patronage of schools and colleges, the incorporation of valuable societies and the support of hospitals and other charitable institutions. Here too he took the lead in behalf of that splendid and magnificent system of internal improvement, the success of which has so largely contributed to the prosperity and glory of the state of New-York, enkindled the fire of emulation in other states, and reflected a lustre upon the names of all who were active in support of its adoption. In 1811 he was chosen lieutenant governor of New-York, and in 1812 he was nominated, and zealously supported by a portion of the people, as a candidate for the office of president of the United States. In 1817, he was elected, by an almost unanimous vote, to the elevated station of governor of the state of New-York, and, with the exception of a single term of two years, during which he declined a re-election, he continued to occupy that station with unrivalled dignity, utility, and splendour, actively and laboriously devoted to the faithful discharge of its arduous and responsible duties, till the hour of his sudden and melancholy exit. During his active life, he was a prominent and useful member, and often an efficient officer, of many literary, scientific and benevolent institutions, of some of which he was the founder; and, in the several orders of masonry and knighthood, he filled, from time to time, all the most important and dignified stations.

Mr. Clinton possessed a mind of the highest order—original, powerful and capacious—disciplined by habits of patient and laborious investigation and profound reflection. His conceptions were clear, rapid, and vigorous; and his judgement was sound and accurate. He, like WASHINGTON, was distinguished rather for solidity of understanding than for brilliancy of imagination—rather for practical good sense than for the lofty and excursive soarings of fancy. His examination of every subject presented to his notice, was thorough, critical, and severe. His opinions were maturely and deliberately formed, and his reasoning in their defence, if not always convincing, was at least forcible, logical and clear. His views were enlarged, liberal, and enlightened, his designs bold and extensive, and his plans for their execution practical and sagacious. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that courage of the cabinet which has been justly said to be no less rare, and often more important than that of the field, and uniformly evinced a fearless and persevering spirit, which no difficulties could discourage, no obstacles subdue. When convinced of the importance and practicability of an object, and once resolved upon its attainment, he marched boldly and resolutely forward, rather animated than depressed by difficulties, dangers and impediments. In the transaction of business he was prompt, decisive and energetic. He was accurate and minute in his attention to details, and displayed no less facility and correctness in the execution of his plans, than originality and boldness in their conception.

As a politician, Mr. Clinton was early connected with the great party in his native state, which had long borne the name of his family, and of which he afterwards became the rallying point and the head. How far his judgement was biased and his opinions affected by the partialities and prejudices invariably connected with party feeling, it is perhaps impossible to decide. The peculiar relation in which he stood towards a great portion of the people, who had been closely attached to the principles and fortunes of his venerable uncle, and the zeal with which, in the hey-day of youthful ardour, and under the influence of a natural and honourable family and personal attachment, he entered upon the defence of those principles and the support of those fortunes, were certainly eminently calculated to exercise a permanent influence over his political opinions and prospects. Yet, making due allowance for these peculiar circumstances, without undertaking to decide upon the

merits of the controversies, which have long and violently agitated the state, between his friends and opponents, we may confidently assert, that notwithstanding the powerful temptations by which he was surrounded, it could never be justly said of him, amidst all the collisions and conflicts of the day, that he

narrowed his mind
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

On the contrary, he was fully aware of the important truth, and acted under that conviction, that, whatever temporary influence may be derived from mere party association, any reputation, thus acquired, must be ephemeral and local, and totally unworthy the effort of any man of high and honourable ambition. He sought therefore to build his fame upon a more substantial and durable foundation. He sunk the character of the politician in that of the statesman, and, while he laboured for the promotion of his party and their cause, he laboured still more intensely for the interests of his country and of mankind. By this course he secured, at once, immediate popularity and permanent renown. The one is attested by the remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding all the contests of party and the ever-varying results with which they are attended, he never failed of obtaining his election, whenever he was a candidate for any office in the gift of the people of New-York. The other is abundantly proved by the universal and spontaneous admission of all ranks and parties, and by the anxious solicitude with which his warmest political opponents now press forward to proclaim his pre-eminent usefulness and worth.

As a scholar, Mr. Clinton occupied the most elevated ground. His reading was extensive, various, well directed, and profitable. His ready and capacious memory enabled him to store up vast funds of learning, which were subservient to his call whenever required. Abstruse scientific investigations occupied a portion of his time and aided the discipline of his mind, while classical and elegant literature constituted the amusement and delight of his leisure hours. His style, as a writer, was at once vigorous and rich—distinguished, like his mind, rather for solid thought than for brilliant imagery—preserving a happy medium between the inflated and the dull; sufficiently ornamented, yet dignified, perspicuous and strong. His executive messages to the legislature of New-York, unlike the great mass of similar productions, have been read with interest and profit far beyond the limits of the state for which they were designed, and have been, not merely useful as matters of form or as temporary state-papers, but worthy of preservation as valuable treasures of practical wisdom.

The zeal with which this great man employed the energies of his powerful mind, the weight of his personal popularity, and the influence of his official stations for the relief of human misery, and the general advancement of human happiness, will be remembered with gratitude and admiration, for a succession of ages after the political questions and parties of the day shall have been buried beneath the fathomless ocean of oblivion. His disinterested efforts in behalf of charitable institutions, in favour of an amelioration of the criminal code, for the promotion of the useful arts, and the encouragement of industry and talent, have not only produced, as their immediate effects, the improvements so much needed and desired, but, by their influence as examples to future statesmen, and by their tendency to excite a noble emulation in the glorious work of philanthropy, may be a prolific source of unnumbered and incalculable blessings throughout all future time. As a friend of science, an able advocate for the cause of education, and a liberal patron of seminaries of learning and other literary institutions, Mr. Clinton has, also, left behind him a lasting and brilliant fame. But it is probably as the enlightened projector, and resolute, intrepid, and unconquerable friend and promoter of the great work of internal improvement, that he will be most extensively and permanently known. Without Clinton, or some one possessing the spirit of Clinton, the great canals of New-York would not have been constructed. Common minds could not realize the practicability, with the limited resources of a young nation like ours, of pouring the waters of the lakes, through an artificial channel, upwards of three hun-

dred miles in length, over mountains and through valleys, into the great Atlantick. Men even of powerful intellects, enterprising, patriotic and bold, regarded as chimerical and absurd the project of transporting by water to the city of New-York the productions of the whole northwestern country. But Clinton was not to be discouraged by the ridicule of his opponents or by the faint hopes and disheartening predictions of his friends. With a firmness of purpose almost unequalled—but which has been, not unaptly, compared to that of Columbus on the broad and untried ocean, his needle no longer true to the pole and his whole crew heartless and despondent—he maintained with unwavering confidence the practicability, no less than the importance, of the object, rallied the almost extinguished zeal of the few who were willing to remain with him to the last, encountered with unshaken fortitude the shafts of opposition, and, at length, obtained a splendid and triumphant victory—which left behind it no blood-stained field, but which extensively diffused wealth, prosperity and happiness even among the vanquished, while it has erected a noble and perennial monument to the genius, and firmness, and undaunted heroism of the illustrious conqueror.

In the private relations of domestic life, in his intercourse with his friends, in his manners towards his fellow-citizens in the transaction of business and the exercise of courtesy, Mr. Clinton was all that could be reasonably expected or desired—the kind husband, the fond parent, the ardent friend, the polished gentleman, at once dignified, and affable, and easy of access, the liberal benefactor and the pious christian. His moral character was without a stain, and in religion he was tolerant, liberal and devout.

It remains only to speak of him in a relation peculiarly dear and interesting to us. De Witt Clinton was a genuine mason, and, as such, his memory is entitled to all the respect and veneration, which we as a body can bestow. He was initiated at an early age, and always maintained a warm and undeviating attachment to the order. He was never inclined to desert it, or to treat it with disrespect, on account of temporary abuses or the occasional misconduct of some of its members. He was soon called to preside over Holland Lodge, of which he was a member, and delivered on the evening of his installation, in December, 1793, an address on the principles of our institution, abounding in all that good sense and that fine feeling which so eminently characterized his subsequent writings. He afterwards successively occupied all the highest offices in the several masonic bodies with which he was connected in his native state, and for many years held, to the universal satisfaction of the fraternity, the dignified and important stations of presiding officer in the two highest masonic bodies in the union, having each a jurisdiction co-extensive with the federal republic—the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, and the General Grand Encampment of Knights Templars and the appendant orders.

Such is a faint sketch of the life, character and services of this illustrious man. And now my companions, before I complete this feeble performance of the task you have assigned me, I am called upon to discharge another painful duty. Since the summons was issued, convening you as a body on the present occasion, intelligence has reached us, that one of the prominent individuals to whom it was addressed, had himself just departed to his eternal home. Yes, my companions, death has invaded our little circle, and EDWARD H. STEELE, who has so often united with us in our masonic labours, and constituted so important a link in our chain of masonic sympathy and love, is unable to partake with us in the duties of this melancholy day. I cannot now dwell in detail on the many excellent traits which adorned his character. We all knew the intelligence of his mind, the polish of his manners, the warmth of his affections, and the virtues of his heart. He too is gone, and instead of coming here to-day, as we had confidently hoped and expected, to join with us in the tribute of affectionate and cordial respect to the memory of the venerated Clinton, he has closely followed Clinton, through the outer courts of the tabernacle to seek for an admission within the veil of the Grand Chapter above. It is worthy also of remark, and

affords a striking and impressive memento of the frailty and uncertainty of every thing human, that Clinton had himself left unperformed a similar task. The eulogy designed for the lamented EMERSON is still unpronounced, and that tongue which was expected to have uttered it, is, by the dread fiat of omnipotence, silenced forever. That kindred spirit which would so faithfully have told his worth and so justly appreciated his character, has taken its flight to the same mansions of glory.—And now, sainted shades, as you look down from your blissful abodes upon the fleeting scenes of this transitory existence, how do you exult in the contemplation of the realities by which you are surrounded, and unite in the chorus of gratitude and joy, that at length you have found something durable and certain, upon which you may safely and confidently repose during the future progress of an interminable existence!

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

POISONOUS MUSCLES.

[From a recent work on Animal and Vegetable Poisons.]

The second order of fish, which only produces occasionally dangerous symptoms, are the *congor eel*, the *dolphin*, the *muscle*, the *eel*, the *salmon*, and (in particular constitutions) all the varieties of the shell fish. Of these, the muscle may be considered by far the most frequently injurious; and there are few persons who have not witnessed in themselves, or in their friends, the bad effects produced by eating this fish. Two interesting cases are reported in the *Medical Repository* for June, 1815, by Dr. Burrows, one of the editors; where the eating of muscles, taken from the foul bottom of a fishing smack in the canal at Chatham, had proved fatal in sixty-seven hours. One of these was a boy of fourteen years of age, and the other was a boy of nine years. The leading symptoms in these cases "were nausea, headach, vomiting of a dark green fluid, an eruption like the nettle rash on the skin, attended with intolerable itching, great difficulty of breathing, excessive pain in the abdomen and bowels, intense thirst, swelling of the abdomen and face, a numbness and coldness of the extremities; delirium, coma or stupor, dilated pupils of the eyes, a sunk, low, and tremulous pulse, subsultus or catching of the tendons, convulsions and death. The bodies soon after death became livid and putrid; but, as their unhappy mother objected to their being opened, the appearance on dissection could not be ascertained." Captain Vancouver relates that several of his men were ill from eating muscles, which they collected, while exploring the coast of America in the North Pacific Ocean. Three of them suffered more than the others; and one of them died in less than five hours after the fish had been swallowed, very tranquil and apparently in a deep sleep. His lips had turned very black, and his extremities were much swollen. The other two men, by drinking plentifully of warm water and exciting vomiting, escaped with their lives, but were ill for many days afterwards. Upon our arrival at Gibraltar, in the year 1788, five years after the last memorable siege, we were informed that some persons had very lately been poisoned, and others much injured, by the eating of muscles; and that upon inquiry it was ascertained, that the fish which had produced these mischievous effects, had attached themselves to the copper bottoms and broken portions of the Spanish gun boats and floating batteries which had been sunk in the bay, when the last unavailing effort had been made by the enemy to get possession of the garrison. Muscles were, in consequence, considered a poisonous fish, and fell into complete disuse; and oysters, which there are of a very fine quality, were eaten for some time with great caution. Much ambiguity attaches to the sources from which these, and some other fish, derive their poisonous qualities, as well as in what part of the fish the poison is the most active. It appears to be a good precaution, however, (and which is confirmed by the testimony of Dr. Thomas, who states, that the entrails of the tropical poison fish, if well removed, destroys its deleterious quality, or if given to a dog, cat, or duck, immediately poisons them,) to gut all fish well, and to wash the inside very clean before it

used; and in the muscle, to remove every dark and black portion from it previously to its being eaten; and to find out, if possible, upon what bank or shore it has been taken.

THE GATHERER.

LEGISLATIVE ELOQUENCE.

The following extract from a speech of Major Ives of Westfield, in the house of representatives of the state of Massachusetts, on the theatre question, is published in the *Westfield Register*.

Mr. Ives rose!—"Mr. Speaker—Sir—I rise, Sir, to state that I did not solicit the station which I hold here nor did I expect it—nor am I qualified for it; and I think, Mr. Speaker, you and this honourable house will think so, before I get half through—but, I am a consistent man, and wish to be considered as such. I find that I was wrong in my vote yesterday—I am convinced so from the great and respectable majority that was against me. Mr. Speaker, Sir, I believe I was instigated by the devil in my vote yesterday—Sir, we were told here, yesterday, by the gentleman from Boston, a long and pitiful story of one young man being ruined in consequence of theatres—What, Sir! is this the only solitary instance that can be found? I presume so, or we should have heard from it. What, Sir! tell me of the deleterious or immoral effect of theatres! Sir, I think the morals of this place are very good—the citizens are very polite! I hear no cursing, or swearing—Sir! I have seen more immorality, in the little town I have the honour to represent—more drunkards—more lying at taverns—more cursing and swearing, than in this great metropolis! Sir, I believe I was instigated by the devil, in my vote yesterday—I am convinced I was wrong—Sir! I am a consistent man." Here Mr. Ives was called to order by the Speaker, because he could not perceive the pertinency of his remarks to the question.

A NOBLE THIEF.

The following appears in a native Bengalese paper:—"Lately, in the district of Bankora, a thief had made an entrance into the house of a Bramin. Whilst searching for booty, he heard voices, and was about to retreat, when he found the parties close to the spot where he had entered, consisting of the Bramin's wife and her gallant engaged in conversation. The woman complained of the jealousy of her husband, and her lover recommended her to take advantage of his being asleep to murder him, giving her a weapon for the purpose. She objected, however, that if he should wake he might be too strong for her; and urged the gallant to undertake the deed himself, to which he consented: as he advanced to enter the house, the thief, although disposed to make free with the Bramin's property, thought it incumbent on him to protect the Bramin's life, and as the intended murderer passed the spot where he was secreted, he thrust the instrument with which he had made his way through the wall into the man's belly and killed him; after which he made his escape. The woman seeing her gallant slain made an outcry, which brought her husband and the neighbours to the spot, when she accused the former of having committed the murder. He was accordingly secured and tried, and, as appearances were strong against him, sentenced to be hanged. From this fate he was again rescued by the heroism of the freebooter, who, on hearing the turn events had taken, gave himself up, and acknowledged his crime. We have not heard what decision was pronounced in the case."

MR. GOURLAY.

A curious communication from Mr. Gourlay, who has been confined in Cold Bath Fields' Prison for five years, for horsewhipping Mr. Brougham, appears in the *London Courier* of January 9th, being his thoughts on the departure of the old and the coming of the new year. In the latter effusion he thus pictures the happiness of a prison. "Who in this world is so secure as I am! Walled in, railed in, locked in, barred in, bolted in; while they who put me in cannot take me out. Here I am safe from fire and arrest; here moth and rust corrupt not; nor do thieves break through to steal.

Here I have food and raiment, fire and candle, washing and mending, and hair cutting, postage paid, paper, pens, and ink; the best of governours, an excellent doctor, a good ma'tron, civil servants, and thank God, in no need of a chaplain. 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely;' but none of ye are half so blessed in this way as I am: therefore let me 'rejoice and be exceeding glad.'" He then proceeds to state that he had opened plans to the King and the Colonial Secretary for paying off the national debt in fifty years, and for the emigration of 200,000 paupers free of expense; both which plans had not been regarded, and he therefore proposes to lay them before the publick at a publick meeting.

A SEA-SOLICITOR MADE CHIEF JUSTICE.

In Hayti, the Grand Judge, Mons. Freshnell, is an infirm old man of colour, nearly eighty years of age. Until he arrived at middle age, he had been actively and successfully employed in the marauding career of a pirate. His legal knowledge is just what might have been expected from his previous avocations. He is a modest old man it is true, for when his present appointment was offered to him, he declined it, as he said himself, from his incompetency to fill it, and to perform the duties it required. Boyer, however, insisted on his accepting it, and remarked that "it did not require talent or legal knowledge to execute the duties of it, he was only to do as he was directed."

[Franklin's present State of Hayti, (1823.)]

A JUDGE.

A grave magistrate was sitting at table between two young coxcombs, who took it into their heads to attempt making him the butt of their ridicule. "Gentlemen," said he, "I plainly perceive your design; but, to save unnecessary trouble, I must beg leave to give you a just idea of my character. Be it known to you, therefore, that I am not precisely a fool, nor altogether a knave, but (as you see) something between both."

PREJUDICE.

"The correction of one single prejudice," says Dugald Stewart in his *Philosophical Essays*, "has often been attended with consequences more important and extensive than could be produced by any positive accession to the stock of our scientific information. Such is the condition of man, that a great part of a philosopher's life must necessarily be spent, not in enlarging the circle of his knowledge, but in unlearning the errors of the crowd, and the pretended wisdom of the schools, and that the most substantial benefit he can bestow on his fellow creatures, as well as the noblest species of power to which he can aspire, is to impart to others the light he has struck out by his meditations, and to encourage human reason by his example to assert its liberty."

BACKGAMMON BOARDS.

We frequently find backgammon boards with backs lettered as if they were two folio volumes. The origin of it was thus; Eudes, bishop of Sully, forbade his clergy to play at chess. As they were resolved not to obey the commandment, and yet dared not have a chess-board seen in their houses or cloisters, they had them bound and lettered as books, and played at night, before they went to bed, instead of reading the New Testament or the Lives of the Saints; and the monks called the draft or chess-board their *wooden gospels*. They had also drinking vessels bound to resemble the breviary, and were found drinking, when it was supposed they were at prayer.

IRISH SENTINEL.

When the French landed at Bantry Bay, an Irish peasant, who was posted with a musket upon one of the cliffs, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an English officer with "What are you here for?" "Faith, your honour," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humour, "they tell me I'm here for a century."

An officer being intoxicated, an old soldier observed that he was afraid there was something wrong at head quarters.

POPULAR TALES.

THE LAZZARONI.

I should be unwilling to question the delights of the Island of Calypso, with its refreshing shades, or of the cool grotto of Circe; I would give the garden of Alcinous its fabled charms; nor do I detract from their several merits, when I would add one other spot to this short catalogue of earthly paradises. There is a softness and a witchery of beauty in Palermo, that has awed even Saracens, and their barbaric inscriptions even now attest that they could feel and spare. She has suffered under the rod of the Turk, has bowed beneath the iron sway of the Norman, and has been debilitated by the licentiousness of the French; yet the vesper bell has tolled in token of her energies, for like the sea that fondles at her feet, or *Ætna*, the giant mountain, she either boils with rage, or slumbers in repose. Still she has received successive dynasties ever preserving her monuments intact, and she now stands a solitary example to the world of having been loved and not abused.

At times I have stood upon the strand enamoured of the scene before me. I have gazed with somewhat of passion on the gently heaving billow of the sea, and as I toyed with it in fancy, as with a mistress, I have thought that the Monte Pellegrino seemed to frown upon me from above, as a cautious and sullen guardian of his daughter's charms. I have then in fear turned from his rebuke, and wandered along the shore, lost in love.

It was in such a mood that I once strayed further than was my custom towards the Bagheria. I had paused to remark the stillness of all around me. On the sea were a few guardians of the thunny nets, whose only toil was not to slumber at their posts, whilst their companions in watching their unwieldy prey were basking upon the shore. I gazed awhile on the tall and beautiful forms that were spread around me. "The harmony of nature is universal," I said. "There must be tones of the mind to accord with this grace and beauty of person. Touch but the right chords, and the spirit within shall surely respond."

Even as I spoke, the general listlessness was broken by the appearance of a female. As she approached, I marked in her an intelligence of countenance beyond her station, for she seemed but as an humble messenger carrying a meagre provision of goat's milk and macaroni. As she passed the groups of lazzaroni, she gave a significant and forbidding shake of the head. It was an ill-omened look; they gazed awhile upon her with a stare of mingled affection and inquiry. And when she had passed, they strained their eyes in the direction she went along the shore, as if it had been a supernatural apparition.

Almost instinctively I followed her. She soon quitted the strand, and struck into a winding path that led to a doorless and windowless cabin. A towering aloe stood as it were as sentinels at the wicket, and within the precincts, a cumbersome wild fig-tree lent a grateful shade. It served, as I fancied, to conceal me from the observation of the messenger. For whosoever the provision was destined, it was given in silence; heartless appeared the being that extended it, and comfortless the look that accompanied it. Yes, it seemed an act prompted by duty, cold, cheerless, and calculated. The step slow and measured in the approach, but quickened as it receded, betokened the intentions of the visitor. She was gone, and I could have cursed her even for her charity.

I still remained in my concealment, for I reflected that my intrusion might be deemed impertinent. I should have retired, had not a groan attracted my notice. It might be—a thousand possibilities occurred to me. In a moment I stood upon the very threshold of the hut. I observed before me, on a bed of straw, a pale emaciated being. A fisherman's cloak was carelessly thrown over him, and as I appeared, his eyes became fixed, but with fear not with interest; his mouth was partly open, his hands grasped firmer the cloak that partially covered him, his head fell upon his shoulder, and he seemed to crouch within himself, as though he awaited a blow he could not ward. I drew nearer to him, but with the consciousness of one who knows that his presence is unwelcome. I could

not leave him. He breathed loud and quick. An occasional gurgling in the throat, as though nature struggled for life within him, gave a fearful interest to the moment. Each time she might be vanquished, and I might be the—murderer. My motives were of little consequence. I had occasioned the sufferings; gradually, however, he breathed more freely; the conflict of the spasms was less severe, his hand loosened its grasp, his muscles were unstrung, and he slumbered.

In the awful silence that succeeded, I contemplated this remnant of clay. The sun just sinking into the sea, as if to refresh himself from the labours of the day, cast a stronger and a ruddier light through the aperture of the door way; and nature seemed to smile as she thus played with mortality. Death riding on a whirlwind, or starting through the chasm of an earthquake, is indeed terrible; but I appreciate the smiles of nature more than I fear her frowns, and she smiled so sweetly, and looked so lovely, that never did I cling to life more fondly than at that moment. To this exuberance of health without, the form before me bore a sorry contrast. I approached it. The heart beat slower and less audibly. I thought that it had even ceased to beat. I listened, I bent down, I knelt beside him, already I had touched the cloak, I would have forced my way to his heart,—but,—and I turned to the appeal of a voice behind me, calmly calling upon me to desist. It was the figure I had before seen.

"Touch that flesh," she said, "and if thou canst doubt its doom, so mayst thou too expect to survive."

"Talk not to me of doubt," I exclaimed as I rose, "it were a mockery in the certainty of such misery. Who art thou? What is he?"

"A lazar," she rejoined, "and yet not of us." As she spoke, she smiled as if in triumph, and then calmly added, "As I would spare myself your questions, I will tell you that you did not enter unobserved. I well knew the effect that such a sight would produce upon him, for the consciousness of the extent of the evil is its proper bane. Think not, however, that he would have lingered long; one other day had ended his sufferings. My tale is short. I am here to minister to his wants by the sternest law of our country—ancient prejudice. The world has stigmatized us with the appellation of lazzaroni. It is often lightly said, but hadst thou bared that bosom, thou hadst seen a lazar; hadst thou touched that flesh, thy doom had been as irrevocably fixed as is the wretch's now before thee. We have received this pious inheritance from the crusades. The barrier against oriental contagion is termed a lazar house, and we are become a byword to the world, as heirs to heaven's worst curse. Still we have our patron saint—Saint Lazarus. We have our solitary bond of union. To the observance of this tie, he is indebted for the daily visit I have paid him for two long years. The wound has widened, till his whole body has become scaled and cankered, and the slumber of this moment is the pause of nature, before the soul bursts from the surrounding corruption. But the world is false," and her countenance brightened as she spoke; "for not we alone are the undivided heirs to this propagated curse, fair patrimony indeed!—Enough. If thou remainest, approach him not. Before the morrow's sun has set, all will be over. Thou mayst be of service to him in attending to some wishes long since committed to paper, and which will be found after our last ceremonies. Of these hereafter, yet know one thing more,—that were he of thine own blood, as he is of thy country, the body of the leper is ours."

She disappeared. It was in vain to call her back. I would have asked her a thousand questions. Her tone was not unkind, and she had perhaps saved me from a similar fate.

There was in her manner a gleam of satisfaction, such as will at times be felt upon a comparison of the miseries of another with our own; that secret spring of negative happiness that we would cheat ourselves to disbelieve in, for she felt that others were equally subject to the corruption.

It was already night, for the short twilight had finished with the conference, and I was now left in this sad chamber of death. I could not leave him, although my presence was unasked, and I hardly dared to stay. Almost bereft of life myself, I stood,

not venturing to move, and scarcely to breathe. As the pale light of the rising moon shone upon the bare clay of the hut, I perceived, and I tremble to record it, the creatures that were hastening to claim their inheritance. The wall, cold and damp, was dotted with beetles and scorpions; and even on the floor the harmless lizard, that came to shelter itself from the night dew, was transformed by the imagination into a merciless claimant for this wreck of humanity. For a moment I thought that it must be fancy. The decree of the wretch's fate was too cruel, too unjust. To assure myself of its reality, I would fix my eyes upon one motionless, black spot—it did not move—it could not live—and these terrors then were of my own creation. I turned to another, another, and another—all were still; but they had moved, and even then they moved again. I fancied that they approached me—perhaps I was their victim. During the last few hours contagion might have marked me too for her prey. I tottered, and almost fell to the ground, and then inwardly cursed my selfish cowardice.

"Oh God!" I cried, "it was indeed well devised that upon the nearest and dearest friend should devolve the task of closing the eyes in death!"

It is time that this scene should close, though the recollection of what I then suffered has lightened the weight of other woes. Never did the hours appear so tardy. The struggles for life recommenced—they succeeded quicker and quicker, and as the morning dawned I saw that the whole frame of the poor sufferer was convulsed. He raised his head, threw back partially his cloak, for a moment gazed upon me piteously but unconsciously, drew one long breath, and fell extended upon the ground. Whatever it might be, the trial or the punishment, it was over.

I was not long alone, for as if aware of the catastrophe, Marguerita was presently in the cabin.

"Well," she exclaimed, "his doom is sealed—is it not? By the favour of Santa Rosalia thou hast passed this awful night. Thou must now remove from this scene—our most important duties are beginning. When thou shalt see the funeral pile lighted, or hear the first notes of our dirge, then, and not till then, approach. All that belonged to the deceased shall be faithfully consigned to thee. That thou hast witnessed his dying moments gives us confidence in thee. May Saint Lazarus be propitious to thee!"

I obeyed her injunctions instantaneously, and removed to a short distance from the hut, where I had a commanding view of the shore, and of the sea. I laid myself down upon the ground, worn out with fatigue; the big drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead. I was weak and exhausted, and I fell asleep.

Then, as if I had not already suffered enough, the miserable leper stood before me in my dream. At one time I thought that he supplicated me to approach him, and extended his hand to me with savage pleasure; and then, as I gazed upon him, he would turn away in disgust, as if conscious of the contagion. At another, I thought that I was summoned before the judges in hell: I saw those who had been deified by men for their justice passing judgement on the son for the sins of the father; and as I cursed the code that authorized the tyranny I started from my slumbers. Again that wretched form approached me; thanked me for giving the lie to the world that said there was no compassion for him; called me his guardian spirit, or what he said was dearer to him, brother, for he had never known one; I railed at Providence for not having given him this one tie of affection, and I awoke to a reality almost worse than the delusion I had dreamed of.

In such unrefreshing slumbers the day passed on. It was noon. I arose and saw the shore covered with the bustling forms of, what I had hitherto supposed to be, inactive Lazzaroni; The preparations were far advanced—the pile was erected. I went to a spring not far off and refreshed my parched lips—I needed no other sustenance.

I awaited the signal, and in my spirit greeted the ceremony that was to haul off their prey the creatures that spring from our very flesh, and rot again upon our very bones. The Egyptians embalmed—the old civilized world burnt—whilst we bury!

The sun had now set—the signal was given, and the pile blazed high to heaven. I descended, and as I passed at no great distance from where the cottage had stood, I was astonished at not seeing a vestige of it remaining. Can this be a people proverbial for their apathy? Yes; but there is a bond of union amongst them, cemented by the consciousness of the stigma affixed to their name by the world, and as it has grown and been matured in misery, so will it outlast, and bind stronger than all those more endearing ties of love, affection, or friendship.

As I drew nearer to the pile I observed that Marguerita enacted the chief priestess. An urn was placed immediately under the body to receive the ashes—the beautifully picturesque forms of the surrounding votaries, clad in the slight dress of the ancient biblical lepers—the earnestness of their devotion—the crackling of the wood—the wild cries of the sea-gulls as they circled round the sacrifice—lent to the whole scene an air of wildness that I can never forget. There was an exultation in their looks and in their song—it was the victory of death—hear their strains.

THE LEPERS' DIRGE.

I.
On the wings of the spirits of lepers gone
We send our prayers to St. Lazarus' throne.
By the curse that formed our bands
Come ye from the burning sands!
Chaplets for the victim twine—
Hew the cedar—split the pine.
Now the serpent-crested fire
Gayly mounts the funeral pyre,
Whilst the curlew swoops to the ravens' cry,
And the screech-owl hoots as the flame mounts high.

II.
Death flies with the winds, when from Lepari's caves,
As maddened by Freedom they sweep o'er the waves.
Scylla's hell hounds hark we hear!
Phantoms of the dead appear!
In mid air destruction broods,
Chaos starts from 'neath the floods!
Rocks are rent! The river's course,
Rushing headlong from its source,
Is lost in the wreck!—From the mother's breast
The infant is torn in its hour of rest!

III.
On the bosom of earth see the night-mare stalks;
On the breast of the billow the siroc walks.
Spirit of the mighty great?
Freed awhile from Aëta's weight,
Though thy breath more poisonous be
Than the baneful upas-tree;
And the fiery gulph beneath
Lend its withering blast to Death!
Thy power is past, for the trial is o'er,
The curse of existence can torture no more!

The ceremony was now drawing to a close. There remained scarcely the embers of the funeral pile. The urn stood with its contents unveiled. Marguerita then took it in her hands, and surrounded by the whole body of attendants, they together raised one long wild shriek, and the officiating priestess cast the last dust of leprosy to the winds.

I waited patiently for the part I was to perform. She presently approached me, and giving me a small box, said, "Fear no contagion. Our mountains are not so barren but that they produce herbs that can purify. There is still virtue in the vine leaf.* Since you left me this morning, the process has been observed, and now farewell. Our duty is a sacred one, and we have performed it. Do thou likewise thine."

* Pliny says that vine leaves are a cure for the leprosy.

HISTORICAL.

TRIAL OF CHARLES I.

[From the French of M Guizot.]

On the morning of January 20th, 1649, towards noon, the High Court, having first held its secret sitting in the Painted Chamber, prepared to enter upon the final details of its mission. Prayers were scarcely over, before it was announced that the king, borne in a close sedan between two rows of soldiers, was on the point of making his appearance. Cromwell ran to the windows, and as sud-

denly hastened back, pale, yet highly excited—"He is here, he is here, sirs; the hour for this grand affair draws nigh. Decide promptly, I beseech you, what you intend to reply; for he will instantly inquire in whose name and by what authority you presume to try him." No one making any reply, Henry Martin at length observed—"In the name of the Commons assembled in Parliament, and of all the good people of England." To this no objection was made. The court proceeded in solemn procession towards Westminster Hall, the President Bradshaw at its head; before him were borne the mace and sword; and sixteen officers armed with partisans, preceded the court. The President took his place in an arm-chair adorned with crimson velvet; at his feet sat the clerk, near a table covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and upon which were placed the mace and sword. On the right and left appeared the members of the court upon seats of scarlet cloth; while at the two ends of the hall stood the guards, all armed, a little in advance of the tribunal. The court being installed, all the doors were thrown open; the crowd rushed into the hall. Silence being restored, the act of the Commons appointing the court was read, the names were called over, and sixty-nine members were found to be present. "Sergeant," said Bradshaw, "let the prisoner be brought forward."

The king appeared under guard of Colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers. An arm-chair, adorned with crimson velvet, was in readiness for him at the bar. He came forward; fixed a long and severe look upon the court, and seated himself without taking off his hat. Suddenly he rose, looked round at the guard upon the left, and at the spectators upon the right of the hall; again fixed his eyes upon his judges, and then sat down, amidst the general silence of the court.

Bradshaw rose instantly—"Charles Stuart, King of England, the English Commons assembled in Parliament, deeply penetrated with a sense of the evils that have fallen upon this nation, and of which you are considered the chief author, are resolved to inquire into this sanguinary crime. With this view they have instituted this High Court of Justice, before which you are summoned this day. You will now hear the charges to be preferred against you."

The Attorney General Coke now rose. "Silence!" exclaimed the king, at the same time touching him on the shoulder with his cane. Coke, surprised and irritated, turned round; the handle of the king's cane fell off, and for a few moments he appeared deeply affected. None of his attendants were at hand to take it up; he stooped and picked it up himself, and then resumed his seat. Coke proceeded to read the act imputing to the king all the evils arising first out of his tyranny, subsequently from the war; and requiring that he should be bound to reply to the charges, and that judgement should be pronounced against him as a tyrant, a traitor, and a murderer.

During this time, the king continued seated, directing his eyes towards his judges, or towards the spectators, without betraying any emotion. Once he rose; turned his back upon the court to see what was passing behind him, and again sat down with an expression at once of inquisitiveness and indifference in his manner. Upon hearing the words: "Charles Stuart, a tyrant, traitor, and murderer," he laughed, though he still remained silent.

The act being read, "Sir," said Bradshaw, "you have now heard the act of accusation against you: the court expects you to reply."

The King. "First, I wish to know by what authority I am summoned here. A short time since, I was in the Isle of Wight engaged in negotiations with both houses of parliament, under guarantee of the public faith. We were upon the point of concluding a treaty. I would be informed by what authority—I say legitimate authority—for of illegitimate authorities there are, I know, many like that of robbers on the highway;—I would be informed, I repeat, by what authority I have been dragged from place to place, I know not with what views. When I am made acquainted with this legitimate authority, I will reply."

Bradshaw. "If you had attended to what was addressed to you by the court upon your arrival, you would know in what this authority consisted. It calls upon you, in the name of the people of

England, of whom you were elected king, to make a reply."

The King. "No, sir, I deny this."

Bradshaw. "If you refuse to acknowledge the authority of the court, it will proceed against you."

The King. "I maintain that England never was an elective kingdom; for nearly the space of a thousand years it has been altogether an hereditary one. Let me know, then, by what authority I am summoned here. Inquire from Colonel Cobbet, who is here at hand, if I were not brought by force from the Isle of Wight. I will yield to none in maintaining the just privileges of the House of Commons in this place. But where are the Lords? I see no Lords here necessary to constitute a parliament. A king, moreover, is essential to it. Now is this what is meant by bringing the king to meet his parliament?"

Bradshaw. "Sir, the court awaits a definitive answer from you. If what we have stated respecting our authority does not satisfy you, it is sufficient for us, we know that it is founded upon the authority of God and of the country."

The King. "It is neither my opinion nor yours which should decide."

Bradshaw. "The court has heard you; you will be disposed of according to its orders. Let the prisoner be removed. The court adjourns until Monday."

The court then withdrew; and the king retired under the same escort that had accompanied him. Upon rising he perceived the sword placed upon the table. "I have no fear of that," he observed, pointing towards it with his cane. As he descended the staircase, several voices called out "Justice! justice!" but far the greater number were heard to exclaim, "God save the king! God save your majesty!"

On the morrow at the opening of the sitting, sixty-two members being present, the court ordered strict silence to be observed under pain of imprisonment. On his arrival, however, the king was not the less received with marked applause. The same sort of discussion commenced, and with equal obstinacy on both sides. "Sir," at length, exclaimed Bradshaw, "neither you, nor any other person shall be permitted to question the jurisdiction of this court. It sits by authority of the Commons of England—an authority to which both you and your predecessors are to be held responsible."

The King. "I deny that. Show me a single precedent." Bradshaw rose up in a passion:—"Sir, we do not sit here to reply to your questions. Plead to the accusation, guilty or not guilty?"

The King. "You have not yet heard my reasons."

Bradshaw. "Sir, no reason can be advanced against the highest of all jurisdictions."

The King. "Point out to me this jurisdiction; or you refuse to hear reason."

Bradshaw. "Sir, we show it to you here. Here are the Commons of England. Sergeant, remove the prisoner."

The king on this turned suddenly round towards the people. "Bear in mind," he said, "that the king of England has been condemned without being permitted to state his reasons in support of the people's liberty." These words were followed by an almost general cry of God save the king.

On the 27th at noon, after two hours conference in the painted chamber, the court opened, as usual, by calling a list of the names. At the name of Fairfax, a woman's voice from the bottom of the gallery was heard to exclaim, "He has too much sense to be here." After some moments' surprise and hesitation, the names were called over, and sixty-seven members were present. When the king entered the hall, there was a violent outcry: "Execution! justice! execution!" The soldiers became very insolent; some officers, in particular Axtel, commander of the guards, excited them to this uproar; the groups spread about through the hall, as busily seconded them. The people, struck with consternation, were silent.

"Sir," said the king, addressing Bradshaw, before he sat down, "I demand to speak a word; I hope that I shall give you no cause to interrupt me."

Bradshaw. "You will be heard in your turn. Listen first to the court."

The King. "Sir, if you please, I wish to be heard. It is only a word. An immediate decision."

Bradshaw. "Sir, you shall be heard at the proper time—first, you must listen to the court."

The King. "Sir, I desire,—what I have to say applies to what the court is, I believe, about to pronounce; and it is difficult, sir, to recall a precipitate verdict."

Bradshaw. "We shall hear you, sir, before judgement is pronounced. Until then you ought to abstain from speaking." Upon this assurance the king became more calm; he sat down, and Bradshaw proceeded:

"Gentlemen—it is well known that the prisoner at your bar has now been many times brought before this court to reply to a charge of treason, and other high crimes, exhibited against him in the name of the English people!"

"Not half the people," exclaimed the same voice that had spoken on hearing the name of Fairfax, "where is the people!—where is its consent!—Olivier Cromwell is a traitor."

The whole assembly seemed electrified:—all eyes turned towards the gallery: "Down with the w—s," cried Axtel; "soldiers fire upon them!" It was lady Fairfax. A general confusion now arose; the soldiers, though everywhere fierce and active, could with difficulty repress it. Order being at length a little restored, Bradshaw again insisted upon the king's obstinate refusal to reply to the charge, upon the notoriety of the crimes imputed to him, and declared that the court, though unanimous in its sentence, had nevertheless consented to hear the prisoner's defence, provided that he would cease to question its jurisdiction.

"I demand," said the king, "to be heard in the painted chamber, by both lords and commons, upon a proposition which concerns the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of my subjects much more nearly than my own preservation."

A violent tumult now spread throughout the court, and the whole assembly. Friends and enemies were all eager to divine for what purpose the king had demanded this conference with the two houses, and what it was his intention to propose to them.

Colonel Downs, a member of the court, expressed a wish that the king's proposition should be heard.

"Since one of the members desires it," said Bradshaw, gravely, "the court must retire;" and they immediately passed into a neighbouring hall.

In about half an hour the court returned, and Bradshaw informed the king that his proposition was rejected.

Charles appeared to be subdued, and no longer insisted with any degree of vigour.

"If you have nothing to add," said Bradshaw, "the court will proceed to give sentence."

"I shall add nothing, sir," said the king; "and only request that what I have said may be recorded." Without replying to this, Bradshaw informed him that he was about to hear his sentence; but before he ordered it to be read, he addressed to the king a long discourse, as a solemn apology for the proceedings of parliament, enumerating all the evil deeds of the king, and imputing to him alone all the misfortunes of the civil war, since it was his tyranny that had made resistance as much a matter of duty as of necessity. The orator's language was harsh and bitter, but grave, pious, free from insult, and stamped with profound conviction, though with a slight mixture of vindictive feeling. The king heard him without offering any interruption, and with equal gravity. In proportion, however, as the discourse drew towards a close, he became visibly troubled; and as soon as Bradshaw was silent, he endeavoured to speak: Bradshaw prevented him, and commanded the clerk to read the sentence. This being done, he said, "This is the act, opinion, and unanimous judgement of the court, and the whole court rose up in token of assent. 'Sir,' said the king, abruptly, 'will you hear one word?'"

Bradshaw. "Sir, you cannot be heard after sentence has been passed."

The King. "No sir!"

Bradshaw. "No, sir, with your permission, sir. Guards, remove the prisoner."

The King. "I can speak after sentence.—With your permission, sir, I have still a right to speak after sentence.—With your permission—Stay—The sentence, sir—I say, sir, that—I am not permitted to speak—think what justice others are to expect!"

At this moment he was surrounded by soldiers, and removed from the bar.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1828.

A tigress robbed of young, a lioness,
Or any interesting beast of prey,
Are smiles at hand for the distress
Of ladies who can not have their own way.

BYRON.

In a certain town in the county of blank, and state of ditto, an action was brought before a court of special sessions against Mrs. A. by the people, for an assault and battery on Mrs. B., the complainant, at which the following facts appeared, as sworn to by Mrs. B. and another woman present. It appeared that Mrs. A. went to the residence of Mrs. B., about three-fourths of a mile from her own house, for the express and avowed purpose of getting *Morgan's Illustrations of Masonry*, which she knew to be in the possession of Mrs. B. Whether the good woman had a pious regard for the salvation of her beloved spouse and intended by means of the book aforesaid to warn him of the dangerous tendency of freemasonry, doth not appear in evidence. We merely mention this as the probable motive of her visit, and can only regret that a few hundred copies of the *Solemn Warning* were not also distributed in that neighbourhood. But to proceed with the narration, Mrs. B. stated to Mrs. A. that the book had been loaned to her by a neighbour, with strict injunction not to let it pass from her possession without his order. She consequently refused to let Mrs. A. have the book. "But I will have the book," quoth Mrs. A.; "You shall not have the book," quoth Mrs. B. Here, gentle reader, if Tristram Shandy was forced to dwell for a whole chapter on the delicacy of his situation, when he was obliged to record the exclamation of Phutatorius, in the affair of the hot chestnut, how much more reluctant should we be to pollute our columns with the oath of a woman! Mrs. A. swore a terrible oath that she would have the book!

Finding that words were of no avail, and determined to leave no efforts untried to put her oath in force, [wonder if this oath may properly come under the denomination of *extra judicial*?] she undertook the experiment to see what effect *pulling hair* would have upon the obstinacy of Mrs. B. and forthwith commenced her lessons in that sublime art, by seizing as much of the hair on Mrs. B.'s forehead as she could hold in her grasp, and with the strength of a giant, dragging her towards the door. Mrs. B. naturally concluding that her own house was the most proper place for her, and at any rate, being not much inclined to make her exit in a hurry, laid hold of the door posts and maintained her position until the chief dependence of Mrs. A. came all out by the roots, leaving her nearly bald on one side of her forehead. Foiled in this attempt, Mrs. A. tried her next remaining resource, and having a good brawny fist of her own, manifested no little *dexter-ity* in its application upon the vulnerable parts of Mrs. B.'s head, face, and body. Whether she succeeded in bearing off the prize or not, the evidence not requiring it, we have not heard. It is however certain that she instructed her husband in a *judicial* degree to the tune of \$10 and costs. Owing to the indigent circumstances, and in consideration of the benefits he would probably derive from his spouse's lectures on freemasonry, he was excused from any heavier public manifestation of the value which the law attached to his rib. Oh, what virtue there must be in masonick knowledge, when it produces so much harmony among the females, even novices in its mysteries! Go on patriotic *expounders*, and desist not till every woman and child is a "*Scald Miserable Mason*," and every door yard a lodge! Our daughters shall fancy their distaffs *gavels*; their check aprons, *lambskins*; and their stocking yarn a *cabletow*.

CEREMONIES AT NASHVILLE. The Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Tennessee, convened at Nashville, on Monday, the 10th of March last, pursuant to a special order, to testify their respect to the memory of the late General Grand High Priest, DE WITT CLINTON, at which nearly all the subordinate chapters were duly represented. On Tuesday, at 11 o'clock, a masonick procession was formed, by the Grand Chapter, together with the subordinate chapter and lodge of that town, and proceeded to the court house, where they were joined by the officers and students of the University of Nashville, and the whole of the Presbyterian church. In the church the whole ceremonies were appropriate and solemn. A solemn dirge was performed by a band, and a prayer offered by the Grand Chaplain, after which the address that we publish in the Record of to-day, by the Grand High Priest. Another hymn, and an address to the Throne of Grace, completed the exercises. The day was immoderately rainy, and the weather quite unfavourable to the proper observance of the day; yet this did not prevent the "brethren of the mystick tie," nor the University, from participating in this honourable testimony to the virtues of a worthy companion and brother, a philanthropist, and a scholar.

GREAT MEN. The definition of this term is so very indefinite, if we may use the expression, that in its unequalled application it may be said to mean almost any thing.—In the retrospect of history we see nothing but great men, from the common father of the human race down to Colonel Pluck and Orator Emmons; for history takes no subject under her guardianship without a reference to their measure,—or in other words, a man must be either a great philosopher, a great general, a great statesman, a great poet, a great orator, a great tyrant, a great scoundrel or a great fool, in order to have a place assigned him among the few whom history makes immortal. Consequently we know nothing of man but in his greatness, except in the little sphere of our acquaintance, while we are in the world ourselves; nothing of the *little* beyond our personal intercourse.

The numerous paths to greatness have however filled the temple of history with worshippers of the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." There is an assortment there of all degrees, and all statures; all hues and shades; of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues;—all crowded together, and all sueing for eminence at the high court of posterity. There is Leonidas, with his glorious three hundred who fought their way to greatness, through their own blood, and the craven sole survivor, who found the same immortality by flight, and stands with the same conspicuity on the page of infamy, as his martyred companions in arms do on the scroll of glory. Solomon made himself immortal by his temple and his "cities in the wilderness;" Titus also immortalized his name in destroying the one, and Aurelian the other.—Ctesiphon, the chief architect, is only remembered on the same page of the volume of greatness, with Eratosthratus, the incendiary, who went to immortality through the flames of the temple of Diana.

After all, what is to be great. To hand down to posterity a name of five, ten, fifteen, or more letters, to be repeated in mock-heroic poems, or tortured to death in the jaws of holyday orators;—to have the few private virtues which you possess, eclipsed by the glory of your many public crimes;—to have every noble deed coupled with its relative meanness, which grows more mean in the same proportion that it detracts from the brilliancy of its parallel;—to be praised when dead by lips which scorned you when living;—to become the anathema of those who kneeled and flattered in your presence;—and to add one proof more to the theorem, that fame and infamy are similar and collateral diagrams, which nothing but sophistry can separate.

We see many of our cotemporaries, striving to be great, by any means,—no matter how,—since conscience forms no part of their rule of search. Study, labour, travel, flattery, and calumny, liberality and parsimony, candour and intrigue,—are all had in requisition and used as occasion may require, by the crawling apes of human greatness. And what is their recompense for a life of such remediless pain and folly? Nine out of ten will not be remembered twenty years after their death; and were it otherwise,—would an

eternity of fame ever atone for a life of self torture and jeopardy to future existence? If the sceptre of the world is despicable in comparison with present peace or future beatitude, how much more despicable must be the vanity of a great name, which at best is but breath.

To close these desultory thoughts, we must again come back to the language of plain simple nature, the first teachings of whose lips are that true happiness is the chief end of our being. To be upright, and to be happy are all that heaven requires of us; and he who neglects either of these requirements for the possession of any of the uncertainties of time, is a rebel against heaven and the sovereignty of his own soul. The natural inference then is, that one day in the pursuit of true happiness is better than a whole life of vain and uncertain contention with fate, for an age or two of profligate fame.

FOREIGN. The packet ships Brighton and Manchester, arrived at New-York, bring London papers to the evening of the second of March, inclusive. The London Times of February 28, mentions the fact that the house of commons, in a vote taken the preceding Tuesday, gave a majority of 44 in favour of repealing the celebrated test and corporation acts. The government of the Netherlands have revived the project of cutting a canal to unite the gulf of Mexico with the Pacific ocean. A vessel is fitting out for an expedition to Guatemala, to carry out engineers &c., and the government of Guatemala are to aid and protect the work.

At Constantinople matters seem to approach something like a crisis. Rigorous measures still continue; and the closing of the Bosphorus against all christian nations, is conclusive proof that Turkey no longer cares for the maintenance of the existing treaties with other governments. Accounts from Vienna dated February 17, represent that the situation of the christians in Constantinople is considered so alarming, that it is feared the Russians will immediately cross the Pruth.

The new Brunswick theatre lately erected in London, has been totally demolished by the falling in of its immense iron roof. The accident happened in the forenoon during a rehearsal, on the 28th of February. Nineteen persons, attached to the company and building, lost their lives. The weight of the roof is stated to have been sixty tons, and the walls only three bricks thick. Eight thousand persons were in the building the Monday previous, and it is almost a miracle the immense pressure had not then crushed the walls, and proved even a greater calamity than fire, to the unwary audience.

THE MORGAN COMMISSIONER.

[In Assembly, April 12.]

Sketch of the debate on the third reading of the bill "to provide for the employment of counsel for the purposes therein mentioned."

Mr. WILLIAMS at length, and with more than his usual ability, addressed the house, against the passage of the bill. (Mr. W. was absent when the bill was the second time acted on in committee of the whole.) He objected strongly to the appointment of an officer with such unheard of powers, for a special purpose. If necessary, he would enlarge the powers of the district attorneys, or he would direct the attorney general to spend a whole year in making investigations; he would appoint a solicitor general, and let this be his first duty, but he would not appoint an officer like that proposed by this bill. Mr. W. asked if this bill was intended to destroy the fraternity of masons, and if some men did not aim to rise into power on its ruins. He feared it was a political bark, and if so, he apprehended its navigators would be wrecked, before they arrived at their intended haven.

What good can arise from this bill, when it is evident that it grew out of a party scuffle. Whether true or not, the subject has now got into such a situation, that unless we put down the bill by common consent, the world will believe that it was intended for political effect. Mr. W. would not lend his aid, directly or indirectly to persecute any society. He was not a mason, but he had friends who were,—men that were ornaments to religion, and blessings to society. He could not believe these men were hypocrites. Washington presided over a lodge for many years, which he would not have done, had there been any thing in masonry dangerous to his country. Many other worthies were prominent masons, and it could not be believed that they would conspire against virtue or liberty, or that their "oaths were blasphemies, and their veracity perjury." There was a Judas among the Twelve. Because there are some wicked masons, is the whole fraternity to be persecuted, condemned, and destroyed? Because religion produces fanatics, would you abolish it? He knew that from masonry good had resulted. He knew one instance where savage ferocity had been tamed and the tomahawk arrested through its influence. The late Col. John M'Kinstry of Columbia county

had been taken by the Indians, and was tied to the stake of death, when Brandt discovered him to be a mason, and he was saved. Mr. W. apprehended the greatest evils would be the consequence of this bill. A commissioner is appointed whose business it is to suspect. Father and mother are to be brought before him to accuse their offspring: brother is to be arrayed against brother: the wife against her husband. He may seize the papers of individuals and of lodges, and expose their secrets to the world, by the exercise of this inquisitorial power. And who are the subjects of this power? Every man in every part of the state. Suppose a man is asked what oaths masons take, and he says he don't choose to tell. What then? Why, commit him! Fill your jails with persons who will not answer every question which shall be put to them, by the commissioner, and which questions are limited only by his own discretion and caprice! The liberty of the citizen depends on the will of this officer, and no man is sure that he will possess his liberty for an hour!

The individual questioned does not know but the object is to obtain testimony to be used against himself hereafter; and is it proper that he should be compelled to answer questions under such circumstances? It is in vain that I shall be told that only proper questions will be put. The possibility that improper interrogatories may be made, is enough to induce me to vote against it. Will you grant these alarming powers, or will you not rather leave the people in possession of the rights secured to them by the constitution. The throne of England was once shaken almost to its foundation, by the feeling excited by the issuing of warrants to seize papers of suspected persons, at the fiat of the minister. Will the legislature of New-York authorize the exercise of such a power in this land? Will they pass an act which is dangerous in its principles, and in its details alarming to liberty? They will rue the day in which they pass it!

It will but add fuel to the flame in the west, and which I fear already burns with portentous aspect; but which I hope will not consume our liberties, as I am satisfied it has consumed the discretion of some of the members.

Many will believe that it is intended to put down masonry, and others that it is for political purposes. The public indignation may be turned from the murderers of Morgan, against those who have the baseness to use the excitement for wicked purposes.

Mr. W. said that for one he would not sacrifice his country to preserve his party. This commissioner will not act even under the solemnity of an oath, not even a mason's oath. He is to have all this power without any responsibility, except responsibility to his creator—*party*. All the hope is, that the executive will not appoint an improper person to wield powers so improvidently given.

Mr. EDGERTON said he should not have troubled the house with any remarks upon the bill now before them, but for the conviction upon his mind, that it was intended for political purposes, and for political effect. I am, sir, a mason, and have been for many years, and with other gentlemen who have gone before me in the discussion, am ready here and elsewhere to avow it, but for different reasons, and I trust from other motives. As a mason, sir, I regard not the measure now proposed to be taken; for it will pass by "like the idle wind;" it will not injure masons; it will not detect the base and cold blooded murderers of Morgan, or restore him to life. I do not then, as a mason oppose this bill; but as a representative of a free people, and as an American citizen, I am compelled to enter my serious and solemn protest against its passage. What are we about to do? The bill proposes to invest an individual to be appointed by the person administering the government of this state, with the power of all your district attorneys, and your attorney general, to visit every part of your state, to hunt up witnesses, and the persons implicated in the crime of the abduction of Morgan. No oath is required of this officer for the faithful discharge of his duty; his power is almost unlimited, and he is to be a sort of vicegerent throughout your state. This individual with his semi-omnipotence and his ubiquity, is one to use the language of the poet, "dressed in a little brief authority, and may play such fantastic tricks before high heaven, as to make the angels weep." The world has seen and felt too much of this work already, and very little will be more than is wanted in this free community. There is enough lurking in the vindictive passion and prejudices of mankind, without its being fomented by panders and sophists. I know, sir, that tyrants and political demagogues, who ride upon the necks of the people, never think of patting, until they have worn out the lashes of their whips, and broken the rowels of their spurs. All experience in all ages, has proved this. I have said that this excitement was kept up for political purposes at the west; and its continuance is to secure votes for this man, that man or the other. This bill is intended to be passed to catch the popular breeze, and to secure votes. I care not what political party it will benefit; nor do I care who are anxious to get into the giddy current. One thing, I will venture to predict, that party which depends on such fragile props, such broken reeds, will tumble into ruin; and I defy gentlemen, to tell me, on whose head this political volcano will eventually burst. The excitement at the west, is a powder house, and it will be dangerous, I apprehend, to play with torches amidst materials so combustible, and whose explosion will produce such desolation.

Many of my best friends are masons, and I would appeal to the gentlemen from the west, whether they do not find among masons as much talent, integrity and elevated patriotism, as among any class of our citizens. Why then this crusade against a class of men for the crimes of the guilty? Why are the worst passions of our frail nature to be armed with triple vengeance against the masonic fraternity? I, sir, for one, will treat that man as a calumniator and a slanderer, who charges me, or the whole masonic fraternity with the murder of Morgan; or as being accessory to it, in thought word or deed. If, sir, the masonic fraternity is wicked and corrupt, there is a power as matchless and resistless as the wave of the ocean, that can annihilate and crush it to atoms. That power is public opinion, to which you and I, and this

house are accountable, and whose will we dare not disregard, and whose voice we dare not disobey. Let that opinion effect its destruction, let that with all its energies be put in requisition, and if that is against it, its total, its final and perpetual destruction is sealed. The law now on your table will not, can not reach this object. If the masonic institution is chargeable with the crime of Morgan's murder, it will be disclosed, it will be published; and let the constituted authorities of your state, as they now exist, do their duty; but do not let the constitution and the laws be violated by such a course. Another objection to this law is, that it is to continue in force but one year. Will it be possible for this officer to traverse your state, and to complete this investigation before his term of office will expire. It will be impossible; it cannot be done. What are you to do? here are individuals who by his clemency and mercy are bound to appear and answer at a court. Others are in the same situation, or perhaps the tender mercies of this officer has caused them to be committed to prison, to await their trial for being suspected: his office expires, and the individuals are to be thus confined until he can be re-appointed, or further proceedings can be had. Sir, I feel degraded, to be compelled to oppose such a bill at this enlightened day; and as a matter of history, this day's proceedings, when our bodies "are beneath the cold clouds of the valley," will be looked upon by our posterity as we look upon the persecution of the Quakers by our forefathers who, like masons, "will still do good by stealth, and blush to think it fame." In addition to the constitutional objections to this bill, which have been so ably urged, neither policy or expediency call for its passage; its object is to secure popularity for political purposes, and as such I can not and will not vote for it to serve any party.

Messrs. Emmet and Gross, also spoke against the bill, and Messrs. Wardwell, Dana, Granger, and Cheever, for it. A call by Mr. Ruggles for the *previous question*, stopped debate, and also prevented Mr. Emmet from making a motion to re-commit the bill to a committee of the whole. The bill then passed, 66 to 44; the vote being as follows:

Ayes—Messrs. Alburta, Armstrong, Barber, Bates, Belding, Blakely, Boyd, Bradish, Brinkerhoff, Bryan, D. Burt, Butler, Carrier, Cary, Chapin, Cheever, Childs, J. Clark, Dana, Dayton, Dean, Doyle, Dyckman, Fillmore, Fitch, Frothingham, Garney, Glover, Granger, Greene, Hammond, Hadden, Howland, Jones, Knorrigh, Livingston, Lynde, A. Mann, Jr., Maxwell, M'Glashan, Milliken, Mitchell, Misker, Monell, Nicholas, Paige, Parker, Richardson, Robinson, Ruggles, Savage, Sheldon, Sheppard, Sherman, Sil. Skinner, Slocum, Spencer, Sperry, Storm, Sweetman, Tallmadge, Todd, Verplanck, Wardwell, Whitson, Willes, Woodworth—66.

Nays—Messrs. Avery, Bishop, Brasher, Bucklin, A. Burt, T. E. Clark, Cole, Cowles, Dimmick, Edgerton, Emmet, Faulkner, Fenton, Fisher, Goodrich, Gross, Hart, Hicks, Jansen, Johnson, Knowles, Lathrop, A. Mann, Metcalf, Montross, Noble, Peters, Pierce, Fort, Rowley, Sacia, Sackett, Scudder, Schoonmaker, Snell, Speaker, Thorn, Tredwell, Turk, Voeder, Wadsworth, D. M. Westcott, N. Westcott, Williams—44.

[From the New-York Evening Post of April 14.]

MORGAN DISCOVERED IN ASIA. We have seen and conversed with the captain of a ship recently arrived from Smyrna, who has informed us that there is now living at Smyrna an American, who is undoubtedly, the much-talked of, mysterious Mr. Morgan. He arrived at Smyrna about a year and a half ago, in a brig from Boston, and immediately on his arrival placed himself under the protection of the Hadgi Bey, was circumcised—induced himself with a monstrous turban and a pair of wide trowsers—had his head shaved, and so became an accomplished and undoubted Mussulman. He frequently spoke of the United States, and manifested a very intimate acquaintance with the western part of this state and the Canadas. He had, when he arrived at Smyrna, a considerable sum of money, with which he commenced business; but the Turks took an opportunity of robbing him, in spite of his turban; and when our informant left, Mr. Morgan was very anxious to return to the United States. His real name could not be ascertained, because, when asked, he gave himself different appellations; but it was the general opinion among the American merchants and captains at Smyrna, that he was no other than the unhappy, murdered Morgan. He was commonly known by the name of the American Turk. Our informant describes him as being a man about 50—about 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, and rather stout built.

On Thursday morning last, between 12 and 1 o'clock, twenty-eight buildings, exclusive of out-houses and stables, situated in Beaver, Hudson and Green streets, in this city, were entirely destroyed by fire.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North-Market and Steuben-streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots, mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders.

March 9, 1823.

JOHN F. PORTER.

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 470, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan. 12.

POETRY.

FOR THE MASONICK RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Many a weary line has glided
From my tuneless quill,
And the thoughts in which I prided
Haunt my fancy still;
But fair eyes have lost their wonted
Sympathizing tear,
And even friendship's smile is blunted
By the critick's sneer.

Hopes, that strung my lyre, are scattered
To the breeze of night;—
They, like others came and flattered
But to take their flight:
Yet I mourn not for the hollow
Cheerings that they gave,—
Meet it is that hope should follow
Friendship to the grave!

Maiden,—let thy cherished pages
Hold these lines in trust,
Till distracted malice rages
Vainly o'er my dust:—
Then may they escape the blighting
Far sublimer verse
Has encountered in the biting
Of the critick's curse.

G.

The article following has been forwarded to us, with several others, as the productions of two young men, brothers, who have lately commenced scribbling. If their effusions are strictly original, they are not wholly destitute of merit, and the authors may safely venture the task of enlarging, and improving their taste. There is a wide field for their Pegasus to range in.

Editor.

FOR THE MASONICK RECORD AND SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

MY OLD COAT.

Ah, many days have lonely flown
Since thou wert with the rubbish thrown,
And wild 's the sorrow I have known
Since last we met—
Dame fortune sour and sullen grown,
And I in debt.

Old coat,—when first thou gracedst my back,
My boat had got the golden track,
And fortune drove me with a smack
Full swiftly on,—
But now the jade, alack!—alack!
Has surely flown.

When first I wore thee, hope was strong,
And bore me carelessly along;—
'Twas then I reckless wed to song—
But now I reck
That e'er, her fated bowers among,
I thrust my neck.

Farewell, old coat—thy fate is mine,
I've lost my wealth,—and thou thy shine—
I've served my turn, as thou hast thine;—
Be this thy knell:
I mind thee now "for auld lang syne"—
Old coat, farewell!

Buffalo, April 4, 1828.

ALBERTUS.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

Reader—kind gentle reader,—it is now
Some seven weeks past I sung to thee about
Divers and sundry freaks of love—and how,
By turns, each flame was kindled and went out;—
Until at last—by chance Dan Cupid fell
Upon a maiden ycleped Christabelle:—

And then I stopped, as in love's duty bound—
But with a promise, that, should any thing
Unloose the chain which turns my heart around
With beauty's witchery—my muse should sing
Again. Now though your hearts no doubt are glad
To hear her music—mine is very sad!

Sad as—a piece of faded silk—which erst
Sported a thousand colours, but at last

Faded and worn out—like a thing accursed,
Amid the wreck of perished stuff is cast,
Unfit even for patch-work—and too poor
To rub a piece of household furniture.

Would I had never met with such a belle
As this same *Christa*—one!—oh, such a race
Ne'er did a poor heart run!—and passing well
Thine eye might read it in my pallid face:—
Once full—now thin as parchment—and mine eye,
A pure *fac-simile* of vacancy.

I don't know how it happened—for my glass
Told me I looked the same—and quite as fair—
I never doubted it:—but let that pass,
"Women like moths are ever caught by glare,"—
So sang Lord Byron—and I am inclined,
Just now, to be precisely of his mind.

I can't tell how it was:—some way or other
My Christabelle grew cold, and did not smile
So fondly as at first—perhaps, another
Stole in, "old serpent fashion," to beguile
Her "young affections"—till at length 'twas plain
My sighs and tender looks were all in vain.

It grew so bad at last—I almost blush
To name it—that as often as I tried
To win her love, she only answered "tush!"—
And when I said she would—she said I ****!
And bade me, if I would not be a fool,
To mind my business—or go back to school!

Odds bows and arrows!... how my heart did swell,
To think that such a trifling thing should tease me!
But when I come to think upon it well,
I found she was not near the thing to please me....
And so... I'm up again for sale.... who 'll buy me?
Ladies, I'm in the market.... come and try me!

Boston Statesman]

JUAN.

MY FATHER'S BIRTH-DAY.

My father, on thy brow
That fifty winters have passed o'er, and left
Traces of care, and toil, and love bereft:
Where youth no more her seal of hope hath set,
But manhood's loftiness is lingering yet,—
Be blessings now!

My father, on thy form,
Where sorrow's storms have beaten heavily—
But which still standeth proud and boldly free,
Where, at the call of liberty and truth,
The heart yet boundeth with the glow of youth,
Be blessings warm!

My father, on thy soul
May memory's fountains gush in loveliness—
And all that in life's morn had power to bless,
Be in thy age a store of beauty fraught
With recollected joys. Tides of sweet thought
Over thee roll!

And ere that head shall bow
To the dark conqueror, and the spirit part
From all that makes earth lovely,—when the heart
Now beating with affection shall be chilled,
And the loved voice forever stilled,
Be thy child's lowt

N. H. Sentinel.]

THE DEPARTED.

Lament not the dead!
He is peacefully sleeping;
And love near his bed
Her long vigil is keeping;
The young eye of gladness
Is faded and dim;
And fond ones in sadness
Are mourning for him.

Their grief will depart;
Their affections deceive them;
And we to the heart
That too firmly believes them.
The tears of their sorrow
Are fervent to-day,
But hope comes to-morrow
And charms them away.

But there's one will be true
Though all the rest alter;

Her tears may be few,
But her heart will not falter
In life they were parted;
He was not her own:
But now, broken hearted,
She weeps him alone.

Knows she not there's a rest
Where love will be surer,
And the hearts of the blessed
Shall be brighter and purer?
Long ages and pleasures
Shall dawn on despair,
And the heart that she treasures
Shall welcome her there.

Ladies' Magazine.]

C

THE DYING POET.

'Tis over! life's bewildering dream is fading from my sight,
And soon my weary heart shall rest in death's untroubled night;
To-morrow's setting sun will gleam upon the icy brow
Of him who turns with failing eye to watch its glories now

Thou setting sun! how oft on thee I've gazed in early years,
Until my infant eyes have filled with soft delicious tears;
Alas! I little knew such tears from those deep fountains sprung,
Which since o'er all the flowers of life their venom'd sweets have flung

My thoughts were not as others' thoughts, for nature ever spoke
A deeper language to my heart, and sweeter feeling awoke;
The golden sun, the flower decked earth, the mountain's rushing stream
Each filled my wild and restless thought with some enrapturing dream.

Oh! ne'er can I forget the hour—the blissful hour, when first
O'er Castaly's pure fount I bent to quench my spirit's thirst;
When, dazzled by my glorious dreams, o'ermastered by a throng
Of thoughts too beautiful for speech, I poured them forth in song.

And then too came the voice of praise, whose all-resistless spell
Upon my burning fancy sweet as dews of evening fell;
Alas! as night-dews fall alike to freshen weeds and flowers,
Thus while it wakened loftier thoughts it roused dark passion's powers.

With fearless foot I dared to climb ambition's dizzy way,
For by its own resplendent light my soul was led astray;
I lived but on the breath of fame—the gentler hopes of life
Were all unheeded, while I gave myself to envious strife.

Yet there was one—a gentle girl, whose look had power to still
The busy demon in my heart, and mould me to her will;
But ah! she feared to share with me a poet's wayward fate,—
She could not prize a minstrel's love, and—I am desolate!

Yet not unblest has been my life; my song has had high power
To cheer the heavy thoughts of wo in many a weary hour;
And many a gentle heart has ceased to feel its own distress,
While bending o'er the page that told a poet's wretchedness.

My lot has been a lonely one, and now unwept I die;
Strangers will close my glazing eyes and hear my latest sigh;
Yet they will write upon the stone that marks my lowly grave,—
"Joyless and lone he passed his life,—but joy to others gave!"

N. Y. Mirror.]

IANTHE.

EPITAPH.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

She lived! what further can be said
Of all the generations dead?
She died!—what more can be foretold
Of all the living, young and old?
She lived,—as in her maker's eye,
At every step prepared to die:
She died,—as one exchanging breath
For immortality in death:
Her dust is here, her spirit there—
Eternity! O tell me where!

MILITARY STANDARD, Sign, Masonick and Fancy Painting.—**JOHN LEMAN**, at 382, North Market-street, Albany, has at considerable expense, collected an entirely new set of fancy grounds and letters, of various shades and patterns, by which, in addition to his determination to devote his best exertions to please, he is now enabled to execute any order in the above line, in the most elegant style, and on short notice. For evidence of his ability in the Military department, reference is had to Gen. S. Van Rensselaer. March 22. 81f

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1828.

NO. 13.

MASONICK RECORD.

Communicated for the American Masonick Record.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before Western Light Lodge, No, 105, at Union Village, Broome county, on the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, December 27, 5827.

BY BR. SAMUEL M. HUNT.

It has been the practice amongst all civilized nations to devote certain days for the celebration of events of a pleasing and joyous nature. The Jewish nation observed many periodical festivals, which not only served to exhibit their gratitude for the favours received, but was the means of transmitting to posterity glorious events that had distinguished them as a peculiar people. Other nations imitating their examples have regarded particular days as worthy to be noticed on account of some achievement performed, some glorious revolution accomplished, or as the birth day of some conspicuous personage.

In accordance with this custom we have assembled on this occasion to celebrate the nativity of an illustrious character, distinguished not as an aspiring hero in the annals of war, but as a philanthropist, and one eminent for piety and true religion. Should we refer to history for the character of Saint John the Evangelist, and trace him through the various vicissitudes of life, we should find him zealously engaged in meliorating the condition of mankind. While employed in his domestic concerns he received a call to enter into a more public and important station in life. He immediately renounced the pleasures of the world and became one of the most worthy of the christian disciples. This is the one who leaned upon the breast of the Saviour;—this is he of whom it is written "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

While many professing christians proved treacherous and dishonest, and attempted a perversion of the doctrines of christianity, Saint John remitted no exertion, but continued actively employed as an evangelist in promulgating the truth which he had received. Even while persecuted by the unrelenting hand of tyranny, separated from his friends and brethren on the remote and desert island of Patmos, there was no remission of his zeal. It was even there he had the most exalted views of the person and character of Deity.

Although many generations have passed since the day which gave birth to this celebrated individual, there can be no rational objection produced against the propriety of celebrating the day which bestowed upon the world so great and such a distinguished blessing. All allow the propriety of christians assembling together in order to keep in memory the anniversary of their ancient brother; yet there may be some in this assembly who would inquire, why we have convened in the peculiar character of masons to celebrate this event? To this inquiry I would reply that the views of our patron saint were not confined to the narrow precincts of one church or society; but wherever he discovered an institution embracing principles of virtue and morality, established for the cultivation of reason, promoting true friendship among the different ranks and orders of mankind, with their primary object of rendering themselves serviceable to their fellow creatures, he never thought it derogatory to the dignity of his character to attach himself to them, to patronize their assemblies, and extend their utility. Hence we have not only met this day to speak of his character as a christ-

tian, but we have come in this garb to venerate his memory as a mason. Illustrious event! memorable era! that witnessed so many virtues concentrated in one inspired individual of our mortal race!

No generation ever witnessed such exhibitions of distinguished characters. For the nations of the earth that had long lain in darkness saw *great light!* the blazing star in the east guiding the wise men to the place of the Infant Redeemer's nativity.—At this period likewise lived Saint John the Baptist, whose memory also every true mason delights to honour.

But perhaps an inquiry might be made how we know that Saint John ever bore the character of a freemason, since the scriptures say nothing on the subject! Can any one infer from the scriptures alone that this was not the case? Should we take the scriptures as the only authentick source of information, of the lives and characters of individuals, and depend upon them solely for the history of the arts and sciences, narrow indeed must be our scope of information. The bible was designed to teach men religion, not to describe the rise and progress of every moral society. The observance of certain rights and ceremonies as commemorative of events, has ever been held to establish their authenticity, by connecting circumstances back to their origin. The ceremony of the passover most forcibly establishes the truth that the Jews were remarkably preserved and delivered from Egyptian bondage. For this was kept as a memorial and to be duly observed by them and their sons forever, as an ordinance indicative of the salvation that was wrought in their behalf, while their enemies fell by the hand of the destroyer. They were directed to say unto their children when they inquired "what mean ye by this service?"—"it is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when he smote the Egyptians and delivered our houses." If then the observance of such ordinances serve to prove the authenticity of such events we have the same authority to conclude that Saint John was in reality a mason. To those who have made considerable proficiency in the science of masonry it is a fact well known and elucidated;—and those who have barely been initiated into the rudiments of the art, or who have formed the slightest knowledge of speculative masonry, may judge from this fact, that all masons professing Christianity, dedicate their lodges to Saint John the Baptist and Saint John the Evangelist. But the objector will say, if such were the characters who anciently embraced and supported the principles of masonry, your system must have undergone a sad change since their day. Not so, my friend; the principles of masonry remain the same, and are subject to no particular change, being established on a basis which is not impaired by the revolution of time.—But that men *professing masonry* may change, and men of corrupt principles impose upon our lodges and evade for awhile the scrutiny of honest brethren, is a fact I shall not pretend to deny.

Perhaps there never was a period when circumstances of so unpleasant a nature have occurred as at the present day, to excite publick prejudice against our ancient institution. The enemies of masonry seem to exult in the belief that a fatal blow has been levelled at the foundation of the order. If individuals of any particular society have violated civil laws, and justly exposed themselves to the resentment of an incensed community, would it be just to exterminate the whole of such society, and punish the innocent equally with the

guilty! Yet some pretend to say that all masons were in some measure concerned in the accomplishment of that foul deed to which we refer, viz: the kidnaping and subsequent disposal of Morgan. But I think I need not resort to any argument in such an enlightened community, in order to refute so palpable an error. An assertion so inconsistent and nefarious in its intent, need but to be suggested in order to be despised. Every honest man in community, however illiberal his sentiments may be towards our institution, is constrained to discredit so foul a charge.

And again it is argued, if we were not in a manner accessory to the deed, still we justify the conduct of those who were concerned in it. This is another assertion which we most solemnly deny.—We know moreover that not an individual, while under the influence of the principles of the institution, could ever countenance so flagrant a violation of the laws of our happy land. Hence, whoever supposes that they were impelled by a sense of their duty as masons to commit the outrage, is positively most grossly mistaken. And any man who ever belonged to the fraternity, who countenances such an assertion, imposing upon the credulity of those who are ready to believe any thing that is prejudicial to the order, must violate his conscience, by sanctioning that which he absolutely knows to be false! And now, instead of withholding any thing in relation to that disgraceful transaction from the publick, we anxiously wish for the time to arrive, when the truth, and nothing but the truth, shall be disclosed,—that the innocent may no longer be censured, while the guilty may be brought to condign punishment. Then would this unhappy excitement be allayed, which now unfortunately produces such a diversity of opinion. While the accounts in our publick prints are so contradictory upon this subject, as at the present, we know not when to give credit, nor when to withhold belief.

That there are evil disposed persons, wishing to take advantage of the times to prejudice community in their favour, for the purpose of raising themselves to office, without talents or reputation, having no other qualifications than their boasted ill will to masonry, must appear obvious, when we reflect upon the course pursued, in putting in circulation reports which they knew were false, imposing upon the credulity of the publick, and boasting they would "answer their purpose until after election." While men are thus imposing upon the sympathies of many, crying down the institution of masonry, representing themselves as friends to the rights of man, and bound to support them whenever invaded, the unbiassed eye may discover them in their true character,—not unlike a Robespierre and other infidel self-styled republicans in the French revolution, aiming at the destruction of every religious institution.

To produce discord among christians, they encourage the editors of religious papers to publish essays calculated to militate against the feelings of masonick brethren of their churches, destroying harmony among those who had dwelt together for years in unity, and

"Like kindred drops been mingled one to one."

Brethren of the fraternity who had long been distinguished for piety, and had enjoyed the privileges of the church which none of their christian friends felt disposed to envy them on account of their improvement in the science of masonry, are now witnessing the frowns of their brethren. And clergymen, who had long been members of the

fraternity, and who had been respected as the most exemplary men of piety, and distinguished as profound advocates for the true gospel, are threatened to be silenced, unless they will come forth to this modern inquisition, and not only renounce masonry, but pronounce it to be a bad institution, which their love of truth cannot suffer them to utter.—Taking advantage of the prejudice and superstition of church members, evil minded men would gladly subvert every principle of religion. For they know that the saying of the Saviour is true, "a house divided against itself cannot stand."—Through the fatal influence of bad men, how many good meaning christians are taking up the sword of persecution with as much malignity as a Saul of Tarsus. They do not credit the solemn declaration of their brethren, that there is nothing in the secrets of masonry repugnant to christianity. On other subjects they would acknowledge themselves blameable to discredit their integrity; but when they speak favourably of masonry, that good opinion is lost in the vortex of prejudice. Of all the indications of mental imbecility, this appears most prominent, that men should judge so harshly of things beyond their knowledge; for how can they possibly judge of a subject that they know nothing about? Opinions thus formed must be as imperfect as an infant's ideas of algebra. Hence we find men arguing against masonry, and deducing reasons as foreign to the subject as light is to darkness. How often have we heard it said that masons are obliged to keep each other's secrets, and if called upon as witnesses, or jurors, they must rather violate their duty as good citizens, than suffer their brethren though guilty to be brought to justice. This is an assertion on which the enemies of masonry found their principal arguments,—which if true, I admit would be sufficient to demolish the institution. But this is as repugnant to truth as it is contrary to the voice of reason.

(Conclusion next week.)

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

OHIO.

Extract from the Minutes of the *Lafayette Lodge*, in Cincinnati, Ohio, at a stated meeting, on the evening of the 12th March, A. L. 5828.

The following preamble and resolutions were offered, and unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, one of the most grateful duties that devolve upon society, consists in offering to exalted merit the voluntary tribute of admiration and respect: and whereas, it has been customary in all civilized countries, for societies to give some distinctive evidence of sorrow and regret, when individual excellence of more than ordinary character, and connected with them, is suddenly snatched from the world by the remorseless hand of death: and whereas, masonry from her diffident and retiring nature can not give that public and imposing demonstration of the estimation in which she holds individual worth, that the members of common society can indulge in; but is forced by her unobtrusive disposition to conceal to a certain extent, her official acts, as she does her charities: and whereas there is one way for brethren to give vent to those sentiments of gratitude and respect, which the recollection of private worth and public services naturally inspire, by pouring their feelings into the bosom of the fraternity and inscribing them on the rolls of the order; therefore

Resolved, that the members of *Lafayette Lodge* have heard with the most deep-felt sensations of grief, of the bereavement which masonry and our country have sustained in the unexpected death of the distinguished statesman, the untiring patriot and accomplished mason, DE WITT CLINTON: that while we sympathize with the citizens of a great state on being deprived of the master spirit that gave life and energy to the great cause of internal improvement, by embracing with his vigorous intellect the whole system of operative, as well as speculative masonry; while we mourn with our country at large the loss of a man whose history is identified with her fame and her glory, yet as masons, we feel a still more intense sorrow at the loss of a brother, whose career presented to the world the most perfect illustration of the lessons of the craft; who in every station of life, how-

ever exalted, continued firm in his devotion to the cause of masonry, and whose exertions have shed a halo round her brow, that has restored to her much of her ancient splendour.

Resolved, that the brethren of *Lafayette Lodge*, appear in the lodge room on six successive nights, with black crapes on the left arm, in token of their respect for the memory of this great citizen, and distinguished mason.

Resolved, that a committee of two be appointed to meet committees which may be appointed from the other lodges of this city, to take further measures for showing their respect for the memory of their deceased brother.

Resolved, that brother Past Master Neville and brother R. E. Lytle be this committee.

Wm. R. FOSTER, W. Master.
Wm. S. HATCH, Sec'y.

NEW-YORK.

OTSEGO COUNTY.

Officers of *Seven Stars Lodge*, No. 459, in Butternuts, Otsego county, for the year 5828:—

John Judson, Master; Archibald Dixon, Senior Warden; Levi Judson, Junior Warden; John Bryant, Secretary; Hezekiah Scofield, Treasurer; Samuel Starr, Senior Deacon; Daniel Bishop, Junior Deacon; Lemuel Smith and Silas Caulkins, Stewards; Benjamin Dixon, Tyler.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

ARTIFICIAL FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

From the *National Aegis*.

The following curious paper appears in an old volume of "Transactions of the Italian Academy." Naturalists tell us, that the embryos of future plants exist in the seeds, formed even before the flower-leaves expand: and it is possible, though not very probable, that they may vegetate in fluids. This mode of production rests on the authority of the Jesuit Father, its author: we are not aware that the experiment has been repeated since 1670, by modern cultivators. The air of sincerity, over the account, may render it an exception to the deceptive fictions coined by the vivid imagination of speculative men, in a remote age.

Memoir by Father Francisco Lana.

I took a quantity of flowers of the Orange Tree, and put them into about half a pound of oil of almonds together with a little alum, and so enclosed all in a glass vial; which being well stopp'd, I exposed to the sun for a month, adding more flowers when the first decayed, yet without removing those. A month being passed, I poured off the oil, impregnated with the virtues of the flowers and very odoriferous, into other glass vials, and carefully set them aside, leaving them untouched until the next spring;—then on looking into the vials, I observed in them certain little plants with flowers swimming in the oil, which to me appeared not at all different from the true and fresh leaves of the orange tree: but the wonder increased some months afterwards, when the hot season being advanced, the flowers were turned into little fruits, about the same time that such fruit ripened upon the tree, there being at the bottom of the vials some small oranges with their proper colours, together with those minute specks that fruit usually has: so that they were in nothing distinguishable from true oranges except in smallness. There are many individuals in the college of Rome whom I might mention as witnesses of this curious and strange metamorphosis; but I will mention only one—His Excellency Innocentia Conti, Lieutenant General of the army of the church, a man of rare valour and sublime genius, to whom I presented one of my vials, in which every year, hitherto, in the blooming season, have appeared such flowers, which are afterwards transformed into fruits like those I have described.

Brescia, X. D. 1670.

POISONOUS INGREDIENTS.

[From a recent work on Animal and Vegetable Poisons.]

The seeds of the berries of the *strychnos*, more commonly known by the name of *nux vomica*, which is brought from the East Indies, is a very

active poison, and particularly so to dogs and to the brute species in general, though it has been used on the continent in moderate doses for various diseases, which there it has had the reputation of curing. In this country, it has rarely been prescribed. It is one of the articles employed in the adulteration of fermented liquors, to which it imparts an intoxicating, and, we may add, a very poisonous quality. When taken in an overdose, *nux vomica* produces very rapidly a general torpor of the system, nervous tremblings, coma, convulsions, tetanus or locked jaw, and death; its actions being confined principally to the brain and nervous system, and affecting but little the stomach and intestines. The *cocculus indicus*, a berry well known in this country, is also a narcotick poison, frequently put into porter to impart to it an inebriating quality, and though by no means so active or so dangerous as the *nux vomica*, yet it is a very improper article to be used for such purposes.

HABITS OF SEALS.

From the *Edinburgh Quarterly Journal*.

The brain of this animal, observes Dr. Harwood, is I think, doubtless, of greater proportionate magnitude than in any other quadruped, and not only does it exhibit in its countenance, the appearance of sagacity, but its intelligence is in reality far greater than in most land quadrupeds: hence its domestication is rendered much easier than that of other animals, and it is susceptible of more powerful attachment. The large seal, which was exhibited some time ago at Exeter 'Change, appeared to me to understand the language of its keeper as perfectly as the most faithful dog. When he entered at one end of its long apartment, it raised its body from the water, in which it was injudiciously too constantly kept, supporting itself erect against the bar of its enclosure, and wherever he moved, keeping its large, dark eyes steadfastly fixed upon him. When desired to make obeisance to visitors, it quickly threw itself on one side, and struck the opposite one several times in quick succession with its fore-foot, producing a loud noise. The young seal, again, which was kept on board the *Alexander*, in one of the northern expeditions, became so much attached to its new mode of life, that after being thrown into the sea, and it had become tired of swimming at liberty, it regularly returned to the side of the boat, to be retaken on board. Such examples might be greatly multiplied; and I cannot help stating, that aware of this disposition to become familiar, and this participation in the good qualities of the dog, it is astonishing that mankind have not chosen this intellectual and finely organized quadruped, for aquatic services scarcely less important than some of those in which the dog is employed on the surface of the land.

SHEEP IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Abridged from *Loudon's Encyclopedia*.

The long woolled British sheep are the *Teeswater*, old and new *Leicester*, *Devenshire Nots*, *Exmoor*, and *Heath breeds*. The short woolled are the *Dorsetshire*, *Hereford* or *Ryeland*, *South Down*, *Norfolk*, *Cheviot*, *Shetland* and *Merinos*.

The old *Leicester* or *Lincolnshire* breed have no horns. The carcass is long and thin, and the wethers weigh from 20 to 30 pounds per quarter. The wool is from 10 to 19 inches long, and weighs from 8 to 14 pounds per fleece. The *Teeswater* are similar to the *Lincolnshire*, but the wool is shorter. Some of them have been fed so as to weigh 55 pounds per quarter. The *Dishley* or new *Leicester* breed have round, barrel shaped bodies, and no horns. They are peculiar for being fat. They yield from 6 to 8 pounds of wool, and weigh from 18 to 26 pounds per quarter. The *Devenshire Nots* have narrow backs and coarse wool. The *Exmoor* sheep are small and flat sided. The *Heath* sheep are a race which ranges over the mountainous districts of Britain. They have large horns, black faces and legs, and coarse shaggy wool.

The *Dorsetshire* sheep are mostly horned, stand high upon small legs, and are long and thin in the carcass. The fleece weighs 3 or 4 pounds. Some have no wool upon their bellies. [Many of the native sheep of New-England resemble the *Dorsetshire* breed.] The *Herefordshire* sheep are with-

out horns and bear fine short wool; weighing about 2 pounds a fleece. The mutton is excellent, and weighs from 10 to 18 pounds per quarter. The South Downs have dark faces and legs, and no horns. The fleece is fine, and weighs from 2 1-2 to 3 pounds. The mutton is good, and weighs about 18 pounds per quarter. The Norfolk sheep have large horns and black faces and legs. The wool is fine, about 2 pounds per fleece. The Cheviots have long bodies, and no horns. The Hebridean sheep is the smallest animal of its kind, weighing when fat only five pounds per quarter. The Shetland sheep have hair and wool mixed together.

The Spanish or Merino breed bear the finest wool of the sheep species. They are not very numerous in England. The fleece is from 3 to 5 pounds. Mr. Loudon says the harder the fleece is, and the more it resists the external pressure of the hand, the more close and fine will be the wool. Here and there a fine pile may be found in an open fleece, but this seldom occurs.

THE CAMEL.

In the museum of the college of surgeons are several preparations illustrative of the structure of the stomach of this animal. The stomach itself, as blown up and preserved by John Hunter, 30 years ago, may still be seen; but many curious particulars, not known to that great naturalist, have been since observed. The camel usually drinks from six to eight gallons of water in the day, and consumes in the same period about a peck of oats, one of chaff, and one third of a truss of hay. The stomach upon being opened after death, is found to consist of two cavities, one of which contains the solid food, the other, water in a pure state. The camel, therefore, when it drinks, conducts the water in a pure state into the second cavity, where part of it is retained, while part runs over into the cellular structure of the first. The quantity of water these two cavities are found capable of containing after death, was between eight and nine quarts, much less than they would be capable of containing during the animal's life.

THE GATHERER.

INTOXICATION.

Condensed from a recent Swedish Work.

The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigour in Sweden. Who ever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars; for the second six; for the third and fourth a still larger sum—and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, and condemned to six months hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelvemonth's punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in publick, such as at a fair, at an auction, &c. the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church, the punishment is still more severe. Who ever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the drunken person is a minor. An ecclesiastick who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime; and who ever dies while drunk, is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquor to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Who ever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison, and detained until sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. Half these fines goes to the informers, who are generally police officers, the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year the delinquents are reviewed, and the fines are paid.

the clergy; and every tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung in the principal rooms of his house.

SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare's pedigree is known solely by the entries on the Court Rolls of the manor of Rowington. "It there appears that John Shakspeare, the eldest son of Richard, died in 1609, and that Thomas Shakspeare was admitted to the Hill Farm, as his son and heir. This Thomas, from his will, which was made in 1614, appears to have been a mealman or baker, and lived at Mously end in the Rowington, May 5, 1614, his widow was admitted in the Court Baron to her free bench, and afterwards surrendered to her son John, who was then admitted accordingly. He died in February 1652-3, leaving two sons, William who died in 1690, and John: who died in 1710." No less than five descents appear in this instance on the copyhold Court Rolls; there may possibly be further particulars upon them.

MAGNANIMITY OF A BARBARIAN.

When Guatimozin, after the fall of Mexico, was, with one of his officers, put to the torture by order of Cortes, the monarch bore what ever the refined cruelty of his tormentors could inflict, with the invincible fortitude of an American warrior. His fellow sufferer, overcome by the violence of the anguish, turned a dejected eye towards his master, which seemed to implore his permission to reveal all that he knew. But the high spirited prince, darting on him a look of authority mingled with scorn, checked his weakness by asking "Am I now reposing on a bed of flowers?" Overawed by the reproach, the favourite persevered in his dutiful silence and expired. Cortes, ashamed of a scene so horrid, rescued the royal victim from the hands of his torturers, and prolonged a life reserved for new indignities and sufferings.—*Robertson's History of America.*—It is well known that the unhappy monarch was shortly afterwards hanged by the order of Cortes.

INQUISITION IN ITALY.

In the sixteenth century drowning was the mode of death to which Protestants were doomed, either because it was less cruel and odious than committing them to the flames, or because it accorded with the customs of Venice. But if the *auto da fe* of the queen of the Adriatick were less barbarous than those of Spain, the solitude and silence with which they were accompanied was calculated to excite the deepest horror. At the dead hour of midnight the prisoner was taken from his cell, and put into a gondola, or Venetian boat, attended only, besides the sailors, by a single priest, to act as confessor. He was rowed out into the sea beyond the Two Castles, where another boat was in waiting. A plank was then laid across the two gondolas, upon which the prisoner, having his body chained, and a heavy stone affixed to his feet, was placed; and, on a signal given, the gondolas retiring from one another, he was precipitated into the deep.

[*Dr. M'Crie's History.*]

NEGROES' HEIR LOOM.

Some years ago, the boiler-men negroes on Hucklenfield estate were overheard by the book-keeper discoursing on this subject, (the superiority of the whites,) and various opinions were given, till the question was thus set at rest by an old African:—"When God Almighty make de world, him make two men, a nigger and a buckra; and him give dem two box, and him tell dem for make dem choice. Nigger, (nigger greedy from time,) when him find one box heavy, him take it, and buckra take t'other; when dem open de box, buckra see pen, ink, and paper; nigger box full up with hoe and bill, and hoe and bill for nigger till this day."

CAFRE MARRIAGES.

When a female of respectable rank is to be married, an address is delivered to her by one of the elders of her clan, before she leaves the home of her kindred, in which she is admonished to conduct herself as a prudent house-wife, to be obedient to her husband, attentive to his aged parents, and to her duties as a wife and mother.

above all, to be submissive when insulted, and "to remain silent even though called a witch." On arriving at the kral of the bridegroom, she is conducted to a new hut, the young man dancing before her, and sweeping the ground with green boughs, as an intimation that she is expected to be always neat, clean, and orderly in her household.

HOLY WATER.

A friend of mine (says Mr. Lambert, in his travels,) was once present at the house of a French lady in Canada, when a violent thunder storm commenced. The shutters were immediately closed, and the room darkened. The lady of the house, not willing to leave the safety of herself and company to chance, began to search her closets for the bottle of holy water, which by a sudden flash of lightning, she fortunately found. The bottle was uncorked, and its contents immediately sprinkled over the ladies and gentlemen. It was a most dreadful storm, and lasted a considerable time; she therefore redoubled her sprinklings and benedictions at every clap of thunder or flash of lightning. At length the storm abated, and the party were providentially saved from its effects; which the good lady attributed solely to the precious water. But when the shutters were opened, and the light admitted, the company found, to the destruction of their white gowns and muslin handkerchiefs; their coats, waistcoats, and breeches, that instead of holy water, the pious lady had sprinkled them with ink.

SUSCEPTIBLE WOMAN.

Lady Scott, the late wife of the "Great Unknown," did not in any degree partake of the high poetick feeling of her literary husband. One day, whilst he was contemplating with much delight the gambols of some lambs, that were sporting on the lawn before the door of his country residence, he burst forth with a warm effusion on the beauty of the rural subject; and after he had enlarged on it for some time, her ladyship very coolly replied, "That she saw no beauty whatever in the lambs as they then were, but she thought well enough of them when they were dressed and served up for dinner."

[*Liverpool Chronicle.*]

LORD BYRON.

When Lord Byron was cut by the great, on account of his quarrel with his wife, he stood leaning on a marble slab at the entrance of a room, while troops of duchesses and countesses poured out. One little pert red-haired girl stood a few paces behind the rest, and as she passed him said, with a nod, "Aye, you should have married me, and then this wouldn't have happened to you."

GRAVITY.

That profound philosopher and divine, Dr. Samuel Clark, was of a very playful disposition, and was pleased with the company of young people. One day, while he was partaking in the sports of his little comrades, he was informed of the arrival of a certain fop. "Now, my friends," said he to them, "let us look grave, here comes a fool."

PARR ON PRIESTLY.

Let Priestly be confuted where he is mistaken. Let him be exposed where he is superficial. Let him be repressed where he is dogmatical. Let him be rebuked where he is censorious. But let not his attainments be depreciated, because they are numerous, almost without a parallel. Let not his talents be ridiculed, because they are superlatively great. Let not his morals be vilified, because they are correct without austerity, and exemplary without ostentation, because they present even to common observers the innocence of a Hermit, and the simplicity of a Patriarch, and because a philosophick eye will at once discover in them the deep fixed root of virtuous principle, and the solid trunk of virtuous habit.

Arch bishop Usher being requested by a Mr. Button to write an Epitaph on his father, sent him the following:—

"Oh, thou art dead and earth! Oh, stars and poles! That you should be but buttoned up!"

POPULAR TALES.

GUIDO AND BIANCA.

An Italian Story—abridged from the "Posthumous Papers of a Person about Town."

I am the daughter of noble parents, whom I will not name,—for they should rest undisgraced in their tombs,—who left me sole heir of a large estate in the most fertile fields of Italy. I had fair and stately halls, vassals for service in court or field, ladies for attendance, and every other thing needful or unneedful with which human pride can be pampered, and honour or humour desire or deserve. Mistress of these enviable possessions, I had many princely suitors, who met with such honourable entertainment as their many pleasant qualities merited. But there was one never seen among those flattering suitors, who was a thriving wooer with my heart, though he had never worshipped at its shrine, and might have had that woman's toy as a gift which he was either too humble or too proud to ask.

This was the noble gentleman called Guido de Medicis, the owner of the poor estate touching upon the wider skirts of mine. He was of an ancient race of poets, painters, sculptors, legislators, and members of all the intellect of Italy; that proud land, where the hand of humble genius is more nobility than the entire body of merely honourable birth. But he, of whom I write, is now cold in a grave only vaster than his great capacity,—the earth embracing the sea; and could these miserable and shameful tears, which fall at the recollection of the wrong which I have done him, outwater that sea, they would not enough mourn him who is the drowned hope and pride of my dear father-land: vainly therefore do I weep a sin which tears may never wash away, nor any life or death atone for, to heaven and my country.

[A eloquent and impassioned description of Guido follows this.]

From some inquiries which I had made among his domesticks, I learned that his heart (which I had thought possible to be mine) was irrevocably given to the fair Bianca, daughter of Baptista Buonaventi, an old merchant of Florence; and that, in a few days, he was to set out for Syracuse to claim her hand, in fulfilment of a solemn compact, made when passing his novitiate in that city. This intelligence came like death upon my heart; and, for many days, I held myself averse from the gay company and the old courtesses of my house.

My noble friends saw my spirit to be sick, and strove to come at its disease; but I had already formed my resolution, rather than confess my weakness, to die of undiscovered grief, and, since my malady was hopeless, that it should be also voiceless. I preserved that strict silence which is alone the security of secrecy. But, nevertheless, I wept my sorrow in the loneliness and darkness of the sleepless night; and this I did, till the paleness of my cheek was now so constant, instead of its wonted ruddiness, that it was scarcely noticed, either by the pitying kindly, or the prying curious.

[Guido leaves his house for Florence; and the Italian lady, unable to support his absence, follows him in secret, and becomes introduced to Guido's intended bride.]

Bianca Buonaventi was indeed a woman worthy of a sculptor's love; for all those beauties which art has imitated from nature were mingled in her. In her form were blended all that I had till then thought the idealities of Grecian grace and Roman majesty; in motion she was stately as the swan; and swam the air rather than walked the earth. Her step was an inauditable music; her voice sweeter than the recollected music of a dream. Her mind was a book of pure and wise thoughts, written surely by some hand divine. Her countenance such as angels wear—and they were made fair that man might love heaven, where all is beautiful. Love shone in her eyes, but with so holy and placid a fire,—two sister stars burning in the winter beam not a chaster light; wherever they turned all eyes were illuminated, and whatever she looked upon reflected back the beauty she turned upon it. Indeed all those fair and admirable qualities which make women worthy of that paragon of earthly creatures—man—she was perfection. That Guido should love the gentle girl was no longer wonderful; for I even loved him the more

that he did love her, so endearing a power hath beauty in its purity.

[They were to be married on the morrow; and the Italian lady, subduing her passions to a sister's love, attended the solemn ceremony, and agreed to accompany them from Florence to the sea-coast, where they intended to take shipping for Syracuse, the residence of Bianca's family and are overtaken by a storm.]

The frail vessel, which had lain on the waters like a log, strained under their strong stirring, and creaked as if its ribs were severing. High wave followed high wave, as if they were indeed not waves, but mountains sliding off the face of the earth in the sea of space—when rolling some way over the common level of the waters, they fell with a crushing noise into the bed of the sea. At length all the fury of the tempest seemed gathered, and again the lightning glanced along the deck, and mingled with the washing waves; so that it was not easy to say whether the water was not lightning, or the lightning the water, for they appeared one. The crazy vessel now dipped down, and now heaved to this side, and now to the other, like a toy in the hands of the mighty tempest. The master gave command; seeing that the sea broke with every rush over the ship, that those who feared the peril should go below; but not one of the trembling throng stirred from where they held by the ship,—for all saw the worst, and none thought it possible to escape from it. Bianca clung, in horror to her husband, who strove to comfort her, and bid her take heart. The old man covered his grey head with the foldings of his cloak; and, as he sat motionless and wordless, seemed the very resignation of despair.

[The storm increasing, the vessel was driven on the rocks; but again floated off, without sinking. The tragedy now thickens.]

It was true that she had endured but little hurt, and with the recoiling rush of the waves, was thrown afloat again, but ere the master could leap to the helm, to put her further out, a strong sea came driving before the wind, which now blew as it would part the poles, and again flung her, as if she were no mightier than a sea-shell, upon the sharp rocks. She broke at the blow like parted bread, the stern half of her bulk tumbling over into the sea, while the head of the vessel lay reeling on the rock. Then the shriek of dismay and death went up from men that were never more to call on heaven; for many of the crew were crowded about the helm, and, when it parted, went down with her, never again to rise with life. The venerable Baptista, Guido, his fair wife, and my wretched self, still clung to the chains at the bow; but not long held we there, for a strong wave came mounting at our backs, and in a moment we were hurled with the halved vessels down from the reef into the gaping abyssmal depth he had left in the sea. Again the fragment mounted to the surface, and we had all held to each other and to the ropes which were coiled round our bodies, save the feeble Bianca, who had sunk out of the grasp of her husband, but being entangled in the coil of the ropes, was not swept into the sea. We might hear another wave coming with a rushing roar towards us, as it had determined we should be its prey; when Guido, seeing, with the calmness of courage, that, if we awaited it, our escape was hopeless, cried out, "Father, take thou the care of the Lady Erminia, as I will of thy daughter, and let us at once leap beyond the reef into the sea, and struggle for the land."

And now shrink not as from the serpent-fiend, to hear me tell the story of that crime which has cursed me here, and which may hereafter. After these words, he again cried out, "Bianca, my beloved, where art thou?" The fatal love which had fed upon me like a flame upon a living sacrifice, even in this awful hour burnt sensibly in my hateful heart; and, prompted by that miserable passion, and the love of him and of life, some fiend answered surely with my tongue, "Here!" and he caught at me as a desperate drowner doth at a floating weed, and leaping into the sea, cried to the old man, "Follow me, father, follow me!" But he heard him not; for I saw that he was dead, and had fallen on his swooned child, who as we leaped into the sea, shrieked out, and auditorily informed me that she still lived, though my struggling soul would fain have quitted its conscience with the thought that she was dead, and so have palliated to itself, if it failed afterwards to Guido and to heaven, its damnable deceit. Guido heard not her

cry, or if he did, took it, in the stunning turbulence of the tempest's roar, for mine. For a long time he buffeted the waves with a giant's strength, at a courage that could not be weakened; and still, he beat the waves aside, or breasted them like living rock, he cried, "Be of good cheer, my Bianca, I shall save thee yet!" And when I heard him call on her name, my heart smote so fearful within me, that, though I was sure of death, I had disclosed that I was Erminia, I thrice had nearly confessed the dreadful truth; but my love of life, and cruel love of him, stifled my voice. Twice I saw, in the glaring flash of lightning, that he gazed upon me, to see if I had life; for the fear of disclosure, and the peril of the waters, made me voiceless and strengthless, and I lay almost lifeless in his clasping arm, as he struck through the waves with the other. He looked on me again, but the waters had washed my long hair, over my face, so that he knew me not; and still he clasped me to him tenderly, and beat his burdened way through the sea. Long time thus he contended resolutely with death, when just as his strength was spent, and he had bade me commit my soul to heaven, he descried lights not far before us, and faintly told me still to hope, for we were near land. This nerved him anew, and he plied his way lustily, till we at length touched the rocky shore, where summoning a desperate man's might he clambered up the low, craggy cliffs, and feeling the firm earth under him, dropped to the ground from utter exhaustion. For some time I knew not what occurred, for safety then seemed more dearful to me than the dangers I had passed through and I swooned. When I recovered, I found Guido endeavouring to bring life back, by cherishing me in his bosom. And ever and anon he would call for help, as strongly as he might, to the distant fisherman's cottage's where he had first discerned the light which led him to the shore.

At length we descried a light approaching the spot where we lay, still on the ground, and could hear the loud halloo of the comers; and, after some time, guided by his continual cry, a fisherman came up with a torch. As it neared us I shrank from it like a foul and guilty thing, that loves darkness rather than day, but in vain; for Guido's anxious eye looked at last on my face as the light fell on it, when, uttering a dreadful shriek of dismay and despair, he dropped me from his arms, and, starting from the ground, like one made instantly mad by some sudden stroke upon the brain, he rushed, staggering and strengthless, but wildly, to the cliff. I clung to him heavily, to prevent him from again leaping into the sea; but I dared not speak to him, save by feeble, inarticulate cries. He glanced at me a look which withered me, and shaking me like a serpent to the earth with a terrible cry, flung himself from the cliff into the sea. I beheld him beating his way back to the wreck, as the lightning momentarily flashed from the firmament; and, at length, I saw him grasp at some white burden on the waters, and again turn for the shore; but suddenly his right arm ceased to strike out; and, though I kept my breaking eyes fixed on the same spot, when the next lightning flashed, I saw that he had sunk; when, crying to God in my despair I fell on my face, and was insensible to all about me.

MISCELLANY.

THE PROFESSIONS.

By the late William Crafts, of Charleston, S. C.

Care is very unequally distributed in this world. Some people skate over life with beautiful rapidity, and find no pause in pleasure. The path of others is irksome, rough, rugged, and precipitous. Now, although it is a part of our creed, that every man may be happy who chooses to be so, yet are there certainly greater facilities of happiness in some tracks, than in others—some thing more genial in the moral climate, to the growth of joy.

It is well, however, that this is not generally understood; otherwise we would behold a monopoly of pursuit, and all mankind, instead of being physicians, lawyers, &c would inevitably be—clergymen.

The clergy have the easiest time of any people.

on this earth—perhaps it is because they deserve it. A clergyman enjoys a prescriptive respect and esteem, being ranked by common consent, as high as a lady, and above a man. He has the charge of souls, which are not tangible, and have no rough edges, nor corners, nor acute angles, to annoy and afflict sensibility. The comforts of this world are accorded to him with cheerfulness. The merchant presents him a quarter cask of Madeira—the planter a barrel of rice—the ladies send him sweetmeats, and all the baby clothes of his children are made in advance, by the courteous labour of his youthful parishioners. A few hours' toil produces his weekly discourse, which he delivers to hearers who believe all that he says, and never think of denying it if they do not. He is associated with happiness by those whom he marries, with wisdom by those whom he instructs, with hope by those whom he consoles, and with blessings by them all. Now can there be a more envied situation, a more smooth and unembarrassed journey than this? Compared with the poor unfortunate lawyer, the clergyman travels on a railway, and the lawyer in a crazy wagon, struggling through mud and water, over a road abounding with ditches.

The lawyer incurs a prescriptive distrust. His gown is associated in the mind, not with the idea of purity and innocence, but of cunning and concealment. His client regrets that he has occasion to employ him, and struggles to get rid of him as early as possible. He is not like a clergyman, who, acting by himself, can not well differ from himself—nor like physicians who meet only to consult and to agree—but like a gladiator, or rather like a gamecock, trained for perpetual war, and brought out of obscurity, only for a public contest. Much as he may love music, he must be always in discord—much as he may covet peace, he must never cease disputing. If there be only one side, he must make two out of it; and whether it be the right or the wrong, he must contend it is the right. He may be perfectly conscious of the superiority of another, but that won't do. He must oppose him in open court, and if he lose victory stands an excellent chance of losing his livelihood. People will take a clergyman or a physician, on trust; but with regard to a lawyer, they are as fastidious as Othello, in requiring evidence.

So much for the general and pervading embarrassments of a lawyer's professional life. But, if unfortunately, he has a great deal of business—and courts will sit at the same time, requiring him in all, then is there an additional distress, arising from the impossibility of being in more than one place at any one time. Then it is harassing, indeed, to hear him called in the city court, and in the admiralty, and in the equity, and in the common law, and peradventure at chambers. "*Mungo here, Mungo there, and Mungo everywhere.*"

There is another additional misery, which is too true to make a joke of. If, by any misfortune, people think that you are disinterested and humane, they imagine themselves entitled on all occasions to your gratuitous labour, and to the wear and tear of your mind and affections. Thus comfortable is the Profession of the Law.

PRESENTIMENTS OF DEATH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

To say that those bright, rapid flashes of what appears prophetic intelligence, named *presentiment*, are produced by a latent taint of superstition, is to elude the question. They have been confessed by men of the sternest intellect—by the skeptic and the christian, the hero and the poet—by Bacon and Johnson—by persons of the most dissimilar character—by the most energetic of modern men, and by the highest genius of modern times. Napoleon's faith in his high destiny, his peculiar star, though a vague, appears to have been a permanent and even an influential belief.

Many visible presentiments rest upon authority so good as to be not a little troublesome to those who would explain them all implicitly on natural principles. The well known story related of Dr. Donne by his affectionate biographer, Isaac Walton, very easily admits of a natural explanation. In France, Donne, at midnight, saw the vision of his wife, then in England, pass across his apart-

ment, carrying in her arms a dead infant. But Donne had recently left his wife, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, and in spite of her earnest entreaties and gloomy forebodings of evil from his absence; and her superstitious and womanly fears increased his natural apprehensions for her safety: he foresaw a very probable event. But, embarking on a fine morning with a gay bridal party—all around him joy and hope—whence arose the feeling, the *presentiment* soon fatally accomplished, which made a pious clergyman, the father of the patriotick Andrew Marvel, throw back his walking stick to the land, exclaiming, as the boat left the shore, "Ho! for heaven!"

Stories of supernatural intelligence of the death of friends at a distance are familiar to the recollection of every person, both from reading and conversation; and that the solemn presentiment of the most awful event of life is not only frequently entertained, but very accurately verified, must have been observed by every attendant of the dying, who, as they approach the confines of the invisible world, will often, with inexplicable exactness, fix the day and hour of final dissolution. This presentiment of the hour of death is most generally experienced by those who, best prepared for their great change, are calmly resigned to the event of death or life, and seldom by those whose agitated and feverish minds might be presumed to realize their own diseased and imaginary fears. Where shall we seek for an explanation of this supernatural impression, or of this preternatural acuteness of expiring sense, if we refuse that of the poet:—

"I hear a voice you can not hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you can not see,
Which beckons me away."

The story of the requiem of Mozart is singular, as shewing the power of a gloomy presentiment in realizing itself in an enervated mind and debilitated frame. But there are numerous instances of heroes and soldiers, men of the greatest moral and physical courage, who have fought bravely in many fields, entering on their last battle with the fixed presentiment of the death which they certainly encountered. Brave men have entertained this foreboding feeling for their friends and comrades, and have seen it strangely realized. Our own Nelson, who, to an active and energetic mind, united a warm and enthusiastic temperament, whose soul was ever feelingly alive to every impulse, had not only the avowed presentiment of death as strong as that of victory, on the twenty-first of October, the battle-day of Trafalgar, but after having kept the same station watching the French fleet for many months, and very closely for weeks and days, he entertained the firm persuasion that this very day, the anniversary of a festival in his family for a victory obtained over the French, was to be the day of action. The combined fleet of France and Spain, which had played off and on for nearly two years, moved at last from Cadiz, and formed in order of battle; and, on the day he foresaw, Nelson fought, conquered, and fell, as his prophetic feelings had predicted. It is worthy of notice, though out of place, as a proof of the universality of this foreboding feeling, that on this brave man's taking leave of his wife for the last time previous to his forming that infatuated attachment, which embittered his remaining life and sullied his publick fame, Lady Nelson experienced that strong impulsive feeling of impending misfortune which led her to anticipate his death, but which was interpreted to her mind by an event yet more painful—the alienation of his affections, and the destruction of their domestic peace. The circumstance is noticed by Nelson's biographer, Mr. Southey.

A remarkable instance of presentiment is given in the "Life of Wolsey," by his favourite and faithful attendant, Cavendish. The unfortunate prelate, when seized with his last fatal illness on his journey to London, predicted, or prophesied, his own death at eight o'clock of a particular day. The chime struck as he breathed his last—and his attendants, remembering his prediction, gazed on each other. The "Memoirs of Bayard," written by the Loyal Servant, record a very striking prediction of the death of this illustrious knight at the battle of Ravenna—remarkably fulfilled; and Sully

relates an instance of presentiment of death experienced by the "fair Gabrielle," the beloved mistress of Henry IV., which appears to have even affected the cool, sensible, and faithful minister whom her power over the king had so often vexed. The king, who was not willing to incur the censure of keeping this lady with him during the Easter holidays, entreated her to leave him to spend them at Fontainebleau, and to return herself to Paris. Madame de Beaufort received this order with tears; it was still worse when they came to part: Henry, on his side, more passionately fond than ever of this lady, who had already brought him two sons, and a daughter, named Henrietta, did himself equal violence. He conducted her half way to Paris; and although they proposed only an absence of a few days, yet they dreaded the moment of parting, as if it had been for a much longer time. Those who are inclined to give faith to presages will lay some stress upon this relation. The two lovers renewed their parting endearments, and in every thing they said to each other at that moment, some people have pretended to find proof of those presages of an inevitable fate.

Madame de Beaufort spoke to the king as if for the last time; she recommended to him her children, her house of Monceaux, and her domesticks; the king listened to her, but instead of comforting her, gave way to a sympathizing grief. Again they took leave of each other, and a secret emotion again drew them to each other's arms. Henry would not so easily have torn himself from her, if the Marshal d'Ornano, Roquelaure, and Frontenac, had not taken him away by force. At length they prevailed upon him to return to Fontainebleau; and the last words he said were to recommend his mistress to La Varenne, with orders to provide every thing she wanted, and to conduct her safely to the house of Zamet, to whom he had chosen to confide the care of a person so dear to him."

Her presentiment was realized, for she died a few days after she had parted from the king.

The omens and forebodings that preceded the murder of Henry IV. himself, are quite too marvellous to be of much weight. The well known story of the warnings given by those beautiful little dogs whom this popular monarch—who seemed endowed by nature with the rare quality of attaching every living thing that came near him—used to fondle and play with, is one of those relations which imagination loves to entertain in despite of reason and probability. But the grave narrative of Marshal Bassompierre is entitled to more attention. It proves that Henry, who was far superior to the vulgar superstitions that influenced many of his courtiers, possessed, with other high mental qualities, much of the quick intuitive perception inseparable from acute and energetic minds. The state of this monarch's mind places the doctrine of presentiment in its true and rational light. On the May-pole planted in the court of the Louvre falling down from no apparent cause, a few days before his assassination, a gloomy conversation arose among the courtiers about this disastrous omen.

"You are fools," said Henry, who overheard them, "to amuse yourselves with prognosticks. Learn from me never for the future to care about omens and predictions, which are vain and frivolous. For the last thirty years all the astrologers and quacks have predicted every year that I should be killed. In the year when I do actually die, all the presages that occurred in the course of it will be remarked and put into histories; and those who predicted my death will be thought great and wonderful persons, while nothing will be said of omens of preceding years."

It was in this manner Henry regarded prediction, even while he had a strong presentiment of his own murder, and of the manner of its accomplishment. About the time of his death, he was on the eve of a journey into Germany.

"I don't know how it is, Bassompierre," he said, "but I can not persuade myself I am going into Germany."

"Several times," continues Bassompierre, "he said to me, and to others also, 'I think I shall die soon;' and the day before his death, after the coronation of the queen, when he seemed in very

high spirits, this was repeated to Bassompierre and the Duc de Guise.

"My God! sire," said one of the courtiers, will you never cease to afflict us by saying you will soon die! These are not good words to utter."

"Yet, though this great and wise king had no superstition, and laughed at omens and divinations," continues the marshal, "he not only, by a particular sort of inspiration, foresaw his death, but even the manner of it, and the place where he should be killed. He had always the apprehension of being killed in his carriage by some melancholy madman. Those who rode with him will testify, as I can, to have heard him say, that there was no place more dangerous than that, to be attacked and wounded, and that the only men he had to beware of were gloomy madmen; for no wise man would undertake such an action."

It would scarcely be a fair instance of presentiment to mention that Swift, a man of the most unbending and masculine understanding, through his whole life foreboded the gloomy and furious madness in which he ended his days. To a mind so acute, bodily complaints, and the obvious tendencies of a violent temper, might have made this appear no improbable event; but it is more remarkable that the dean of St. Patrick's, of a character so decided and thorough-going, should have kept the letter announcing the sudden death of his friend Gay in England, in his pocket, unopened, for some days, from the presentiment that it contained intelligence of some heavy misfortune.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1828.

Such of our city subscribers as will change their place of residence the first of May, will please to inform the carrier, or leave information at our office.

We are again under obligations to a New-York friend for the *London Morning Herald*, *Courier*, and *Sunday Times*, the *Liverpool Courier*, and the *Portsmouth Telegraph*, as late as to the first of March.

We have also received a file of *Galvani's (Paris) Messenger*, from the 15th to 26th of February inclusive.

THE LEGISLATURE. Tuesday last being the day previously agreed on, both houses of legislature adjourned, to meet again on the ninth day of September next, at which extra session, their attention will be wholly occupied on the revision of the statutes. It is now the privilege of the people to inquire what they have effected during this session; and whether they have fully answered the expectations of their constituents.

Besides the revision of the laws, a subject which must necessarily have occupied a large portion of the present session, three hundred and forty-three acts have gone through their hands, and become a part of our laws. Those of a local and limited nature; it is not necessary for us to canvass; those more public, and having a more universal bearing upon the common interests of the state, have in general received that candid and pacific attention, which does honour to the representatives of a free people.

That diversities of opinion will exist is neither new nor strange; yet, when any thing is done by our legislative authority, it soon passes the test; and if proved by the unerring judgement of the people to be irrelevant or hostile to their true interests, it is so easily undone, that no danger is to be apprehended from the adoption of such measures as are not palpably and broadly absurd. Measures both dangerous and tyrannical always have been, and always will be proposed to the deliberations of our representatives; and such, we believe have been proposed during the session just closed; but it is gratifying to reflect that these propositions have been treated with their merited neglect.

The revision of the laws, under the present system, is a subject of some pride to our country. In this respect we believe we are taking the lead among civilized nations. It is a little remarkable that, in many governments under whose influence geology, chymistry, astronomy, and indeed all the sciences are advancing with rapid strides towards perfection, legislation, the most important of all, should move with the lazy gait of the snail, or rather like a person under the influence of the nightmare. It was many centuries

before the united jurisprudence of Greece and Rome could arrive at the simplicity which was compiled in the Justinian code. In Britain, since the reduction of the Saxon laws to the form given them by Alfred,—the feudal system; the code of Theodosius; the pandects, institutes, constitutions and supplement of Justinian; and the laws of Edward I.,—new laws have been enacted, old ones repealed, and many other alterations and illustrations have been introduced, till the laws appear to be a source of constant perplexity and litigation, rather than an instrument of redress. Many outrages upon the first principles of the law of Nature, [vide Blackstone, vol. I. p. 38 and 40.] are, and have, time immemorial, been embodied with the British laws; and there are yet jurists who would be far more willing to live on, under their uncertain operation, than dare the experiment of a remedy. In the reign of Athelstan, and subsequently, to that of Henry I., larceny above one shilling was punishable with death. [vide 1 Hale's P. C. 12. and 3 Coke's Inst. 58.] This law is yet unrepealed. [Comment. B. IV. c. 17.] In the reign of Edward IV., a man who kept a house with the sign of the crown, was executed, for saying in a jesting mood, he would make his son heir to the crown! [vide Rapi.] In the sixteenth century, boys of eight years of age might be hanged for capital crimes; [Emelyn on Hale's P. C. 25.] and within the last century, the judges have unanimously agreed that boys of ten years, under certain proofs, might be liable to the same punishment. [vide Foster, 72.] In the reign of Edward VI. any man who had married a widow, or a second wife, after his former one was dead, was not allowed the benefit of clergy. [1 Edw. VI. c. 12. Enacted 4 Edw. I. Stat. 3. c. 5.] In the reign of Elizabeth, any man might kill another, who was attainted of a *premunire*; [5 Eliz. 2. 1.] no less than thirteen persons were executed, a few years before the restoration of Charles II. for being reputed gypsies; and even within the last century, it was felony to remain a month among that race of people. [1 Hale's P. C. 671, and 23 Geo. III.—enacted 5 Eliz.] Women might be executed for bigamy, or even for a simple larceny, as late as the reign of William and Mary. [3 and 4 Wm. and Mary, c. 9.] Stealing sheep is a capital offence at the present day, though the court may commute the punishment to transportation; but many have been executed for it within the last fifty years. Well may the philanthropist exclaim, that while almost every article of trade has increased in value, the life of man has become gradually and continually cheaper!

In civil jurisprudence, the British legislature has been no less slow in arriving to its yet too apparently inadequate views of justice, equity, and common sense. Not till the reign of Henry VIII. could a man devise his lands by will. All went to the heir; and even now, a real estate is not answerable for debts contracted even for the purchase of land. An elegant English writer observes,—“we are certainly a moral nation; a scientific nation; a nation pre-eminently gifted in almost every respect;—but in respect to the art of simplifying laws, we are mere children yet.”

To return from this digression, we repeat that the approximation to perfection aimed at, and so industriously pursued by our own state, is really and honestly an excuse for the indulgence of our national pride. Considering the magnitude of the undertaking, the labours of the legislature and the revisers have been such as to ensure the confidence of our citizens, and to render not only the period at which the system received its origin, an era in our annals of legislation; but also to associate their own names with the most permanent of all human monuments,—the cause of philanthropy.

COLOMBIA. By the packet brig Medina, arrived at New-York on Tuesday last, from Carthagena, we have advices from that port to the 27th March. Never was a man more the subject of alternate obloquy and applause than BOLIVAR. We had hoped for the peace of Colombia, that long ere this his character would have been so well known, as to strike either praise or censure dumb at a blow. We are confident that we have not, for ourselves at least, mistaken his true character. Long accustomed to hear him spoken of in the most virulent spirit of reproach, and accounted a traitor,—a second Iturbide,—we have given up all such impressions as were ready to obscure our ever favourable opinion of his truth and republicanism. This opinion has been from time

to time strengthened, by the fact that he has the confidence of the Colombians, and we may venture to affirm that had he no more real patriotism in his measures than has been imputed to him by some, his native country would long ere this have shaken him off like a viper, which was ready to effect her utter destruction. It is enough to say that Colombia is wretchedly divided in her political councils. There appears to be no unanimity with her citizens. But we have the fullest assurance that the hearts of the majority,—and a great majority too, both in point of number and worth, are with him in bonds of the firmest confidence. We were led to these remarks, by perusing the advices brought by the Medina; and, if he be not true to his country, he has this merit at least, of a vigilance not to be surpassed even by Napoleon.

On the fourth of March, Carthagena was thrown into the utmost consternation, by a movement of General Padilla and, in all probability the citizens knew not whether to look on it in the light of a motion to quell an insurrection, or the insurrection itself. Padilla began by secretly arming about two thousand citizens of Carthagena, for purposes unknown to the principal inhabitants, or the city authorities. During the night following, about five hundred troops, stationed in the city, left it, with their officers, for the residence of general Montillo, about ten miles from the city. On the fifth, information was received that Montillo held a secret order from Bolivar, to take command of this detachment whenever it should be necessary for the public good. Padilla refused to obey his summons, and, by arming all the inhabitants, exerted himself to put the city in a state of defence. Several gunboats with a detachment of troops, were despatched to take possession of the fortress that commands the harbour; but the commander, acknowledging Montillo's authority in preference to Padilla's, refused to surrender. Padilla, finding that the harbour was already in possession of Montillo, and an army at the very gates of the city, made a precipitate flight from a situation which was likely to be too hot for him. It wants nothing but a unanimous and unbiassed devotion to their own laws, to make the citizens of Colombia free and happy, and Bolivar a patriot in the eyes of the world.

Some of our own citizens, hoping to throw something into the scale of the presidential question, have cast a very different light on these and other events lately transpired in Colombia. These are motives which every honest man must and will condemn. If Bolivar is worthy, his fame is the property of the world,—and especially of all free governments like ours; but to traduce him, for the sake of cherishing jealous sentiments in the minds of our own citizens, argues neither honesty, faith, nor common sense in the organs of any party who do it. We wish to be understood that we have not, neither shall, become the partizan of either candidate; but we care not how well founded in justice or wisdom any party may be, such measures will never avail it a jot. On the contrary, they can, and surely will, bring nothing upon the cause that employs them but contempt and ruin.

THE GREEKS. Public sympathy has again awakened in behalf of this oppressed and famishing people, and it is with no ordinary feelings of pride that we see so many ready, at this late day, to atone for years of cruel neglect. Contributions are daily pouring into the funds for their relief, from every quarter. Churches have cast in, not their mite, but their thousands. The avails of theatres, and other places of fashionable amusements have swelled the tide of contribution. Clothing and other more immediate articles of support have been made, collected, and forwarded to the respective committees. At the head of this good work, we find the “last best gift to man,” the “angel of the world,”—woman. Whatever she advocates with the generous warmth peculiar to her, must flourish. It is her hand that has filled the treasures of all the religious benevolent societies which have been for years in such strong and unceasing operation. In short, if woman but knew it, she holds the very fortunes of the world in her hand. Whatever they advocate, they seem to lead the other sex by a charm. It would be but a word from them to revolutionize the world. We hope however they will never turn anti-masonic!

EDITORIAL DIARY.

Under this head we purpose to continue a series of remarks, appropriate to every day of the month; not merely chronological, but occasionally, as our leisure may allow, branching out into other subjects naturally associated with one and seasons. We begin our date with the day following our last publication; but intend in our next, to carry it forward to the day of publication following inclusive; so that our patrons may read our remarks on the day for which they are written.

April 20. On this day the sun enters the sign *Taurus*. In the calendar of the church it is observed as the nativity of Saint Agnes of Monte Pulciano, Saint Servanus, and Saint James of Illyricum.

April 21. Saint Anselm's day;—also Saint Anastasius, Saint Beuno, Saint Eneon, and Saint Malrubius. On this day it is supposed Remus, one of the founders of Rome, was slain by his brother Romulus, for having spoken contemptuously of the slender walls they were erecting. This day is also remarkable for the death of Alexander the Great, who after having subjected all the known world, finished his career in a drunken fit, at the age of thirty-two years.

April 22. The number of saints in honour of which this day is kept is also numerous. Sutor, Caius, Azades, Epipodius, Alexander, Theodorus, Opportuna, Leonides, Rufus, and several others.

April 23. The anniversary of Saint George, tutelar saint of England; also Saint Gerard, and Ivor. It is somewhat remarkable that on this day in the year 1616, Cervantes, the inimitable author of *Don Quixote*, died in Spain; and the same day, Shakespeare, the unrivalled British poet, died, in England. What makes this coincidence still more striking is the fact that Shakespeare died the very day on which he completed his fifty-second year. Saint George's day, says Hone, was selected at a very early period, for the establishment of horse-races.

April 24. Saint Fidelis, and several other inferior saints, are honoured in the church by the observance of this day.

April 25. Saint Mark the Evangelist, Saint Anianus, &c. Saint Mark's day was anciently kept as a fast throughout Christendom, and no flesh eaten on it. The celebrated custom of watching in the porch of the church, on Saint Mark's eve, is yet kept up in some countries, and with very little abatement of its primitive superstition. The third year, for this is to be done thrice, they are supposed to see the ghosts of all those who are to die the next year, pass by into the church. Several other ceremonies of the same nature are performed on this same night. Chronology has also some interesting facts associated with this day. In the year 1595, Tasso, the Italian poet, died at Rome. His great fame was chiefly founded on his celebrated epick, "*Jerusalem delivered*;" but many other beautiful pieces were the product of his mind. His muse was the offspring of love, having imbibed a hopeless passion for the princess Eleonora, sister to the duke of Ferrara, her image runs through his whole works, and haunts his imagination till his death.—William Cowper, the well known English poet died in 1800 on the same day of the month. Though not placed in the first rank of English poets, the poems of Cowper are certainly of a character to support the great credit that has already been attached to them. He was of a very timid and diffident disposition; and so easily was his mind overwrought by any real or imaginary cause of discouragement that he several times attempted his own destruction. The day is memorable in American history for the battle near Camden, South-Carolina, 1781, between the British, under Lord Rawdon, and the Americans, under general Greene. In this action the talents for command were very apparent in the two generals; and though general Greene was obliged to leave the ground, the British army was not able to follow up the success.

April 26. Saints Cletus, Marcellinus, &c. Lord Somers, chancellor of England, died in 1716. He was one of the most firm vindicators of public liberty, of that day.

April 27. Saint Anthimus, &c. In the year 1777, Danbury in Connecticut, was destroyed, and in the battle which accompanied it general Wooster was killed. The same day, 1785, Prince Leopold of Brunswick was drowned in the *Oder*, in an attempt to succour the inhabitants of a village

which was inundated. In 1794, James Bruce, the celebrated traveller into Upper Egypt, died by a fall down the stairs of his own house. His character as a credible narrator of his travels, though much abused in his life, has been completely established by the testimony of succeeding travellers. In 1813, York, Upper Canada, was captured by the American troops under general Dearborn, after a sharp conflict, in which General Pike lost his life.

April 28. Saints Vitalis, Didymus, Theodora, and Patricius. In 1772, the counts Struensee and Brandt, the prime minister and favourite of the king of Denmark, were executed opposite the eastern gate of Copenhagen.—Their alleged crime was an intrigue with the much abused princess Carolina Matilda, queen of Denmark, and sister to George III.

April 29. Saints Peter, Robert, Hugh, and Fiachna.—The Rev. Doctor Ash, the English lexicographer, died at Pershore, England, 1779. The British sloop of war *Epervier* was captured by the American sloop of war *Peacock*, capt. Warrington, April 29, 1814.

April 30. Saints Katharine, Maximus, Erkenwald, &c. The battle of Fontenoy, between the allied armies of England, Holland and Austria, and the French, was fought, 1745, in which the allies were defeated and Louis XV. obtained the mastery of the Netherlands. An anecdote of this battle, though often told before, is really worth an insertion here. Never was a dance commenced with more formal politeness, than was this battle. The van guards of each army were within point blank musket shot, when Lord Charles Hay, captain of the English guards, advanced from the ranks with his hat off, and count D'Auteroche, lieutenant of the French guards, advanced uncovered to meet him. Lord Hay bowed,—“Gentlemen of the French guards,” said he, “fire!” The count bowed in return,—“No, my lord,” he answered, “we never fire first.” They again bowed, and each resumed his place in the ranks.—The conflict commenced, and notwithstanding these testimonies of “high consideration,” there was a carnage of twelve thousand on a side. Congress met for the first time under the present constitution at New-York, and Washington was inaugurated first president, April 30, 1789. In 1803, Louisiana was purchased of the French, and became a part of the territory of the United States.

TABLE TALK.

A foreigner was lately boasting, on board a steam boat, that he had travelled seven thousand miles by that mode of conveyance. An American gentleman present observed that he had travelled above 500,000! Incredible as this may seem, it was none the less true. The individual was capt. Jenkins, who has been engaged in a steam boat on the Hudson, sixteen years, travelling more than thirty thousand miles a year.—The story of mousing oysters need not be told again, since the state of Georgia boasts of these bivalvulars, of a still superior sagacity and power. Rackoons, or as they are more familiarly denominated *Coons*, in that state, are sometimes caught by the nose, toes, or tail, and secured till drowned by the rising of the tide.—One Sunday morning last winter, a dog was seen running through some of the streets of the city of New-York enveloped in flames. Some inhuman wretch had wet the animal with spirits of turpentine, and put fire to it. The dog ran into a stable, where a youth caught him and dipped him in the gutter, while others put out the fire it had communicated to the stable.—We understand, says a late London paper, that at York fair not long since, there was an unusual shyness in purchasing young colts and horses, from the idea that steam carriages will ere long be in general use for travelling.—A very extraordinary piece of penmanship was lately exhibiting at the Philadelphia Athenæum. It is a sheet of vellum a yard square, containing the books of Ruth, Esther, Job, the song of Solomon, Lamentations, and Psalms, written in the Hebrew character, and so disposed as to form a series of beautiful figures, representing all the sacred instruments and furniture of the temple at Jerusalem—the altar, the mercy-seat, the cherubim, the candlestick, the tables of the law, the columns and the flowers upon their capitals, &c. The work is beautifully executed, and was the exclusive labour of three full years, by a young lady.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Contents of the March number of Flint's *Western Monthly Review*:—History of the Mississippi Valley; Miseries of Authorship; Lines on passing the Grave of my Sister; The Orleans Hymn. *Reviews*:—American Antiquities; Sketches of Louisville; M'Kenney's Sketches; Atterley's Voyage to the Moon; Lowell's Sermons; Caldwell's Discourse. Notices; To Patrons. As the number for May will commence a new volume, it may be the fittest time for such as wish to become patrons of that truly entertaining work; perhaps the best source to be found of the general literary and scientific history of the west.

The *Boston Evening Bulletin* is about to be enlarged, so as to accommodate advertising patrons, and give a reasonable space for Jenks to deposit the hebdomadal overflowings of his always-dry but never-wasted fountain of wit. Boston is peculiarly blessed with excellent literary papers.

MORGAN. The following communication which tends in some measure to corroborate the story published in our last from the New-York Evening Post, appears in the Baltimore American.

Gentlemen:—Having seen an article in your paper of this morning, taken from the New-York Evening Post, regarding a person named Morgan, discovered in Asia, I have taken the liberty, thinking it might be interesting to many in this country, of stating that I knew this person. I was in Smyrna when he arrived in that port, and the description given in the Post, is certainly that of the same man. I saw him for the last time in September 1827, begging his bread in the streets of Smyrna. He related his story thus: that he had dreamed of America that he must go out to Turkey, and become a Mahometan; in consequence of which he took passage in the brig *Herald*, of Duxbury, captain Waterman, and sailed from Boston, paying \$100 for his passage. The captain told me that he scarcely conversed with him on the passage, and appeared a little deranged; but he knew nothing of his intention of becoming Turk, nor did he mention it to any person till after he was made a Mahometan. J. P.

Thurlow Weed, of notorious memory in the Morgan management, yesterday passed through this city, having the “lost witness,” Elisha Adams, in charge. He is brought from Vermont on an order from acting governor Pitcher to governor Butler. What new plans are devising by the proprietors of the Morgan stock, remains to be determined.

POSTSCRIPT.

FOREIGN. By the steam boats arrived this morning, New York, papers of last evening have been received, containing important intelligence from Europe. The packet ship William Thompson, Maxwell, arrived at New-York yesterday, bringing London papers to the 10th, and Liverpool to the 17th of March. They announce that the emperor Nicholas had issued orders for his army to cross the Pruth. This amounts, in our opinion, to a virtual declaration of war. A cabinet council was held on the 15th, in consequence of the arrival of a Russian and French messenger at London. This goes to corroborate the statements made above. We may expect intelligence of the highest importance by the next arrival.

BOOK BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market sts. Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship. An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec. 21 471

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 289, corner of North-Market and Steuben-streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots, mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 470, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan. 13 500

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

TO —

Remember me?—remember me?—
 'Tis well—I ask it not—
 And least of all such boon from thee—
 I'd rather be forgot!

Remember me?—remember me?—
 I scorn thy sympathy—
 I would not ask a smile—a thought
 From faithless one like thee.

Remember me?—remember me?—
 My memory still shall live,
 While thine shall in oblivion be,
 And all that thou canst give.

Remember me?—remember me?—
 Thou 'st cancelled every debt
 That e'er I owed the like of thee—
 Thy love I'll ne'er forget.

Remember me?—remember me?—
 I ask but this—thy hate!
 It ne'er again can injure me;
 'Tis now, alas! too late.

Remember me?—remember me?—
 Thou shalt not quite forget;
 But fare thee well—I curse thee not,
 Though I may reach thee yet.

ALBERTUS.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

FAREWELL!

FAREWELL!—I ask no smile of thee—
 No tear—but when the round of mirth
 Shall banish thoughts of present worth,
 Then give—oh give one thought to me.

When malice, urged by envy's thorn,
 Shall pour his slanders on my head,
 Say as thou hast already said,—
 He fears not—merits not their scorn.

And when our last farewell is said,
 Though mine be but a mute farewell,
 Yet shall my thoughts forever dwell
 With thee, till memory's power be dead.

ANONYMOUS.

LEILA.

BY LORD BYRON.

Upon a taken bastion where they lay
 Thousands of slaughtered men, a yet warm group
 Of murdered women, who had found their way
 To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop
 And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,
 A female child of ten years tried to stoop
 And hide her little palpitating breast
 Amidst the bodies lalled in bloody rest.

Two villainous Cossacs pursued the child
 With flashing eyes and weapons; matched with them
 The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild
 Has feelings pure and polished as a gem,—
 The bear is civilized, the wolf is mild:
 And whom for this at last must we condemn?
 Their natures? or their sovereigns,—who employ
 All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?

Their sabres glittered o'er her little head,
 Whence her fair hair rose twining with affright;
 Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead:
 When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad sight
 I shall not say exactly what he said,
 Because it might not solace ears polite;
 But what he did, was to lay on their backs,—
 The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacs.

And she was chill as they, and on her face
 A slender streak of blood announced how near
 Her fate had been to that of all her race;

For the same blow which laid her mother here,
 Had scarred her brow, and left its crimson trace
 As the last link with all she had held dear;
 But else unurt, she opened her large eyes,
 And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

In fact, the only Christian she could bear
 Was Juan; whom she seemed to have selected
 In place of what her home and friends once were.
 He naturally loved what he protected:
 And thus they formed a rather curious pair,—
 A guardian green in years, a ward connected
 In neither clime, time, blood, with her defender,—
 And yet this want of ties made theirs more tender.

TO THE CLOUDS.

Ye, whose dark foldings are the throne
 And palace of the monarch—Storm,—
 Ye, whose refulgent draperies shone
 Above, ere earth or wave had form,—
 And spreading like a sea of gold
 O'er chaos, beauty threw and grace
 On graceless things,—and proudly told
 Of Him who gave ye shape and place!

Hail! hail! I greet ye with a smile;
 For ye to me speak words of power,
 And bear my thoughts from visions vile
 Back to creation's natal hour.
 Ye seem the monuments of things
 And ages passed with time away;
 To you my sighing spirit clings,—
 Memorials of the ancient day!

The deep and muttering thunder breathes—
 Your voices murmur in mine ear;
 The awful lightning, flashing, wreathes
 Your brows in dazzling smiles severe;
 The rain drops from your bosoms burst
 In torrents o'er earth's spreading plain—
 Ye seem to weep, that sin hath cursed
 And doomed the fallen race of men.

What if your changing shadows take
 New fashionings from midnight's shroud!
 What if the lights of morning break
 Without a trace of evening's cloud!
 Ye do not speak the less of Him
 And of the world's primeval birth,
 Than if ye moveless stood—ye dim
 And threatening curtains of the earth!

Doth not the bright and scented flower
 Decay and die in winters gloom!
 Doth not returning summer's hour
 Revive and wake its fragrant bloom!
 And from the natal hour of light
 Have ye not learned to waste and fly
 Before the conquering sun beams bright!
 And clasp ye not again the sky!

Memorials of His power, who sees
 Earth, air, and ocean, time and space—
 Who gilds with leafy crowns the trees,
 And tears the mountain from its base—
 Who bids fair summer deck the earth,
 When winter's form its beauty shrouds,
 And wakes the sparrow's song of mirth:—
 His subjects hail! illumined clouds!

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

TO H.

O were I a star, love, thy heart speaking eye
 Ne'er should raise its mild glance to a desolate sky:
 Through tempest and gloom thou shouldst see me afar,
 Shining tenderly down.... I would still be a star.

When the spring flowers had faded, O were I a flower,
 Thy foot should not tread through an odourless bower.
 I would still be a violet for thee blooming on,
 When violets were dead, and the summer was gone.

Yet change is on earth, and our spirits decay
 In climes where through all the year, bright roses stay,
 And the saddest of blightings oft fall on our hearts
 Ere the violets fade, or the summer departs.

Then, were I the sprite of the beautiful spring,
 The chill of his autumn time never should fling
 O'er the life of young hearts, or o'er feeling's rich flowers,
 And nought should be lost, save the lapsing of hours.

Or if I the light-breathing summer wind were,
 When the deep thrill of musick is poured on the air,
 I would catch the full swell of each exquisite note,
 And still over thee with its melody float.

O! were I a thought, or a word, that could make
 One joy in thy heart, that joy would I wake.
 I would live in the voice thou didst love most to hear,
 And dwell on the lips to thy bosom most dear. LXXX.

From the Boston Statesman

"FILL—FILL."

Fill—fill—for the bright young hours
 Are sitting away to the land of flowers;—
 And they come not thence with their laughing eyes,—
 Shall we not hallow each one as it flies?
 Oh, they'll bear away on their downy wings
 Each sparkling drop that the wine cup flings,
 While their last smile, lingering round us still,
 Shall silently whisper—"fill—fill."

Fill—fill!—there's a chain of power
 Around us thrown at this midnight hour:—
 Break it not—lest some severed link
 Deep in the faithful heart may sink.
 Hark—hark!—through the misty hail,
 I hear the notes of the spirit call,
 Making each drop of the heart's blood thrill,
 With its echoing watch word—"fill—fill!" JULY.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

TO —

On yon pale moon, whose pensive eye
 Lights up the depths of air,
 I gaze—and as the clouds flit by,
 View their swift shadows there;
 Eve's lovely crescent, moving free,
 Wakes in my heart the thoughts of thee,
 It is so passing fair;—
 Like the swift shadow is my fate,
 Lone, pathless, wide, and desolate!

O'er the blue heavens they pass full soon,
 But still with fadeless ray,
 Young, clear, and beautiful, the moon
 Beams on, nor knows decay.
 Oh thus—oh thus—when this deep shade
 Like those in yon far heavens shall fade,—
 Like them shall pass away—
 Each look of thine, undimmed by tears,
 Shall brighten through the coming years. VIVIAN.

SONG.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Fear not that, while around thee
 Life's varied blessings pour,
 One smile of hers would wound thee,
 Whose smile thou seekst no more.
 No,—dead and cold forever
 Let our past love remain;
 Once gone, its spirit never
 Shall haunt thy rest again.

Fear not that, while around thee
 Life's varied blessings pour,
 One sigh of hers shall wound thee,
 Whose smile now charms no more.

May the new ties that bind thee
 Far sweeter, happier prove,
 Nor e'er of me remind thee,
 But by their truth and love.
 Think how, asleep or waking,
 Thy image haunts me yet;
 But how this heart is breaking,
 For thy own peace forget.
 Fear not, &c.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1823.

NO. 14.

MASONICK RECORD.

Communicated for the American Masonick Record.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before Western Light Lodge, No. 105, at Union Village, Broome county, on the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, December 27, 5827.

BY BR. SAMUEL M. HUNT.

(Concluded.)

What character in community is more to be despised than he who violates the trust reposed in him by a confidential friend? The treacherous man has ever been considered as the most corrupt and dangerous in society. This being acknowledged, which cannot be denied, why then should masons be despised for performing their duty to their brethren in treasuring up a secret which can in no way be an injury to community.

Again, it is urged that masons are plotting against the laws of our country, by endeavouring to arrogate the whole power to themselves, that they may rule with despotick influence. But in what way do they establish this as a fact? Do not the very rules of masonry require us to conform strictly to the laws of the country in which we reside, and never to countenance disloyalty or rebellion? and our bye laws, which we are strictly to observe, do not allow any thing of a political nature to be introduced within the walls of the lodge. Consequently no controversies take place within that produce discord and contention so often without the lodge. This being the established constitution of our lodges, with which every person may by reading satisfy himself, how can people be so illiberal towards us as to say we are seeking to destroy the laws of our country, and raise ourselves to power upon their ruins. Is there the least foundation in reason for forming such an opinion? Let us look to the history of our country for a precedent of this nature. When America was reduced to the necessity of taking up arms to defend her natural rights, a WASHINGTON was found who was adequate to the important design; who, by the philanthropy of his heart and prudence of his head, lead forth her untutored troops into the field of battle, and finally vanquished the enemies of his country. The glorious achievement being performed, quite unlike the aspiring potentates of the earth, behold him returning the sword to its scabbard, and presenting it at the feet of those who gave it. Did this in Washington, who was a mason, seem ambitious? Would this indicate that he was aspiring after power, either for himself or his masonick brethren.

The immortal WARREN, whose memory will long be revered by every wise and good man; was it to patronize a vile usurpation or conspiracy against the laws of the country that he proclaimed "the voice of your fathers' blood cries to you from the ground,—my sons, scorn to be slaves!"

I might cite you to a LAFAYETTE, and many other revolutionary heroes who were masons, and took a part in the common cause of liberty, if these would convince you that usurpation of power was never their motive, in taking up arms against the enemies of freedom. But I trust that enough has already been said to convince such as I have the honour of addressing upon this occasion.

Thus, brethren and friends, having shown the practice of nations from ancient times of observing periodical celebrations, and the benefit resulting from them, and hence explaining the object of our

present meeting, and having attempted to show that the real principles of masonry are the same now that they anciently were, although bad men are occasionally admitted to the privileges of the order; through our imperfection of judgement; and having noticed the unhappy excitement of the present day; and having pointed out the course pursued by wicked men in destroying harmony among christian brethren—their object being not unlike the tyrants of the Jacobin club, aiming at the destruction of christianity;—and finally, having answered some of the objections that have frequently been urged against masonry, by attempting to show the falsity and absurdity of those assertions, I now proceed briefly to point out its practical utility in community.

Masonry is a science confined to no particular country, but diffused over the whole habitable globe. Wherever the arts flourish there it flourishes also. While different orders and tenets exist among mankind, dividing and subdividing society into almost innumerable sects,—while sectional jealousies prevail, and man in his rude state

"Doth not feel for man; the natural ties
Of brotherhood, are severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire;—
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other;—mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations!"

a cultivation of the true principles of masonry will cause its votaries to live in the bonds of charity with all mankind. The universal principles of the art unite men of the most opposite tenets, of the most distant countries and of the most contradictory opinions. So that in every nation, a mason finds a friend, and in every climate, a home. An inculcation of the principles of masonry leads to the practice of charity. The sick, the distressed, the sad and the sorrowful, have always a claim to our charity. No true mason will ever pass by the stranger in distress; but like the good Samaritan, he pours in the oil and wine of comfort and consolation. But especially the disconsolate widow, who mourns the loss of the companion of her better days, here finds a present helper in distress, a friend to advise and protect. And not only the widow, but the orphan children of a poor though worthy brother, may have reason to rejoice that their father was a mason; for they will find friends who will not wait to be entreated.

I would not however suggest the idea that friendship and charity only exist among masons; for every rational member of community is under moral obligations to exercise charity towards his fellow creatures. I would only assert that masons feel a double responsibility devolving upon them; their natural duty as citizens, and their augmented obligations as members of the fraternity. Mankind are not susceptible of attaining to perfection here, therefore typical figures and emblems, by striking the eye, may more immediately operate as incentive to their duty, and hence excite benevolent actions which otherwise might have remained latent and unemployed.

The benefits of creating funds for charitable purposes must appear obvious. It is therefore required of those who are admitted to the benefits of our institution, to manifest their liberality by paying a certain sum when initiated, which serves to increase the common stock, and extend its ability. For accepting this amount, we have been called a speculating society. How often has it been observed by men in affluent circumstances, that were it not that masons required a fee, they would cheerfully become members of the institution? But

ry fee, would be of no benefit were he admitted; but those uninfluenced by mercenary motives, who are prompted to solicit the privileges of masonry, by a sincere wish of being serviceable to their fellow creatures. This then being the true object of those who become members, none will ever be disappointed. While the true principles of the institution are observed, its utility will be extended and every honest unprejudiced man must wish for its prosperity.

Having thus briefly explained the grand design of our institution, for the truth of which I appeal to every true mason's conscience, I now submit it to the candid judgement of this respectable assembly. You no doubt have formerly had an opinion of your own, and probably have heard many arguments adduced against the institution, and some from honest men; but perhaps more that have originated from the tongue of calumny. You now have heard a few arguments in favour of the institution that are justly due to the publick on this occasion.

A few remarks will now occupy for a moment the attention of the members of the fraternity—

Brethren, the anniversary of the birth day of St. John, our ancient brother, ought to excite within our breasts sensations of pleasure, when reviewing his exemplary character. The virtuous principles which he inculcated are highly worthy our imitation. Happy is the man who strictly adheres to the true designs of our ancient institution; for if we keep in view its object, and live up to our profession, the world with all its rage and prejudice cannot affect us. Shall persecution induce us to remit our zeal in a cause which we know to be good, and violate the dictates of reason and conscience, and proclaim to the world that virtue is detrimental and worthless, merely to gratify the feelings of those who are comparatively involved in Egyptian darkness? The world has ever produced individuals who have opposed the tenets of our order; yet perhaps there never was a time when publick prejudice was so much augmented as at the present day. Our institution is charged with creating discord and disturbance among mankind. Parents are said to be opposed to children, and children to parents. But is this an indication that the principle is corrupt? The same argument might be brought against the benign principles of christianity. But these embittered feelings are not occasioned by an adoption of their tenets; but for a want of those benevolent sentiments which masonry and christianity inculcate.

While the voice of many in community is raised against our institution, it behoves us to act prudently, and let our conduct be such that good citizens cannot fail to approbate. The best of institutions have ever met with opposition. Even christianity itself has in no period escaped the tongue of the calumniator. But should we deduce a reason, from its having many enemies, that the system is bad, our hypothesis would lead us into the greatest error imaginable; for the Saviour said unto his disciples—"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely," &c. If religion has been opposed to the world and men have attempted to wrest its principles, and shamefully abuse its professors, may we not anticipate a proportionate opposition to our system of morality? Have we then any cause to repine or be discouraged, when reflecting upon the envious feelings which many impute against our institution.

never ought to have been admitted to the benefits of our order, and we are now charged as being responsible for all imprudent conduct. Their conduct is the only criterion by which our enemies judge of the whole fraternity. Let us then make due allowances for human weakness and human nature, exercising charity towards those who even have no charity for us. With the candid and unbiassed man, arguments that lead to an explanation of facts may be of service, but to the wilfully prejudiced mind, reason will have no more influence than with the maniac, or remonstrance with the destroying tempest. Let our primary object be, as masons, to live strictly to the tenets of the order; for we know that our consciences bear witness that the institution is good. Let us then square our actions by the square of virtue, which is equivalent to the golden rule. "Do ye unto others as ye would have others do unto you."

Not only should we discharge our duty faithfully to others, but we should remember that we have a duty which we owe ourselves. The person who gives way to all the irregular appetites and passions to which mortals are subject, in attempting to satisfy the mind by epicurean pleasures, impairs every rational enjoyment, destroys his health, and finally renders himself a nuisance in society. Hence we deserv the importance of suppressing every baneful passion, which may be preying upon us by slow and imperceptible degrees which might eventually prove our destruction. How unhappy, my brethren, must that man be, and alas, how much to be pitied, who by giving way to his passions, indulges himself in intemperance and frequent habits of intoxication! How pernicious to society! How prejudicial its effects upon the rising generation! How dreadful to himself! How alarming to his family! Weakened by frequent recourse to the deadly poison, the mind sinks into acts of meanness which the man in his better days would have despised. How much it is to be regretted that such men are ever admitted members of our institution, or when they cannot be reclaimed, that they are not immediately excluded from our privileges. Better were it for such a man never to have known the light, than after he had known it, to turn from the solemn duties incumbent upon him.

Not only should we learn to avoid evil, but we should learn to do well. This day naturally presents many things for our consideration, from its nearness to the birth day of our Saviour, and from its proximity to the close of the year. The contemplative man reviews the scenes that have passed, and the inquiry is suggested, whether the year has passed to the satisfaction of his conscience. If it can be answered in the affirmative, much consolation will be produced to the benevolent mind. If we have failed in any part, let us renew our endeavours, so we may not fail of accomplishing our duty the approaching year. We claim the title of moral men. We profess to belong to the fraternity of masons. Let us then, my brethren, if we respect the honour of the institution and love the principles of the order, adhere strictly to the sentiments which it inculcates. Let us respect the four cardinal virtues, temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice; limiting our desires by the compass of reason, taking the bible as the rule of our practice, which will teach us to live in the bonds of charity with all mankind, and die in hope of bliss beyond the grave. Then, having the true test, we shall gain admittance into that spiritual lodge above, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

At a regular communication of *De La Fayette* Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, duly assembled in the hall of Col. Caleb Brown, in Hartford, in the county of Washington, on the 26th of February, 1823, it was

Resolved unanimously, that whereas, since our last assembling together in the capacity of masons, it has pleased the All-wise Disposer of events, in the sovereign display of his divine providence, to remove by death our late General Grand Master, and Governour of our state, *DE WITT CLINTON*,

we therefore cordially unite with our brethren and fellow citizens generally, in deeply lamenting his premature removal from the scene of his great usefulness, and his career of earthly glory, by which we are deprived of one of the most eminent patrons of our order, science of her most favoured votary, and the state of New-York, of her most distinguished son.

Resolved, that in reviewing his past life we recognize the bold, enterprising and enlightened statesman, the firm patriot, the zealous christian, and all the characteristics of a mind pervaded with that truly masonic principle, universal benevolence to man.

JAMES W. PORTER, H. P.
JAMES B. SMITH, Sec'y.

CONNECTICUT.

A circular has been issued by order of the M. E. G. H. P. of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the state of Connecticut, requiring the officers and members of the Grand Chapter to appear at the annual convocation in May next, with the usual masonic badge of mourning, in token of respect to the memory of the late M. E. DE WITT CLINTON, G. G. H. P. of the G. Grand Chapter of the United States.

KENTUCKY.

At a meeting of the *Lexington Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 1, in Lexington, Kentucky, on Thursday evening February 28, 1823 it was

Resolved unanimously, that the members of this Chapter, wear the usual badge of mourning for sixty days, as a tribute of respect to the memory of DE WITT CLINTON, late General Grand H. P. of the General Grand R. A. Chapter of the U. S. A.
T. C. OREAR, Sec'y.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

REMARKS ON SUDDEN DEATH.

Contained in a letter to the Editors of the New-York Medical and Physical Journal. By Dr. Xavier Tessier, of Quebec.

Cases of sudden death have lately become so frequent, that I was led, sometime since, to turn my attention to this subject, which appeared to me to have been left far behind the rapid improvements made in all the various departments of medical science. I therefore inserted an article to that effect, in the *Quebec Medical Journal*, Vol. I. in which I offered my opinions, in the hope to draw the attention of the profession to what I considered somewhat neglected, and requested further inquiries. But, after the lapse of two years, I can not discover that it has been more attended to than before; which I would rather ascribe to the circulation of that Journal being almost limited to Canada, than to the circumstances of its being written in French, the language of my country, and one which, from its scientific usefulness, has become an essential part of a liberal education on this continent, and among all the enlightened nations of Europe.

It is not a little remarkable, that out of the myriads of volumes and pamphlets, with which every minute department of medicine abounds, not one treatise should have ever been attempted, or perhaps thought of, on a subject replete with such interesting consequences, and in which the comforts and happiness of mankind are so deeply involved. Its importance to the science of medical jurisprudence seems also to have been greatly overlooked; owing probably, more to the obscurity and difficulty of the subject; than to a want of conviction of its usefulness, abstractedly considered, in a variety of legal cases.

Immense labours are daily bestowed in researches on the means of soothing the ordinary infirmities incident to our nature; but no attention appears to be given towards averting one, which is the most dreadful of all calamities. I do not pretend to say, that the causes which bring on a sudden death are totally unknown to the profession; but, as they are to be referred to diseases, which, although known to exist in the human body, are, however, so obscure and delusive as to escape the notice of the generality of medical men, their existence is seldom suspected, without the appearance of that

train of symptoms by which they are expected to manifest themselves.

Even some of the diseases to which I am about to allude, have not yet been considered a more frequent cause of sudden death, than all others, from which they appear only to differ by their rapid and speedy, but gradual termination. Hence, when a person dies suddenly, without the apparent existence of some previous disorder of a nature adequate to that effect, the physician is at a loss how to account for that event, before he has examined and discovered it by a careful dissection. But, without referring to the prejudices which so often frustrate our expectations of a post-mortem examination, it is of the utmost importance to ascertain the existence of that cause in the living subject; and the means of averting its dreadful consequence will then immediately present themselves, even to an ordinary skilful and intelligent practitioner. For, it may perhaps be said with propriety, in the present state of our science, that a disease once well ascertained and understood, is already half cured. I may also assert here, that my inquiries on this subject have led me to the pleasing conviction, that medicine possesses in a great measure the means of checking their sudden termination, although their entire removal may yet long baffle all our attempts.

I have been induced to avail myself of the opportunity afforded by the recent event which has deprived this state of its Chief Magistrate, in order to submit my ideas to the test of further observations. For, whilst all classes unite to deplore the death of Governour Clinton as a great public loss, our profession, not only as a constituent part of the republic of letters, of which that individual was so distinguished a member, but more particularly as guardians of the lives of our fellow creatures, feel another interest in the nature of that event, unconnected with any of the political feelings which, as a Canadian citizen, I cannot share in a common degree with his fellow-citizens. As I intend, however, to treat this subject more at length in the *French Journal* which I am about to publish here, as a new series of the *Quebec Medical Journal*, I will, for the present, confine myself to recapitulate my ideas on the causes of sudden death, contained in the article referred to, and the course of inquiry which I have adopted in order to arrive at the desired conclusion.

It is now universally allowed, I believe, since the writings of Bichat, that death is the immediate consequence of the cessation of the functions of one of the following organs: the lungs, the brain, and the heart; whilst no other can produce the same result but by means of one of them, and consequently to the whole, through their natural dependence on each other. We know of no disease of the lungs which can bring on a sudden dissolution, without a previous manifestation of symptoms by which it is always strongly marked, and which can ever assume an alarming character without passing through various stages. It is, of course, needless to say that none of my remarks are to be extended to any case of death by violence, poison, or other external causes.

The only condition of the brain which may cause a speedy death, is an accumulation of fluid, bloody or watery, in any part within the skull, occasioning a compression of the brain. This sort of accident constituting apoplexy, and a consequent palsy, particularly in old people, has never been known to produce instantaneous death, which may, indeed, take place in a very few hours, but not without being preceded by the peculiar characteristic symptoms of apoplexy. Such was lately the case with Mr. Emmet. We even know that it is sometimes in our power to rescue the patient from the fatal effects of that compression, by removing or relieving it. I may therefore conclude that the heart alone is the seat of those affections which occasion a sudden death.

This singular hollow muscle has frequently been noticed as the seat of several diseases almost altogether unknown to the ancients; and, strange as it may appear, not much better understood by physicians at the present day, than at the time of Morgagni. Buonaparte's private physician, Baron Corvisart, is the first and yet the only writer who has ever been able to trace the nature of the various disorders with which the heart is liable to

be affected, and his description of their character is such, that they ought to rank in our nosological tablets. I am not aware that any disease of the heart has since been observed, which he has not accurately described. The most common of them is called an aneurism of the heart, or a dilatation of its parietes, accompanied with an increase or a diminution of their thickness. This affection generally runs through its course by degrees, and will seldom escape the attentive observer. But, as it is a circumstance almost peculiar to all the diseases of the heart, that the appetite is not impaired, nor the vigour of either body or mind sensibly diminished, nor the functions of the bowels or other organs at all deranged, except that of respiration, which is more or less disturbed according to the nature and extent of the complaint, it not unfrequently happens that the physician will mistake the case for asthma, particularly if the corpulence of the patient be such as to leave some reasonable doubt of at least the possibility of a mechanical impediment to respiration. Hence the disease will arrive at its height, and the patient be carried off suddenly, before the real nature of his disorder is at all suspected.

It is a remarkable fact, and one which we ought constantly to bear in mind, in relation to diseases of the heart, that a complaint, sometimes occasioning but little uneasiness, should be found adequate to a cause of death: that, whilst we are so involuntarily led to calculate the degree of danger according to the severity of the symptoms, we should have to witness that danger in others to be, as it were, in an inverse ratio. Here, there seems to be but one step between a slight indisposition and an inevitable death. How important is it then to be acquainted with the nature of these complaints, and above all, with their dangerous consequences.

But an aneurism is not the only disease of the heart which can bring on such fatal results, and I am disposed to think it is perhaps the least common cause; for there are others, but particularly those degenerescences of the whole viscus, those excrescences or ossified processes so often found in its substance, in its cavity, or about some of its orifices, existing independently of any constitutional affection or vitiated habit, but, on the contrary, attendant on the most healthy subject; and which are therefore more likely to escape the notice of the practitioner.

The existence of those affections will be detected by a careful attention to the state of the circulation, particularly to the pulsation of the heart, and of the arteries at the wrist and at the axilla. I will not enter into the detail of those symptoms; they are, or ought to be well known to every practitioner, and easily deduced from the physiology and mechanism of the circulation of the blood; but I would particularly recommend the able description given of them by Corvisart, which will be found of great service to those who may feel disposed to devote their attention to this subject. I may perhaps also observe here, that my own observation does not allow me to place much confidence in the sound of the chest by *percussion*, which, according to that writer, is in most of those complaints, what he calls an *son mat*, so forcibly expressed in the following words, *tanquam percussio femoris*.

One particular circumstance is to be attended to with respect to their treatment, which is, that as their progress, if not their origin itself, is the natural and unavoidable consequence of the performance of the functions of the heart itself, even in the state of health, the least possible deviation from the strict regimen necessary to be pursued, will frequently be found sufficient to counteract the most powerful means which medicine possesses of checking, if not of curing the disease. For example, in an aneurism of the heart, which is by far the most common of them all, those distressing palpitations which occur by *fits*, are to be considered as the natural efforts of that organ to overcome the resistance offered by the mass of blood, which has then become disproportionate to its *dilatational* capacity in the *active* aneurism, or its *physical* and contractile power in the *passive*. Perfect rest of both body and mind, but particularly of the latter, being of the first consequence in these cases, the least degree of excitement, by accelerating

the circulation, will bring on those palpitations whereby the disease is increased; and the mischief occasioned by one of those fits is perhaps greater than the relief which can be obtained from the best treatment for several weeks.

Those fits are to be met with in almost all diseases of the heart, and it is generally in one of them that the patient is suddenly carried off. This fact is strikingly exemplified in the case of the illustrious deceased to whom I have before alluded, when, to use the words of his family physician, he suddenly appeared "distressed for breath." I would venture to say that, previous to this struggle for breath, the heart had already ceased beating in consequence of which the lungs were making efforts to relieve themselves of the blood accumulating in them from the want of its natural outlet through the heart. This fact may be observed in ordinary occurrences in life; for, when in consequence of mental excitement, the blood, leaving the surface of the body, is accumulated in the interior organs, a deep inspiration, a *sigh*, is the means which nature immediately resorts to, in order to afford a free circulation to the blood, by thus increasing the capacity of the vessels. In fits of anger, joy, or terror, if the mass of blood accumulated in the heart is such as to offer a mechanical resistance which it can not overcome by its contractile power, its motion ceases, and after a few fruitless inspirations, the person drops down dead. Such is the case with those who die in a fit of anger, joy, terror, or grief. Bodily pain has even been known to produce the same result; hence the propriety in persons undergoing painful operations of relieving themselves by their groaning, sighs, crying out, and giving free utterance to their sufferings.

I must confess that our means of affording relief in the diseases I have mentioned, are yet very limited; but, it is possible that, by a more careful attention than has heretofore been given to the subject, we may improve them, or perhaps discover others more effectual. The most powerful which we know of at this day are blood-letting and diet carried to a great extent, but they are evidently inadequate to a cure without some more direct means. Diseases of the heart, however, are more commonly met with in elderly people, and we know that frequent bleedings will dispose them to dropsical affections, without curing the former affections; but, if we can, by that means, avert their abrupt termination, it certainly is the least pledge we can produce to suffering humanity of the utility of our profession, when that deplorable benefit is to be purchased at the expense of a protracted but not less incurable disease.

THE GATHERER.

POLITICAL CREEDS.

From the National Gazette.

THE OPPOSITION MAN. I believe that Adams the father was a monarchist and a tyrant—that Adams the son has inherited his principles and dispositions; that he made a corrupt bargain with Clay and the Federalists; that he aims to place a crown upon his head, and render the government hereditary; that he is a secret member of the Holy Alliance; that he means to give all the public offices to Federalists; that he is wholly employed in selfish intrigues—that he and Clay made away with Morgan, the anti-mason; that he is a misanthrope, and knows nothing of mankind; that he spends the contingent funds in bribes and largesses; that he purposely sacrificed the West India trade; that he patronizes speculation and intrigue in every department of government; that the energy of Jackson is necessary to prevent the putrefaction or overthrow of all our institutions—that the accomplishments and qualifications of a statesman, so called, are wholly superfluous for the office of president; that Jackson is a man of wonderful natural abilities, excellent temper, and evangelical piety, and that his intuition will answer every purpose of administration; that military services are the true recommendation for the chief magistracy; that Randolph is one of the most erudite, patriotic, argumentative orators, and consistent, unprejudiced politicians, that ever appeared; that the reconciliation of colonel Benton with general Jack-

son is absolutely disinterested and pure, while the union of Clay with Adams is infernal, &c.

THE ADMINISTRATION MAN. I believe that general Jackson is utterly illiterate and uninformed, and that he can neither spell, read, nor write; that he is as ferocious and blood-thirsty as a tiger; that he has slaughtered the Indians in mere wantonness of barbarity—that his Indian campaigns required very little talent or skill—that his defence of New Orleans was, after all, an easy, insignificant affair; that he imprisoned judges, hectorated governors and legislatures, and trampled on the laws, merely from an arrogant, despotick, and jealous nature; that he caused six, ten, or twenty innocent militia men to be shot, without the least necessity or reluctance; that he executed in the same manner "the injured Ambrister and Arbuthnot," two harmless British traders; that he hung the Indian prophet, and massacred the Seminoles, out of sheer hatred to the poor red skins; that he marched to Pensacola in order to speculate in lands; that he has killed several antagonists in duels, in cold blood; that he carried off another man's wife and married her, knowing that she was not divorced; that if he should become president, he will establish a military despotism; that he has wilfully propagated falsehoods concerning the secretary of state; that he is vulgar and brutal in his manners, and impious in his spirit and language; that he and all his party are enemies of the Tariff, or American System, &c.

CHORUS OF CREEDS. We believe, respectively that all the candidates, leaders, speakers and writers on our side, are the ablest, purest, discreetest, best;—that all on the other side are villainous and execrable;—that every thing which our party say, is true; and whatever they do, good; that the salvation of the country depends on our success, &c.

UNSHIPPING A DOG'S RUDDER.

A veteran tar, who had served under the late Lord Vincent many years in the capacity of boatswain, on getting past exertion, was appointed by the latter, in grateful memory of his former conduct, a kind of subgardener, at his marine villa. Jack had not long been in possession of his new post, when he perceived every morning, on walking over the gardens, that several of the beds were pawed about, and the borders destroyed indicating by their marks the stealthy visits of some canine wanderer. Jack immediately communicated the news to his Lordship, who concurred with him in his opinion as to its cause, and advised him to go to the garden a few hours earlier some morning, and give the intruder a warm welcome. Jack accordingly did so—hiding himself in a shrubbery, he soon espied a long lean dog, between a pointer and a mastiff, spring upon the garden wall, and jumping into the grounds, begin running about, and exploring with a degree of activity and keenness, the depth of a strawberry bed. Jack watched for his opportunity, and at the moment the dog had burrowed his head out of sight in the earth, the tar stole behind him with a spade, and at a blow struck off the end of his tail: the dog sprang over the garden wall again yelping. Some time after, when his Lordship came into the garden, Jack accosted him, "All right, your honour, we were boarded by a dog sure enough, of a long sharp sailing build, rather white about the bows, and dark in the midships." "And what did you do to him Jack?" "I prevented his finding his way here any more." "You did not kill him, Jack?" "Oh no, please your honour, I laid by upon the look-out there in the shrubbery and when I seed him drowse his bows into the strawberry bed, I dropped softly astern, and with this here tool unshipped his rudder, you see, that's all."

MASTER M'GOING'S MAXIMS.

We learn more from the misfortunes of others, than from our own experience. When we see others sliding from a precipice, we shrink back ourselves. When the bark that wafts our companions upsets, we steer our own for port.

Hope and courage, are the main pillars in the temple of man's destiny—uniting beauty with strength, ornament with utility, and elegance with grandeur.

POPULAR TALES.

THE WOOD KING.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

Already the pile of heaped-up fagots reached above the low roof of his hut; but Carl Scheffler still continued lopping off branches, and binding fresh bundles together, almost unconscious that the sun had set, and that the labours of the day being over, the neighbouring peasants were hastening to the skittle-ground to pass away an hour in sport. The woodcutter's hut was perched upon an eminence a little out of the publick path; but he heard the merry songs of his comrades as they proceeded gayly to the place of rendezvous, at the Golden Stag in the village below. Many of his intimate acquaintance paused as they approached the corner of the road nearest to his hut, and the wild wood rang with their loud halloes; but the call, which in other times had been echoed by the woodman's glad voice, was now unanswered; he busied himself with his work; his brow darkened as the joyous sounds came over his ear; he threw aside his hatchet, resumed it again, and again casting it from him, exclaimed, "Why, let them go, I will not carry this chafed and wounded spirit to their revels; my hand is not steady enough for a bowling-match; and since Linda will doubtless choose a richer partner, I have no heart for the dance."

It was easy to perceive that Carl Scheffler was smarting under a recent disappointment: he had borne up bravely against the misfortunes which, from a state of comparative affluence, had reduced him to depend upon his own arm for subsistence, fondly trusting that ere long his prospects would amend; and that, at the return of the Count of Holberg to his ancestral dominions, he should obtain a forester's place, and be enabled to claim the hand of Linda Von Kleist, to whom, in happier times, he had been betrothed. But these dreams had vanished; the count's bailiff having seen Linda, the flower of the hamlet, became his rival, and consequently his enemy: he had bestowed the office promised to Carl upon another; and Linda's father ungratefully withdrawing the consent given when the lover's affairs were in a more flourishing condition, had forbidden him the house. Buoyed up with the hope that Linda would remain faithful, and by her unabated attachment console him under the pressure of his calamities, Carl did not at first give way to despair; but Linda was too obedient, or perchance too indifferent, to disobey her father's commands. He sought her at the accustomed spot—she came not, sent not: he hovered round her residence, and if chance favoured him with a glimpse of his beloved, it was only to add to his misery, for she withdrew hastily from his sight. A rumour of the intended marriage of his perjured mistress reached his ears, and, struck to the soul; he endeavoured, by manual labour, to exhaust his strength and banish the recollection of his misery. He toiled all day in feverish desperation; and now that there was no more to be done, sat down to ponder over his altered prospects. The bailiff possessed the ear of his master, and it was useless to hope that the count would repair the injustice committed by so trusted a servant. The situation which above all others he had coveted, which would have given him the free range of the forest, the joyful hunter's life which suited his daring spirit, delighting in the perils of the chase, and, above all, a home for Linda, was lost, and for ever; henceforward he must relinquish all expectation of regaining the station which the misfortunes that had brought his parents to the grave had deprived him of; and be content to earn a sordid meal by bending his back to burthens befitting the brute creation alone; to hew wood, and to bear it to the neighbouring towns; to delve the ground at the bidding of a master, and to perform the offices of a menial hireling. "At least not here," cried the wretched young man, "not in the face of all my former friends; there is a refuge left where I may hide my sorrows and my wrongs. Fair earth, and thou fair sky, I gaze upon you for the last time; buried from the face of day in the centre of the deepest mine, I'll spend the remnant of my life unpitied and unknown." Determined to execute this resolution on the instant, Carl hastily collected such

parts of his slender property as were portable; and having completed his arrangements, prepared to cross the Brocken, and shaped his course towards the Rammelsburg. The last rich gleam of crimson had faded from the sky; but there was light enough in the summer night to guide him on his way. A few bright and beautiful stars gemmed the wide concave of heaven; the air was soft and balmy, scarcely agitating the leaves of the forest trees, the fragrance-weeping limes gave out their richest scent, and the gentle gush of fountains, and the tricklings of the mountain springs, came in music on the ear; and had the traveller been more at ease, the calm and tranquil scene must have diffused its soothing influence over his heart.—Carl, disregarding every thing save his own melancholy destiny, strode along almost choked by bitter thought, and so little heedful of the road, that he soon became involved in thickets whose paths were unknown to him; he looked up to the heavens, and shaping his course by one of the stars, was somewhat surprised to find himself still involved in the impenetrable mazes of the wood. Compelled to give more attention than heretofore to his route, he once or twice thought that he distinguished a human figure moving through the darkness of the forest. At first, not disposed to fall in with a companion, he remained silent, lest the person, whoever he might be, should choose to enter into conversation with him; then not quite certain whether he was right in his conjecture—for upon casting a second glance upon the object which attracted him, he more than once discovered it to be some stunted trunk or fantastick tree—he became anxious to ascertain whether he was in reality alone, or if some other midnight wanderer trod the waste, and he looked narrowly around; all was still, silent, and solitary; and fancying that he had been deceived by the fitting shadows of the night, he was again relapsing into his former reverie, when he became aware of the presence of a man dressed in the garb of a forester, and having his cap wreathed with a garland of green leaves, who stood close at his side. Carl's tongue moved to utter a salutation, but the words stuck in his throat, an indescribable sensation of horror thrilled through his frame; tales of the demons of the Hartz rushed upon his memory—but he recovered instantly from the sudden shock. The desperate state of his fortune gave him courage, and, looking up, he was surprised at the consternation which the stranger had occasioned: he was a person of ordinary appearance, who, accosting him frankly, exclaimed, "Ho, comrade, thou art, I see, bent on the same errand as myself; but wherefore dost thou seek the treasures of the Nibelungen without the protecting wreath?"—"The treasures of the Nibelungen?" returned Carl; "I have indeed heard of such a thing, and that it was hidden in the bosom of the Hartz by a princess of the olden time; but I never was mad enough to think of so wild a chase as a search after riches, which has baffled the wisest of our ancestors, must surely prove." "Belike then," replied the forester, "thou art well to do in the world, and therefore needest not to replenish thy wallets with gold,—travelling perchance to take possession of some rich inheritance." "No, by St. Roelas," cried the woodcutter, "thou hast guessed wide of the mark. I am going to hide my poverty in the mine of Rammelsburg."—"The mine of Rammelsburg!" echoed the stranger, and laughed scornfully, so that the deep woods rang with the sound; and Carl feeling his old sensations return as the fiendish merriment resounded through the wilderness, again gazed stedfastly in his companion's face, but he read nothing there to justify his suspicions; the fiery eye lost its lustre; the lip its curl, and, gazing benignantly upon the forlorn wood-cutter, he continued his speech, saying, "Then prithee take the advice of one who knows these forests, and all that they contain. Here are materials in abundance for our garland; advance forward, and fear not the issue;"—and, gathering leaves from the boughs of trees of a species unknown to his new acquaintance, he twined them into a wreath, and placed the sylvan diadem on Carl's head. The instant that he felt the light pressure on his temples, all his fears vanished; and he followed his guide, conversing pleasantly through wide avenues and over broad glades of fresh turf, which

seemed to be laid out like a royal chase, till they came to a wall of rock resembling the Hahnen Klippers, and entering through an arch, a grey moss-covered tower arose in the distance. The ponderous doors were wide open; and Carl advancing, found himself in a large hall well lighted, and showing abundance of treasure scattered abroad in all directions. He was conscious that he had lost his companion, but he seemed no longer to require his instruction; and casting down his own worthless burthen, he laden himself with the riches that courted his touch. The adventurer was soon supplied with a sufficient quantity of gold and jewels to satisfy his most unbounded wishes; and turning from the spot with a light heart, he sped merrily along. The country round about seemed strange to him; but on repassing the rocky ledge, a brisk wind suddenly springing up blew off his cap. The morning air was cold, and Carl, hastening to regain his head-gear, discovered that the wreath had disappeared; and, as if awakening from a dream, he found himself surrounded by familiar objects; he felt, however, the weight of the load upon his back, and though panting with the fatigue it occasioned, made the best of his way home. On approaching the hut, a low murmur struck on his ear. He paused; listened attentively; and distinguishing a female voice, he rushed forward, and in the next moment clasped Linda in his arms. She had fled from the persecutions of the bailiff to seek shelter in Carl's straw-roofed hut; and the now happy lovers, as they surveyed the treasures which had been snatched from the Nibelungen, agreed that they owed their good fortune to Riebezahel the Wood King, who sometimes taking pity upon the frail and feeble denizens of earth, pointed out to their wondering eyes the inexhaustible riches of which he was the acknowledged guardian.

MISCELLANY.

CONFESSION OF THE EXECUTIONER OF CHARLES I.

From Ellis's Historical Inquiries.

There have been great disputes about the person who beheaded Charles I. Mr. Ellis says, "it seems most probable that the person who actually beheaded the king was the common executioner." And then adds the following valuable and interesting note, which seems to us to settle the question.

"Among the tracts relating to the civil war, which were given to the British Museum by his late majesty King George III. in 1762, there are three upon this subject. One is entitled, 'The Confession of Richard Brandon the Hangman (upon his death-bed,) concerning his beheading his late Majesty. Printed in the year of the hangman's downfall, 1649.' The second is entitled, 'The last Will and Testament of Richard Brandon,' printed in the same year. The third is, 'A Dialogue or Dispute between the late Hangman (the same person,) and Death,' in verse, without date. All three are in quarto."

The following are the most important paragraphs of the first tract:

"The confession of the hangman concerning his beheading his late majesty the king of Great Britain (upon his death-bed) who was buried on Thursday last in Whitechapel church-yard, with the manner thereof:—

"Upon Wednesday last (being the 20th of this instant, June 1649,) Richard Brandon, the late executioner and hangman, who beheaded his late majesty, king of Great Britain, departed this life; but during the time of his sickness his conscience was much troubled, and exceedingly perplexed in mind, yet little shew of repentance for remission of his sins, and by past transgressions, which had so much power and influence upon him, that he seemed to live in them, and they in him. And on Sunday last, a young man of his acquaintance going to visit him, fell into discourse, asked him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the king's head. He replied, 'yes, by reason that (upon the time of his tryall, and at the denouncing of sentence against him,) he had taken a vow and protestation, wishing God to punish him body and soul, if ever he appeared op

the scaffold to do the act, or lift up his hand against him.

"He likewise confessed that he had thirty pounds for his pains, all paid him in half-crowns, within an hour after the blow was given; and that he had an orange stuck full of cloves, and a handkercher out of the king's pocket, so soon as he was carried off from the scaffold, for which orange he was profered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitehall, but refused the same, and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary-lane. About six of the clock at night, he returned home to his wife living in Rosemary-lane, and gave her the money, saying, that it was the dearest money that ever he earned in his life, for it would cost him his life; which prophetic words were soon made manifest, for it appeared, that ever since he hath been in a most sad condition, and upon the Almighty's first scourging of him with the rod of sickness, and the friendly admonition of divers friends for the calling of him to repentance, yet he persisted on in his vicious vices, and would not hearken thereunto, but lay raging and swearing, and still pointing at one thing or another, which he conceived to be still visible before him."

"About three days before he dy'd, he lay speechless, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and so in a most desperate manner departed from his bed of sorrow. For the buriall whereof great store of wines were sent in by the sheriff of the city of London, and a great multitude of people stood waiting to see his corpse carried to the church-yard, some crying out, 'Hang him, rogue!' 'Bury him in the dunghill,' others pressing upon him, saying, they would quarter him for executing of the king: insomuch that the churchwardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them, and (with great difficulty) he was at last carryed to White Chappell church-yard, having (as it is said) a bunch of rosemary at each end of the coffin, on the top thereof, with a rope tyed crosse from one end to the other."

"And a merry conceited cook living at the sign of the Crown, having a black fan (worth the value of thirty shillings,) took a resolution to rent the same in pieces, and to every feather tied a piece of pack-thread dyed in black ink, and gave them to divers persons who (in derision) for a while wore them in their hats."

"Thus have I given thee an exact account and perfect relation of the life and death of Richard Brandon, to the end that the world may be convinced of those calumnious speeches and erroneous suggestions which are dayly spit from the mouth of envy against divers persons of great worth and eminency, by casting an odium upon them for the executing of the king; it being now made manifest that the aforesaid executioner was the only man who gave the fatal blow, and his man that wayted upon him, was a ragman (of the name of Ralph Jones) living in Rosemary-lane."

IMAGINARY INVALIDS.

From Hood's Sayings and Doings. New Series.

"Chamomile tea, Mrs. Crosby, if you please," said Mr. Crosby; "I have had five pints of water-gruel since bed-time. I cannot bear any more."

"Just as you choose, my angel," said Mrs. Crosby; "Caroline, dear, run before, and shut the windows in the breakfast parlour. Your papa is going down."

Caroline flew to obey her mother's mandate.

"I'll take a little ether," said Mr. Crosby, "before I go out, for I have had a few slight touches of flying gout during the night, Mrs. Crosby."

"Indeed, my life," said the lady. "I can assure you I have not suffered a little myself; an attack of my old peripneumony did not meliorate the pains of my lumbago. Nor am I quite easy about my erysipelas."

"Come, dearest," said the invalid husband, "lend me your arm—ring for Richards to put the pillows in my chair—bring down the book, and let us see what's to be done next."

And in this order of march, proceeded Mr. and Mrs. Crosby to the breakfast parlour, which had been previously hermetically sealed, by the assiduity of Caroline.

It was July, the tea-urn steamed upon the table, the room had a southern aspect, and the sun shone full into it—Mr. Crosby had just taken ether and his lady had just been rubbed with Steers' opodel-dock. Caroline proceeded to do duty at the breakfast table.

"Oh," said Mr. Crosby, as he sat down—"what a sudden pain at the back of my head."

"Gracious me!" cried Mrs. Crosby, "at the back of your head, my life—a leading symptom of apoplectic tendency."

"And my feet are cold, hot as the weather is," continued Mr. Crosby.

"When the extremities are chilled, Caroline," muttered Mrs. Crosby, to her daughter-in-law, "the book says, death is approaching."

"Yes," said Caroline half smiling, "towards the end of a long and wearing disorder, but not surely in papa's state of health."

"Health, child," exclaimed Mr. Crosby, "why neither that suffering angel, nor myself, have had half an hour's health since—since—"

"Since," interrupted Caroline, "you have devoted yourselves to the study of Dr. Buchan: indeed, my dear father, that book of fate should not be opened by the world at large."

"'Tis an admirable book, child," said Mrs. Crosby; "and although it is the fashion to laugh at it now, it has saved us hundreds of guineas, which we else should have paid to the physicians."

"And has cost you thousands, which you have paid to the apothecaries," said Caroline. "Only hear what cousin William says about it."

"Who quotes me?" exclaimed cousin William, opening the door.

"I," said Caroline, and her bright eyes sparkled, as her young and elegant cousin made his appearance; "upon the old subject of that odious book."

"What," said the young guardsman, "making fresh war upon the *Buchaneers*."

"William," said Mr. Crosby, "you may call us what you please; but the discovery of our disorders in time, tends to the salvation of the constitution."

"Truly so, my dear uncle," said Captain Morley, "provided you do discover them; but since disorders generally begin with fever, the incipient symptoms of all must naturally more or less resemble each other: and thus fancy, which like conscience, 'doth make cowards of us all,' ekes out the rest of the prognosticks, and we think ourselves suffering under a combination of ills, by which, in fact, we are not in the slightest degree assailed."

"Look at Caroline's cheek, William," said Mrs. Crosby, "what do you think of the flush which you see upon it at this moment?"

"Think," said Morley, "that it rivals the virgin rose."

"Oh, William," said Caroline.

"There," exclaimed her mother, "see she flushes still more."

"Health, pure health, by the gods," exclaimed the Captain, "heightened by native modesty."

"Health," says Mrs. Crosby: "how can you talk such nonsense, William; why the child's pulse are at seventy—health—hectic—are you hot, Caroline?"

"Very hot, indeed, mama," said the lovely tea maker.

"No wonder, aunt," said Morley: the glass is at ninety-two in the corner of the room farthest removed from the influence of the tea-urn."

"Poor child," said Crosby, who was reading Buchan, and drinking Dr. Solander's British Infusion, "poor Cary—yes—so it is—my angel is right."

"Oh, my dear father," interrupted Caroline, "do not make yourself uneasy about me, I assure you I am in perfect health; but you make me laugh with your too anxious fears, so that I can hardly eat my breakfast."

"Difficulty of swallowing," sighed Mrs. Crosby, "is a most awful symptom."

And so, if I chose, I might indulge my reader with fifty such scenes—fifty such dialogues, which occurred at meal times, the only periods at which the family met; and so it was, that owing to their addiction to Dr. Buchan this once happy couple moped and physicked their lives away in a dull

house in the dullest part of Cambridgeshire, unenlivened by visitors, whose habits and amusements might, they apprehended, interfere with the regimen and medicine absolutely necessary, as they thought, to their existence; secluded from society and its innocent gaieties, by the fear either of catching colds, or fevers, or surfeits, or over-feeding, or over-exercising themselves; nor amongst the other *agremens* of their seclusion should it be forgotten, that the physick closet was situated at the head of the great staircase, and flavoured the whole internal atmosphere, which never had an opportunity of escaping, except indeed through the windows of Caroline's boudoir, the only apertures ever open for its egress after the family were up for the day.

THE TRIAL OF THE SPIRITS.

Extract from Archbishop Tillotson's sermon on the trial of the Spirits.

Suppose I came a stranger into England, and landing at Dover took a guide there to conduct me in my way to York, which I knew before by the map to be North of Dover: having committed myself to him, if he lead me for two or three days together out of any plain road, and many times over hedge and ditch, I can not but think it strange, that in a civil and well inhabited country there should be no high way from one part of it to another: yet thus far, I submit to him, though not without regret and impatience. But then, if after this, for two or three days more he lead me directly South, and with my face full upon the sun at noon day, and at last bring me back again to Dover Pier, and still bids me follow him; then certainly no modesty does oblige a man not to dispute with his guide, and to tell him surely, that can be no way, because it is sea. Now, though he set never so bold a face upon the matter, and tell me with all the gravity and authority in the world, that it is not the sea, but dry land under the species and appearance of water, and that whatever my eyes tell me, having once committed myself to his guidance, I must not trust my own senses in the case, it being one of the most dangerous sorts of infidelity to believe my own eyes rather than his faithful and infallible guide: all this moves me not; but I begin to expostulate roundly with him, and to let him understand that if I must not believe what I see, he is like to be of no further use to me, because I shall not be able at this rate to know whether I have a guide, and whether I follow him or not. In short, I tell him plainly, that when I took him for my guide, I did not take him to tell me the difference between North and South, between a hedge and a highway, between sea and dry land; all this I knew before, as well as he, or any man else could tell me; but I took him to conduct and direct me the nearest way to York. And therefore after all his impertinent talk, after all his motives of credibility to persuade me to believe him, and all his confident sayings, which he gravely calls demonstrations, I stand stiffly upon the shore, and leave my learned and reverend guide to take his own course, and to dispose of himself as he pleaseth; but firmly resolve not to follow him. And is any man to be blamed that breaks with his guide upon these terms?

And this truly is the case, when a man commits himself to the guidance of any person or church: if by virtue of this authority they will needs persuade me out of my senses, and not to believe what I see, but what they say; that virtue is vice, and vice virtue if they declare them to be so; and that, because they say they are infallible, I am to receive all their dictates for oracles, though never so evidently false and absurd in the judgement of all mankind: in this case there is no way to be rid of these unreasonable people, but to desire them, since one kindness deserves another, and all contradictions are alike easy to be believed, that they would be pleased to believe that infidelity is faith, and that, when I absolutely renounce their authority, I do yield a perfect submission and obedience to it.

Upon the whole matter, all the revelation of God, as well as the laws of men, go upon this supposition, that men are not stark fools; but that they will consider their interests, and have regard to the great concernment of their eternal salvation. And this is as much to secure men from mistakes in matters of belief, as God hath afforded to keep men

from sin in matters of practice. He hath made no effectual, infallible provision that men should not sin; and yet it would puzzle any man to give a good reason, why God should take more care to secure men against errors in belief than against sin and wickedness in their lives.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1828.

Such of our city subscribers as have changed their place of residence, will please to inform the carrier, or leave information at our office.

The author of "Sayings and Doings" is Theodore Hook, not "Hood," as credited on our fifth page.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

MAY.

Was that her footstep on the hill—
Her voice upon the gale?—

MOORE.

We need not repeat the thousand poetical uses made of this month, for poets have fairly worn out every image, and tortured every figure, to come up to what nature sings, with her thousand voices, to welcome the happy season. It is no wonder that fable has poured out her richest treasures, an offering to so much beautiful reality. Among the most remote of the ancients we find this season the perpetual theme of the lover's song. Whether this month is really more propitious to the empire of the tender passion than any other season, we do not pretend to know enough in such matters to decide. It has however every thing in it calculated to elevate the youthful and romantic mind. The month was deemed by the Romans as under the protection of Apollo; and it being the month wherein they made several expiations, they prohibited marrying in May. The month was known among our ancestors, the Saxons, by the name of *Trimilki*, from the fact that in this month they began to milk their cows thrice every day.

May 1. Saint Philip and Saint James, apostles.—Saints Asaph, Marcon, and Sigismund. MAY DAY. The beautiful associations with this season seem to die away, or lose themselves in the common place items of history. We who live in this grave age, when ten thousand levities are gaining ground, and as many really salutary gravities becoming extinct, know very little of the glorious festivity which was so religiously observed by our worthy ancestors in England, at the return of May-Day. Their hearts responded merrily to the cheerfulness of the season. "At the dawn of the day," says Hone, "the lads and lasses left their towns and villages, and repaired to the woodlands, by sound of musick, they gathered the May, or blossoming branches, of the trees, and bound them with wreaths of flowers; then returning to their homes by surprise, they decorated their lattices and doors with the sweet-smelling spoil of their joyous journey, and spent the remaining hours in sports and pastimes." The ancient English poets have made the day especially their own; they are its annalists. We find a poetical description of the festive rights of May-Day in almost every one of them. To them we must refer our readers for a copious description of their celebrations. "I value," says Washington Irving, "every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed it is to the decline of this happy simplicity, that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-Day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts indeed have been made of late years, by men of both sense and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by; the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffick; the country apes the manners and amusements of the town; and little is heard of May-Day at present, except from the lamentations of authors who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city."

In our own rural annals, we have no notice taken of this holy-day. Our cities however observe it, and that not altogether with the same hilarity as formerly. Every body who

has rented a tenement in a city, and been accustomed to change situations annually, looks forward to this day, not with a heart thrilling for the anticipated fruition of festive joy, but with anxious bodings over anticipated destruction of furniture, and disarrangement of household ware.—His mind teems with images of broken-crockery, shattered cabinet work, mislaid linen, and scattered goods.

In other christian countries it has been, and is still held as a sort of holy-day; but our limits will not suffer us to particularize the ceremonies used by any.

The first of May is memorable for the battle of Lutzen, which was fought between the French and allies, in 1813. It was a severe and bloody contest, the loss on each side being about 15,000, and both parties claiming the victory. The allies were however obliged to retreat, and cross the Elbe the next day. May first, 1807, the West India slave trade was proscribed by an act of parliament.

May 2. Saint Athanasius. This celebrated doctor of the church was patriarch of Alexandria; he died in 378. He is celebrated for his opposition to the Arians, who were then very numerous, and for having his name attached to the creed bearing his name. Some however say that this creed was not compiled until the fifth century. One thing however is certain, that the doctrines it teaches, were strongly defended by Saint Athanasius. May 2, 1519, Leonardo de Vinci, the celebrated painter, died at Fontainebleau. [See the first volume of the American Masonick Record, page 100, article "The Last Supper."] In 1805, Ferdinand VII., the present weak monarch of Spain, plucked up courage enough to declare war against Buonaparte, the second of May, after the latter had returned from Elba. This deserves to be noticed among the *memorabilia*, of this date. The prince of Coburg was married to the daughter of the present king of England in 1816.

May 3. The Invention of the Cross, a festival in the church, in honour of the discovery of the cross of Christ, on Mount Calvary by Saint Helena; also Saint Alexander, the pope. May 3, 1779, general Ash, with 1500 Americans, were surprised by general Prescott, and 150 of his men killed, and 100 made prisoners, in Georgia. In 1806, several British ships of War, the *Leander*, *Driver*, &c. were interdicted the harbours of the United States, by proclamation of the president. The next year, however, the *Driver* entered the harbour of Charleston, South Carolina, in contempt of the interdiction.—1813, Havre de Grace, in Maryland, was burned by the British, under admiral Cockburn.

May 4. Saint Monica, mother of Saint Augustine; also Saint Goddard.—1471, Edward IV. gained a victory over the adherents of the house of Lancaster, at Tewksbury.—1677, Doctor Barrow, the celebrated mathematician, died, aged 47. He was a wit as well as a philosopher, and a match in a particular instance to the redoubtable Rochester. Meeting together at court, Rochester, with his usual levity said, "doctor, I am yours to your shoe tie." Barrow bowed obsequiously, with, "my lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester returned this by, "I am yours to the centre;" Barrow rejoined,—"I am yours to the antipodes;" Rochester, not to be foiled by a musty old piece of divinity, as he termed him, exclaimed, "doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell;" whereupon Barrow turned very gravely on his heel, and said,—"and there, my lord, I choose to leave you."—1780, Charleston, South-Carolina, surrendered to the British forces under Sir Henry Clinton.—1814, Louis XVIII. entered the French capital, and resumed the throne of the Bourbons.

May 5. Saints Pius V., Hilary, Angelus, Mauront, &c.—1782, Sir Guy Carleton arrived at New-York, with power to treat of peace with the United States.—1808, Charles IV. resigned the crown of Spain to Buonaparte and retired to the interior of France.—1811, the French were defeated by Wellington, in the battle of Fuentes de Honores.—1813, the British and Indians attacked Fort Meigs, and were defeated with great loss.—1821, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE died at Saint Helena, in the sixth year of his confinement. In this short sentence is embodied one of the deepest lessons; words are worse than vain to express it. Its teachings are such as to draw all comment that can be made, from every thinking mind, spontaneously.

May 6. Saint John ante Portam Latinam; Saint John Damascen; Saint Eadbert.—1813, Frederick Town and

George Town, two considerable villages in Maryland, were burned by the British under admiral Cockburn. Just one year after, in 1814, Fort Oswego, in this state was captured, after having maintained a gallant defence for two days, with only 300 armed men under colonel Mitchell, against 1800 British.

May 7. Saint Stanislaus, Saint Benedict II., Saint John of Beverley.

May 8. The Apparition of Saint Michael, the Archangel; Saint Peter of Tarentaise; Saint Victor; Saint Odrian; Saint Gabrian, &c. In 1801, there was a remarkable frost and snow of several inches on the eighth day of May.—1778, Sir Henry Clinton arrived at Philadelphia, and superseded Sir William Howe.

May 9. Saint Gregory Nanzianzen; Saint Hermas; Saint Nicholas. In Hone's Every-Day Book, we find under the head of the month of May, the following interesting article. "A New-York paper of the ninth of May, 1817, announces, that in Montgomery county, Mr. Jesse Johnson, being eighteen or nineteen years of age, and four feet one inch high, and weighing about seventy five pounds, was married to Miss Nancy Fowler, about twenty-six or twenty seven years of age, and weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds." Mr. Jesse Johnson, and his delicate little bride never dreamed of being so much noted in foreign climes.—1780, Pensacola and the whole province of West Florida surrendered to the arms of the king of Spain.—1812, Buonaparte set out from Paris to take command of the army against Russia.

QUESTIONS. It has been asked with some surprise, how *Thurlow Weed* happened to be entrusted with the order for Elisha Adams? It is a matter of wonder truly. But we see many such wonders lately. If the accounts are true, what need was there of commissioning any man to go in quest of Adams;—as he expressed a willingness to come back whenever wanted? How came the same person to be consulted respecting the appointment of a certain man to an office of high trust? How happened it that the acting governor of the state should propose to the legislature the appointment of a person to investigate the Morgan affair, while a secret mission was then in pursuit of his alleged murderers? Was that secret mission the result of any thorough investigation? If not, why should the state be put to the expense of several thousand dollars, to bring a man all the way from Arkansas, only on suspicion? Or was the investigator to be appointed in order to make all necessary inquiries about what *Thurlow Weed* (and he speaks *advisedly* too,) knew every item, months and months ago? Does not this remind one of the passage in the old song:

He deserves to be hanged without judge or jury,
And afterwards tried, for in France that's the law."

To conclude, what is to become of the investigation, if *Weed's* statement that the murderers have left the country, and other facts which he enumerated be true?

To the above questions we would be very much gratified to see some candid and clear answers; not that we have any objection to the course pursued by our executive. It only appears somewhat inconsistent in its parts. We hope we don't intrude. Only ask for information.

After the above had been penned, the report of Mr. Garlinghouse and his assistant came into our hands, as published in the *Argus* of Thursday morning. Joseph Garlinghouse and Phineas P. Bates, it will be already understood, were commissioned by the late governor, in December last, with secret letters directed to the governors of several states and territories, to the south, requesting the surrender of William King, charged with the murder, and Burrage Smith and John Whitney, charged with the abduction of William Morgan. They, accompanied by Jabez M. Mead, of Canandaigua, proceeded south to St. Louis, expecting to find Smith and Whitney; but disappointed, they went on to Little Rock, in the territory of Arkansas, where they obtained the necessary papers of governor Izard, and proceeded on to Cantonment Towson, where it was understood that King was residing. To captain R. B. Hyde, commanding officer of the cantonment, Mr. Garlinghouse applied for the necessary assistance to arrest King, and was refused. Captain Hyde did not however refuse to send a lieutenant, to direct them to King's store; but on their arrival King had

disappeared. Mr. Garlinghouse attaches much blame to captain Hyde, and produces the certificate of Clark Landers, to prove that Hyde gave notice to King of his intended arrest, through the means of lieutenant Colquhoun, one of the officers of the cantonment. How far Landers' statement goes to prove the report of Messrs. Garlinghouse and Bates, may be seen by the following extracts; the two former from the report,—the latter from Landers' certificate.

"The undersigned cannot here forbear from repeating their conviction, that the information communicated to said King by said Colquhoun was derived from said Hyde, as to him alone had been intrusted the knowledge of their mission; which belief is strengthened by the statement of said Clark Landers, a man of respectable character, which statement is hereto annexed."

The first interview with captain Hyde, however, is very differently described by the two following extracts.

"Immediately upon entering said fort, the said Garlinghouse privately and alone, presented to captain R. B. Hyde, commanding officer at said cantonment, the order from the governor of the said territory—a letter from the adjutant-general, under the direction of the secretary at war, dated the 16th of November, 1827—and a letter from colonel Arbuckle, the commanding officer at Cantonment Gibson, to the commanding officer at said Cantonment Towson, dated 3d February 1828—of which letters copies are hereto attached. After the said Hyde had examined the papers, the said Garlinghouse requested him to assist in or afford assistance for the arrest of said William King, then the sutler for said station, and residing at said cantonment. With this request the said Hyde refused to comply, and would not consent either to assist in said arrest personally, or to afford assistance by others, and he also stated that in case the said King should be arrested, he would not furnish the guard necessary for the removal of said King."

Extract from the certificate of Clark Landers, dated at Cantonment Towson, Feb. 15th, 1828.

"This may certify to all whom it may concern, that I went with Mr. Joseph Garlinghouse, on the 14th day of February, 1828, to Cantonment Towson, and saw him deliver to captain R. B. Hyde the papers for the arrest of William King, and heard him request the captain to make the arrest and to furnish a guard to prevent rescue on his way out of the territory. The captain refused to make the arrest, and also refused the guard requested, and said all he would do was to send an officer with Mr. Garlinghouse to colonel King's store."

We do not pretend to excuse the conduct of captain Hyde, by disobeying the high authorities of Mr. Garlinghouse's papers; but we have some doubts whether he was not supported in his decision by the laws. We do not think it exactly upon sound legal principles, to deliver an American soldier up to the civil authority, to be conveyed in irons upwards of two thousand miles, only on suspicion of murder. The more exceptionable way in our opinion, would be for the proper authority to issue an order to the commandant of the cantonment, to put the suspected person under arrest; and to keep him thus, until he can be delivered over to the civil authority in a manner more worthy the privileges of a soldier. Such, we think will, in the event, be the decision given on this case. As it was, an innocent man would not be willing to be jolted over two thousand miles of rough road, with shackles and chains on his limbs, and a guilty one it must be expected, would have made himself scarce as soon as possible. There is nothing very wonderful in the whole of it; though it will doubtless be made a part of the future presidential slang, like many things of about the same weight.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Contents of the April number of Mrs. Hale's *Ladies' Magazine*.—Novels and Novel Reading; Sketches of American Character—No. 4, the Soldier of the Revolution; Letters from a Mother; Margery Bethel; Female Piety; the Grave of Moran; the Moon. Critical Notices.—Charlotte's Daughter; Beauties of the Waverley Novels; the *Legendary*. Original Poetry.—The Record on the Tree; Memory; Night; Life; To Ellen; the Full Blown Rose; Lines on a seal. The contents of this work are wholly original, and the present number indicates that the reputation of the work will be well sustained.

The *Legendary*, a new quarterly periodical, edited by N. P. Willis, is in press. Among the contributors to the first volume we learn that the authors of Hope Leslie, and Hobomok, Mrs. Sigourney, the Rev. J. Pierpont, G.

Mellen, and other names are to be found. The *Legendary* will be published in duodecimo volumes of about 300 pages each; a volume to be issued once in about three months, at one dollar and twenty-five cents per volume,—bound in boards, with cloth backs.

We have before us the first number of the new series of the *New-York Medical and Physical Journal*. The article on sudden deaths, in this day's Record, is extracted from it. We shall notice the work more largely in our next.

The *Literary Parterre, and Ladies' Magazine*, is a very neatly printed hebdomadal pamphlet published at Cincinnati, Ohio, and edited by Mrs. J. L. Dumont, formerly of Vevay, Indiana. The ladies are already entering largely into the business of editorship. We are glad to see it. We trust their influence will not be in vain, since they have the power of giving respectability to whatever useful pursuit they may engage in.

The *Crystal, and Ladies' Magazine*, a new monthly publication at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, has come to hand. It is a very pleasant and neatly executed pamphlet, and, as its name indicates, intended for the amusement of the ladies.

The *Emerald, and Baltimore Literary Gazette*, has been commenced at Baltimore, by Benjamin Edes.

The *Chronicle of the Times* is the title of another weekly paper lately established in New-York.

The *Vermont American*, is the title of a new weekly paper, established in Middlebury Vermont, by Ovid Miner. It supports the present administration of the general government.

The *Duchess Intelligencer*, has been commenced at Poughkeepsie, by C. F. Ames, late of the Columbia Republican. Old Duchess has her share of newspaper business we think. Four in such a county must be either a proof of the liberality of the patronage, or the capability of the printer "to live on air."

THE GREEKS. Albany has cast in her mite, and female influence has laid down a precedent, which may be successfully referred to hereafter. The number of garments completed, and sent to New-York is two thousand one hundred and sixty-six; blankets, one hundred and one; five pieces of factory, 24 doz. tape; 5 lbs. thread; 1000 needles, and other articles, such as shoes hose, &c., besides a considerable sum in cash. The articles of clothing, blankets, &c., are valued at \$1500. At Rochester, the Ladies' Greek Committee acknowledge the receipt of one thousand and twenty-six garments made by the ladies of that village.

FOREIGN. The packet ship Hamilton, lately arrived at New-York, from Liverpool, brings London papers to the 24th and Liverpool to the 26th of March inclusive. The British cabinet had been officially notified that the Russian troops were about to cross the Pruth. Hostilities have again commenced between Russia and Persia, the latter having refused to ratify the late treaty. From Portugal it is ascertained that Don Miguel has completely thrown off the mask, and dissolved the legislative authority. Portugal is now reduced to its ancient arbitrary form of government. The Chambers were dissolved in order to prevent them from debating on the state of the nation. The British minister at Lisbon remonstrated sharply with the regent, and took his departure. The old queen is said to be at the bottom of the affair.

TABLE TALK.

The living of Kew and Petersham, says the Macclesfield Herald of December 29, will be given away in the course of the next month, as the recent visit of Mr. Colton was too "laconic" to secure its continuance to him; he having only slept one night on his living, instead of residing three months, as required by law.—The following dialogue happened lately between a justice of the peace and a poor Irish laborer:—Q. Pray where did you come from? A. From Drogheda, your worship. Q. And pray how do you live? A. Musha very poorly, long life to your honour. Q. I don't mean that;—how do you get your bread? A. Arrah, then, by my sowkins. I some-

times get it at the baker's, but oftener at the chandler's shop. Q. You mistake me,—I mean how do you do? A. Pretty well, I thank you, my lord; I hope your worship's much in the same way. Q. I see I'm not likely to get a direct answer; I think you are a proper person to serve his majesty. Were you ever at sea? A. Och! and do you think I went all the way from Drogheda to Liverpool in a post chaise:—*A Pie Tante*. A worthy vender of pies in the streets of Brighton, England, was seen a few days ago, seated on his wheel-barrow, at the top of one of the principal streets, reading a novel.—*Sound Cocoa Nuts*. Mr. E. Riley, of New-York, has made and sent to England two beautiful flutes from the wood of the cocoa tree.—*The Devil!* A lady meeting a very ugly featured man in the street, took him by the hand, and led him to a statuary's shop, and presenting him to the statuary, said,—"just like this," and departed. The astonished gentleman asked the meaning of this, and was informed by the statuary, that he had been employed by the lady to make a figure of the devil, and she had produced the gentleman for a model.

Such of our patrons who can furnish us any chronological and historical facts which might be of some interest to our *Editorial Diary*, will confer a favour by communicating them to us. Anecdotes of the settlement, and secular history of their respective towns or counties, and especially of our city, will be interesting; also anecdotes of the revolution and other general subjects, which can be associated with a definite date.

MR. DWYER'S READINGS, &c.—The friends of Mr. Dwyer and the public are respectfully informed, that he will give the following Readings and Recitations on Tuesday Evening, May 6, at the Mayor's Court Room, in the Capitol:

Reading—Adam and Eve's morning hymn to the Deity.—Milton.
Recitation—Hohenlinden.—Campbell.
Reading—Nathan's reproof to David.—2d Sam'l. 12th Ch.
Recitation—The sailor boy's dream.—W. W. Diamond.
Reading—The widow and her son.—Washington Irving.
Recitation—The night before and Battle of Waterloo.—Lord Byron.
Reading—The christian mother.—The Rev. Walter Black Kirwan.
Recitation—Time.—S. Osborn.
Reading—Apostrophe to Agricola.—Tacitus.
Recitation—Lochiel's warning.—Campbell.
Reading—Description of Germanicus burying the bones of the three legions put to the sword by Arminius.—Tacitus.
Recitation—The quarrel between Marnion and Douglas.—Sir Walter Scott.

Tickets, at 50 cents each, to be had at Webster's and Skinner's, and Oliver Steele's Bookstores.—One ticket will admit a lady and gentleman. The readings, &c. to commence at half past 7 o'clock.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Ledger, corner of State and North Market sts. Albany. WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best materials and workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec. 22 471f

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North-Market and Steuben-streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots, mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 470, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan. 12 501f

MILITARY STANDARD, Sign. Masonick and Fancy Painting.—JOHN LEMAN, at 392, North Market-street, Albany, has at considerable expense, collected an entirely new set of fancy grounds and letters, of various shades and patterns, by which, in addition to his determination to devote his best exertions to please, he is now enabled to execute any order in the above line, in the most elegant style, and on short notice. For evidence of his ability in the Military department, reference is had to Gen. S. Van Rensselaer. March 22— 81f

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

TO CALANTHE.

O, for some voiceless token,
Where words dare not be spoken,
And silence is unbroken
By whisper or by sigh!
If pitying love decreed it
Where bursting bosoms need it,
How gladly would I read it,
Calanthe, in thine eye!

Oh, eloquence of gazing!
Which, at the lash's raising,
Reveals two fountains blazing
Unutterable speech,—
While from the bosom rushes
Ten thousand glowing flushes,
To clothe the cheek with blushes,
The pencil dare not teach.

Mine eyes are ever turning
To meet some kindred burning,—
But cold and bitter spurning
Is all it meets from thee;
Yet if one pity reach thee,
And nature's language teach thee,
Let fall, oh, I beseech thee,
One speaking look on me!

Albany, May 8, 1828.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

TO MISS —.

Thou bidst me wake the harp for thee,
For thee to string the sylvan lyre,—
But, lady, that may never be—
My touch would sever every wire.

My thoughts once rose on fancy's wing,
And oft of love and joy did dream,
And bliss beyond imagining;—
Yet oh! it was a dream of gloom.

And lady,—though the dream be passed,
The fairy dream of youthful love—
This heart in friendship's mould was cast,
And ever true each pulse shall move.

And, lady, while this heart shall beat
To love or early friendship true,
Your memory there shall hold its seat—
There still shall beat a pulse for you

ALBERTUS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SONG.

O mother, tell the laird o't,
Or sairly R will grieve me, O,
That I'm to wake the ewes the night
An' Annie's to gang wi' me, O.
I'll wake my ewes my night about,
But ne'er wi' me so saucy, O;
Nor sit my lane the lee-lagg night
Wi' sic a scornfu' lassie, O.
I'll no wake, I'll no wake,
I'll no wake wi' Annie, O,
Nor sit my lane o'er night wi' ane
Sae thraward an' uncannie, O.

Dear son, be wise an' warie,
But never be womanly, O;
I've heard you tell another tale
O' young an' charming Annie, O.
The ewes ye wake are fair enough,
Upon the brae sae bonny, O;
But the laird himsel' wad gie them a'
To wake the night wi' Annie, O.
He'll no wake, &c.

I tauld ye ear', I tauld ye late,
That lassie wad trepan ye, O,
In ilka word ye boud to say,
When left your lane wi' Annie, O

Tak' my advice this night for aince,
Or beauty's tongue will ban ye, O;
An' say your feel auld mother's steel,
Ayont the mair wi' Annie, O.
He'll no wake, &c.

The night it was a summer night,
An' O the glen was laely, O,
For just as sterner's gowden ee
Peeped o'er the hill serenely, O.
The twa are in the flowery heath,
Ayont the moor sae flowy, O,
An' but as plaid atween them baith,
An' wassa that right dowy, O!
He maun wake, &c.

Neist morning at his mother's knee,
He blessed her love unfeignedly, O,
An' aye the tear fell frae his ee,
An' aye he clasped her kindly, O,
Of a' my griefs I've got amends,
Up in yon glen sae grassy, O,
A woman only woman kens;
Your skill has won my lassie, O.
I'll aye wake, I'll aye wake,
I'll aye wake wi' Annie, O,
I'll ne'er again keep wake wi' ane
Sae sweet, sae kind, an' cannie, O.

LAPLANDISH SONG.

TRANSLATED BY BOWRING.

Kulnasatz niroosam mugaoe joosau das jordoe skaolo.

Agile reindeer! make thy road
Over field and over hill;
Welcome waits upon thee still,
Near my maiden's sweet abode;
There abundant mosses grow
Underneath the beds of snow.

Speedy is the winter day,
And the wintry path is long;
Speed thee swiftly as my song;
Reindeer! let us haste away:
Here nor herds nor hounds I see,
Here the forest prowlers be.

Lo! an eagle soars on high—
Would I were that eagle now!
See you cloud that rides the sky—
Would I were upon its brow,
Watching all the world, and thee,
In thy hour of gayety.

Love, like thee, my living treasure!
Though it seem so meek and mild
Like a reindeer strong and wild,
Drags me in its sledge at pleasure—
Drags me with as rude a shock,
As the catapact o'er a rock.

Maiden! all my thoughts by day,
Near thee, o'er thee, round thee light;
Maiden! all my dreams by night—
Thousands thoughts and dreamings—Nay!
Nay!—I have no thought but one—
'Tis the thought of thee alone.

Wouldst thou leave me—wouldst thou fly?
Wouldst thou with thy reindeer go
To the deep dells, where the snow
Rears its drifted pillars high,
Midst the rocks and midst the woods,
In their gloomy solitudes?

Agile reindeer! make thy road
Over dale and over hill;
Welcome waits upon thee still
Near my maiden's sweet abode;
There abundant mosses grow
Underneath the beds of snow.

From the Boston Statesman.

TANTALUS.

BY DR. BEDE.

I've read of a man of old,
Whose name was Tantalus,—
Who, for being a little too free and bold,
Was doom'd to be punished thus:—
And never was son or daughter

Of man so heavily curd—
To stand chin-deep in water,
Yet choke with eternal thirst.

Some say 'twas because he dared
To make free with a virgin's fame;
Or having right richly and daintily fared,
The silly fool told the name.
But we of the Hose know better—
We've nailed him up to the wall—
We've studied his fate to the letter,
And thus account for it all:

Our lives on it, this is the fact—
We've hit the wheel on the hub—
The dry souled rogue was caught in the act
Of forming a temperate club!
But Bacchus, the jolly old thumper,
Looked out from ois cob-web cell,
And resolved to give him a bumper
Of the liquor he loved so well.

So he caught the rogue by the hair
Of his head—and soured him in—
And bade him guggle and struggle there,
Till he'd wash away his sin.
But the kind hearted god relenting—
He's the only god of love—
When he saw him with tears repenting,
Left his head and his ears above.

And there to this day he remains,
As dry as a cedar post!
Just up to the chin in a million of pains,
And the liquor he loved the most.
Hence, sons of the Hose, take warning,
Remember this rule and obey:
That—"water should only be drunk in the morning,
And then—in a moderate way."

From the same.

THE WASTED FLOWER.

The storms of heaven have borne thee down;
Thy stem is broke—thy leaves are strown
In wild disorder o'er the plain,
Whence thou shalt never lift again
Thy head to catch the evening dew,
Or charm the lonely wanderer's view.

Yet, wasted flower! thy sweet perfume
Partakes not of thy fearful doom;
It lingers still around the spot
Where erst thy form the sunshine caught;
And pours its incense on the air,
When thou art desolate and bare.

Thou art a type, thou lonely flower!
Of virtue's death-surviving power—
Fit emblem of the fragrance shed
Around the truly virtuous dead—
The hallowed memory of the good,
Which from the grave's cold solitude,
Gives to the thought of parted worth,
A charm unknown to things of earth.

THE GREEN LINNET.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Upon your tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover,
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings
That cover him all over.

While thus before my eyes he gleams
A brother of the leaves he seems;
When in a moment forth he teems
His little song in gushes:
As if it pleased him to disdain
And mock the form when he did feign,
While he was dancing with the train
Of leaves among the bushes.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1828.

NO. 15

MASONICK RECORD.

MASONRY AND RELIGION.

A Sermon preached before the Grand Lodge of Maryland, at the dedication of Ashler Lodge, No. 86, held at the Savage Factory, Anne Arundel county, Maryland, on the 4th day of July, 1827.

BY THE REV. C. WILLIAMS, A. M.

Grand Chaplain to the Grand Lodge and Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Maryland.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. Matthew, v. 16.

Light is a metaphor frequently made use of in scripture to signify knowledge, especially spiritual and divine knowledge: and those who teach and instruct others are said to be lights. Our Saviour is frequently denominated "the light of the world," and "the true light;" and he tells his disciples, who were to instruct the world that they "are the light of the world." The doctrine of our Saviour is likewise called a light by the apostle St. Paul in his epistle to the Corinthians, "the light of the glorious gospel of Christ." [2 Cor. iv. 4.] It is with respect to his doctrine that our Saviour in the words of the text directs his disciples to let their light shine before men. Having enumerated the beatitudes, as they are called, or those holy dispositions produced by divine grace, and which will, when duly cultivated and improved, ensure their possessors rest and peace in the life to come, he tells his disciples, in the 3d verse preceding the text, "ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savour wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men;"* that is "ye are appointed by that pure and holy doctrine, which you are to preach, and by the savour of your good conversation, to purge the world from that corruption in which it lies, and represent them to God as 'a sacrifice of a sweet smelling savour, holy and acceptable to God;' but if you yourselves should lose the savour of your good conversation, and become putrefied members in my body, you would be wholly useless to these good ends; and therefore can expect nothing but to be rejected by me, and cast off as unsavoury salt is cast into the dunghill."† Again, in the 2d verse preceding the text, our Saviour emphatically tells his disciples, "ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." The import of this metaphor is this: "I have appointed you to manifest to the world my doctrine, which will discover to them what is the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God, and so direct their feet into the way that leadeth to eternal life, and will enable them to walk as children of the light; and if you do not hide this light from them, but cause it to shine forth both in your doctrine and christian conversation, the light of it is so clear and radiant, that it cannot be hid from them." Our blessed Lord then sums up the whole of the exhortation to his disciples in the words of our text, which being understood in connexion with the preceding verses just explained, may be thus paraphrased.

* As Christ had not yet put his church in form, or commissioned his disciples to any particular offices in it, we cannot therefore suppose these words any more than those of the text, are to be applied only to the apostles, but rather to the whole body of believers, unto whom he was then preaching; but as these metaphorical expressions seem to point directly to the ministry of the apostles, when they should be in commission, we may reasonably conclude, that Christ had chiefly a regard to his apostles in those expressions, since he can hardly be supposed, with any propriety of speech, to call the whole body of his disciples "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world," equally with his chosen apostles.

† Whitby.

So therefore "let" this "your light shine before men, that they may," from your conversation, as well as from your doctrine, "see your good works, and" then they will see cause to "glorify your Father which is in heaven." Let the truth of that grace and faith which you have now received, and with which you are enlightened, not be obscured by the works of darkness, or by the interference of worldly affections; but let it be so clear, so manifest, so perspicuous and apparent in your lives and conversation unto all men, "that they may see your good works:" that is, that all may see clearly how far you excel others in the performance of all your duties both to God and man.

The words of the text and their metaphorical meaning thus explained; we shall proceed to the consideration of some particulars which may be expected to be noticed by us on the present interesting and solemn occasion; and endeavour, from the words of our text, to enforce those duties which, as a collective body as well as individuals, we are by the nature of our order bound to manifest to the world, both in our public and private deportment. And with this object in view, we propose to consider,

FIRST. The nature, end, and design, of that order of which we are members. And then,

SECONDLY. Shall point out the additional obligations we are under to let our light so shine before men, in that meridian splendour, as shall be sufficient to stop the gainsayings of the ignorant and malicious, when they shall behold our good works, and cause them to give glory to the great Father of Light, for having upheld to the present day, an institution calculated to do so much good in the world. And

FIRST. Of the nature, end, and design of the order. Upon this subject it would hardly have appeared necessary to dilate, but that the ignorance of some, and the malice and prejudice of others not connected with the institution, would seem to suggest, that the present occasion was a very fit one, to endeavour to disprove those injurious aspersions so wantonly and ignorantly vented at us, by those who, not devoid of candour in other respects, join inconsiderately in the cry against masonry, without reflecting on its claims, at least to respect, if not to praise and veneration.

It will not at this time be expected from us that we should enter into any discussion relative either to the antiquity or the origin of our order; the necessary contracted limits of our discourse would not admit of it; for that single subject, even to take but a very brief view of it, would occupy a portion of time far beyond what is usually permitted to be spent in discussions like the present; we shall content ourselves, therefore, with observing, that the masonick fraternity have abundant satisfactory testimony accessible to every unprejudiced and inquiring mind, sufficient to convince the most disingenuous, that masonry has existed for a period of upwards of three thousand years; that its grand object at its first institution, was the inculcating the doctrine of the worship of the one true God, in opposition to the then prevailing vulgar polytheism, and the practice of the most exalted moral virtue; as also the encouragement and dissemination among mankind of the knowledge of the liberal arts and sciences.*

* Each of the Pagan gods, says Bishop Warburton, besides the public and open, had a secret worship paid them; into which none were admitted but those who had been selected by preparatory ceremonies called initiation. This secret worship was called the mysteries. The first and original mysteries of which we have any account, were those of Isis and Osiris in Egypt; from whence they were derived to the Greeks,

The great end and design of masonry is to make men virtuous and happy, by the inculcation of moral precepts, enforced by the most engaging considerations that can be presented to the human mind. The medium of instruction used by our ancient brethren, and still preserved pure and unimpaired, was by *visible symbols*, in which precepts of morality were curiously enfolded, and veiled from common observation. The same system of instruction was practised by the Jews, under the Patriarchal as well as under the Mosaic dispensation. The prophecies were frequently delivered symbolically. Thus the holy land is termed God's vineyard, by Isaiah and other prophets. The hiding of Jeremiah's girdle implied the destruction of idolaters, [Jeremiah, xiii.] as the breaking of a bottle did that of Jerusalem in general. [Jeremiah xix.] Ezekiel portrayed the filthiness of the Jews by the scum of a boiling pot; [Ezekiel, xxiv.] and the union of Judah and Israel by joining together two sticks. [Ezekiel, xxxvii.] The series of prophecies uttered by Daniel, comprehending every material transaction which should take place in the world to the end of time, are all delivered in the same manner; and the Founder of Christianity explained to his disciples the mysteries shadowed beneath his symbols, but he spake unto the rest of the world in parables, which, without embracing his faith, they were unable to understand. [Mark, iv. 11.]

To fill the mind with images which may present themselves in every transaction of life, which, if evil, may call loudly upon the conscience to shun the danger, is surely a medium not to be despised, particularly when recommended by such high and unequivocal sanctions. When engaged in sinful practices, if any object appear in which is wrapped up a familiar precept, indicating the punishment of sin, how insignificant soever that object may appear to an eye unenlightened by the rays which burn around it; if it rouse the sinner to a sense of his duty, and cause him to abandon his evil pursuits, it has performed a service over which angels shall rejoice, though fastidious mortals may ridicule such a medium, and pronounce it trifling and absurd. The uninitiated may urge the absurdity of squares and compasses, mallets and chisels, because being mere instruments of labour, they do not present immediately to the mind any visible tendency to the cultivation of moral virtue. But were the useful lessons they contain openly displayed and fully comprehended, masonry would no longer be an object of ridicule or aspersions, but would occupy the first rank among those human sciences which confessedly promote the benefit of mankind. From the chequered *groundwork* of a mason's lodge to its splendid and celestial *covering*, it contains no point, part, or secret which does not convey a fund of valuable information. The mason

under the presidency of various gods, such as the institutor thought most suitable to his purpose. In process of time these mysteries were disseminated through the northern and western nations.

The learned prelate then observes, that the nature and end of all these mysteries were the same, viz: to teach the doctrine of a future state. He represents the design of them in general to have been, to engage men to a holy and virtuous practice, to give them just notions of religion, and to detect the errors of the vulgar polytheism. And he concludes his account of the mysteries with observing, that there were three things about which they were principally concerned: viz: 1. The rise and establishment of civil society. 2. The doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments. 3. The error of polytheism, or the principle of the unity. Which latter was the object of the greater mysteries, in which the whole delusion of paganism was disclosed, and the initiated were instructed, that Jupiter, Mercury, Venus, Mars, and the whole rabble of licentious deities, are only deified mortals; and that God alone was the creator of the universe, who pervaded all things by his virtue, and governed all by his providence; whereas in the lower mysteries, which were preparatory to the other, the general belief of a providence and a future state, and its consequent engagements to a virtuous life, were inculcated. Dr. Warburton's Div. Leg.

in his full clothing is a striking emblem of integrity and perfect a model of wisdom, strength, and beauty. The *white apron, gloves, and wand*, which are characteristic of his profession, have a direct reference to the innocence and purity with which he ought to be invested, by an adherence to the invaluable lessons which they contain. In all ages, and amongst all people, white robes have been assumed as characteristic of innocence and purity. Such were the robes worn by the priests of Egypt and Greece, the Druids of Gaul and Britain, the Bramins of India, the Gymnosophists of Persia, &c.; and in such garments, under the christian dispensation, were the catechumens habited after baptism, to express the purity they had obtained through the performance of that initiatory rite.

The universal extent of a lodge, referring to the unlimited obligation of Masonry, is well expressed by Zophar in his address to Job: "It is as high as heaven, deeper than hell; the measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." [Job xi. 9, 10.] It stands due east and west, that its governours may behold the rising and the setting of the sun, with sentiments of devotion and gratitude to Him who appointed that luminary as a blessing to his creatures. Its peculiar situation is in the vale of Jehosaphat. The highest of hills or the lowest of valleys was, in ancient times, accounted most sacred. Thus tradition placed the peculiar residence of God on the summit of Mount Horeb; and Ezekiel declares that "on the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round shall be most holy." [Ezek. xliii. 12.]

The *Bible, Square, and Compass*, point out the sacred source of his faith, and the rectitude of his practice: for while the former, which is always open in the lodge, is considered the rule and standard of his faith and hope, the two latter have the same reference to his life and actions. The *bible* is the sacred compact between God and man; for in that holy book the divine will in essentials is so clearly revealed that he who runs may read; and the way of salvation is so explicitly pointed out, that the sojourner shall not err therein. The *compass* is appropriated to the Grand Master, as the supreme governour of the institution, because it is the most comprehensive and useful instrument in forming plans and designs, which belong exclusively to his province; for on the art and judgement with which he applies this instrument depend the general beauty and harmony of the whole. The *square* belongs to the brethren in general, because their obligations are founded upon, and they are consequently bound to square their actions by the principles of virtue and right reason. From these visible symbols masonry teaches, in its beautiful and expressive phraseology, to keep within compass, and act upon the square with all mankind, but more particularly with brethren.—And this is consistent with the teaching of christianity. St. Paul has interpreted this precept in his truly masonick address to the Galatians: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." [Gal. vi. 12.]

The *Jewels*, both moveable and immovable, have a significant reference to what is most dear and valuable to man in this mortal state; exposed, as he is, to sorrow, sickness, pain, and adversity. The *square* is an instrument by which truth and perfection are attained in all manner of architecture; and consequently recommends morality and justice in all our commerce with mankind. The *level* is an emblem of equality, and demonstrates, that as we are descended from the same stock, partake of the same nature, and share the same hope, we ought strictly to render unto others the same measure of kindness and affection which, in similar circumstances, we should require of them. The *plumb* is an emblem of integrity, and admonishes to walk uprightly in our station; to hold the scale of justice in equal poise; to observe the happy medium between intemperance and rigid self-denial; and to make our passions and prejudices coincide with the straight line of duty. The *tracing board* refers to the correct plans and designs traced by the great Architect of the universe in the holy bible, which constitute the summit and perfection of a mason's faith and hope. We have also other emblematical jewels, to denote the mind of

man in its progress from infancy to old age, from ignorance to knowledge. In the dawn of life, uncultivated nature feels its own inferiority, and is like a rough and shapeless stone newly taken from the quarry, which requires the skillful hand of patient industry to mould it into form. Manhood succeeds, and the ripening faculties, emulating perfection, press on with diligence and assiduity, to the great object of rational attainment. And when old age comes on, the placid mind, reflecting on a well spent life, devoted to acts of piety and virtue, looks forward to another and a better state of existence, where infinitely perfect, it will be filled with the fulness of God. This state of mind may be aptly compared to a well wrought and highly polished cubical stone, accurately exact in all its lines and angles; which, though minutely tried with the square and compass, will be pronounced good, perfect, and complete.

(To be concluded in our next)

NEW-YORK.

A Grand Council of "Six Knights of the Holy Cross" has been instituted at Rome, in Oneida county, of whom Colonel Benjamin P. Johnson has been elected to the Prefecture. Its style is that of Roman Council, No. 4.

On the 1st of May inst. there was chartered at Canajoharie, in the county of Montgomery, a Grand Council of the Holy Cross, by the name and style of "Palatine Council, No. 5." Sir John G. Van Deusen has been duly confirmed M. I. Prefect.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

THE UVULARIA GRANDIFLORA.

Read before the Albany Institute, February 23, 1828, by J. G. Tracy, esq. of Albany.

It has long been known that the Indians made use of a vegetable remedy for the bite of the rattlesnake; but there appears to have been much uncertainty respecting the plant which they resorted to for this purpose, and I believe that no description of it has yet been published by which it can be distinguished.

At the time the boundary-line Commissioners were engaged in the surveys made of the islands near the head of Lake Erie, in the month of August 1820, one of the men in their employ was bitten by a rattlesnake, and Hank Johnson, a hunter attending on the party, was applied to for assistance. This person is a white, whose parentage is unknown. When a child, during the revolutionary war, he was captured by the Seneca Indians in the western part of Pennsylvania, and has since that time remained among them, adopted by the nation, to whom his habits, dress, and appearance entirely conform, and he is now one of the chiefs of that part of the Senecas who reside on the Cattaraugus Creek. In the late war, he attached himself to the forces under the command of General Porter, on the Niagara frontier, and particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Chippewa, and at the sortie from Fort Erie, by his courage, strength, and fidelity: and in the former action, probably saved the life of Major Fraser, who being wounded, was carried by him on his back to a place of safety.

He immediately collected some plants, and gave to his patient a decoction of the roots and leaves; and after chewing, they were also bound upon the wound. No other remedy was administered, and the man recovered.

Soon after this a dog, belonging to one of the party, was bitten by a rattlesnake severely in the head and tongue. Hank was absent at the time, and before his return, some hours after, the animal was excessively swollen, and apparently near dying. The same remedy was then applied, by pouring a decoction of the plant down his throat, and binding the roots and leaves on the wounds, and the dog very rapidly recovered.

On hearing these circumstances related by General Porter, W. A. Bird, esq. and Major Fraser, and the plant minutely described by them, I had little doubt that it was the *Uvularia grandiflora*, and collected some specimens of that plant which those gentlemen examined, and all of them pronounced it to be the same plant which had been so

successfully used under their observation. Its identity was afterwards still further established by a specimen which it was found General Porter had preserved at the time the cures were performed.

Those persons who are generally acquainted with the plants which are found in the northern states, will agree with me in opinion, that no person of ordinary observation could mistake the perfoliate *uvularias* for any other plant; and the height of this being described as two feet, determines it to be the *U. grandiflora*, which alone of the perfoliate *uvularias* reaches that height.

I therefore think that the concurring opinions of the gentlemen whom I have named, is conclusive proof that the plant I submitted to their examination must be the same with that which was made use of by Hank, and which is the

Uvularia grandiflora—Smith.

U. lanceolata—Willdenow.

U. perfoliata b major—Michaux.

a plant familiar to every botanist, and very generally diffused.

I am aware that the bite of a rattlesnake is not always fatal, even if the wound is entirely neglected, but there is every reason to believe that the usual remedy was resorted to on this occasion; and at a season of the year when the bite of a rattlesnake is known to be peculiarly dangerous, it is hardly possible that the man and dog could have both recovered without some powerful aid.

DESCRIPTION.—*Uvularia, corolla inferior*, 6-petalled, erect; claws of the petals each furnished with a nectiferous cavity. Filaments, very short, growing to the anthers; stigmata reflected, capsulo 3-angled, 3-celled, 3-valved, valves septiferous in the middle; seeds many, subglobose, arillate at the hilum.—*Nuttall's Gen.*

U. grandiflora, leaves perfoliate, oblong acute, petals smooth within; anthers somewhat obtuse; nectaries roundish.—*Smith Ex. Bot.*

U. perfoliata major.—*Michaux Fl.*

U. lanceolata.—*Willd. Sp. pl.*

Hab.—Shady hills, in fertile soil, among rocks: from Canada to Carolina.

It has a general resemblance to Solomon's seal: leaves alternate, smooth and perforated by the stem, which is forked near the top: bearing one, rarely two, drooping liliaceous yellow flowers early in May.

CALCULATION SIMPLIFIED.

The following account of a singular and important arithmetical invention, is copied from the Edinburgh Scotsman of February 27th:—

Professor Wallace has invented a very ingenious process, by which the product of any two numbers, however large, can be obtained and written down in a single line, without the usual labour of exhibiting the product of the multiplicand by each figure of the multiplier separately, and then adding to whole together. But what is still more remarkable, the operation could even be performed with accuracy by a person ignorant of the multiplication table. Without the help of a diagram, we could not explain the process in a satisfactory manner; but we may state generally, that the figures are arranged in a different mode from that commonly used, and that the products of the individual figures of the two numbers are obtained and summed by means of a very simple instrument. We saw two numbers of six figures each, multiplied together, and the product obtained with perfect correctness. On the same day a gentleman, eminent for his skill in calculation, brought the utility of the process to the proof, by trying it upon the following numbers, 2783640619, and 5046973056. The product 14049358691935833008, was obtained without one mistake, and in less time than was necessary to verify the result in the common way, though this was only the second trial made of the instrument. Men of science will easily appreciate the value of an invention like this. In the common transactions of business, where heavy calculations occur only incidentally and rarely, its aid may be dispensed with; but to the mathematician in many cases, and especially in the compiling of tables, it will evidently be of the greatest importance. First, it saves that species of labour which is in every case mere drudge-

ry, and is extremely oppressive to a mind capable of better things; and secondly, by reducing a mental to a mechanical process, it ensures far greater accuracy, and enables the calculator to delegate a part of his duty to others with confidence, and to check the results with facility.

There are few inventions, however, the entire value of which is seen at first; and we have little doubts that experience will point out many new and important applications of the process in question; of which at present we have no idea.

MIGRATION OF BUTTERFLIES.

From the January (1838) number of the *Paris Journal des Connaissances Usuelles et Pratiques*.

We are surprised that birds should cross seas and travel immense distances in the air, without stopping to rest; and, indeed, it is difficult to understand how the muscular strength of those little animals can sustain an exertion so prolonged and incessant. But it is perhaps, still more astonishing, to find so feeble an insect as the butterfly transporting itself on its wings to the greatest distances. We ourselves have witnessed the fact. On a voyage which we made along the coast of Italy, there came, when we were about thirty miles from the gulph of Salerno, a butterfly (of the species *Papilio Brassica* Fab.) which perched upon the mast of our vessel, and, after remaining there five or six seconds, resumed its flight towards the shore.

It appears, from an account given by M. P. Hubert, in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, of August, 1826, that some kinds of butterflies do, in effect, migrate like birds. It is not probable, however, that they continue equally long on the wing without repose. Many credible witnesses relate, that on the 10th of June, in the canton of Vaud, in Switzerland, they saw an immense flock of butterflies passing over a garden. They were all of that kind (*Papilion belle dame*), which feeds chiefly upon the thistle. The direction of their flight was from south to north; from which the presence of men, though very near them, did not make them deviate.

They occupied more than two hours in passing over the place. The column was ten or fifteen feet wide, and its extremities reached out of sight. The butterflies did not alight upon the flowers, nor linger about them; but kept on their course, near the ground, at a rapid and uniform rate. What is not less surprising, this same species of butterfly was seen in Piedmont towards the close of March in the same year. It is true that they tarried, here and there, in the countries over which they passed; but always advanced from south to north. It is likely that these insects, after living on the early flowers of the south, while they last, emigrate to colder regions, to find the same plants, less precocious, still in the blossom. The want of more abundant or agreeable food, or the desire of a climate more congenial to his nature, produces in the butterfly that instinct or inclination that leads it from one region to another.

THE GATHERER.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

At Guildhall, London, on Friday week, a Mr. David David appeared upon summons to answer the complaint of his wife, Mrs. Jane David, who gave the following succinct synopsis of her case. "Your Warship, this old chap is my husband, and, though he doesn't half maintain me, he larrups me once a week rig'lar."

Mr. David David laid down his hat to reply. "Your Honour," said he, "I'm an old soldier, and I'll tell you no lie. I do towel her sometimes, but not half so often as she deserves it. Look at me, your honour, and look at her, I'm eighty-two, and she's a stout young woman of thirty-one! and yet she never did a day's work since I had her—though my whole dependence is a small pension of fourteen shillings a week, from the Royal Hospital at Chelsea. I went abroad with General Howe, in the year seventy-six, and I served my country, in one corps or another, for forty-two years; but I never saw more hard service in all that time than I have undergone since I gave this woman the

privilege of calling me husband—and that's only two years and a half ago!"

The Alderman reminded the old soldier that he had taken a wife "for better or for worse," and however, hard he might find the matrimonial service, it was his duty not to lynch from it until he should be regularly discharged; and, above all, it was very unsoldier like to strike a woman.

"Aye, it's fine talking, your honour," rejoined the ungallant veteran; "the fact is, her red rag wags so fast and so sharp, that mortal man can't bear it—it's a desperate sight sharper than ever General Buonaparte's sword was. Talk of not striking a woman, indeed! what's a body to do with them when they're always wagging that little red rag of their's so sharp and quick that it cuts a man up root and branch—heart and character, all to tatters twenty times a day!"

Mrs. David, however, declared that she never used her tongue without good cause, and said she would endeavour to use it more gently in future, if her husband would but do his duty by her, and keep his hands to himself.

Finally the old man agreed to try her once more, and do the best he could for her; adding—"There's one consolation for me yet—I hope to get into Chelsea College soon, and there, thank God, no woman is ever admitted!" [English paper.]

DR. BARCLAY.

The late Dr. Barclay was a wit and a scholar, as well as a very great physiologist. When a happy illustration, or even a point of pretty broad humour, occurred to his mind, he hesitated not to apply it to the subject in hand; and in this way, he frequently roused and rivetted attention, when more abstract reasoning might have failed of its aim. On one occasion he happened to dine with a large party, composed chiefly of medical men. As the wine cup circulated, the conversation accidentally took a professional turn, and from the excitement of the moment, or some other cause, two of the youngest individuals present were the most forward in delivering their opinions. Sir James McIntosh once told a political opponent, that so far from following his example of using hard words and soft arguments, he would pass, if possible, into the opposite extreme, and use soft words and hard arguments. But our unfledged M. D.'s disregarded the above salutary maxim, and made up in loudness what they wanted in learning. At length, one of them said something so emphatic—we mean as to manner—that a pointer dog started from his lair beneath the table and *bow-wow-wowed* so fiercely, that he fairly took the lead in the discussion. Dr. Barclay eyed the hairy dialectician, and thinking it high time to close the debate, gave the animal a hearty push with his foot, and exclaimed in broad Scotch—"Lie still, ye brute; for I am sure ye ken just as little about it as any o'them." We need hardly add, that this sally was followed by a hearty burst of laughter, in which even the disputants good-humouredly joined.

QUACKS.

We are not without plenty of ignorant and impudent pretenders at the present day; but the celebrated Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter of Epsom, surpasses them all. She was the daughter of a man named Wallis, a bone-setter at Hindon, in Wiltshire, and sister to the celebrated "Polly Peachem," who married the Duke of Bolton. Upon some family quarrel, Sally Wallis left her professional parent, and wandered up and down the country in a miserable manner, calling herself "Crazy Sally," and pursuing, in her perambulations, a course that fairly justified the title. Arriving at last at Epsom, she succeeded in humbugging the worthy bumpkins of that place, so decidedly, that a subscription was set on foot to keep her among them; but her fame extending to the metropolis, the dupes of London, a numerous class then as well as now, thought it no trouble to go ten miles to see the conjurer, till at length, she was pleased to bless the afflicted of London with her presence, and once a week drove to the Grecian Coffee-house, in a coach and six with out-riders! and all the appearance of nobility. It was in one of these journeys, passing through Kent-street, in the Borough, that being taken for a certain woman

of quality from the Electorate in Germany, a great mob followed, and bestowed on her many bitter reproaches, till madame, perceiving some mistake, looked out of the window, and accosted them in this gentle manner, "D—n your bloods, don't you know me? I am Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter!" Upon which, they instantly changed their revilings into loud huzzas.

[Wadd's Means, Maxims, and Memoirs.]

CAPPS, THE MAN OF THE GOLD MINE.

The owner of the land on which the most productive gold mine in North Carolina is situated, was, prior to the discovery of the mine, a poor man—one of the poorest among the poor cultivators of the poorest soil in Carolina. He had enough to do to provide the necessaries of life for himself and family; and he considered himself rich when he had enough to eat. The discovery of the gold mine, however, altered the state of things; before he was a rich poor man (for he was contented,) and afterwards he was a poor rich man. The mine suddenly filled the old man's pockets with gold; and as suddenly, extravagance and dissipation, with their formidable attendants, took possession of the house, and kicked Economy and sober Temperance out at the back door. The sequel may well be imagined—while others were pocketing his gold, he killed himself with liquor, and was buried in his gold mine. Nature seems to have formed her creatures with capacities proper for their allotted spheres, and if by chance any of them happen to stray into those for which they are not fitted, they are apt to act the monkey in a china shop. There are exceptions, it is true, and some seem capable, like the comet of ranging the universe, but they are comets in human nature. Probably no burthen would so certainly crush a man whose back is not fitted to bear it, as a bag of gold—the history of Capps, the man of the gold mine, above noticed, is an illustration of this remark. [Baltimore Patriot.]

POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

It is popularly believed in Ireland, and possibly in other countries, that when a friend or a relative dies, a warning voice is heard, and the greater the space between the parties the more certain the sound. The following is a translation of an Irish song, which in the original, is sung to a singularly wild and melancholy air.

A low sound of song from the distance I hear,
In the silence of night, breathing sad on my ear!
Whence comes it? I know not—uneasily the note,
And unearthly the tones through the air as they float;
Yet it sounds like the lay that my mother once sung,
As o'er her first born in his cradle she hung.

Long parted from her, far away from her home,
With people that speak not her language, I roam;
Is it she that sends over the billowy sea
This low breathing murmur of sadness to me?
What gives it the power thus to shake me with dread?
Does it say, that sad voice, that my mother is dead?

PATHETICK ANECDOTE.

Among our recent readings, we have not found a more pathetick anecdote—and all parents will approve this assertion—than one related by the late Bishop Heber, the circumstances of which occurred during his journey through the upper provinces of his Indian diocese. One of his boatmen was in the habit of consecrating a certain hour of the day to the memory of a beloved son, who had died some years before. His mode of testifying those feelings common to all fathers, was singularly tender and affecting. His boy had been accustomed to feed the birds with rice, regularly at sunset: and the bereaved father uniformly appropriated at that hour, a certain portion of his allowance to the birds that hovered above him—saying, "it is not I, but my child, that feeds you."

MASTER M'GOING'S MAXIMS.

A man's gait is like the degrees of longitude—wide at the meridian of life, contracted at the poles.

Political honours are like the tattooing of the South Sea Islanders, inflicted without mercy, and worn without merit—producing agony and envy, and making their possessors at the same time wretched and ridiculous.

POPULAR TALES.

MARGERY BETHEL.

From Mrs. Hale's Ladies' Magazine.

Margery Bethel was an inhabitant of Danvers, Mass. It is not certain that she was a native of that town, nor is the year of her birth accurately known; but in 1719, she bore such evident marks of age, that she became distinguished by the appellation peculiar to unmarried females who have passed a certain period—she was called an old maid. Such antiquated belles were much more rare in the Colonies, than Independent America—a confirmation, if any were needed, of the estimation in which liberty is held, as well by the ladies, as the gentlemen, of our country. Surely no gentleman will be so uncivil as to suggest that it is from necessity alone, a lady retains her freedom! Certainly that could not, with truth, have been said of Margery Bethel. She had been a famous beauty;—had had several admirers, and, it was conjectured, was once engaged to be married. But her lover, as lovers have often done since the example of Phaon, proved a recreant. The disconsolate fair-one did not possess the genius or indulge the despair of the Lesbian maid: Margery neither rhymed nor raved, nor made any attempt to drown herself. She acted a much more common, and, indeed, more feminine part. She became sad, thin, and taciturn; and finally, as her beauty waned, she seemed to resign herself uncomplainingly, to neglect and celibacy. No one could conduct more inoffensively, and but for one circumstance, her life would have passed without notice, and this biographical sketch never have appeared. It is astonishing what trifling incidents often confer notoriety, and sometimes what is called immortality, on a person. A well spent, peaceful life, has no claim to such distinction. Something singular must be said, or suffered, or designed, or done, and it matters nothing whether that *something* be for good or for evil. He who burns a temple is as long and as well remembered as he who builds one. What, then, is the worth of fame? Nothing, when considered merely as the distinction of having one's name widely known and often repeated. Fame is only valuable, and to be coveted when it brings to the mind of the possessor while living, a consciousness of desert; and when he is dead, exhibits a pattern worthy to be imitated!

But to proceed with Margery Bethel. She grew old, and she faded, as every fair girl will do, (beauty is only a rose, a rainbow, a meteor—gone while we are gazing and praising,) till finally she was called ugly. The once fair Margery Bethel was called very ugly,—and that too by young maidens who did not possess half the loveliness she exhibited at eighteen. But add two score to eighteen, and what female can command attention by her beauty? Woman must possess some more lasting charm than is imparted by a "set of features, or complexion," or her reign will be brief as April sunshine—as May flowers.

But there is another evil to which women are subjected. It is to have cultivated minds, and yet be confined to a society that does not understand, and cannot appreciate their talents and intelligence. This frequently occurs. And women have so little power of varying their situation, of extending their acquaintance, that she who has taste and genius ought to think herself peculiarly fortunate if she is placed where her gifts do not subject her to envy and ill treatment; but if she enjoys a refined and congenial domestic circle, she should never breathe a wish for a wider sphere of display.

Had poor Margery Bethel possessed the wit and literature of Madame de Staël, or Miss Edgeworth, it would have added nothing to her popularity in the neighbourhood in which she resided. There nothing was appreciated but good housewifery, a good visit, and a good talker—and unluckily Margery did not like to talk, nor to visit; and as she lived alone, and never received company, no one knew much about her management. But the less they knew, the more they guessed; till finally, as she grew older and more reserved, they first called her odd—then cross—then strange—and then a witch!

It is now matter of astonishment that any rational and Christian being should ever have believed that

people would sell themselves to their grand enemy on the condition of merely having power to worry their neighbours and ride through the air on a broomstick. Yet such was the firm faith of our ancestors, pious as they unquestionably were—and it seemed that, in those days, learning only made them more credulous. Cotton Mather is a melancholy proof that neither erudition, or piety, can free the human mind from prejudice and superstition. Undoubtedly nothing has so much contributed to enlighten men as the strivings for personal liberty, which have been made during the last fifty years, and the study of experimental philosophy.

But with this philosophy, the neighbours of old Margery, as she was then usually called, had nothing to do—theory was all they required, and by their hypothesis, it was very easy to prove Margery a witch. In the first place she resided in a poor old lonely house, and alone; and then she kept a large black cat, that she had been frequently seen to caress; and lastly, she had, by those who ventured to visit her dwelling, been several times heard to talk as they drew nigh her door, and yet when they entered, no one but herself was visible. These were dark and mysterious proceedings, and the more they were canvassed, the more wonderful and appalling they became.

Not an individual thought of vindicating poor Margery, by suggesting that her old lonely dwelling was the one in which her parents had resided, and which, at their decease, she inherited—that she was, of necessity, constrained to dwell alone, having no relative or friend on earth, to reside with her—that the heart must love something, and she had no living thing but her cat to love,—and lastly, that she must talk to herself or run the risk of losing the use of her tongue, as nobody seemed willing to hold much converse with the suspected witch. Probably these reasons never occurred to the good people of Danvers; if they did, they were never mentioned,—all seemed unanimously of opinion, that there were such strong circumstances as warranted the accusation of unhallowed crime committed, or to be committed, by old Margery Bethel. It was fortunate for her, that the darkest period of delusion had passed. The bitter regret for the scenes which had been enacted under the influence of the Rev. Matthew Paris, checked the effervescence of zeal to accuse and punish, and the people practised the more humane method of accusing in order to reclaim. The case of Margery made a great bustle. Her supposed compact with the spirit of evil, was regretted, or condemned, sighed over, or inveighed against, till it was finally the opinion of all, that something must be done. Either she must confess, and abandon her wicked ways, or be dealt with, and dismissed from the church, of which she was then a member. The minister, the two deacons, and two of the most influential and pious men belonging to the church, were chosen to visit her, at her dwelling, and propound certain questions; and from her answers, it was concluded, the full proof of her guilt, which no one doubted, would be obtained. It was near the close of a gloomy November day, that the formidable deputation proceeded towards the house of Margery. She was totally ignorant of the honour intended her, as it had been judged expedient to take her by surprise; as the most likely method of eliciting truth from one whose study was to deceive. Her house did, indeed, stand in a lonely place, and to reach it, you had to pass half a mile through a thick wood. The gentlemen had been delayed longer than they intended, settling preliminaries, and night was gathering as they entered the shaded path. The trees increased the darkness, and the wind, which had all day been very high, seemed to gather furious strength as it swept over the decaying forest, and scattered its leaves by thousands. It is not strange that those men should imagine the wind was uncommonly furious, and that darkness came on with unusual rapidity. They did think so; and when emerging from the wood, they came suddenly upon the house they sought, not one of the five but wished himself five miles off. But honour and conscience alike forbade their retreat. The abode of witchcraft was before them, and a whole community were eagerly awaiting their report. On, therefore, they proceeded; the minister, as in duty

bound, some steps in advance. As he softly and silently drew near the door, he heard a sound within. He paused, then motioned the party to advance, and they all cautiously crept forward, and all distinctly heard the same noise. It was not like mortal conversation; it was a low, but continued, and monotonous sound, such as none of them ever recollected before to have heard. They all trembled. At length, as it did not cease, and as there was no window on the side they stood, through which to reconnoitre, the party was obliged to enter, in order to discover the cause of their alarm. The minister laid his hand on the latch—the boldest deacon stood near to support him. They opened the door with the swiftness of lightning, and stood before the astonished eyes of Margery. She showed surprise at their sudden appearance, but no dismay. Why should she! She was at the moment reading that consoling promise of the Saviour,—“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

The minister was a pious, and usually a very sensible man. Neither did he wish to increase his influence over his people, by encouraging their superstitious fears. The whole transactions of former years rushed at once upon his mind, and it seemed as if a sudden light was imparted. He became instantly sensible that the circumstances against Margery were the offsprings of imagination; he was convinced of her innocence, and before leaving her house he had the satisfaction of knowing the whole party were of his opinion—namely, that Margery Bethel was not only not a witch, but a very good and humble christian. It was sometime, however, before the prejudice against her entirely subsided; a prejudice that but for the spirited exertions of one rational, as well as religious man, would have brought her to ignominy, if not to her grave.

Such is the force of credulity, and the propensity to scandal.

MISCELLANY.

DELPINI, THE CLOWN OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

From Clubs in London.

Many anecdotes are told of this celebrated master of posture and grimace, but none exhibit his *eccentricity and selfishness* (a combination by the bye, generally found in the character of too many foreign *artistes* of the theatre and opera) in a more ludicrous point of view than the following, which was one evening related at Brookes's by Mr. Sheridan, when the Prince and Duke of York, who knew Delpini well, were present.

It should be premised, that several members of the Royal Family, and particularly the Prince of Wales, had pressed Sheridan to procure the insertion of Delpini's name in the books of the *Theatrical Fund*, in order to secure a provision for his old age. Mr. Sheridan did all in his power to promote the object in question; but one grand difficulty was started in the course of the negotiation, which even his influence could not well remove:—this was, that as Mr. Delpini was merely a clown, he could not be admitted; for, the laws of the society forbade relief to any but such as were accustomed to *speak* on the stage. A remedy, however, was at length suggested, viz: that a few words should be written in the forthcoming pantomime, for Delpini to repeat; and thus he was to rank among the Garricks and Kembles of the day.

The words in question were only three in number; and they were to be uttered by Delpini in the character of a magician, at the instant that Harlequin and Columbine were in the act of embracing: they were—“*Pluck them asunder!*”

Big with the expectation of his pension, but more so with the importance of his new character, Delpini repeated the above short sentence on every occasion, for several weeks, and with every possible variety of accent and intonation. There was not a performer in the theatre whom he did not apply to, to hear him rehearse his part; so that, at length, every one voted him a complete bore.

The gentleman whose applause he was most anxious of obtaining, was Mr. Kemble; and, whenever he met him behind the scenes, in the passages, or in the greenroom, he caught hold of him by

the arm or by a button, and held him fast, until he had repeated the important words with a suitable gesture and action. One night, as Kemble was standing beside the wing, helmeted and buskined as Coriolanus, and with truncheon in hand, preparing to lead the Volsci forth to battle, Delpini made his appearance, and thus addressed the Roman hero:—

"Mistare Kemble, I am ver glad I av found you, sare: you sal see me rehearsal my part."

"Not now," answered Kemble, "it is impossible, Mr. Delpini; do you not see that I am just going on the stage?"

"But," persisted the grimacier, "I sal not detain you, sare, un moment: you sal see dat I pronounce mon caractere, proprenient; and vith the propre emphasis on de last vord."

"Well, well!" replied Kemble, pettishly; "begin, begin:—I must go on the stage directly."

"I sal not detain you, sare," returned Delpini, as he leaned on his right leg, and threw out his arm at an angle of forty-five degrees. Then, infusing into his countenance all the imitative rage which it was capable of expressing, he bellowed out, "Plock dem assondere!"

Poor Kemble, the muscles of whose face had been screwed up to the most hercick pitch, felt his risible chord so tickled by Delpini's ludicrous pronunciation and manner, that, at that instant receiving his cue of entrance, he was forced to turn his head aside from the audience, for nearly a minute, before he could address his troops without laughing.

At length, the awful, important, and ominous night arrived, when Mr. Delpini was to make his debut as a speaking actor. To those who are acquainted with the nature of what is, among theatrical people, termed *stage fright*, the writer need not state, that, however perfectly a young actor may be able to repeat his part by rote, in his own apartment, or at rehearsal; there is a *something*, when he comes before the audience, in all the blaze of dazzling light reflected upon his person, that strikes him with terror, binds up his tongue, deprives him of memory, scatters his senses, and roots him to the spot as if he were in a state of fascination: or, to speak in theatrical terms, "he is stuck fast."

Such was the case with poor Delpini: he had repeated his little part until he had almost forgotten it, for it had left no impression upon his mind; and his extreme anxiety destroyed even the little chance there was of his recollecting it in the time of need. He had spoken the words at least ten thousand times; he had repeated them sitting, standing, lying; he had rehearsed them to all sorts of persons, and on all occasions, both at home and abroad; he had given them every variety of form, accent, and emphasis, of which they were capable—but, when the hour of trial came he was found wanting.

The performers had crowded around, all anxious for his success, and all ready to prompt him; but, as Solomon says, "in the multitude of advisers the counsel faileth," so it turned out on the present occasion. Columbine had flown to her faithful lover, and locked him in her fast embrace: the magician's wand was raised aloft to command their separation; but—no words accompanied the action. *Delpini was stuck fast.* Voices from every side cried out, "Now, Delpini, now's your time!—fire away, my hearty!—speak, man!—why don't you speak!" But the magician was, himself, in a state of enchantment;—until the prompter's voice was heard above the rest, saying, "Pluck them asunder!" These words shot across his brain like a flash of lightning: he recovered from his trance, and repeating his action with the wand, he roared out "*Massondere plock el!*"

This ludicrous termination of his *arduous labours* made the theatre echo with laughter; both behind and before the curtain; and poor Delpini retired behind the scenes in a state of the most complete discomfiture. Being a little recovered, however, he said to several of the performers who came up to conole with him, their sides shaking with laughter, "Never mind; ladies and gentlemen: dese may laugh dat lose; I av win, and sat' laugh to myself.—I av gain de pension, by gar! and I care noting at all for nobody."

LOUIS XVI.

From Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon.

The behaviour of Louis XVI. on his trial was simple, manly, and affecting. He rested his defence chiefly upon a positive denial of any knowledge of the letters and documents that were brought as proofs against him. His advocates on this occasion, Malesherbes (who nobly volunteered this service on the refusal of Target,) Tronchet, and Deseze, did themselves great and lasting honour by their eloquence, intrepidity, and disinterested zeal. The Convention pronounced his condemnation by a majority of only twenty-six voices out of above seven hundred. The smallness of this majority was made a plea to set aside the sentence. "Decrees are passed by a simple majority," said a member of the Mountain. "True," it was replied, "but decrees may be recalled, whereas the life of a man can not be recalled. Some were for relieving themselves from the responsibility by an appeal to the nation, but this, it was thought, would betray a distrust of the cause; and might also breed a civil war. The sitting of the Convention which concluded the trial, lasted seventy-two hours. It might naturally be supposed that silence, restraint, and a sort of religious awe would have pervaded the scene; on the contrary, every thing bore the marks of gayety, dissipation, and the most grotesque confusion.

The farther end of the hall was converted into boxes, where ladies in a studied dishabille, swallowed ices, oranges, liqueurs, and received the salutations of the members, who went and came as on ordinary occasions. Here the door-keepers on the Mountain side opened and shut the boxes reserved for the mistresses of the Duke of Orleans-Egalite; and here, though every sign of approbation or disapprobation was strictly forbidden you heard the long and indignant "Ha, ha's!" of the mother dutchess, the patroness of the bands of female Jacobins, whenever her ears were not loudly greeted with the welcome sounds of death. The upper gallery reserved for the people, was during the whole trial constantly full of strangers and spectators of every description, drinking wine and brandy as in a tavern. Bets were made as to the issue of the trial in all the neighbouring coffee-houses. Ennui, impatience, disgust sat on every countenance. Each member seemed to ask whether his turn came next? A sick deputy, who was called, came forward, wrapped up in his night-cap and night-gown, and the Assembly, when they beheld this sort of phantom, laughed. The figures passing and repassing, and rendered more ghastly by the pallid lights, and that in a slow and sepulchral voice, only pronounced the word *Death*; the Duke of Orleans hooted, almost spit upon, when he voted for the condemnation of his relative; others calculating if they should have time to go to dinner before they gave their verdict, while the women were pricking cards with pins in order to count the votes; some of the deputies fallen asleep, and only waked up to give their sentence; Manuel, the secretary, trying to falsify a few votes in favour of the unfortunate king, and in danger of being murdered for his pains in the passages; all this had the appearance rather of a hideous dream than of the reality.

When Malesherbes went to carry the tidings to the king, he found him with his head reclined on the table, in a musing posture, and he observed to him at his entering, "I have been for these two hours trying to recollect what I have ever done to incur the ill will of my subjects." The very endeavour showed goodness of heart and a certain simplicity of character; but it would be long before one taught from his childhood to believe that he could do no wrong would find just ground of offence in his behaviour to his people. The execution of the sentence was fixed for the 21st of January, 1793. Louis mounted the fatal scaffold with firmness; after administering the last sacrament his confessor addressed him, "Son of St. Louis! ascend into heaven!" He, however, manifested some repugnance to submit to his fate, and would have addressed the spectators, staggering to one side of the platform for that purpose, when the drums beat; and he was suddenly seized by the executioners and underwent the sentence of his judges. It is said that the indecent haste and

eagerness of these men to complete their task arose from orders having been issued to the soldiers, in case of any attempt at rescue, to fire at the scaffold, and that they were afraid of being themselves despatched if any alarm were given, or there were any symptoms of commotion among the crowd. One person tasted the blood, with a brutal exclamation, that it was "shockingly bitter;" the hair and pieces of the dress were sold by the attendants.

No strong emotion was evinced at the moment; the place was like a fair; but a few days after, Paris, and those who had voted for the death of the monarch, began to feel serious and uneasy at what they had done. Louis XVI. had occupied his time while in prison, where his confinement was strict, chiefly in consoling his wife and sister, and in instructing his son. He discovered neither impatience, regret, nor resentment. The truth is, that great and trying situations raise the mind above itself, and take out the sting of personal suffering, by the importance of the reflections and consequences they suggest. He read much, and often reverted to the English history, where he found many examples of fallen monarchs, and one among them condemned like himself by the people. He was attended during the whole time, and in his last moments, by his old servant Clery, who never left him. The names of those who are faithful in misfortune are sacred in the page of history! The queen followed her husband to the block, after an interval of almost a year. There were circumstances of a dastardly and cold blooded barbarity attending the accusation against her. But the revolutionary spirit had then attained its highest virulence and fury. She expressed her apprehension of being torn in pieces by the mob on her way to the scaffold, and was gravely assured by one of the gendarmes who accompanied her, that "she would reach it without meeting any harm!" It is an affecting incident, that just before she expired, she turned round her head to look back at the Tuilleries, and then laid her neck on the block.

THE TACITURN ACADEMY.

From the French.

There was at Amedan, in Persia, a celebrated academy, the first statute of which was worded in the following manner:—"The academicians must think much, write but little, and speak as little as possible." It was called the Taciturn Academy, and there was not a truly learned man in Persia who did not aspire to be one of its members. In his retirement, in a distant part of the country, Dr. Zeb, the author of a small but excellent volume, entitled "The Gag," learned that there was a place vacant in the Taciturn Academy. He set off immediately, arrived at Amedan, and, presenting himself at the gate of the hall where the academicians were assembled, he requested the door-keeper to deliver to the president the following billet—"Doctor Zeb humbly requests the vacant place." The door-keeper instantly executed his commission, but the doctor and his billet were too late; the vacant seat was already filled.

The academy was much afflicted by this unlucky event. It had, much against its will, been obliged to receive a young wit of the court, whose flippant and sparkling eloquence was the delight of all fashionable circles, and it now found itself under the painful necessity of excluding Doctor Zeb, who was the scourge of babblers; and who possessed a head so well organized, and so well furnished. The president, to whose lot it fell to communicate this disagreeable news to the applicant, could hardly agree to undertake the task, and knew not how to set about it. After having meditated for a while upon the subject, he ordered a large cup to be filled with water, and so nicely filled, that the addition of a single drop would make the fluid run over. He then gave the sign to introduce the candidate. Dr. Zeb entered with that modest and unaffected manner; which almost always indicates true merit. The president rose, and, without saying a word, he pointed with a sorrowful air to the cup, the cup which was so completely full. The doctor instantly comprehended that no academical seat was vacant; but, far from losing courage, he endeavoured to make it obvious that no harm would arise from their admitting a supernumerary.

ry academician. He saw a rose leaf lying at his feet, picked it up, and laid it so delicately on the surface of the water, that not a drop was spilled.

This ingenious reply called forth a general clapping of hands; the regulations of the academy were allowed to sleep upon this occasion; and Dr. Zeb was received by acclamation. The register of the academy, in which the newly elected members were to inscribe their names, was now put into his hand. He wrote his name in it; and that being done, he had only to pronounce, according to the usage in such cases, a sentence expressive of thanks. But, like a truly Taciturn Academician, Doctor Zeb returned thanks without uttering a word. In the margin he wrote the number one hundred, which was that of his new colleagues; then, putting a zero before the figures, he added below, "They are worth neither more nor less than they were," (0100.) The president replied to the modest doctor with equal politeness and presence of mind. He put a figure of one before the number, and wrote "They are worth ten times as much as they were," (1100.)

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1828.

Such of our city subscribers as have changed their place of residence, will please to inform the carrier, or leave information at our office.

Erratum. In our Editorial Diary of last week under May 3d. "General Prescott" was mentioned as the captor of General Ash and his men, through an error of the compositor, instead of "General Prescott."

EDITORIAL DIARY.

May 10. Saint Antoninus; Saint Gordian; Saint Isidore, and Saint Comgall. In 1775, the fortress of Ticonderoga was captured by the famous colonel Ethan Allen.—1779, the British made a descent upon Virginia, and captured 130 vessels, destroying vast quantities of property, at Portsmouth, Norfolk, and Suffolk.

May 11. Saint Mammertus; Saint Majolus, &c. Old May-day, 1590, king James first of Scotland, and his queen arrived in Scotland, it being then according to the style the first day of May.—1778, the great earl of Chatham died in the house of lords, aged seventy years.—1782, Richard Wilson, the eminent landscape painter, died neglected, and in want; another instance of the honour which the world deals out on departed worthies it abused and neglected while living.—1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French at Oporto.—1812, the British prime minister, Mr. Perceval, was shot, in the lobby of the house of commons, by John Bellingham.

May 12. Saints Nereus, Achilleus, Flavia, Domitilla, Pancras, Epiphanius, Germanus, Patriarch of Constantinople, and Rictrades.—1797, a serious mutiny broke out in the British fleet at Sheerness, England. Parker, the chief leader in the mutiny was tried, condemned, and executed the last of June following.—1808, Ferdinand subscribed his resignation of the crown of Spain to Buonaparte.—1780, Charleston, South Carolina, surrendered to the British, and 2500 men were made prisoners.—1803, the convention between Lord Hawkesbury and Rufus King, for settling the boundary line between the British provinces and the United States, was sent back by the president, unratified.

May 13. Saint John the Silent; Saint Peter Regalati; Saint Servatus, &c.—1809, the French army, after the brilliant victories of Abensberg, Ratisbon, and Eckmuhl, entered the capital of Austria.—1814, Ferdinand VII. re-entered his capital, abolished the Cortes, and forthwith restored the old despotism of that kingdom.

May 14. Saints Boniface, Pachomius, Pontius, and Carthage.—1814, the British squadron was repulsed in an attack on a battery at or near the mouth of Otter creek, on Lake Champlain.

May 15. Saints Peter, Andrew, &c., martyrs; Saint Dymna; Genebrard, &c.—1781, Fort Granby, South Carolina, was captured by the British.

May 16. Saint John Nepomucen; Saint Simon Stock; Saint Ubaldes, &c.—1818, Messrs. Galatin and Bayard, sailed from Newcastle, Delaware, as commissioners to ad-

just the differences with Great Britain, under the mediation of Russia.

OUR CITY. The march of improvement, of which we have so many proofs from all parts of the country, is not wholly confined to new settlements and new countries. In our streets we have abundant proof that the rise which our country is taking is not local but universal. The constant din of business is not the solitary sign that improvement has made here one of its favoured haunts. Buildings of the most commodious and elegant structure, are starting up in every quarter. Manufactories of every useful kind, and every convenience for supplying the city with the comforts and luxuries of every clime, go hand in hand with the liberal and enterprising plans now in operation for the beauty and health of our streets. A new church is already commencing in Ferry-street. Our widest and best built streets are to be ornamented with shrubbery and yard railing; and to give all the most cheering appearance to the man who takes a pride in the prosperity of the community, the streets are in a constant uproar, by the perpetual passage of wagons, drays and stages. This noise is not very agreeable; it is true, to the lovers of tranquil and silent life; but to the business man, it "discourses most eloquent music." An elegant commodious steam-boat is already completed and in operation at the Greenbush ferry; a steam saw-mill has been built, and is in operation in the upper part of the city, near the basin; and a manufactory of steam engines has been some months in successful operation on the pier. Our time has not allowed us to explore the proofs of improvement, or it is probable many more might be added to the flattering signs of the continued growth and prosperity of Albany. The continued rise of rent, where so much building is going on, and many other appearances, induce us to believe that the next census will tell a tale, in no respect contradictory to the expectations of our inhabitants. We cannot fall much short of twenty thousand, in our population; we should think less strange, should the result overrun, than to see it fall short of that number.

FEMALE SEMINARIES. It is gratifying to all who have no disposition to let the female mind sink under the neglect of the other sex, to see among the rapid strides now making towards a universal diffusion of knowledge and refinement, so much doing and done for the edification of the female character. The opinion that the veriest rudiments of literature are sufficient for woman to learn, is only left with the vulgar; and begins to meet with the refutation which sound sense will bring, without argument.

Seminaries for the exclusive education of females, have sprung up, within a few years, beyond a parallel in the annals of literature. In these nurseries of talent, the rising generation have an interest that ought to be duly appreciated and deeply felt. The fortunes of ages to come hang upon the poise of their success. We will venture to say that the taste, the judgement, the opinions, and the moral worth of any generation have more or less germinated in the first precepts which have fallen from the lips of fond and pious mothers? We rarely see an instance of very early proficiency in any mental acquirement, but the mother has been the moving cause. And yet there are men, possessed of abundant means of raising the intellect of their daughters, whose parsimony and narrow minds, are more willing to destine their daughters to the degradation of slaves, than to prepare them for the rational and happy duties of mothers.

We have already had occasion to speak of the very flourishing Female Academy in this city, which we have every reason to pronounce as one of the brightest ornaments to our community. Much praise, and deservedly too, has been awarded to its able principal, Mr. Crittenton; and no little credit is due to his industrious and accomplished female assistants. Honourable mention of the institution has been made abroad, while among ourselves, those who profess most to feel the becoming pride in the advancement of our literary character, have said but little, and that little in so very formal a manner, that it is doubted whether there was not something more at the bottom of the compliment than a regard for the interests of the city.

These invaluable institutions are not confined to our cities

alone, but may be met with in many of our pleasant and thriving villages, in almost every part of the state. We were led to our present remarks by observing in the Ontario Repository, a notice of the Ontario Female Seminary, located in the flourishing village of Canandaigua. How long this seminary has been in operation, we know not; but we learn that an additional building is to be erected, to accommodate the numerous applicants for admission into the school. All the branches of education, both solid and ornamental, usually taught in schools of the highest character, are attended to, and taught, by competent teachers. The board of trustees have selected as principal, Mr. J. A. Brayton, who for two years past has had the charge of a very flourishing school in the village of Rochester. The present vacation will terminate early in the month of June.

THE FESTIVAL. We already notice an intention among the brethren, in different parts, to celebrate the approaching anniversary of St. John the Baptist, and with the usual spirit. The duty of celebrating these holy-days of the order, however it may be expounded, comes home in a stronger manner to the mind of the faithful brother at this season, than perhaps for years. Now, when corrupt politicians, and dissipated or unworthy brethren have determined to make party tools of the predilections or prejudices of the uninitiated, it becomes the true mason to show to the world that the views of our order, and the influence it has on the mind, are far above the petty selfishness of office seekers, and their slavish tools. Let them show to the world that under the banner of masonry, all selfish feelings are silenced, and whatever parties may carry away the every day feelings of a brother, the badges of the order can have but one party beneath them;—the truly benevolent. We know that there is little need of appealing to the spirit of the fraternity elsewhere, unless we set a better example in the city. It is strange that so little enterprise should exist among a body so truly respectable; but such has been the case for many years, that both of our festival days have been wholly neglected, except by some individual brethren who have honoured it by attending the celebrations in the neighbouring cities and towns.

PUBLIC MEETING. A meeting of the citizens of Albany was held on Monday last, pursuant to public notice, to take measures for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late governor CLINTON, of which judge DUEA was chosen chairman, and PETER GANSEVOORT esq. secretary. After several resolutions approving of the project, and recommending it to the notice of the people, a form for subscription papers was adopted, and committees appointed of three persons in each ward of this city, to collect subscriptions for the purpose. The subscriptions are to be paid, ninety days after date, to William James and Gideon Hawley, and the moneys thus paid are to be deposited in the savings bank of this city, until the first day of February next; at which day, if in the opinion of the committee of seven persons named, or a majority of them, the sums raised shall be sufficient to defray the expenses of erecting a monument or statue, at the capitol in this city, a suitable monument or statue shall be erected, under the direction of the said committee of seven. But if the moneys thus raised be insufficient, or if an overplus remain, the same are to be paid to the guardians of the minor children of the late governor, to be invested in national stocks or bonds, the payment of which shall be safely and satisfactorily secured by mortgage on real estate.

We make no further remarks on this measure; the best comment being, in our opinion, a well filled subscription list, and a finished monument. We know our citizens are not insensible to the calls of honour or gratitude. Let them speak, while we listen to their comment.

LITERARY NOTICES.

NEW-YORK MEDICAL AND PHYSICAL JOURNAL. In our last we copied from this work a paper, by Doctor Tessier, of Quebec, on Sudden Deaths; and in to-day's Record, we present our readers another paper from the same work, on the Uvularia grandiflora, as a remedy for the bite of the Rattlesnake, by J. G. Tracy, esq. of this city. We also promised to speak more largely of the work, a promise which we have

prepared ourselves but partially to fulfil. The number how before us is the first of a new series, and the twenty-fifth of the original publication. The Journal is published quarterly, under the direction of JEREM B. BECK, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica in the University of the State of New-York; Corresponding Member of the Medical Society of London. &c.; J. AUGUSTINE SMITH, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of the State of New-York; THORNBICK ROMEYN BECK, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Physick and Medical Jurisprudence in the University of the State of New-York; D. L. M. PEROTTO, M. D., one of the Physicians to the New-York City Dispensary; ALEXANDER H. STEVENS, M. D., Professor of Surgery in the University of the State of New-York; and JOSEPH M. SMITH, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice in the same university. The talents of these men are not a useless recommendation to the notice of the medical profession, in favour of the merits of the work. The size of the work has been considerably augmented to meet the increase of original matter which these and other distinguished members of the profession have promised, and it is the intention of the conductors gradually to enlarge it still further, without however increasing the price of subscription. It is not only professionally but really an original American Journal. The terms are four dollars a year, payable on the delivery of the second number.

Proposals are issued in New-York for a Spanish paper, to be called "*Mercurio de Nueva York*," and issued every Saturday. As it will of course be read with interest by all who speak the Spanish language in this country, the proprietors promise to give particular intelligence relative to South American Affairs.

TABLE TALK.

Married all together. In Edgecombe county, North Carolina, Mr. Frederick Mayo, to Miss Manisia Ganer Metteta Anders Sylvester Malvina Llewellyn Sherrard!

Multifarious Security. The treasurer of the state of Mississippi being delinquent to the state some five or six thousand dollars, the state has seized his negroes to secure the debt.

The Banks of Rhine-o. Another tide of ebb has left the bank of Niagara dry, so dry that an injunction has been issued out of the court of Chancery against any further operations until its concerns are fairly canvassed.

In the window of a shop in a country town stands a jar labelled "the Tailor's delight." Drawn by this delightful inscription, a knight of the thimble eagerly inquired of what the contents consisted, and found it to be pickled cabbage.

I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon. In North Adams, Massachusetts, a case pending for the amount of a dog, was postponed on account of the absence of both parties. The queer editor of the Berkshire American says,—"Let every dog bark in his own cause provided he does not bark o' nights."

As you were, Sir. A ludicrous circumstance took place a few Sundays ago, at a chapel not fifty miles from Manchester, England. The leader of the singers, finding that the preacher was giving out a different hymn to that which had been previously agreed upon, in his zeal for the honour of the choir, cried out,—"Howd, stop, Mester,—wee've gotten no tune as 'll fit that—read another."

A Bashaw with six Tails. A person by the name of Benjamin Franklin, has been convicted in Genesee county of being a practical Turk, having married six wives; and he has likewise been condemned to ten years' confinement in the state prison, for passing counterfeit money, and attempting to burn jail. Major Noah suggests a more apt punishment—confine him one week with his six wives.

Not to be sneezed at. A lady, says an English paper, was lately seized with a violent fit of sneezing, in consequence of taking a handful of Macamba at once, by which she dislocated the vertebra of her neck. On dissection, four pounds of pure stuff were found skred away in the place where the brains ought to be.

Good Example. A man was lately sentenced by the Philadelphia police, to thirty days confinement, for stealing a newspaper, which had been placed on the door of a subscriber by the carrier.

Publick Taste. The following inviting bill of fare was posted up at the window of an evening paper in the Strand, in London. Latey:—"The paper of this evening will contain one crim. son by a clergyman, one elopement, two seductions, and

one murder."—**Foggy.** In Paris, the last winter has been unusually foggy; a French wit observes, it is owing to the great influx of English visitors, who bring the fog in their clothes.

Wonders of Women. 1st, at fifteen, they wonder who they shall take; 2d, at twenty-five, they wonder whom they shall get; and 3d, at thirty-five, they wonder who will take them.

Highly important if true. The old Duchess of St. Albans is still the theme of puff and paragraph—every thing about her is a subject of interest to the London Press. The following momentous intelligence from the London Times, has unquestionably affected the domestick market. "We have reason now to be assured, notwithstanding the doubts of our Brighton friends, that the Duchess of St. Albans is in the family way, for we do know that Mr. Clark, the accoucheur, was sent for last week to visit her Grace at Brighton."

Very like a Whale. Some years ago a very large female whale was tackled by two Nantucket ship masters, on the off shore ground, in some part of the Pacific. The tow-iron breaking, the whale made its escape. Eleven months afterwards, the same whale, with the broken iron in its body, was captured by one of the captains here alluded to, at a distance of eighteen hundred miles from the place where first seen. Some years ago, in Woolwich Bay, coast of Africa, a young whale came alongside one of the boats belonging to a whaling ship—whereupon one of the men in the boat marked the initials of his name on its back, and then let it go. Several years after, the identical whale itself, bearing the seaman's initials, was taken on the Brazil banks, and produced sixty barrels of oil.

Cruel Caning. John Kane was tried at the New-York Sessions, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for six months at hard labour, for unmercifully beating his horse. He is a gray headed man—sixty-three years old.

Savoury Sauce. We understand, says the Berkshire American, that the Reverend Mr. Savery has been sentenced to the state prison for the term of seven years.

Military Spirit. General Fawcett once asked an Irishman if he would fight for a foreign crown; "aye," replied the Emerald, "or for half a crown either."

Went off in a shower. Not long ago a gentleman near Libertytown, Maryland, was walking with an umbrella over his head, when a woman, with a child in her arms begged him to protect her from the rain a few minutes; pretending she had been travelling, and was exhausted, he also consented to carry the child a few paces, when she stopped to adjust some part of her dress, and gave him the slip, leaving the infant for the gentleman to provide for as he could.

New Species of an old Genus. In one of the towns in Erie county, we have been told, at a late town meeting, the anti-masons were so strong in numbers, and the offices so few in comparison to those who wanted them, that these brethren of the same principle divided,—one party becoming Kremlin-anti-masons, and the other anti-Kremlin-anti-masons. After a sharp contest, the anti-Kremlin-anti-masons succeeded in electing their candidate for supervisor!

Strange Visitor. A paper has been established in Chester, Delaware county, by the name of the Weekly Visitor, edited by Strange N. Palmer.

Don't lie your Thumb at u. Mr. Cole, of the Columbia Republican, says, that Albany folks are full of quizzes, and to his certain knowledge will lie most confoundedly. We fear he has experienced the truth of the statement too sensibly, in propria persona.

A little young Newspaper. A periodical has been recently commenced at Providence, entitled the *Juvenile Gazette*. Major Noah measured it, and found it about five inches long and three wide, and decidedly the smallest paper in the world. It is edited with ability, but without much labour, and published by O. Kindal, jr., Market-square—price twenty-five cents per annum, payable quarterly in advance.

MORE MYSTERY. Much ridicule and some abuse have been thrown out, in consequence of the report that Morgan is alive, and in Asia Minor. We copy the following from the Bunker-Hill Aurora, as we find it, not wishing to trouble our readers by a protracted series of remarks. The editor of the Aurora seems to doubt the story. Now the facts which he shows, and which he personally pronounces true, induce us to inquire, why he expresses these doubts, and at the same time gives his testimony to facts strong enough to

do away all doubt from the minds of others? This feature of the affair, however, if masons are entitled to the same notice from the constituted authorities as their calumniators: is deserving of an investigation, to say the least in its favour.

MORGAN. Much doubt is expressed in regard to the story of Morgan having turned Mahometan and taken up his residence in Smyrna. We cannot say that we believe the story. We know however that a very large number of Morgan's book was printed in Spanish in Boston; we saw them boxed for the South American market, and have no doubt that they were duly received there. We have also very strong reasons for believing that Morgan himself was in Boston at that time. And we are now informed by a person whom we consider good authority, that the brig which carried Morgan's books to South America, went from there to Smyrna. How far these facts may tend to confirm the story from the New-York Evening Post, published in our last, we do not pretend to say. We assert nothing but what we know.

FOREIGN. The packet ship John Jay, having sailed from Liverpool the 8th of April, has arrived at New-York. The intelligence from Constantinople, Paris, and Saint Petersburg, is of the highest importance. From the former, the latest advices are to the third of March. The Divan, warmed perhaps by the general discontent, conceives new hopes from the change of ministry in England, and returns, at length, as after the battle of Navarino, to concessions. The Greek Patriarch received a hatti-scheriff of the Sultan, which offered to the Greek insurgents pardon, oblivion of the past, moderation of the taxes—in short, all the advantages offered by the Reis Effendi in the conference of the 23d of November, and besides a delay of three months, during which hostilities should be suspended. At the same time it is announced that orders have been sent to Ibrahim Pacha to observe this kind of armistice. To-day four commissioners have gone to Smyrna with this hatti-scheriff. There had been a general illumination at the Russian capital, in consequence of the news of peace with Prussia. A Paris paper of the 2d of April has the following article:—

"An engraving, called the 'Dream of Maria Louisa,' was publicly sold to-day in Paris. She is represented asleep, and her son at her feet. Napoleon holds out his hand to her, while an eagle places a crown on the head of her son. We do not know whether the ministry has permitted the publication of this engraving; but if it has not committed the fault of permitting it, will it commit that of now allowing it?"

This looks like liberal sentiment! If France wishes young Napoleon to be her future sovereign, her loyal ministerials can do nothing more sure to accelerate the event, than to show their qualms. Tyrants are always cowards; but wo to them if they show their cowardice. In the British Parliament, the bill repealing the Test and Corporation acts had passed the house of commons, and was ordered to a second reading in the house of lords.



JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the publick that he has removed to No. 451, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Border Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Publick Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1823.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North-Market and Steuben-streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots, mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders.

March 9, 1823.

JOHN F. PORTER.

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453, South Market-street—Three doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean combed Hags' Bristles. Jan 12.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

STANZAS.

Dark clouds around me gather;
The dream of fame is o'er,—
Borne on distraction's billow,
I near the fatal shore,
Where every hope must vanish,
In silence and despair,
And dread oblivion spread his veil
Forever o'er me there!

The prospect darkens wildly;
I dream of wealth no more,—
Regret is in the backward view,
Despair in that before;
No golden dreams come o'er me
To lull my fitful rest,
And the cold hand of poverty
Lays heavy on my breast.

The storm still wilder rages,
And friendship's dream is past;
And ah! I fear my life will be
Nought but a blank at last!
Then why—why should I cherish
A wish to linger here,
Since every hope and feeling too,
Like autumn's leaf is sear?

Though fame and wealth elude me,
And treacherous friends forsake,
Still, still love kindly whispers
And bids my soul awake;
Awake! for one is near thee
Will never cease to love,
Whate'er thy lot may chance to be,
Where'er thou chance to rove.

Awake; and from its slumber
Bid thy free soul arise,
Far, far above the hurricanes
That sweep fate's murky skies
They are but summer tempests;
Then reckless will I sail,
And fortune's storms are welcome while
I scud before the gale.

And love shall be my beacon,
A light forever true;
A star, through life's wild voyages
To cheer the sailor's view;
Thou art that star, my Mary,
And be thy love sincere,
I'll meet with patience every blast
That can assail me here.

ALBERTUS.

PRAYER AT SEA.

Father Supreme!—to thee our prayers ascending,
Rise from the bosom of the heaving deep,
From the wide waste of troubled waters—blending
With the free winds that o'er the billows sweep,
Far and resolute—wilt thou not attending
List to the voice of those who watch and weep?

O'er the vexed world of waters still thou movest
In the dark rushing of the billowy main;
Yet oft with mercy's gentlest voice reprovest
The storm to calmness—and we see thee then
Archling the clouds with glory—for thou lovest,
Even on the tempest's verge, to smile again.

Hast thou not measured out the seas? and given
Bounds to the whirlwind which its rage adjust?
And shall we not adore thee? Whom in heaven,
Or whom on earth beside thee, shall we trust?
We, by thy breath through ocean's surges driven,
Like the tossed sea-spray, or the scattered dust—

Whom shall we fear beside thee? Men but thinking
On thy unfathomed depths, despair and die—
Earth sees her God and trembles—Ocean sinking
Through his dark caverns, leaves his borders dry—

The heaven of heavens, before thine anger shrinking,
Rolls like a scroll away, and shuns thine eye.

Whom shall we love beside thee? Seas may sever
Hearts whose fond ties are but the wreaths of earth,
Wreaths of fast fading flowers, which bloom, but ever
Die with the hour that gives their fragrance birth;
Thy love unchanging and unending, never,
Saviour!—oh, never can we speak its worth!

Didst thou not veil thy glory, and descending,
Dwell for our sakes in grief—and stoop to be
Even with the humble, humblest—poor and wending
By the rough mountain paths, or troubled sea?
Now, thou dost hear our lonely cry ascending—
Whom shall we trust, Redeemer!—whom but thee?

On—let the winds sweep on—our prayers before thee,
Fraught with our sighs and sorrows, shall appear;
On—let the waves heave onward—we adore thee,
We trust, love, serve thee—how then shall we fear?
Even though thy tempests whelm us, we implore thee,
This, only this—be thou our refuge near!

EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Our task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark hath found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come, walk with me the jungle through,
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds his solitude;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun,)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venomous snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the sun—he loves to lie
Mid nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder in the gate of death!
Come on! Yet pause! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom,*
And winds our path through many a bower;
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake, as wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest to air.
With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod;
Yet who in Indian bower has stood,
But thought on England's good green wood,
And blessed beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer,—how oft in vain!—
To gaze upon her oaks again?

A truce to thought! the jackall's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees, yon falling ray
Will scantily serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The firefly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confessed,

* A shrub, called Indian Geranium, from the resemblance of its flowers to those of the plant known here by that name.

The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And what is she whose liquid strain
Trills through yon copse of sugar cane?
I know that soul entrancing swell!
It is—it must be—Philomel!

Enough, enough,—the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
The flushes of a summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful heart confess
Even here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire has given
His peace on earth—his hope of heaven!

MAIDENS OF ZIA.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Here while the moonlight dim
Falls on the mossy brim,
Sing we our fountain hymn,
Maidens of Zia!
Nothing but musick's strain,
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh maids of Zia!

Bright fount, so clear and cold,
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood, with their locks of gold,
Bright fount of Zia!
Not even Castaly
Famed though its streamlet be,
Murmurs or shines like thee,
Oh fount of Zia!

Thou while our hymn we sing,
Thy silver voice shall bring,
Answering, answering,
Sweet fount of Zia!
Oh! of all rills that run
Sparkling by moon or sun,
Thou art the fairest one,
Bright fount of Zia!

Now, by those stars that glance
Over heaven's still expanse,
Weave we our mirthful dance,
Daughters of Zia!
Such as in former days
Were danced by Dian's rays,
Where the Eurotas strays,*
Oh maids of Zia!

But when to merry feet
Hearts with no echo beat,
Say, can the dance be sweet,—
Maidens of Zia!
No,—nought but musick's strain,
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh maids of Zia!

* Qualis in Eurota ripis, aut per juga Cythi,
Exercet Diana choros—

SONG.

BY REV. G. CROLY.

When eve's blue star is glancing,
When wakes the dewy breeze,
When watch-tower lights are streaming
Along the misty seas:

Oh, then, my love, sigh to me
Thy roundelay!—
The night when thou art nigh to me,
Outshines the day

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Steuben-street.

MASONICK RECORD.

MASONRY AND RELIGION.

A Sermon preached before the Grand Lodge of Maryland, at the dedication of Ashler Lodge, No. 85, held at the Savage Factory, Anne Arundel county, Maryland, on the 4th day of July, 1827.

BY THE REV. C. WILLIAMS, A. M.

Grand Chaplain to the Grand Lodge and Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State of Maryland.

(Concluded from page 114.)

That most brilliant virtue, *prudence*, is represented in a mason's lodge by a *blazing star*, which is placed in the centre, that every mason's eye may be upon it, to expand his heart and influence his actions; that his conscience may never condemn him for exceeding the bounds which prudence prescribes, and that he may always be animated with the cheering reflection of its unqualified approbation. The starry zone of prudence, like the broad and spangled ecliptick, illuminated with studs of brilliant stars which circumscribe the universe, forms the sacred envelope of all human virtues.

The *groundwork* of a lodge points out the recurrence of prosperity and adversity, with which the life of man is variegated and checkered; and administers the most soothing consolation under the pressure of calamity or affliction. It displays the God of all comfort in his dispensations of mercy and justice; and shows that however man may be exalted above his species here on earth, while blessed with prosperity, and animated with strength, and health, and spirits, in the humble grave all are on a level, death destroying all human distinctions, for the dust of the most potent monarch is not distinguishable from the dust of the lowly pauper. Thus is humility inculcated; and thus are we instructed to submit with cheerful resignation to the dispensations of providence; assured that the hand which gives can also take away. This is a subject which affords ample scope for illustration, and has a rank assigned to it in the lodge commensurate with its high and paramount importance.

The *covering* of a lodge is that superb canopy spread over it by the Almighty Creator of all things. The blue, purple, and crimson covering of the first temple erected to the exclusive worship of God by Moses in the wilderness, was a striking symbol of this splendid arch, illuminated with the rays of that great and burning luminary which conveys life, light, and motion to all earthly things. The *ground* and *covering* are connected by means of a ladder consisting of *three principal steps* and resting on the Holy Bible; by which every mason, who firmly exercises the virtues they represent, hopes to leave behind the unsatisfactory pursuits of mortality, and mount, with the angels in Jacob's vision, to a better country, even the holy city of God.

These three principal steps have a direct reference to the three theological virtues, FAITH, HOPE and CHARITY; of which charity possesses the highest and most distinguished rank; and the reason of this will be evident, if we distinctly consider the exclusive properties of these virtues, and deduce from thence the incomparable excellence of universal charity.

FAITH is a firm and sincere assent to the fundamental truths of religion, the being of a God, the divinity of Christ, the Saviour and Judge of mankind, a future state of rewards and punishments, and the means and conditions of avoiding the one and securing the other. This faith, as the true

basis of all religion, is the first incentive to holiness, and through its medium we are justified, accepted, and finally received.

HOPE is an earnest and well assured expectation of escaping threatened dangers, and obtaining promised rewards. The simple act of faith, or belief, in the existence of a heaven to reward, and a hell to punish, without knowing how to obtain the former and avoid the latter, would be a state of suspense, dark and appalling as the shades of midnight; without a ray to cheer us in our passage through the gloomy vale: hence arise the consolations of hope, which prompt us to a steady perseverance in the path of duty, that we may finally surmount all impeding obstacles, and receive the eternal rewards of our virtuous endeavours.

CHARITY, in its greatest latitude, is an ardent love of God, united with an unfeigned affection for all his creatures. The love of God naturally inspires the love of our brother, [1 John, iv. 20.] created by the same architect, formed of the same clay, springing from the same common parent, and cemented by the most indissoluble ties. The love of our brother is one of the principal conditions of our initiation into God's friendship, who is the Father and generous Preserver of us all. Hence, if the vivifying beams of God's love be not shed abroad in the heart, there will exist little fraternal affection; but the common bond of masonry and religion being violated, there can be no hopes of good fruit proceeding from so impure a stock, and thus both are calumniated from the vicious conduct of some of their professors. Charity is not capable of a more restricted sense: for, if it be disunited from the love of God, and understood simply of brotherly love, it would be a virtue of inferior rank, and must yield precedence to both faith and hope. But consider charity in its most extended signification, as the pure and unfeigned love of God and man, and the doctrine of masonry, corroborated by the argument of St. Paul, [1 Cor. xiii.] will be fully understood and admitted: and this argument lends a most powerful and decisive sanction to masonry, which shielded by the unequivocal support of such high authority, can never be overthrown by the united force of prejudice or passion.

A comparison of these virtues will show, more distinctly, why charity is so pre-eminently exalted above the other two.

Faith is the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for. Charity is the sublimity of faith and hope, and may be denominated a grand and beautiful entablature of good works, supported by the strong pillar of hope, and founded upon the wise and broad pedestal of faith.

From this uncontaminated source we are supplied with WISDOM from above, which its sheds light like the BLAZING STAR in the centre of heaven's glorious arch, with STRENGTH to support us while treading the MOSAICK PAVEMENT of this uncertain life, checkered with the variegated scenes of good and evil, and with BEAUTY like a rich TESSELATED BORDER of brilliant stars, to adorn our good works, which, shining before men, may tend to the glory of our Father who is in heaven.

Faith is the basis of religion; it points to duty and reward, clearly presents to view the means of obtaining the promises, strongly obligates the conscience and inclines the will to compliance. Thus we ascend the FIRST STEP of the MASONICK LADDER. Hope is a column raised on the basis of faith that God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him: this consoling assurance

adds vigour to the performance of duty, quickens the pursuit after happiness, circumscribes our wishes within the compass of God's promises, and enables us to win the SECOND STEP. Charity is the ornamented capital which completes the fabric, even the THIRD and SUBLIME STEP, embossed in clouds, and encircled with rays of everlasting glory.

It is apparent, from the preceding considerations, that masonry is not, as some suppose, an association of mere operative artists, nor a society instituted for the purposes of general and undefined beneficence; but that it is rather "a religious institution"—a mystery of ancient times; teaching, under various figures and symbols, some of the most interesting and sublime truths in religion; inculcating a pure worship of the one living and true God; enjoining personal holiness—a habit of constant devotion and intercourse with heaven; the strictest watch over our passions; an unbounded benevolence to the whole brotherhood of the human family; an unwearied practice of the most exalted moral virtue; and the necessity of a faithful and habitual preparation for another state of interminable existence.

Such then being the nature and character of the institution, the solemn dedication of our halls is manifestly proper; and thus we can easily account for the active part which, in all ages, our fraternity have taken, at the laying the foundation of public buildings and temples; not that we do it, as many suppose, because we are, or ever were, an association of operative mechanicks; but as a religious institution; as an institution established for, and now professing to inculcate among its members the knowledge and worship of the great Father of LIGHT, OF LIFE, and OF LOVE, and the practice of the most pure and exalted moral virtues. Hence, then, it is no less consistent with the grand objects of our order, that a part of the building where our social meetings are held, should be appropriated to the purposes of instructing the young; because as christians as well as masons, it is made a part of our duty to train up our children in the knowledge of virtue and religion; in an early detestation of vice and its unhappy consequences; in industry, as necessary to their condition; and to impress strongly on their minds a due sense of subordination, true humility, and obedience to their superiors.

But, brethren, if our order be clothed with such high privileges, and partakes of the nature and character I have briefly described, then what

SECONDLY, are those duties which, as a collective body as well as individuals, we are bound to manifest to the world in our public and private deportment; that we may be able to stop the gain-sayings of the ignorant and malicious, and let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven.

The length of time which the preceding discussions have occupied, will compel us to be brief in our concluding remarks.

The duties of masons are those in common with all other men and christians, and will more particularly discover themselves by the exercise of those christian graces and virtues mentioned by the holy apostle, St. Peter—"Giving all diligence, add to

* The building erected by the members of Ashler Lodge, is a neat and commodious brick edifice, the upper story of which is dedicated to masonic purposes, and the lower is intended for a school room, which is sufficiently large to accommodate sixty or seventy children. The lot on which the hall stands was generously given by the proprietors of the Savage factory.

your faith, virtue; and to your virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity." Such are the virtues and graces which the Apostle mentions as necessary to be practised by every true believer, as the marks and genuine fruits of a true christian faith; and which, if they be in us and abound, they make us that we shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ; but diligently attaining and practising them, an entrance shall be hereby ministered unto us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; who will then say unto us, "well done ye good and faithful servants; ye have been faithful over a few things, I will make you rulers over many things; enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

But in addition to those duties, which as men and as christians we are bound to perform, and in the faithful discharge of which we can alone manifest to the world the religious character, and the beneficial tendency of our order—and that the superior light of which we boast, is not darkness; there are other duties which we owe to the body of which we are members, from the performance of which we can not be exempt, and to disregard, would be highly criminal. Remember what our blessed Lord says in his address to his disciples; words which I may well apply to you, my brethren of Ashler lodge, on the present occasion: "A city that is set on a hill can not be hid." You are now placed in a conspicuous situation, as a city set on a hill. You must therefore expect that those by whom you are surrounded, will look upon you with a scrutinizing eye, and make observations on all your words and actions, in order to form an estimate and judgement of the value of your society, from what they see. It becomes, therefore, your bounden duty, and should also be your grand object, so to recommend the truth which you openly profess, by your christian conversation and behaviour, that men may see your good works, which flow from faith and love, the two grand pillars of our order, and thus be induced to glorify their God and Father. Your good examples, as well as good works, will have a most powerful tendency to remove the prejudices of those who are now professedly inimical to the institution, and lead them to attend to the truth; and thus you will be instrumental to their conversion, by which they glorify God, and become his worshippers and servants. This then should be the chief aim and effect of your general conduct; though we must remember, we are forbid to do any particular action "to be seen of men," or seek our own glory in any thing. I need not remind you how indispensably necessary it is that you use the utmost caution in the admission of new members into your lodge. You must be sensible how great is the injury done, and reproach brought upon the fraternity, by the enrollment of one unworthy member in its ranks; and it is an injury done, not simply to a fraternity of a district, state or country, but to a fraternity extending over the whole world. The ignorant and malicious are ever ready, and on the watch, to lay hold of every circumstance that may be turned to the disadvantage of the order; it is therefore more particularly incumbent upon us not to furnish them with any weapon whereby they may have it in their power to injure us in our character as a society; and certainly none so likely to do us harm, as the evil lives and conduct of our members. We must bear in mind then, that whenever we offend against the laws of God, and the established laws of society, we at the same time inflict a wound upon the society of which we are now proud to be considered members, and which we, as individuals, are bound to vindicate from the sneers of cradition, and the irreverent sallies of wit; and no course so likely to obtain this object, as the correct and orderly deportment of its members, in their intercourse with the world. True it is, that masonry as well as christianity has too much cause to weep for the errors of some of her sons; but this is not owing to any defect in the system, but to the weakness and frailty of human nature; and it would be unjust to visit a whole society with opprobrium, because a few of its members have proved themselves unworthy and been unmindful

of their duty. We fear not the scrutinizing eye; for masonry, the more it is examined, the more beautiful it becomes; and, like the purgation of a precious metal, it rises from each successive ordeal with renewed claims to our admiration, from its augmented brilliancy and worth.

Masonry has no point, part, or secret, which does nor illustrate some valuable truth, or recommend some amiable precept of religion. The furniture of our pedestal plainly intimates, that the object of all our researches is the glory of God; the end of all our illustrations, happiness in a future state. The many dignified names which grace the annals of masonry throughout the wide expanse of the inhabited universe, sufficiently prove that our institution is of the most social and beneficial tendency. No age has exceeded the present in the extent of its illustrious patrons, who dare not stoop to sanction vice, or lend their influence to the promulgation of fraud and deception; and the universal diffusion of masonry at this day, proclaims to the rest of mankind, that its pedestal is religion; its shaft, morality; and its capital, virtue: the whole surmounted by a beautiful entablature of universal charity; that it strongly incites us to follow the Apostle St. Peter's direction; [1 St. Peter ii. 17.] "to honour all men, to love the brotherhood; to fear God, and to honour the king."† Such a system which occupies a situation at least equally elevated with any human institution, is calculated to expand our benevolence, to extinguish animosities, and to destroy all unimportant differences amongst mankind. This indeed is the true cement and intention of masonry, which embraces all the graces and perfections of holiness; unites mankind in the strictest bonds of amity, as children of a common parent; and incessantly urges them to ask that they may have, to seek and they shall find, and to knock that the door may be opened unto them. And this is the conclusion that masonry draws from all her illustrations: he who practises all the virtues thus recommended in FAITH, will rejoice in HOPE, be in perfect CHARITY with all mankind, and finally receive a PASS WORD into the Grand Lodge above, where peace, order, and harmony eternally preside.

Now to Him who is able to keep you from falling, and conduct you safe to those happy mansions, be ascribed, as is most due, all praise, power, glory, and dominion, for ever and ever.—Amen.

* The following chronological list of Grand Masters and Patrons of the order in England, from the time of the Anglo-Saxons, will be a decisive testimony that the order contains nothing repugnant to civil or religious liberty. A. D. 597, Austin the monk; 680, Bennet, abbot of Wirral; 857, Saint Swithin; 872, King Alfred the great; 900, Edward, king of Mercia; 924, King Athelstane; 957, Saint Dunstan, archbishop of Canterbury; 1041, King Edward the Confessor; 1066, Gundulph, bishop of Rochester; 1100, King Henry I.; 1216, Peter de Rupibus, bishop of Winchester; 1272, Walter Giffard, archbishop of York; 1307, Walter Stapleton, bishop of Exeter; 1327, King Edward III.; 1357, William of Wykeham, bishop of Winchester; 1375, Simon Langham, abbot of Westminster; 1413, Henry Chicheley, archbishop of Canterbury; 1443, William Waynflete, bishop of Winchester; 1471, Richard Beaneham, bishop of Salisbury; 1485, King Henry VII.; 1493, John Islip, abbot of Westminster; 1515, Cardinal Wolsey; 1540, Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset; 1551, John Poynt, bishop of Winchester; 1603, King James I.; 1607, Inigo Jones; 1625, King Charles I.; 1660, King Charles II.; 1674, George Villiers, duke of Buckingham; 1685, Sir Christopher Wren; 1695, Charles Lennox, duke of Richmond; 1719, J. T. Desaguliers, L.L.D., F.R.S.; 1721, John, duke of Montague; 1722, Philip, duke of Wharton; 1726, William O'Brien, earl of Inchiquin; 1729, Thomas Howard, duke of Norfolk; 1732, Anthony Brown, lord viscount Montague; 1735, T. Thynne, lord viscount Weymouth; 1736, John Campbell, earl of Loudoun; 1738, H. Bridges, unrequies of Caernarvon; 1743, James, lord Cranston; 1752, John, lord Caryfort; 1757, Sholto, lord Aberdour; 1762, Washington Shirley, earl Ferrers; 1767, Henry, duke of Beaufort; 1772, Robert Edward, lord Petrie; 1777, George, duke of Manchester; 1782, H. R. H. Frederick, duke of Cumberland; 1786, H. R. H. George, Pr. of Wales; 1813, H. R. M. Augustus Frederick, duke of Sussex; 1820, King George IV., Grand Patron.

† Give every man the respect and kindness due to him. Love all your fellow christians. Fear God; and, in subordination to him, pay all obedience to the emperor.—*Dr. Hammond.* This last duty consists in reverencing the persons of our governors, in obeying their lawful demands, in a cheerful payment of their dues, in praying affectionately for them, and in praising God for the blessing of their government. Nero, the worst of kings, and the persecutor of the christians, was then upon the throne; yet the command is express to honour him. From the connexion of the two precepts, "Fear God; honour the king," it may be remarked, that religion best qualifies persons for good subjects; that this is the true and steady principle of loyalty; and that obedience to governors is firm and durable when it is established on a conscientious regard to the command of God.—*Burkitt.*

At a regular communication, of *Social Master's Lodge*, No. 59, convened at Mason's Hall, in Williamstown, Vermont, February 26th, A. E. 5828, voted, that Orcott Hyde, a master mason, be expelled from this Lodge, for unmasonic conduct. By order of the Lodge,

WILLIAM S. BECKETT, Secy.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

From Browster's Journal of Science, for January.

INDIAN PENANCE OF GULWUGTY, OR CHURUK POOJA.

BY R. H. KENNEDY, M. D.

I do not recollect to have seen a description by a medical writer of the Indian penance of Gulwugty, or swinging with the whole weight of the body suspended on a pair of hooks perforating the integument of the loins. The process itself is so appalling to an ordinary spectator, and the after consequences seem so singularly disproportionate to the apparently serious nature of the injury endured, that it deserves consideration.

On the western extremity of the old cantonment of the Bombay Dekkan division, was the village of Seroor, whence the station was named, and on the south-eastern extremity of the camp was the village of Hingny, the distance between the two being about three miles. At each of these villages was a *pajodo* of peculiar sanctity; and at certain periods, as far as I can remember, once in nineteen years it was deemed a necessary ceremony that the car of Gulwugty penance should be dragged from Seroor to Hingny, with devotees suspended from the mast during the whole route. The car was dragged by as many volunteer labourers from the spectators as could be yoked to it, and proceeded at a rapid rate, when a sufferer was undergoing the torture, but it remained still in the interval of unloosing one and fixing another, no progressive motion being lawful unless with a devotee pendant from the hooks. The spectators and officials assured me that such a circumstance had never occurred as the car's being unable to reach its destination through the want of mortifiers on their flesh; the penitents or devotees were always sufficiently numerous to keep the hooks occupied from one *pajodo* to the other. The car was four-wheeled, and about the size of an English farmer's wagon, rather broader, but not so lofty, of the coarsest possible construction, being built of half beams, rather than planks, and exceedingly heavy; upon this was a platform, ample enough to hold about twenty persons; a mast twelve feet high was erected in the centre, across which, fitting on an iron pivot, was balanced transversely a pole about fifteen feet in length, divided, however, unequally, the iron ring, which fixed on the pivot, being inserted into it about four feet from the heavy end, and of course, about eleven from the smaller. To the first was suspended a square scale of wood, capable of containing four or five persons, and upon the latter the hooks hung by a chain.

The process of the penance was as follows: A devotee, having the hooks fixed in his back as shall hereafter be described, the number of persons that were requisite to balance his weight and the lever, from his greater share of the pole, generally four or five, stepped into the scale at the short end of the transverse beam, and depressing it by their weight as low as the pivot would allow, to an angle of about 70°, they gave the cross beam a circular motion on the pivot, by pulling themselves round the mast, which they could touch, or were pushed round by other assistants, who crowded on the platform; whilst the poor penitent, dangling at the fearful height of at least twenty feet from the ground, was swung round with a rapidity scarcely describable, and the car meanwhile dragged forward by the multitude, till the sufferer himself prayed to be released from his painful and perilous situation. The longest period I ever witnessed any one endure the torture was seven minutes and a half, the generality were satisfied with two minutes. The bold and heroic went up with sword in hand, and shield on arm, as if accounted for action. The meeker characters held their beads in their hands, and continued repeating the names of their gods.

The total number who underwent the penance was about fifty, and the time required for the car to travel from one village to the other, was more than seven hours, two of which were spent within the limits of the village which closed the procession; the car at that time scarcely moving onwards a foot with each individual, in order by such slowness of advance to indulge as many as wished to offer themselves for the ceremony.

The hooks were precisely similar in shape, but rather stronger than the flesh hooks of the London markets, the points by no means particularly sharp, nor the iron polished to any remarkable brightness. No preparatory perforation of the integuments was made previously to introducing the hooks; but they were forced though, one after the other, with as much unconcern as can be imagined, the operator no more interested to be tender in the office than as if he considered the patient as accustomed to the ceremony, and as little affected by it as himself. The only care was to avoid a flesh wound; and the extent to which the integuments were disengaged from the muscles beneath, even in the youngest and stoutest persons, exceedingly surprised me. To effect this the patient was laid on the ground, and his back violently rubbed with abundance of oil; this being dried off with sand, another friction equally violent took place with soap scraped into such thin fragments as powdered and disappeared under the hand. This being again dried with sand, the operator's principal assistant, sitting on the patient's shoulders, commenced with his heels a process of kneading, jerking, and working the integuments over the loins, so as to loosen or slacken them, with a roughness of manual but completeness of success that, as I have already said, struck me with astonishment. This being done, or rather in the intervals of this process, the operator continued gathering up by little and little fold a of the integuments in his left hand as would raise up the skin for the introduction of a seton, and when he had mastered as much as he could with his utmost exertion force up, he then shoved his hook slowly and deliberately through it, always directing the point outwards. One hook being fixed, the other was speedily introduced on the opposite side in the same manner, the operation of fixing both taking generally about three or five minutes, depending upon the mucularity of the subject. After the patient had swung to his own content, he was taken down by the cross pole being lowered nearly to the ground, from the weights at the opposite end removing from the scale; then being laid flat on the ground the hooks were drawn forth, but without the least precaution to save pain. I did not observe a single instance of the skin having yielded or being rent. The appearance was invariably four wounds in a straight line, thus, o o o o, the two made by one hook being always four and sometimes five inches apart from each other. The curative process was simplicity itself. The principal assistant again seated himself on the patient's shoulders, and applying his heels to the wounded parts, laboured to squeeze out any blood or lymph that might be extravasated. One operator sucked the wounds, another applied a kind of dry poultice of cow dung and tumeric, the Hindoo specific for every shock that "flesh is heir to." The sufferer's kumrumbund (girdle) supplied the bandage, which was tightly applied round his loins, and he forthwith joined in the ceremony of swinging his comrades, as alert and unconcerned to appearance, as if the whole he had undergone were but a jest. I had an opportunity of examining daily, until their perfect cure, seven of the devotees, who were our battalion sepoy's or camp followers. In no one instance was pus formed, or did inflammation of any consequence whatever follow; nor did one quit his duty, or apply for hospital relief. And further, I had reports to be relied on of nearly twenty others from distant villages, whither I sent hospital servants to make inquiries after the poor people who had swung, not one of whom suffered in any important degree beyond a temporary soreness and stiffness in the loins. None but a medical man who has witnessed the process could suppose it possible that so little injury should result from so apparently serious an operation. The natives of course think it the miraculous interference of the god Cunda Row, in whose honour the torture is endured, a very natural conclusion, for even among our officers, who in great numbers attended to witness the spectacle, there were not a few whom it was difficult to impress with a satisfactory conviction that the whole was but a natural result from natural causes; and that the skill of the operator, and the antiphlegmonous habit of his own constitution, was the safeguard of the patient.

THE CULTURE OF BEES IN FORESTS.

By M. Buttner.

It has been a custom in Livonia, from time immemorial, to make cavities in the trees of a forest, for the purpose of receiving and rearing the swarms of bees. Some of the proprietors have hundreds and even thousands of bee trees. Those which are chosen for this purpose are large oaks, firs, pines, alders, &c. It has been objected to this system, that it destroys the forests and diminishes the quantity of building wood; but M. Buttner observes, that it is not necessary to choose the finest trunks, and that stunted are equally serviceable for this purpose, if they have sufficient size. He states also that a bee tree is worth more than if sold for wood; that the hollow trees which will serve for an age or two, spread seed around, and cause the production of young seedlings, which would be obtained with difficulty, by destroying the old trunks. He adds, that the pure air of the higher regions agrees better with the bees than the air enclosed in hives, which receive the exhalations of the earth, and in which contagious diseases sometimes make great ravages. The proof he offers is, that when garden bees swarm, they are directed instinctively towards the woods, whilst the bees of the wood never swarm towards the gardens.

THE GATHERER.

BELL RINGING.

A poor Swiss, who was in the madhouse of Zurich, was rather afflicted by imbecility than madness, and was allowed his occasional liberty, which he never abused. All his happiness consisted in ringing the bells of the parish church; of this he was somehow deprived, and it plunged him into despair. At length he sought the governor, and said to him, "I come, sir, to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells; it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head; I can not do it myself, or I would save you the trouble." Such an appeal produced his re-establishment in his former honours, and he died ringing the bells.

KISSING HANDS.

Mungo Murrey was a confidential servant and gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles I., who often entrusted him private correspondence, an anecdote respecting which deserves notice. In February, 1646, whilst the king was in the power of the English commissioners at Newcastle, Murrey, having obtained leave of absence on pretence of visiting Scotland, was admitted to his majesty's presence for the purpose of kissing his hand. The commissioners, however, were so suspicious and watchful that they observed something put in his hand by the king; and having followed him, when out of the presence, they searched him, and found a letter in cipher, directed to Montreuil, the French agent. The letter was immediately sent up to parliament, and Murrey committed to prison but admitted to bail, after two days' confinement.

ANIMALS THREE MILES LONG.

Dr. Sydal, Bishop of Gloucester, used to relate that a person of his college (Corpus Christi, Cambridge,) not famous for his acumen, once asserted that there were animals several miles long. This was said in a large company, and when the persons present began to stare, and express doubt of the fact, he said he could demonstrate the thing to any of them that would come to his chamber. In a day or two some went; upon which he took out his compasses, and went to a map hanging up in his room, and first measured the figure of an animal therein engraved by way of ornament, and then claps them to a scale of miles, saying, "Look you there, gentlemen; this animal is at least three miles long, and there are others of greater dimensions."

SMOKING WAGER.

The principal solace of Dr. Aldrich between the variety of his learned pursuits, was that of smoking; of which habit he was so fond, that, among many other compositions, he produced a "Smoking Catch," to be sung by four men smoking their pipes. His excessive attachment to this amusement becoming a subject of pleasant remark in the university, a student, one morning at breakfast, laid his companion a wager, that the Dean was smoking at that instant. Away they accordingly hastened to the deanery; and, admitted to the study, told the Dean the occasion of their visit; when addressing himself, in perfect good humour, to him who had laid that he was smoking, he said, "You see, sir, you have lost your wager; for I am not smoking, but—filling my pipe."

PIOUS DIRECTION POST.

Under this title, in an English west-country paper of the year 1927, there is the following statement:—

On the highway near Bickton, in Devonshire, the seat of the right hon. lord Rolle, in the centre of four cross roads, is a directing post with the following inscriptions, by an attention to which the traveller learns the condition of the roads over which he has to pass, and at the same time is furnished with food for meditation:—

To Woodbury, Topshaw, Exeter. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

To Brixton, Ottery, Honiton. O hold up our goings in thy paths that our footsteps slip not.

To Otterton, Sidmouth, Culliton, A. D. 1743. O that our ways were made to direct that we might keep thy statutes.

To Budleigh. Make us to go in the paths of thy commandments, for therein is our desire.

WILSON AND SHUTER.

When Wilson the comedian made his debut, it was in the character formerly supported by Shuter; but upon his appearance on the stage, the audience called out for their former favourite, by crying, "Off, off—Shuter, Shuter!" Whereon Wilson, turning round, and with a face as stupid as art could make it, and suiting his action to his words, replied, "Shoot her, shoot her!" (pointing at the same time to the female performer on the stage with him,) "I'm sure she does her part very well." This well timed sally of seeming stupidity turned the scale in his favour, and called down repeated applause, which continued during the whole of the performance.

KITTY WHITE'S PARENTHESIS.

Kitty White, a pupil to old Rich, the comedian, was instructed by O'Brien, of Drury-lane, how to perform *Syleia*, in "The Recruiting Officer." The lady reciting a passage improperly, he told her it was a parenthesis, and therefore required a different tone of voice, and greater volubility. "A parenthesis!" said Miss White, "What's that?" Her mother, who was present, blushing for her daughter's ignorance, immediately exclaimed, "Oh, what an infernal limb of an actress will you make! not to know the meaning of 'prentice' and that it is the plural number of 'prentices'!"

THEATRICAL STARS.

One of these great modern constellations, the other evening in the green room, said to a poor ill-starred author—"Entre nous, don't you think tip-top histrionick talent, like mine, is badly paid at £30 a night?" "Certainly," replied the irritated play-wright; "for consider your medical expenses." "My medical expenses!" exclaimed Roscius. "Ay; *entre nous*," rejoined young Sir Fretful, "consider the colds and agues caught by playing to empty houses!"

JUSTICE AND INDEPENDENCE.

Randolph, Earl of Moray, Regent of Scotland, after the death of Robert Bruce, was very strict in administering justice. Upon one occasion, a criminal who had slain a priest, and afterwards fled to Rome and done penance there, was brought before the Regent. The culprit confessed the murder, but pleaded that he had obtained the Pope's pardon: "The Pope," said Randolph, "might pardon you for killing a priest, but his remission can not avail you for murdering a subject of the King of Scotland." This was asserting a degree of independence of the Pope's authority which was very unusual among the princes and governors of the time. [Tales of a Grandfather.]

POPULAR TALES.

THE BALL.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Even if I were not prevented by unlooked for engagement from accompanying you to the ball to-night, my love," said the honorable Alfred Seymour to his beautiful young wife, "you must nevertheless have declined it, for the child is evidently unwell; look, how the pulses throb in this little throat, Sophia!"

"So they always do, I believe. I really wish you were less of a croaker, and candle-maker, my dear; however, to make you easy, I will send for Doctor Davis immediately: as to the ball, as I am expected, and have gone to the trouble and expense of a new dress, and have not been out for such a long, long time, really I think I ought to go." "You would not leave my boy, lady Sophia, if?" "not if there is the least danger, certainly; nor if the doctor should pronounce it ill; but I do not believe it is so; I see nothing particular about the child, for my part."

As the young mother said this, she cast her eyes on the child, and saw in its little heavy eyes something, which she felt assured was particular—she saw, moreover, more strikingly than ever, the likeness it bore to a justly beloved husband, and in a tone of self-correction added, "poor little fellow, I do not think you are quite the thing; and should it prove so, mama will not leave you for the world."

The countenance of the father brightened, and he departed assured that the claims of nature would soon fully triumph over any little lingering love of dissipation, struggling for accustomed indulgence; and, as he bade her good bye, he did not wonder that a star so brilliant desired to exhibit its rays in the highest circle of fashion. Nevertheless, as he could not be present himself, he thought, on the whole, it was better she should be absent. A young nobleman, who had been his rival, and worn the willow some time after their marriage, had lately paid marked attention to a young beauty every way likely to console him; and Mr. Seymour thought it would be a great pity if his wife's blaze of beauty, appearing suddenly before him, after it had so long been withdrawn, should indispose his heart toward a connexion every way likely to prove happy.

Unfortunately, the fond husband gave indication of his admiration alike in looks and words, and as the fair young mother turned from him to her mirror, she felt for a moment displeased that her liege lord should be less solicitous than herself to "witch the world" with her beauty;—and whilst in this humour she called her maid to shew her the turban and dress "in which she had intended to appear."

"Laik, my lady! why sure you intends it yet. Did any body ever hear of such a thing as going for to stay at home, when you are all prepared! You have been out of sight ever so long; and you are a thousand times more beautifuller than you ever was. Ah! I knows what I knows. Miss Somerville may look twice ere she catches my lord, if so be he sees you in this here plume, 'cold broth is soon warmed' they say."

Could it be that this vulgar nonsense—the senseless tirade of low flattery and thoughtless stimulation to error—could affect the mind of the high born and highly educated Lady Sophia? Alas! yes—a slight spark will ignite dormant vanity; and the love of momentary triumph surpass the more generous wish of giving happiness to others, in a sphere distinct from our own. The new dress was tried on; its effect extolled by the maid, and admitted by the lady. The carriage was announced, and she was actually descending when the low wail of the baby broke on her ear, and she recollected that in the confusion of her mind, during the time devoted to dress and anticipated triumph, she had forgotten to send for the medical friend of the family.

Angry with herself, in the first moment of repentance, she determined to remain at home:—but, unfortunately, she reconsidered, and went before the arrival of the doctor. 'Tis true, she left messages, and various orders, and so far fulfilled a mother's duties; but she closed her eyes to the evident

weakness of her boy, and contented herself with determining to return as soon as possible.

Who could return, while they found themselves the admired of all, and when, at least, the adoration of eyes saluted her from him, whom she well knew it was cruelty, or sin, to attract. The observation forced upon her of Miss Somerville's melancholy looks, told her this, and compelled her to recollect that she was without her husband, and therefore likely to be closely watched. She found that in the midst of triumph we may be humbled,—in the midst of pleasure, pained; and she resolved to fly from the scene of gayety, more quickly than she had come. But numerous delays arose, each of which harassed her spirits no less than they retarded her movements. She became at length, so annoyed, as to lose all her bloom, and hear herself as much condoled with, as she had before been congratulated. She felt ill, and was aware that she had a right to expect reproaches from her husband, not less on account of herself than her child; and whilst in this state of perplexity, was summoned to her carriage by servants, whose messages from home increased her distress.

The young mother arrived in time to see the face of her dying child, distorted by convulsions, and to meet from her husband, anger, reproach, and contempt. She was terrified to witness the death of the innocent being, she had forsaken in a moment so critical; and bitter was the sorrow and remorse, which arose from offending him, who had hitherto loved her so fondly, and esteemed her so highly. These emotions, combining with other causes, soon rendered her the inhabitant of a sick-bed, and converted a house so lately the abode of happiness and hope, into a scene of sorrow, anxiety, and death.

Lady Sophia, after much suffering, recovered her health; but when she left her chamber, she could not help being sensible that her husband's confidence was withdrawn from her, though pity and kindness were shown to her situation. Entire silence about the past was the utmost act of tenderness to which Mr. Seymour could bring himself on a subject, which had wounded him so deeply; and which recurred with renewed pain, when all anxiety was removed for the life of one still dear, but no longer invaluable.

And all this misery,—The fearful prospects of a long life embittered by self-reproach, useless regret, and lost affection, was purchased by a new dress, and an ignorant waiting maid; a risk so full of danger, and so fatal in effect, was incurred, to strike a man already refused, and wound a woman who never injured her. Such are the despicable efforts of vanity for temporary distinction; and such the deplorable consequences of quitting the tender offices of affection, and transgressing the requisitions of duty.

MISCELLANY.

WHITFIELD AND WESLEY.

From Angelo's Reminiscences.

With regard to Mr. Whitfield and this dramatic Proteus, (Tate Wilkinson,) who having been one of the sect denominated Whitfieldites, and a constant listener to his pulpit oratory, he could touch him off to the life. Foote saw the preacher but once. Tate (the wolf in sheep's clothing) was one of his disciples. That Whitfield was a man of talent there can be no doubt; he frequently addressed his auditory with energy, feeling, and pathos; but, as Foote used to say, "like the cow, after giving a good pailful of milk, he was apt to kick it down again;" or, in other words, that good sense which, at one period of his discourse, would please the most gravely orthodox, would be suddenly succeeded by such extravagant ravings pious rodmontade, that its effect reversed the line of Goldsmith which refers to the pious parson Primrose:—

"And those who came to scoff—remained to pray;"

for many who went with the serious intention to benefit by Whitfield's pious exhortations, on listening to the freedom, not to say levity, with which he handled Scripture, and the indecorous familiarity with which he frequently spoke of sacred things, thinking the preacher more of the zany than the priest, quitted the tabernacle in disgust.

The portrait of this reverend gent. was thus sketched by the pen of the mimick. He describes him as the first actor in his walk; and not without humour, here—and—there. His dialect was not only "very particular," he says, but certainly very affected. *Lurd* instead of *Lord*, and *Gud*, as the other pronunciation of the deity. One of his favourite texts was—*May we all work the harder*, continues the wag, which text he illustrated thus:—"There was a poor woman, and she was a long while before she was converted: she was three score years and ten.—Yes she was; she was three score years and ten." "Sir, (says she, to the good man that converted her,) sir, (says she,) I am three score years and ten. I have been a long time about it; but, sir, (says she,) I will work the harder:—yes, sir, (says she,) I will work the harder!" And O! may you all—all—all—like that dear, good woman—all work the harder! What, (looking down from his desk in a sudden rhapsody,) what—you young ones! You are some of you twelve, some fourteen years of age, yet you do not think of going to hell! What! twelve and fourteen years of age, and not think of going to hell! O ye little brats, you!" And then he shook his white wig, and growled exactly like my performance of Squintum, says the wicked actor. And so it seems it was—for the portrait was scarcely a caricature likeness of the master, drawn by a disciple of his own school. Whitfield proceeded—at least so says the mimick—"You go to plays—and what do you see there? Why, if you will not tell me, I will tell you what you see there. When you see the players on the stage, you see the devil's children grinning at you! When you go to the play-house, I suppose you go in ruffles—I wonder whether Paul wore ruffles! No; there were no ruffles in Paul's days. I am told that people say I bawl—well I allow it, I do bawl, and I will bawl—I will not be a velvet-mouthed preacher. I will not speak the word of *Gud* in a drowsy manner, like your church preachers—your *steeple-house* preachers—I'll tell you a story. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in the last age, was acquainted with Betterton the player. You all have heard of Betterton. One day the Archbishop of Canterbury said to Betterton the player, "Pray inform me, Mr. Betterton, what is the reason you actors on the stage can affect your congregation with things imaginary as if they were real; while we of the church speak of things real, which our congregations only receive as if they were imaginary?" "Why, my lord archbishop, (says Betterton the player,) the reason is very plain. We actors on the stage speak of things imaginary as if they were real, and you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary." "Therefore, I will bawl," said Whitfield, "I will bawl—I will not be a velvet-mouthed preacher." His contemporary labourer in the vineyard, a man of parts also, used commonly to address his auditors in the same whimsical strain, as though he and his pious colleague would really interpret serious texts in a merry mood. "If ye be merry—sing psalms, and why not hymns?" quoth Whitfield, which begot that *divine mirth*, which, whatever might be its operation upon the pious ignorant, nevertheless, was too likely, in spite of decorum, to set all sensible persons upon the titter. Singing sacred hymns to the airs of Bacchanalian songs and Scottish reels, is divine mirth indeed! The said Mr. Wesley, as well as Whitfield, notwithstanding their having received an university education, became field-preachers. That the intentions of those celebrated holders-forth were pious, there is no apparent reason for doubting—that they were learned in the sacred Scriptures there can be no doubt at all; and few, perhaps, will be found to dispute what has been asserted, namely, that they were men of good understanding; but there can be no slander in asserting, that, however they might boast of *grace*, they were not abounding in *taste*. The following, to wit:—"When I was at college," said this rival of Whitfield, "when I was at college, I was fond of the *devil's pops* (cards,) and every Saturday I was one at a party at whist—not only of an afternoon, but an evening. After this I became acquainted with the Lord. On my first acquaintance I used to talk with him once a week, then every day, then twice a day; then, on better acquaintance, as our intimacy increased, he appointed a

meeting every four hours. Now, my dear friends! if you think there is no harm in the devil's pops, play with them. So with other things, hunting the hare, and going to assemblies, there staying till two or three o'clock, and dancing," as the pious old gentleman delicately expressed it, "belly to belly, and back to back." Why, if you think there is no harm in these things, go—and do as you list. But better to get into conversation with the Lord." It surely can not surprise, that preaching of this "cast and character," even admitting that the audacious mimic quoted "not always upon oath," exposed such in-door and out-of-door holders-forth, as fair game to those who had procured a license from Wit to sport in the field of Satire.

From the New Harmony Gazette.

MERCURY AND THE DEVOUT ATHENIAN.

BY FRANCES WRIGHT.

A citizen was driving to the market of Athens the produce of his farm, and, by the way, fell into deep cogitation respecting the nature and attributes of Jupiter. "How great, how wise, how powerful, how wonderful art thou," he exclaimed, "O king of heaven, and ruler of the earth! Thy majesty is beyond conception and thy goodness beyond praise. All things were made by thy power and are sustained by thy providence. Thy hand upholdeth the frame of heaven and keepeth the foot of man from stumbling."—So saying, with his eyes uplifted in devout ecstasy, he plumped into a well.

On recovering his senses, which the suddenness and depth of his fall had somewhat stunned, he lifted up his hands and voice in the darkness, and fixing his gaze on the narrow circle of blue sky which closed the mouth of his prison, "O Jupiter!" he exclaimed, "have I neglected thy service or thy altars? Have I failed to attribute to thee all my good fortune, and to absolve thee of all my evil? Have I doubted thy power, or thy goodness, or thy providence? Oh, Father of gods and men! have mercy, and draw me out of this pit, where doubtless in thy wisdom thou hast thrown me, that I may sing aloud thy praises in the ears of all men, and moisten thy altars with the blood and fat of sacrifice in the sight of all eyes!"

Now it chanced that Mercury had occasion to pass that way on some especial business with the pickpockets of Athens. Hearing the wailings of distress, and being a person of curiosity, he stopped, and gazing from right to left, at length looked down into the well and shouted to ascertain the nature of the disaster, "Holla!" said the pleasant deity, as the voice now rose more distinctly to his ear. "Hath a man taken the position of a frog? What do ye there, I the name of the seven sages and of Lycurgus my especial patron?"

The citizen, who espied the winged cap of the Olympian messenger bending over the abyss, nothing doubted the success of his supplications and shouted his acknowledgements in a passion of gratitude. "O thou most wise, most just, most benignant deity! O Jove, Father of gods and men! thou hast heard the prayer of my affliction, and my soul shall bless thee all the days of my life!"

"By my divinity," cried Hermes, "but here is one of the mad philosophers of Minerva's mad city, comfortably entombed in a lodging, doubtless of his own choice and fashioning! The fates forbid that I should disturb thee, friend! A long life to thee, or a speedy death as thou wilt, and after thy decease all the honour which fell to Empedocles! Good morrow."

"Stay! O most divine messenger of most divine Jupiter! Fulfil the purpose of him who sent thee and draw me out of this watery pit into the light of the sun!"

"Nay, an' thy acquaintance be with Jupiter and thou waitest his sending, by my six wings! I have nought to do with thee. I have no commission from the son of Saturn; and seeing thou art in correspondence with him, interference on my part would be contrary to the rules of celestial politeness. Good morrow."

"Nay, but Hermes! Hermes! most amiable and most excellent divinity! forsake me not in this mis-

ery! Hear me, I pray thee, and let my extremity move thee to compassion."

"But if Jupiter has promised a rescue!—it would be unhandsome on my part to anticipate his charity. Or if thou art there under his sentence, in punishment of some offence offered to his authority—I tell thee my meddling in such a case would impeach my divine honour and my standing as a god of good breeding in the eyes of all Olympus."

"Thy divinity misconceives the matter, O most excellent son of Maia! I am not here by the decree of Jupiter, nor have I to my knowledge offended against his will, neither have I any warrant to expect his assistance!"

"Then how is the name of all disasters came ye into your present station, or why heaped ye so many blessings on the head of my respectable father? If thou hast eyes thou canst have little wit, if it was thy own wisdom which lodged thee in thy present habitation, seeing that Sol shines at his brightest, and that the road runs smooth and straight a good stone's pitch to the right."

"May it please your divinity," said the citizen, "I was guiding my beast to market charged with the fruits of my garden, under the blessing of your providence perhaps, if not of Jupiter's!"

"Not of mine truly," interrupted the god; nor of Jupiter's either, to my fancying, for I left him but now breakfasting heartily on Ambrosia, after singing a catch with Apollo to the lyre of the laughing Euphrosyne."

"Ah, well!" sighed the unhappy citizen, "your divinity doubtless knows best. But, even as I said, I was driving my beast to market, and by the way raised my thoughts to the contemplation of the gods and my voice in their praise; when lo! as my eyes were upcast towards the heavenly residence, and my voice uplifted in honour of the divine company, and, yet more especially, in that of the divine Jupiter, the Father of gods and men, I stumbled into this region of water and darkness even as thou seest. And hearing thy divine voice and perceiving thy divine wings, O most excellent Hermes! I even thought that it had pleased the divine Jupiter, the Father of Gods and men, to accept my homage, and that in his infinite goodness he had despatched thee to my aid, O most divine messenger!"

"Now thou most divine ass, or divine father of asses, which thou wilt," said Hermes, holding his sides, and laughing until the nectareous moisture trickled from his celestial eyes: "Truly, but thy folly overtops that of Athenæ's philosophers; and, but that it were pity to deprive that learned city of so excellent a fool, I could find in my heart to leave thee where thou art, to prosecute thy celestial contemplations, and practice patience until Jupiter stooped his ear from heaven to listen to thy flattery, and I made a flight hither expressly for thy rescue. But come, thou hast furnished a joke for the celestial Symposium which shall lose nothing in my relation, and hast afforded me a most excellent laugh, for which Mercury was never ungrateful. So, up with thee!" and lowering his caduceus to the touch of the half-frozen, half-drowned votary of Jupiter, he drew him like a feather from the depths of the dark abode, and landed him on the dry warm earth.

"Come, shake thyself, find thy beast, and betake thee to thy business! And, understand, that thou art more likely to thrive by fixing thy thoughts on what concerneth thee and thy fellow mortals, than by occupying them in imagining and admiring the concerns and perfections of the gods. Your nature is one, and theirs is another. Improve your own, of which you know something, instead of praising theirs, of which you know nothing. And, bethink you another time, that if you have a beast to drive, and figs to sell, so has Jupiter his business and pleasure to pursue, and I mine."

THE ACTRESS OF ALL WORK.

From Hook's Sayings and Doings—Third Series.

The following is a portrait of that unhappy miserable devil, the great woman of a strolling company; this lady, the star of the Taunton troop, which had the honour of calling Mr. Kekewich manager, was blessed with the euphonick appellation of Almerosa Fugglestone, and was in the

habit of undergoing, in one night, labours which would make us forget those of Hercules, and which had gained the unqualified approbation of the elegant audiences of the theatres Leek, Bishop's Castle, Bullock Smithy and Bokton-le-moors; these labours consisted in nothing less than performing Ophelia, introducing the airs of Mad Tom, Home, sweet home, and we are a' noddin,—playing nineteen different characters in the afterpiece; going through the manual and platoon exercise in male attire standing upon a pewter plate; dancing minuet de la cour; giving imitations of Muscovy ducks, nightingales, the filing of a saw, two cats upon the pantiles, and of several London performers; and winding up this varied entertainment by dancing the college hornpipe, enveloped in 'white tights' and fireworks:—

"Wonderful woman, sir!" said Kekewich: "full of talent as an egg's full of meat—husband a stick—must have him—part of her articles—pity she married—fine creature, depend upon it—plays Ophelia in high style—finds her own dress—silk stockings and all—symmetrical figure, sweet temper, and coal black hair, down to the small of her back—great hit for me—short life and a merry one—snapped up for the London houses—manager sent down a doctor of divinity and two physicians to see her at Leek—nabbed her—snapped her up like a lamb from my flock—her own terms, and an engagement for her husband—of course the carte blanche made her cut the wagon—accepted the offer, and comes out in the metropolis in three weeks—you'll hear the last of her, sir—an opportunity is not to be missed."

"Has she been long on the stage?" said Skinner.

"Born behind the scenes, sir," replied Kekewich—"inhaled lamp air with her first breath: somehow, however, she did not acquire celebrity, until she got into a scrape with a lover—the Prince in Richard, or the page in the Purse, were her outsides, till she became a little suspected of impropriety—then sir, she was run after like an innocent hare, by a pack of mad dogs—you'll excuse the allegory—however, having created a sensation, she practically gave the lie to calumny and married purely for love, her present husband, Mr. Fugglestone—between you and me, he is not worth his salt; but he is a *sine qua non* in her engagements—such things happen with our betters, you know, sir—in political life, Mr. this thing won't take an office unless Mr. t'other thing is employed—the same with us in the Thespian kingdom; but she is as correct as Catalani—punctual as clockwork—husband always behind the scenes, cloak and clogs always sent, in wet weather—regular maid of her own at the stage door—umbrella and lanthorn—no gallantry, no gallivanting—as virtuous as a vestal—and as proud as a peacock."

"You must introduce me forthwith," said Skinner; "I conclude she will join our little annual fooleries at Bagsden."

"I'll see what can be done," said Kekewich. "I know she would not visit one of the aldermen of Leek, because his wife had once been suspected of a little blind partiality for the apothecary's apprentice—she has her little oddities, her crinkums and crankums—you comprehend sir? but, she is a powerful tragedian—commanding figure—fine person, what we in the profession call a capital first night woman—yet we all have our failings, Mr. Skinner." Skinner bowed.

"Present company always excepted, sir," said Kekewich, smiling at his own urbanity.

Mrs. Fugglestone has *here*—she is blessed, sir, with an appetite—a woman of strong feeling, and full of sentiment—but fond of her meals—you understand me, sir. This is not by way of hint—for at Bagsden plenty always crowns the board—but it is a fact—and I let you into the *trait*—into the dinner *trait* you say, I know—in order that you may not be struck at once. I found it out, merely by acting with her—whenever I had to embrace her on the stage, I detected an over addition to onions—you'll excuse this little enlightenment, but it is so—in Juliet, three or four nights since, I discovered garlick among the honey; however, this is but a speck upon the orb of day, and I must not complain, for she draws wonderfully."

"An artist, too?" said Skinner, inquiringly.

"A powerful artist, I assure you," replied Kekewich; "but not, as I take it, in your sense of the word—to draw with us, means to attract—I mean she attracts."

"I am not much surprised at that," said my hero, "considering the variety of her talent."

"No, to be sure, she is versatile enough," continued the manager, "and full of ability. She sings admirably—her Ophelia, I think you'll say, sir, is a beautiful bit of acting: the pathos—the madness—the melody—all first rate; and in private life, when you come to know her you'll find her quite the domestic creature—quite the pussycat on her own hearth; does a mutton-chop to a turn with the gravy in it; and for fried tripe, sir, there is not her equal in England. Shall we go call upon her now, I'll be sworn she is at home."

"Where do they lodge?" said Skinner.

"At the pastry cook's," said Kekewich.

Heard of your excellent Taunton mutton pies, no doubt—she says in her way that a good cook is a man of goods scents—like the smell—she's quite a wag when she's pleased—prodigious hit in London, sir."

"Let us go then," said Skinner, "I shall be too happy to make their acquaintance, and proffer my invitation."

"With all my heart," replied the manager, "I'll just direct my boy to get in a few things we want, to start with, and be with you in the twinkling of an eye."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1828.

Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

The London Literary Gazette for the months of February and March, the London Mirror and Atlas's Magazine for March and April have all been received at this office during the last week.

Each of our city subscribers as have changed their place of residence, will please to inform the carrier, or leave information at our office.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

May 17. Saint Paschal Babylon; Saint Possidius; Saint Maden, Saint Maw; Saint Cathan, and Saint Silave. On the 17th May, 1817, died at Heckington, England, Mr. Samuel Jessup, aged sixty-five years. During the last twenty-one years of his life, he took, on an average, twenty-nine pills a day, amounting in that time to 228,934. He did not however commence with this appetite for physic, but from moderate but regular doses he gradually increased his daily allowance, till he swallowed regularly each day, seventy-eight pills; 51,600 per year. Add to this 40,000 bottles of mixtures, which he also swallowed during the same twenty-one years, and we are astonished that he should ever arrive at the advanced age we have just mentioned.

May 18. Saints Erick, Theodotus, Venantius, and Potamon. We are aware that few of our readers are ignorant of the fact, that the disease usually known by the term "King's Evil," was formerly believed to be curable by the touch of a king; hence the origin of its name. In the reign of Charles II., when this popular superstition had perhaps nobody to call its absurdity to the test of reason, the monarch was so perpetually harassed by the applications of his people, (whom, by the bye, Cromwell had well nigh cured forever,) that the following police was published in one of the London papers, bearing date May 18, 1661.

Notice.

"His sacred majesty having declared it to be his royal will and pleasure to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May; and then give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to the town in the interim and lose their labour."

May 19. Saint Peter Celestine; Saint Pudenciana; Saint Dunstan.—1536, Anne Boleyn, the unfortunate queen of Henry VIII., was executed, to gratify the supremacy of brutality which her husband held, unrivalled.—1692, the great naval battle off La Hogue, in which the French fleet was defeated by the combined force of the Dutch and English, under admiral Russell.—1813, on this

and the two following days, three battles were fought between the French army and the allies, near the village of Bautzen, Upper Saxony, in which the latter were driven. Nearly 20,000 men were slain on a side; and the result of the battle was an armistice for sixty days.

May 20. Saints Bernadine, Ethelbert, and Yvo. On the 20th of May, 1736, the body of Samuel Baldwin was immersed without ceremony, in the sea at Lymington, Hants, England. This extraordinary mode of interment was in obedience to a clause in his will which the testator had provided to deprive his surviving wife from dancing over his grave;—a contempt which this modern Xantippe had previously threatened to execute, should she survive him.—1755, the articles of confederation and perpetual union were agreed to between the American colonies; hence we may date our existence as an organized government.

May 21. Saints Felix, Godrick, and Mospitus.—1777, Warren Hastings, late governor general of Bengal, was impeached at the bar of the British house of lords, of high misdemeanour, and after a trial which lasted eight years, during which the court actually sat 149 days, he was acquitted April 14, 1795.—1809, the Austrians were defeated with the loss of 20,000 men, at Aspern, in Austria, by the French army, under Buonaparte.

May 22. Saints Yvo, Basiliscus, Castus, Amilius, Bubo, and Conall. Saint Yvo, who is honoured in the church by the observance of this day, is not the same whose name is placed against the 20th of the same month. The Saint Yvo, whose nativity is celebrated on that day, was bishop of Chartres, in 1116; whereas the present Saint Yvo flourished nearly two hundred years later.—1807, Aaron Burr, vice president of the United States was arraigned before the supreme court of the United States on a charge of high treason. His trial commenced at Richmond, the 3d day of August following.

May 23. Saints Julia and Desiderius. This is the anniversary of the Battle of Ramilles, in the Netherlands, near Namur. A splendid victory was gained by the British under the great duke of Marlborough, over the French. The religious community have all heard of the pious colonel Gardiner; and perhaps perused with delight his religious writings, which have been given to the public. In this battle he was but an ensign, and was dangerously wounded, by a musket shot, which entered his mouth without injuring his teeth, or the tongue, and went through his neck. He lay all night among his dying companions, and it was considered by his friends, as well as himself, as almost a miracle that he ever recovered. He had before that event been noted as one of the most profligate of youth; but a radical reformation gave the world a worthy man; and an exemplary christian.

BACHELORS' JOURNAL. This periodical has appeared, in a neat quarto form, on good paper, good type, and *tout ensemble* as fair a specimen of good taste, so far as relates to the mechanical execution, as any we know of. Thus much must be said in favour of its appearance. Its design and principles are another thing; and before we give an opinion on its beneficial or detrimental effects on the happiness of community, it is proper to examine thoroughly the merits of the great question which its very existence presents to the public attention. We will then canvass its pretensions to the patronage of the American people.

It is extremely natural for any denomination or sect, whether they have embraced their particular creed through necessity, cowardice, accident, or choice, to support it with the utmost warmth, and a zeal worthy in most cases of a better cause. Thus we see in the common enterprises into which our acquaintances so frequently enter, that the timorous churl who dares not risk the chance, hugs himself up in his safety, and seems very contented with the want of what a little more courage might have ensured to him, while he inwardly envies the better lot of his more prosperous neighbour; and, though he will not own it, would give double what he had before to risk for the return of a similar opportunity. Thus too do we see those who have sued for favours to those who had them to grant, and that again and again, without success, when they have fairly given up the chase, and laid down their suit in disgust,—not to say in despair,—then for the first declare their independence of their

privations, and "turn tail to," as they say in the terms of sportsmen. It is also very common for those whom fate has in a measure debarked from the fruition of their desires to say with the contented Caledonian, "We have muckle cause to be thankful that we are as we are." And those who willfully turn their backs on both duty and reason,—we can expect nothing more or less from them than an obstinate perseverance in the evil of their ways. Under one or the other of the above characters may every devotee to the cause of Bachelorism find his own history. Who will deny it?

We see much and we hear much of the independence which the bachelor enjoys. Is it real?—or only an affectation assumed to palliate the inward sense of a most abject and mortifying dependence? The poor bachelor must be dependent for many nice little things which are eminently necessary to his hourly comfort. He must depend on some one for his cooking, his washing, his mending, and such little offices of mutual assistance which nature seems to have designed the respective sexes to afford each other. And on whom is he thus dependent? Not on any being who has any interest in his personal welfare. Not on one who is ready to read his wishes in his eye, and strives to anticipate the petitions which proceed from his lips. But on mere strangers; over whose actions he has not the least authority, and who care more for his money than his comfort.

This is a serious and uncoloured drawing of the evils of Bachelorism, to refute which we defy them, with their whole united talent and philosophy. The world is against them; and especially that sex which has been aptly styled "heaven's last best gift to man."

We fear, from what we have already said, that we shall be understood to have doubts of the beneficial tendency of the Bachelors' Journal. We beg leave to assure all, both advocates and opponents, that our opinion is altogether in favour of it. Our reasons for this opinion are founded, not on the belief that it is likely to be feebly and spiritlessly conducted. They are more charitable towards the talents of the editors; and we will say further, that the more meritorious and praiseworthy their labours are in the opinion of the fraternity of bachelors, so much the more good to society in general do we believe will result from a wide and free circulation of their paper. In the first place, as universal happiness is concerned in our best wishes, if this journal can reconcile one sorrowing lonely bachelor, by dint of argument, no matter how much tinged with sophistry, to a patient and cheerful resignation to his hard fate, one good end will be answered. Again, as truth is the ultimate aim of most readers, if there be yet in the ranks of celibacy one wavering subject, who has hitherto clung to the singleness of his lot, believing that there might yet be some good reason for tarrying thus, he may be induced to search the lean catalogue of objections to matrimony with candour; and the result will be his complete conversion to reason. Once more, as literature is concerned,—and good taste in that department ought to be the cause espoused by all,—the foolish vagaries of lovesick poets and silly sonneteers will of course be subjected to wholesome chastisement through its columns; and even if the Journal pass into the other extreme, and cherish the coldness of stoicism, it is but fairly to be expected that every folly will find in its opposite the surest motive to correction.

As to its support, there can be no doubt of a patronage equal to the most sanguine wishes of its friends. Its correspondents, having no wives and little ones to feed, clothe and educate, will have so much the more inclination to fly from their sorrows to their pens; and we may expect to find it a permanent fund of wit and amusement. It will be patronized and read by all classes. The wedded will eagerly run over its contents, to laugh at its qualmish objections which they have refuted by experiment; and while they sympathize with the children of error, will rejoice in the children of their love. Old maids will certainly patronize it; for there they may learn the full force of their adversaries, and study more profitably the surest means to subdue them. In short every body will read it; and we do in good faith commend it to the public as truly and richly worthy their attention and support.

The Bachelors' Journal is published every Thursday, by Samuel G. Andrews, No. 30, Market-street, Boston, at \$2 per annum in advance.

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POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

FOR AN ALBUM.

'Tis a stranger defaces
This beautiful sheet,
To blend with its graces
His tuneless conceit;
Though vainly and boldly
He proffers the token,
The muse hath not coldly
Nor recklessly spoken.

Bright eyes shall glance o'er this,
Which mine have not met;
And memory shall store this,
Which I must forget;
For why should I cherish
The thoughts I have wasted,
When better hopes perish
No sooner than tasted.

Yet here will I pride me
To trace one dull line—
No eyes to deride me,
But kind ones like thine—
And when friends are thought on,
Through joy, toil, or danger,
O, leave not forgotten
The rhyme-driving stranger!

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

TO CATHARINE.

I would I were at gay nineteen
With heart as light as thine;
I'd win a smile from thee, I ween,
My lovely Catharine;
For now, even when my heart is sore,
'T will wake at beauty's touch—
'T will throb with pain at beauty's tear,—
'T will feel, alas! too much.

For oft I've seen thine agile form
Threading the mazy dance,
And felt my blood wax quick and warm
Beneath thy thrilling glance.
And yet for me perchance 't is well
That I am not like thee;
For if I were, oh, who can tell
How weak this heart might be?

For thee I own a brother's love—
A brother's kindest care;
And though in distant lands I rove,
I'll bear thine image there,—
Beneath the myrtle's fragrant shades
Or in the orange grove,

Where stray the sportive southern maids—
Where wings the turtle dove.
I'll think of thee, sweet Catharine!
And breathe a brother's prayer,—
That round thy path fate may entwine
All that is bright and fair;
That you may feel nor pain nor wo
While down life's stream you glide,
And the young bosom never know
A wish ungratified.

ALBERTUS.

Buffalo, April, 1828.

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

EVENING FANCY.

The glorious sunlight lingers
Upon the misty west,
And evening's dewy fingers
Pass o'er the earth's green breast;
Glad meeting gloom and glory!
My pleasure loves the hour,
Yet thought will steal on lifted heel
To melancholy's bower.

An April sun is falling
Behind the ocean wave,
And night is softly calling
Her shadows from the grave;—
I love the stilly breathings
Of nature in her sleep,
And I will go while fading so,
The lingering light doth keep!

A girl is far in heaven
Who hath my heart's first love;
Oft by my feeling driven,
I watch the curved above;
I think how far her spirit
Hath passed beyond the sun;
And oft that she forgetteth me,
Since her earth's life is done.

It is a woful flowing,
A sad wrong way of soul,
That mocketh pleasure's glowing,
And putteth back the roll
Of happy thoughts; and giveth
Strong tinge to grief's alloy;
I will not cast to its sure blast
Life's every coming joy.

Look now, my soul, around thee,
And mark the earth at rest;
Thy early childhood found thee
Of all the earth the best;
Look to the stilly heaven,—
And—ha! a snow-drop there?
It is! and see! it seeketh me!
One lonely flake, and fair!

Why is thy flight thus hovering,
Thou fallen flower of sky?
Thy reckless kin were covering
Our world in days gone by:
I love thee, spotless phantom!
For thou art from on high!
Perhaps hast known, ere thou wast flown,
My love, whose life passed by.

MARY saith—"angels bless thee!"
I will for aye be thine!
Thy MARY would caress thee—
Doth send thee down a sign—
Her spirit's grief is swelling,
That thou shouldst doubt her heart—
Now drink thy tears, and drown thy fears!—
Thus shall thy grief depart!"

Where was the sign—her sending?
I dropped upon my knee—
The little flake was blending
A blush, and strife to flee!
The rover was departed,
But left a precious boon,—
A pearly tear!—It shineth here
In the chill midnight moon!

J. O. R.

From the Boston Statesman.

STANZAS.

No—no—I knew it could not be!
I knew ye could not break the spell,
Which, caught from love's deep mystery,
My heart and lute had learned so well.
Why did ye bid me wake a strain
Of lightness, when ye should have known,
The crushed heart ne'er can feel again
Joy—once—but now no more—its own!

Oh, think not thus the stream is won
Forth from its deepening course to err—
Nor seek light hearted smiles from one
Whose heart is but their sepulchre.
I could not—no, I would not change
The notes my lute so loves to breathe,
Through pleasure's loveliest bowers to range,
Or wear eternal glory's wreath!

Glory!—where is its magic now?
What is it to a heart like mine—
Bound by a deep and fearful vow
To worship at another shrine?
I seek not now the deathless name
That lives in inspiration's tone—
For what hath lie to do with fame,
Whose heart and lute are sorrow's own!

JUAN.

ORDINATION HYMN,

BY REV. J. PIERPONT.

O God, we see thee smile again
In the sweet sunshine of the spring;
Thou comest in the gracious rain,
Thou ridest on the wind's soft wing.

Thou visitest the vales in floods
That in their fulness roll along;
And when thou breakest on the woods,
They wave in pomp, and wake with song.

And, Lord, are not thy goings thus
In this our sanctuary seen?
Comes not thy breath of life to us,
Our prospects clothing all in green?

Reviving hopes around us bud,—
Hopes that were rooted long ago,
But languished till thy grace, in flood,
Returned and bade them swell and blow.

What though for years thy feeble flock
By hands of strangers hath been fed?
What though we've long drawn near our rock
Without a shepherd at our head?

We humbly hope that not in vain
We've borne the trials of our trust;
And that thy truth will rise like grain,
The stronger for its sleep in dust.

For days of care, and hope deferred,
O grant us years of large increase,
Till from above thy voice is heard;
Ye faithful ones, depart in peace."

LIFE'S WEATHER-GAGE.

THE LAST SONG WRITTEN BY CHARLES DIBBIS.

I'm for Tom Tiller's golden maxim,
Who studies life in every stage;
He'll tell you plainly if you ax him,
Content 's this life's best weather-gage.
I own Tom has but little learning,
Such as your flats pick up at school;
Yet he is cunning and discerning,
And though no conjurer, Tom's no fool.

A tar 's (cried Tom) to peace a stranger,
'Fore fortune's tempest cuts and drives,
No single moment free from danger—
And so does every man that lives.
In toil and peril he his part takes,
Stands fire, and hurricane, and shot;
He has his qualms, his headaches, heartaches—
And where 's the lubber that has not?

The gold he gets does good to others,
Though he at random lets it fly;
For as mankind are all his brothers,
He keeps it in the family.
Hair-breadth escapes each hour he weathers,
No moment he can call his own,
And thus are men put to their tethers,
Up from the cottage to the throne.

The thing is this—in every station
We're born for pleasures and for trouble;
And if you strike to each vexation,
Good Hope's true cape you'll never double.
But take the good and evil cheerly,
And sum up creditor and debtor;
If in this world they use you queerly,
Be honest and you'll find a better.

Here lies retired from busy scenes
A first lieutenant of marines,
Who lately lived in peace and plenty
On board the ship the Atalanta:
Now, stripped of all his warlike show,
And laid in box of elm below,
Confined to earth in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders.

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MASONICK

RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1828.

NO. 17.

MASONICK RECORD.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1828.

FREEMASONRY IN ENGLAND.

We learn by English papers that the whole number of lodges registered with the United Grand Lodge of England, is only 816. Of these 783 have been instituted during the last century, and 132 in the last ten years. The increase for the last ten years is equal to the first thirty years of the century. Seven have been added during the last year. From this and other facts; we learn, that however other powers may restrict the order, it will flourish in every country where civil and religious liberty are enjoyed; and the more or less in proportion as that liberty is more or less universal. This we may prove by putting the increase of the order in England, and particularly in America, in comparison with any other nations on earth of proportionate population. The increase in America is doubtless double, in proportion to its population, to any other nation or country on the globe; and in England, we see as she advances in the liberal reform which she has gradually been making for the last two centuries, that the increase of masonick light bears the same invariable evidence of its love of liberty.

FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES.

On Thursday the sixth of March last, the last honours were paid to the remains of Brigadier General JOHN GEDDES, and his son JOHN GEDDES, jr. esq., by the military, masonick fraternity, legislative and municipal authority, and citizens of Charleston, South-Carolina.

In public life, general Geddes has been governor of the state, and also speaker of the house of Representatives of South-Carolina, and Intendant of the city of Charleston for many years. He had also been several times Grand Master of Masons in that state; and at the time of their death, both father and son were members of the same lodge, in the city of Charleston.

The procession moved between 11 and 12 o'clock, in the following order:—

- The military.
- Masonick lodges in proper order.
- Knights Templars.
- Musick.
- Officers of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina.
- Grand Master B. F. HUNT.
- The reverend Clergy.
- Body of John Geddes jr., supported by six masonick pall bearers.
- General Geddes's horse, with accoutrements.
- Body of general Geddes, supported by six military, and six masonick pall bearers; the latter of whom five were Past Grand Masters, and the other, Past Deputy Grand Master.
- Servants of the deceased; Mourners; Brigade officers; Officers of the United States' Army and Navy; Division officers; Governour and staff; Mu-

nicipal officers; the Judiciary; Members of the bar, and Citizens. At the church, the funeral service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Buist, and a concluding prayer by the Rev. Mr. Palmer. The bodies were then conveyed to the place of interment, where the ceremonies were concluded by the customary military and masonick honours.

Charleston papers speak of the procession as numerous and respectable as ever had been witnessed in the city. The bells commenced tolling at an early hour, and continued until the closing of the ceremonies.

At a special communication of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of South-Carolina, held on Thursday the 6th March,

It was, on motion, unanimously resolved, that this Grand Lodge have witnessed with deep regret the death of their late Past Grand Master, Brother JOHN GEDDES, and as a testimony of their respect for the memory of their deceased brother, the Grand Lodge hereby recommends to the officers and members thereof, and those under their jurisdiction to wear crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days; and that the Grand Lodge be clothed in mourning for the same space of time.

By order of the M. W. G. L.

E. HUGHES, G. Sec'y.

MASONICK CEREMONIES.

The foundation stone of Washington Lock, No. 1, on the line of the Pennsylvania canal, was laid with masonick honours, at Pittsburgh, on Saturday the 3d of May inst., by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania. Judge Shaler, the district Grand Master, being prevented by necessary legal business from attending, Magnus M. Murray, esq., mayor of Pittsburgh, Past Grand Master of the district, presided. The procession was formed at 3 o'clock, the masonick body being arranged in proper form, and preceded by captain McCandless's company of city blues. The canal commissioners, engineers, architects, &c., formed a part of the masonick body. Thus arranged, the procession moved from the hall in Water-street, through Water, Market, and Third-streets, to the lock. An immense concourse of spectators covered the high grounds bordering on the canal; and from the windows, balconies, and roofs of the houses of the city, people were seen, one above another, eager to see the ceremony performed.

The Grand Master then addressed the craft, and proceeded to place the stone, pronouncing it well formed, true and trusty. The Grand Treasurer, Brother A. Shaw, made the customary deposits,—coins, scrolls, &c. Upon one of the latter was the following inscription:

"This corner stone of Washington Lock No. 1, of the Pennsylvania canal was laid according to the ancient usages of freemasonry, by a Grand Lodge of ancient York masons, composed of lodges Nos. 45, 113, 165, and 173, working under the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and many sojourning brethren—the 3d day of May, A. D. 1828, A.

L. 5828. Charles Shaler, Right Worshipful District Grand Master—Magnus M. Murray, Past District Grand Master, this day acting Grand Master pro tem.—Samuel Jones, Senior Grand Warden—John T. Stoxe, Junior Grand Warden—George G. Wright, Grand Secretary—Archibald Shaw, Grand Treasurer—E. J. Roberts, Grand Marshal—Daniel Malloy, James M'Avey, James Slayman, and James M'Laughlin, Architects and Contractors for that section of the Pennsylvania canal, extending from the Alleghany to the Monongahela river, of which this lock forms a part."

The other scrolls contained the names of the different lodges, their officers, &c., in the vicinity of the city; the officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania; the names of the canal commissioners and engineers; the municipal authority of Pittsburgh, and other notes and records, properly arranged by brother S. Jones.

The working tools were then presented to the architects, with an appropriate charge; and an address was delivered by brother James Ross. The brethren then returned to the lodge, after which they partook of a sumptuous collation, provided for them by the liberality of the canal contractors. The company departed, expressing the highest satisfaction with every part of the day's exercises, which nothing but the fineness of the atmosphere and the good feelings between all classes could equal.

The first stone of the "Christiana Presbyterian Church of Wilmington" in the state of Delaware, was laid on Monday the 5th inst. by the Grand Lodge of the state of Delaware, in masonick form. We learn by the papers of that borough, that there were nearly two hundred brethren present, and an immense concourse of spectators. The procession was formed at 12 o'clock, in masonick order, when it moved through the Kennet road, and Shipley-street, to Third-street, where it was joined by the clergy and the building committee of the new church; thence through Shipley to Front-street, where it was joined by the Burgesses and borough council; thence through Shipley, Water, Market, and Hanover streets to the site of the building at the corner of Hanover and King streets. The Grand Lodge then proceeded to the ceremony of laying the stone, in which the usual deposits were made; several anthems were sung by the Wilmington Harmonick Society, one of which was composed for the occasion, by the Rev. Joseph Wilson, Grand Chaplain. A prayer was offered, and a highly appropriate address delivered by the Rev. Mr. Danforth; after which the stone was placed in its destined position, and pronounced well formed, true, and trusty, by Deputy Grand Master colonel Josiah F. Clement, acting Grand Master in the absence of G. M. Naudain; and during the singing, corn, wine, and oil were poured upon it, and the blessing of the Almighty Architect invoked on the workmen to be employed in the erection and preservation of the building. The ceremonies were

concluded by an address to the Throne of Grace, by Rex. Mr. Danforth. The ladies who assisted in the singing, are especially entitled to the thanks of the brethren, for their timely and efficient assistance.

CELEBRATIONS.

TOMPKINS COUNTY.

The festival of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated by Iliam Lodge, in the town of Newfield, Tompkins county, on Tuesday the 24th June, 5829. Brethren of adjoining chapters and lodges, and sojourning brethren, are respectfully invited to attend.

JOHN STUBBS,	GILBERT J. OGDEN,
DANIEL M'ALLASTER,	DANIEL BROWN,
REUBEN D. LYON,	ISAAC L. SMITH,
Wm. P. PEXLEY,	DAVID GARTICE,
JEREMIAH HALL,	JAMES BAGLEY,

Committee of Arrangements.

TIoga COUNTY.

The festival of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated by Friendship Lodge, in the village of Owego, Tioga county, on the 24th of June, 5829. Brethren of adjoining Lodges and Chapters, and sojourning brethren, are respectfully invited to attend.

NOAH GOODRICH,	JEDEDIAH FAY,
ELEAZAR DANA,	JOEL S. PAGE,
OTIS LINCOLN,	H. M'CORMICK,
J. R. DRAKE,	J. RIPLEY,
E. S. SWEET,	D. FLEMING,

Committee of Arrangements.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The members of the Royal Arch Chapter, and of Perseverance Lodge, No. 21, will consecrate their new Hall, on next St. John's day the 24th June, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. A procession will be formed precisely at high twelve; and a sermon will be delivered on the occasion by a distinguished member of the order.

All brethren of good standing are respectfully invited to join in the ceremonies.

N. B. WOOD,	SAMUEL DOUGLAS,
CHARLES MOWRY,	HENRY CRITZMAN,
JOHN A. STEHLEY,	SIMON CAMERON,
JACOB SHROM,	JOHN DE PUI,
GEORGE ECHHOLTZ,	

Committee.

OHIO.

At a regular communication of Zanesville Amity Lodge, No. 5, held at their Hall, April 25 A. L. 5828, it was resolved to celebrate the festival of St. John the Baptist on the 24th June next. The neighbouring brethren, and members of the fraternity generally are respectfully invited to attend.

J. S. COPELAND,	A. PETERS,
R. STEWART,	JAS. CALDWELL,
R. RICHMOND,	

Committee of Arrangement.

NEW YORK.

WAYNE COUNTY.

Officers of Newark Royal Arch Chapter, in Newark, Wayne county, elected December 21, 5827:—

Theodore Partridge, High Priest; John Daggett, King; Joseph Miller, Scribe; Rufus A. Roys, Captain of the Host; Asher Doolittle, Principal Sojourner; Jacob Wright, Royal Arch Captain; Hubbard Pond, Cyrus S. Button, and John G. Kanaus, Masters of Vails; Artemas Doan, Secretary; Joseph A. Miller, Treasurer; Caleb Finch, Tyler.

Officers of ——— Lodge, in Newark Wayne, co. elected December 17, 5827:—

John Daggett, Master; Artemas Doan, Senior Warden; Rufus A. Roys, Junior Warden; Jacob Wright, Treasurer; Richard P. Williams, Secretary; Lyman Cobbin, Senior Deacon; John Baldwin; Junior Deacon; Rufus Amisden, and James Cosket, Stewards; Benjamin Chittenden, Tyler.

GREENE COUNTY.

Officers of Newry Lodge, No. 438, in the village of Newry, town of Greenville, county of Greene, elected November 27, 5827:—

Sylvester Guild, Master; Thomas Saxton, Senior Warden; Alfred Clossen, Junior Warden; Andrew Lake, Treasurer; Richard H. Dawson, Secretary; David Wooster, Senior Deacon; John

Foot, Junior Deacon; Aaron Butler and Reuben Wooster, Stewards; Edmund H. Miller, Tyler.

Regular meetings, Tuesday preceding full moon in each month.

KENTUCKY.

Officers of Clinton Lodge, No. 82, in Princeton, Kentucky, elected December 27, 5827:—

Alfred Brock, Master; Gustavus A. Flaurnay, Senior Warden; John H. Rackerly, Junior Warden; William M'Gowan, Treasurer; James C. Wellen, Secretary; Elijah Shephardson, Senior Deacon; Thomas Haynes, Junior Deacon; Howard Cassidy, Steward and Tyler.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

ON REARING SILK WORMS UPON LETTUCES ONLY.

In a letter from Mr. Edw. Hoard, Chymist, to the editor of the London Technological Repository, dated London, Dec. 29, 1828.

The culture of silk has, for some time past, engaged my labours and attention; I diligently read all that has been written on rearing of silk worms in England for the last forty years; and I have daily weighed the plausible objections urged against their successful propagation, from a scanty supply of food especially of that description of it which they are said to prefer, viz. the mulberry leaf.

I am clearly of opinion that too much stress has hitherto been laid upon the necessity of confining the worms solely to the leaf of the mulberry tree. The results of various experiments I have made, have fully demonstrated, that the nature of food has very little to do with the quantity or quality of the silk produced; these deviations arise from quite different causes. *Any vegetable which these insects can relish, so as to constitute their daily food, upon which they evidently thrive and attain maturity, is equally well calculated to supply silk of the same quality, and in equal quantity, as that from the mulberry!* These conclusions, I am aware, stand quite opposed to the notions generally entertained; but we should be governed by facts alone; and a variety of experiments, rigorously conducted with different species of vegetables, have decisively confirmed my opinion.

I have during the present year (1827) reared several hundred worms upon a species of LETTUCE obtained from abroad which have gone through their successive changes, and spun silk of a quality and in quantity equal to that obtained from a corresponding number, fed entirely on the mulberry leaf. Indeed in a few instances, the cocoons were much larger, and the silk double the quantity, in these fed on this lettuce, but on an average there was at least an equality of produce. I have further the pleasure to add, that I have a second generation of these worms, spontaneously hatched this autumn, which have, throughout their larva state, solely subsisted on this lettuce diet, have attained maturity, and in produce yielded similar results. The superiority of this lettuce, over those indigenous to the soil of England, consists in its being less succulent, producing very large leaves, less stalk, and consequently affording less opium (which may be injurious to them) than the common lettuce—the worms, too, invariably give it the preference. In a rich soil, placed at a proper distance from each other, they attain an immense size, and are, therefore, more economical.

It has been conjectured by naturalists, that the mulberry leaf "contains a silky tissue," which is assimilated by the worm, and afterwards spun; were this the case, and this silky matter exclusively found in the leaf of the mulberry, it would naturally follow, that no other food could supply the insect with the requisite materials for forming silk; but the above recited experimental trial, of an exclusive lettuce diet, and its favorable termination, exposes at once the fallacy of such a theory, and confirms the practicability of rearing them entirely on other food.

If we examine a worm in the act of spinning, no vestige of silk appears externally: on destroying the animal and opening its body, there is an equal absence of a silky filament within; a gold coloured, thick, viscous fluid is usually found, and this unquestionably must be the basis of the silk obtained.

It strikes me then, as a probable operation carried on, that this fluid, by a vermicular motion, is gradually ejected into the mouth of the animal, where it undergoes a change, either by abstraction, or absorption of some principle, which renders it convertible from a fluid to a solid state, gives it tenuity and susceptibility of being drawn into a long continuous thread, by the natural instinct and efforts of this industrious animal, until the whole of this juice is thus expended, and then it proceeds to enter into another state of existence, in which it has its last and most important duty to perform—that of perpetuating its species.

I assume it as a fact, sustained fully by my own experiments, that whatever description of food this insect can consume, which ripens it to maturity, and preserves its animal juice in a healthy state, is doubtless fit for the formation of silk; but the quantity must, in a great measure, depend upon the species, size and constitutional energies of the individual worm; a variation often observable in those fed on mulberry leaves, as well as with any other diet.

The primary cause of a defect in the quality and deficiency in the quantity of silk obtained from these insects, (commonly attributed to the quality of the food) proceeds in reality, from errors in the treatment of these animals. When too great a number are congregated together, and no adequate provisions made to remove, frequently, their ordure, in order to keep them perfectly dry and clean; when irregularity in the hours of feeding occur, and their food is not administered free from moisture, and in proper proportions, to avoid waste, being trampled on, or covered with their excrement; when the bodies of those who have died in their various sicknesses are not speedily removed, to prevent contamination; when ventilation is neglected, and a proper temperature not preserved; disease will inevitably be the consequence; the functions of the animal become impaired, and such a state of imbecility will necessarily produce a deteriorated quality, and a diminished quantity of silk.

It is to this cause principally, and not to the quality of the food, that such discrepancies are owing; for it is a well ascertained fact, that these animals will not devour food injurious to their existence; and as lettuces are proved to be as good food for them as mulberry leaves and can be cultivated in all seasons, in sufficient abundance, the main difficulty of their propagation is thus obviated.

There is a consideration, which above all others [in the culture of silk] demands our most grave and immediate attention; and it has, I fear, been much over-looked, or is not generally known.

It is an ascertained fact, that there are different species of the silk worm, some yielding even more than double the quantity of silk that others do; and this silk of a superior quality and colour.

The crops of silk may be doubled by a second generation, in our common temperature; and by ARTIFICIAL HEAT and suitable ventilation, with other concurrent precautions, may be made to yield even three or four crops of silk in succession the same year!

INCREASED SEVERITY OF THE CLIMATE OF NORTH AMERICA.

From the Halifax Nova Scotian.

On few subjects have the opinions of people in North America been more concurrent, than on that of a progressive improvement of their climate. To cast a glance over the former wilderness map of the continent, and then over the present village picture, diversified with marks of agricultural dominion, seems to be in accordance with popular impressions, all that is necessary for securing a continuance in, and giving weight and circulation to, these opinions. A theory, more controvertible by those who choose to be guided exclusively by facts, than that thus generally formed, could not perhaps be set up, though it would be difficult to point out one; which has received more from the combined countenance of talent and prejudice.

Hakluit, in the notes to his history of the Newfoundland Fisheries, relates that one Savalet, a na-

tive of Gascony in France, made forty-two voyages to L'Acadien, (Nova Scotia.) They commenced in 1566 and ended 1607. One circumstance of the history is important to the present inquiry. The vessel of Savalet was frozen up in Annapolis River, but the spring thaw coming, she put to sea again, in the month of March, to the great joy of the men on board. This happened in 1583. Vol. i. p. 112.

The author whose testimony I shall cite next, is the *Sieur Abbeville*. A few years after the treaty of St. Germain (1633) this person joined the Company of New France, and visited the Canadas and Acadia. The country lying between the 45th and 48th degrees of north latitude, he describes as having, generally, a hot soil, favourable for prolific vegetation. The Indians were accustomed to launch their barks in the rivers and streams, the latter part of March. From the first of April, a light dress, or doublet, (*pierpoint*) was worn by most persons, and in the same month, hunting parties in their expeditions were obliged to escape at noon, under some shelter, from the heat of the sun. In his description of some of the animals of North America, the same author alludes to the periods when the weasel and hare (*bellette et lievre*) began to put on their white livery, and if he was any way careful in his observations, it would appear that these quadrupeds wore their summer coats a month longer than they do at present.

One of the Missionaries of Syllery, who, in 1636, founded the Jesuits College at Quebec, was Father De Pon. We find this person thus describing part of an excursion he had taken with some friends in the month of April, into the country adjoining the capital of Canada.

"We sat down under a broad beech tree, and the birds around us seemed to have a friendly contention for the pleasures of the scene. There were some field flowers, to show us what a teeming earth it was, while frolick lambs were seen about the thatched houses of the settlers, seeking a cool shelter from the fervent sun, and comfort from the swollen udders of their dams."

Perhaps the most satisfactory and important historical *compte rendu* of the former state of our climate, is that of Monsieur Lescarbot, who, in the reign of Henry IV. of France, visited and prosecuted some researches in the transatlantic dominions of that monarch. It is to be found in the History of New France, Paris edition, 1609, p. 623. The author spent his time principally at Annapolis, Nova Scotia.

The particulars it communicated explanative of our climate are the following:

1st. More than two centuries ago, morning frosts in Nova Scotia, were not so sharp as to occasion inconvenience, until about the end of January, and through February.

2d. Previous to this period in January, it was customary for the author and others to be lightly clothed.

3d. Annapolis River, (le riviore de l'Equille,) was, on the 11th March, perfectly navigable, so much so, that he and his friends amused themselves on it, on a Sunday afternoon, with music and singing.

4th. In the same month, they made an excursion in the country adjoining the Citadel, where the corn (winter grain) was growing, and dined pleasantly in the open air (*au sol il*).

In another place, p. 625, the author states also, that the Acadians began to dig and sow their gardens in the latter part of March.

I shall, in a forthcoming article, exhibit registers of temperature for the last fifty years, in proof that the climate of North America has been gradually passing from a state of warmth to a state of cold.

BEECHING LIQUID.

From Braide's Lectures.

When water is added to the chloride of lime, it effects its partial decomposition; one half of the chlorine leaves the lime, and dissolves in the water; and this is the bleaching liquid of the shops, which is sold at a high rate, although it cannot cost more than a farthing a gallon. Sometimes this fluid is applied immediately to the substance to be bleached, but sometimes a weak acid is added to destroy the slight affinity of the chlorine for the

lime, and you will see by this addition, how much the bleaching power of the fluid is increased. The manufactory of the chloride of lime is carried on on a large scale in the north of England, by passing chlorine into leaden chambers containing hydrate of lime in fine powder.

THE GATHERER.

BOSWELLIANA.

The following anecdotes are related by, or relate to, the well known James Boswell, who conducted Dr. Johnson to the Highlands of Scotland.

It may be recollected that when Boswell took the doctor to his father's house, the old laird of Auchinleck remarked, that "Jamie had brought an odd kind o' a chiel wi' him?" "Sir," said Boswell, "he is the grand luminary of our hemisphere,—quite a constellation, sir."—"Ursa Major, (the Great Bear,) I suppose," said the laird.

Some snip-snap wit was wont to pass between the sire and son. "Jamie" was bred an advocate, and sometimes pleaded at the bar. Pleading on a particular occasion, before his father, who, at that time, was "Ordinary on the bills," and saying something which his lordship did not like, he exclaimed to Jamie, "Ye're an ass, mon."—"No, my lord," replied Jamie, "I am not an ass, but I am a colt, the foal of an ass!"

In 1785, Boswell addressed "A Letter to the People of Scotland" on a proposed alteration in the court of session. He says in this pamphlet, "When a man of probity and spirit, a lord Newhall, whose character is ably drawn in prose by the late lord president Arniston, and elegantly in verse by Mr. Hamilton of Bangor,—when such a man sits among our judges, should they be disposed to do wrong, he can make them fear and tremble. My honoured father told me, the late lord Auchinleck, that Sir Walter Pringle 'spoke as one having authority'—even when he was at the bar, 'he would cram a decision down their throats.'"

Boswell tells in the same "Letter," that "Duncan Forbes of Culloden, when lord president of the court, gave every day as a toast at his table, 'Here's to every lord of session who does not deserve to be hanged!' Lord Auchinleck and lord Monboddo, both judges, but since his time, are my authority," says Boswell, "for this. I do not say that the toast was very delicate, or even quite decent, but it may give some notion what sort of Judges there may be."

It is further related of Boswell, that a person was executed to please his laird. "Before the heritable jurisdictions were abolished, a man was tried for his life in the court of one of the chieftains. The jury were going to bring him in 'not guilty,' but somebody whispered them, that 'the young laird had never seen an execution,' upon which their verdict was—'death,' and the man was hanged accordingly."

This is only to be paralleled by the story of the Highland dame, whose sense of submission to the chief of her clan induced her to insinuate want of proper respect in her husband, who had been condemned, and showed some reluctance to the halter. "Git up, Donald," said the 'guid wife' to her 'ain guid man; "Git up Donald, and be hangit, an' dinna anger the laird."

A PRINCESS A-PICK-A-PACK.

The great constable of France, Anne de Montmorency, a man whose valour and military skill was only exceeded by his pride, his cruelty, and his bigotry, was ordered by Francis I. to carry on his shoulders, or any way that he could contrive it, his niece, the princess of Navarre, to the altar, where she was, against her will, to be married to the duc de Cleves. Brantome observes, that this was a hard task, as the little lady was so loaded with jewels, and rich brocade of gold and silver, that she could scarcely walk. The whole court were amazed at the king's command, the queen of Navarre was pleased, as she wished her daughter to be humbled, on account of her having imbibed Lutheran principles; but the constable was much hurt, at being exposed to the ridicule of the whole world, and said, "It is henceforward over with me; my favour at court is passed away;" accordingly, he was dismissed as soon as the wedding was over.

SIZE AND VALUE OF MAHOGANY.

These boats (says Roberts in his voyages to the East coast on Central America,) were each cut out of a single tree, one mahogany, the other cedar: measuring about thirty-five feet in length; nearly six feet in breadth; and above five feet in depth. Few people are acquainted with the immense size and value of some logs of mahogany brought to this country. The following may serve as an example. "The largest and finest log of mahogany ever imported into this country, has been recently sold by auction at the docks in Liverpool. It was purchased by James Hodgson, esq. for three hundred and seventy-eight pounds, and afterwards sold by him for five hundred and twenty-five pounds, and if it open well, it is supposed to be worth one thousand pounds. If sawn into veneers, it is computed that the cost of labour in the process will be seven hundred and fifty pounds. The weight at the King's beam is six tons thirteen hundred weight."

PASQUIN OR PASQUINADE.

Takes its name from a cobbler at Rome, called Pasquin, famous for his sneers and gibes; and whose shop was the resort of a number of idle people, who diverted themselves with bantering folks as they passed by. After Pasquin's death, as they were digging up the pavement before his shop, they found a statue of an ancient gladiator, well cut, but maimed, and half spoiled. This they set up in the place where it was found, at the corner of the deceased Pasquin's shop, and by common consent, called it by the name of the defunct. From that time all satires and lampoons are ascribed to this figure. This statue is to be seen in a corner of the Palace of the Ursini, at Rome, and lampoons are frequently put in its mouth or pasted against it.

CLERICAL DRESS.

We never could understand the reason for the clergy being clad in black. Why should the messengers of glad tidings wear that gloomy colour? There are certain offices, which from their ill-boding nature would seem to render a black dress appropriate—such, for example, are those of the lawyer, the sheriff, the executioner, the undertaker, &c. But he, who proclaims peace here, and life and immortality hereafter, should rather be clad in garments of white, as emblematical of the joyous nature of his mission as well as indicative of the purity of character which the pastor of the flock should sustain. [Berkshire American.]

TAKING A LIBERTY.

The most singular instance of British pride is related of a man, known in his time by the name of the "Proud Duke of Somerset." This pillar of "the Corinthian capital of polished society" married a second wife. One day, with an affectionate case, she suddenly threw her arm round his neck; and fondly saluted him. "Madam," said the unmanly peer, "my first wife was a Percy, and she would not have taken such a liberty."

UPRIGHTNESS IN DEATH.

Of German pride we have the following extraordinary anecdote:—A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed, and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

LITERARY NURSERYMEN.

Melancthon studied the gravest points of theology, while he held his book in one hand, and in the other the edge of a cradle, which he incessantly rocked.

"M. Esprit," a celebrated author and scholar, "has been caught by me," says M. Marville, "reading Plato with great attention, considering the interrogations which he met, from the necessity of frequently sounding his little child's whistle."

LANDED ESTATES IN HEAVEN.

The charter of the foundation of the Abbey of Signy, in Champagne, states, in express terms, that St. Bernard promised as many acres in heaven as should be given on earth to the abbey.

POPULAR TALES.

THE HYPOCONDRIACK.

From "Death's Doings," by an Eye Witness.

Tom Wunderlich was the son of Jacob Wunderlich, an honest sugar-baker, on Fish-Street Hill, who, having acquired an ample fortune in trade, was anxious to elevate his descendants, above the humble German stock from which he sprung, by marrying into some patrician family of his adopted country, to whom his wealth and interest in the city would make him acceptable. He fixed his choice upon the eldest daughter of Sir Roger Penny, a baronet of an ancient family, with much pride, two sons, eleven daughters, and twelve hundred a-year; but the match was not concluded without the stipulation that he would get himself previously knighted, a matter which, although at variance with his sugar-baking ideas, yet, he was convinced, was consistent with the object of his marriage; and, having accomplished it, he quickly transformed Miss Penny into Lady Wunderlich.

My lady gained some long anticipated points by her marriage. She had acquired the same title as her mother, and, although the rank of her husband was inferior to that of her father, yet his fortune turned the scale greatly in her favour. She had much at her command; and by her power of occasionally obliging the old lady in pecuniary matters, she obtained an ascendancy over her mamma which consoled her for deficiency of rank. Poor Wunderlich, on the contrary, found that he had spread his bed with nettles. His sugar-baking concern he willingly relinquished, as his fortune was ample; but to quit Lloyd's; his old cronies and city habits; to be forced to enter into the beau-monde; to pay and receive forenoon calls with my lady; attend evening parties, give at homes, balls and suppers; and, to use his own expressions, "to have his house turned inside out," without daring to exclaim, "My Got, meine ladie! this will not do!"—was too much for the worthy knight; whose chagrin, having brought on an attack of confirmed jaundice, terminated his disappointment and his life, a few months after the birth of our hero. Previous to his death, however, Sir Jacob had made a will, leaving a very moderate jointure only to Lady Wunderlich; and the reversion of his property to his son; failing whom it was to devolve upon a nephew who had succeeded him in the sugar-baking concern. This deed blasted the hopes of any second alliance, in the mind of Lady Wunderlich, and obliged her to devote her life to the superintendence of the health and education of her son, on whom all her expectations now rested.

"I recollect Tom" (says the writer of this narrative,) "at school; a fine spirited boy; a little wilful, perhaps, and too timid in the play-ground, if a shower threatened, or the wind blew from the north east. But then, although all the boys quizzed him, yet, they pitied him; for his mamma sent every morning to inquire after his health. Mr. Bolus, the apothecary, saw him regular twice a week, when he was well, and twice a day if labouring under the slightest symptoms of indisposition; and, frequently, when the boys, on a half-holiday, were at cricket on the common, a servant would ride over from the Pavilion, to see whether Tom had cast his jacket; or, if the air happened to be chilly, whether his neck were encompassed with one of the numerous bandanas her ladyship had sent for that purpose in his trunk. Tom was not devoid of ability, but Doctor Bumpem was ordered not to overstrain his mind; for being a delicate boy, an only child, and heir to a large fortune, learning was quite a secondary concern; health was every thing, and to secure that all other considerations were to yield. Tom was, nevertheless, a mild, good-natured, friendly boy; and, although he was frequently laughed at, as much on account of his mother's weakness as his own, yet he was universally liked. But, as he did little in the way of classical literature, he quitted Bumpem's with the character of being a good-natured, idle, soft-headed boy; whom the Doctor said it would be useless to send to Eton, or to Harrow; and, therefore, in order to fit him for Oxford, in which university, his fortune, in her ladyship's opinion, rendered it necessary he should sojourn, he was placed under the care of a clergyman, near

Cheltenham. This arrangement was formed by Lady Wunderlich, in order that Tom, whilst his head was stored with classics by his tutor, should have the health of his body confirmed by the constant use of the waters; to superintend which, her ladyship took a house in that modern Sinope.*

From this time I lost sight of Tom for nearly ten years, during three of which I have been informed he lived in Exeter College, Oxford, where he kept a couple of horses and a servant; that, four years after leaving the university, he had travelled to Italy, attended by Dr. Bolus; for the quondam apothecary had procured an Aberdeen diploma, at her ladyship's request, in order to confer dignity on himself, and add to that of his patron, in the eyes of foreigners. The doctor was chosen for this important office, because he had been acquainted with Tom's constitution from his infancy; and not less on account of his knowledge of that of her ladyship, who was to be the companion of her son and the doctor; for the latter of whom, it was scandalously reported, she had a more than ordinary attachment. How Tom passed through this journey, and what harvest of knowledge he reaped from travel, I could never learn; although I have heard him declaim against the continent generally for its want of comfort and of medical talent; and once descant feelingly on the insupportable heat of Naples and the infernal scorching sirocco which he felt at Nice. Tom, however, having become of age when on his travels, her ladyship and the doctor contrived to wheedle him out of twenty thousand pounds; and, having united their destinies, Mr. and Mrs. Bolus remained behind at Naples; whilst their son returned to England with a young Scotch physician, who was glad of an opportunity of being franked home. Tom had arrived ten days only, when I happened to meet him in Hyde Park.

It was towards the middle of May: the wind was blowing rather sharply from the northeast, when looking in at the window of a chariot, which formed one of the line of vehicles that moved slowly along on each side of me as I walked my horse up the drive, I perceived a gentleman, whom I thought I ought to recognize, seated in the corner of the carriage, muffled up in a fur cloak. He seemed also to be actuated by the same feeling, for, as if by a simultaneous impulse, his fingers were tapping at the glass at the moment I was turning my horse's head to beckon him to let down the window. I soon perceived he was my old schoolfellow, and waited for a minute expecting the carriage window to be opened; but finding that, from the shake of his head and his signs, he wished me to go round to the leeward side of the carriage, which, with some difficulty, I was enabled to effect; in a few minutes I was convinced, from the shake of his hand, that my friend Wunderlich carried in his bosom the same heart, as a man, which had beaten so warmly in it as a boy. "Hah! Dick, my worthy fellow!" said he, "how happy I am to meet you. Let me see! it is ten years since we parted at old Bumpem's—how is the old boy!—Ten years! faith, time has altered both of us, Dick; I have been over half of Europe since we parted, and it is only ten days since I arrived from Italy. But," continued he, holding a handkerchief to his mouth, "this cursed variable climate will kill me. Indeed, my dear friend! you must excuse me from talking more at present: but come to me this evening. I have lodgings at the bookseller's, in Holles-street:—went there to be near my doctor:—good bye, Dick! don't fail to come, good bye! adieu!" and drawing up the window, he beckoned the coachman to drive on. I had returned my friend's salutation with all the warmth in my nature; but after the first "how d'ye"—could not wedge in a single sentence; and remained as it were, rivetted to the spot, for a few minutes after his carriage drove on, uncertain whether the whole was not a delusion. "If it be not so," thought I, "the poor fellow must be either on the verge of insanity, if not already insane: but I will determine the point this evening, by calling at his lodgings;" and, turning my horse, I rode home to dinner, revolving in my mind the oddness of our meeting, after so long an absence.

It was nine o'clock in the evening, when I en-

tered Tom's lodgings. He was seated before a large fire, in an elbow-chair, rolled in a chintz dressing-gown, with his night cap on, and his feet pushed into a pair of red morocco slippers lined with fur. On a small table near him, lay his watch, six apothecary's phials full of medicine, one of which, by the label, was to be taken every fourth hour, and a pill box containing half a dozen pills. On the same table, also, was a pair of scales, in which I perceived he had been weighing two ounces of biscuit; and a graduated pint measure, which contained one ounce and a half of distilled water. Tom rose and shook me warmly by the hand as I entered the room; but his eye had lost the animation it displayed when we first recognized one another in the park; and he was more emaciated than I had anticipated I should find him. "I am truly grieved to see you in this plight, my dear friend," said I, glancing my eye upon the garniture of the little table; "what are your complaints?" "Ah!" replied he, forcing a faint smile, "there's the rub!—Were my complaints but known, there would be no difficulty in curing them. At least, so says Dr. Frogfoot, who, however, assures me that it is a gastrick affection; and that the uneasy state of my head is merely symptomatic, depending on the connexion between the par vagrum, the symptomatic nerve, and the great semilunar ganglion." I saw I had hit upon a wrong key. "My learning, my dear Tom!" said I, "does not enable me to follow you into the depths of physick which these terms imply."—"I know nothing of them either," replied he, "I only give you the doctor's words." He, however, with the greatest politeness changed the matter of our discourse, which gradually became extremely animated, and taking me kindly by the hand, as I rose to depart, he acknowledged that my visit had done him an essential service; that the pain in his eye, which he was apprehensive was an incipient cataract, had completely left him; and he earnestly begged that I would repeat my visits every evening, whilst I remained in town. My hand was upon the handle of the room-door, and he had rung the bell for his servant to attend me to the street door, when I turned round, recollecting that I had not inquired after his mother; and merely asked "how and where she was!" He started up and approached me—"You must," said he, "sit down, only for ten minutes, to hear that part of my story." I sat down accordingly. "You know that d—d fellow Bolus!—but, I am forgetting," looking at his watch, "it is time to take my pill and draught." He instantly placed one of the pills upon his tongue, and washed it down with a draught, which he emptied into his mouth, from the phial, without evincing the least reluctance to it, in any feature of his face; and, having sat down, again began his narrative.

"You know that fellow Bolus! He became a physician and attended me on my travels, in which my mother also formed a party. He quite mistook my case, and treated me improperly from the beginning; but, at length, he formed a design upon my poor mother; and, as his suit advanced with her, he became more and more negligent of his patient, until he had the impudence to tell me, that my complaints were all imaginary; although the rascal knew that my liver was in the most torpid state, and the secretions consequently vitiated; that my stomach had lost its digestive functions; that the bowels were in such a sluggish condition as to require the constant aid of art; all which had so shaken my nerves that life was a burden to me, and I would have given a thousand pounds to any wretched bravo, to have blown my brains out." Here my poor friend sunk back in his chair, and seemed almost affected to tears with the recollection of what he regarded as the height of inhumanity in Dr. Bolus. It was in vain for me to interfere. I said nothing, and he soon recovered his self-possession. "I really believe," continued he, "that the fellow would have poisoned me if I had remained longer his patient." I soon convinced him that the Doctor could have no interest in his death, as his fortune would pass to his cousin, and not to his mother, with the detail of whose marriage with Bolus he had concluded his story. He appeared struck that he should have forgotten this fact; and then, as if he thought I also doubted the validity of his complaints, be-

* The original name of Sinnesa, a town in Campania, celebrated for its hot baths and mineral waters, was Sinope. Ovid, Met. 13, v. 715. Mela, 2, c. 4. Strab. 5. Liv. 22, c. 13. Mart. 6, ep. 42, lib. 11, ep. 6.

seemed me to meet Dr. Frogfoot on the following day; and concluded by assuring me, that he believed he had water on his brain, for that, "this morning, two drops of as clear fluid as ever distilled from a rock, dropped from his nose whilst he was at breakfast." I promised to be present at Dr. Frogfoot's next visit, and hurried out of the house, happy again to get into the world of reality; fearful that my own imagination might become infected, were I to remain long in the imaginary atmosphere of evils which surrounded my unhappy friend.

I entered Tom's apartment, on the following day, at one o'clock, and in less than two minutes the Doctor was announced. He was a tall, spare man, of much gravity of demeanour, rather advanced in years, with a thin sharp visage, an ample forehead, deeply sunk eyes, hollow cheeks, and a hanging of the nether lip, as Shakspeare would express himself, which gave a marked peculiarity of expression to his countenance. He made a slight inclination with his head as he entered the room, and, having seated himself close to my friend, inquired, in a soft under-tone of voice, how he felt himself; whilst, at the same time he took out his watch, and placed his fingers upon the pulse of his patient. Tom said nothing until this ceremony was over, after which he put out his tongue, then drew a deep inspiration, and immediately commenced a voluble detail of all his symptoms and feelings since the doctor's last visit, not forgetting an exact account of the ingesta, and the quality and aspect, to the nicest shade of colour, of the egesta. He had had pains in his legs, arms, head, and heart; he was certain his complaint was retrocedent Gout; he was alarmed this morning with straitness in the swallow, indicative of *Dysphagia*; his perspirations were sometimes so great, that he conceived he must be the first victim to a return of the *Sudor Anglicus*; and concluded by seriously inquiring, whether *Phlegmasia dolens* ever attacked the arm, as his right arm was so much swelled in the morning, that he was certain it could not have entered the sleeve of his coat, if the swelling had not greatly fallen. I heard, with amazement Tom's knowledge of diseases, and their names; the doctor listened to him with patience; and, at the end of each sentence, ejaculated the word—"Aye!" He then made a few remarks; told him that he must be galvanized again, on the following day; wrote on a sheet of paper, "*Pergat in usu medicamentorum*," took his fee, said, "Good day," in his soft, low voice, with a gentle smile on his features; and again gently inclining his head, left the room.

"This is really too much," said Tom as the door closed upon Frogfoot; "that is the tenth fee which I have given the doctor, without receiving any more satisfaction than you have heard to-day, or one new prescription. As for his galvanism—my skin is excoriated with the heat of it where the brushes are placed; and I am certain that if that hot stream is passed through my spine and liver much longer, I shall be burnt to a cinder. I will write him this instant to discontinue his attendance, and procure some other advice. Do you know any good physician, my dear Dick?" As I was convinced that this hasty determination of poor Wunderlich afforded me an excellent opportunity to try the effects of change of air; scene, and social intercourse, in diverting his mind from his corporeal ailments, in which I could not help thinking that fancy had a considerable share, I told him that I knew an excellent physician, who lived near me in the country, and who I was satisfied could cure him. He caught at the information. "But," continued I, "you must go with me into Worcestershire; the air of the Malvern hills, the pure water, the skill of the doctor, and my own good nursing, will do wonders for you. I shall be here to-morrow with my travelling-carriage, at twelve; so have every thing in readiness—I will take no refusal." He looked seriously at me; for a few seconds; and then said, "I thank you greatly; but I cannot stand the fatigue of such a journey."—"Nonsense, Tom! trust that to me. Be ready at twelve;" and I abruptly left the house before he had time to utter a negative. "A pretty scrape I have got into," thought I, as I walked down Regent-street: "to volunteer myself as the keeper of a hypocondriack on the verge of insani-

ty!—yet—he is my friend, and I am rescuing a drowning man, which is the duty of every passer-by who sees his danger, be he friend or foe."

(Continued next week.)

MISCELLANY.

QUACKS.

[From Angelo's Reminiscences.]

Formerly the mountebank doctor was as constant a visiter at every market-place as the peddler with his pack. Almost all old customs, however, have ceased in our time, and these itinerants are now rarely seen. The travelling doctor, with his *zany*, I believe, is now no where to be seen in Great Britain; and the mountebank himself is become almost an obsolete character. Dr. Bossy was certainly the last who exhibited in the British metropolis, and his public services ceased about forty years ago. Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the northwest colonnade, Covent Garden. The platform was about six feet from the ground, was covered, open in front, and was ascended by a broad step-ladder. On one side was a table, with medicine chest, and surgical apparatus, displayed on a table, with drawers. In the centre of the stage was an arm chair, in which the patient was seated; and before the doctor commenced operations, he advanced, taking off his gold-laced cocked hat, and, bowing right and left, began addressing the populace which crowded before his booth. The following dialogue, *ad litteram*, will afford the reader a characteristic specimen of one of the customs of the last age. It should be observed that the doctor was a humourist. An aged woman was helped up the ladder, and seated in the chair; she had been deaf, nearly blind, and was lame to boot; indeed, she might be said to have been visited with Mrs. Thrale's three warnings, and death would have walked in at her door, only that Dr. Bossy blocked up the passage. The doctor asked questions with an audible voice, and the patient responded—he usually repeating the response, in his Anglo-German dialect. Doctor. Dis poora voman vot is—how old vosh you? Old Woman. I be almost eighty, sir; seventy-nine last Lady-day, old style. Doctor. Ah, tat is an incurable disease. Old Woman. O dear! O dear! say not so—incurable! Why you have restored my sight—I can hear again—and I can walk without my crutches. Doctor (smiling.) No, no, good voman—old age is vot is incurable; but, by the blessing of Gote, I vill cure you of vot is elshe. Dis poora voman vos lame, and deaf, and almost blind. How many hospitels have you been in? Old Woman. Three, sir; St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and St. George's. Doctor. Vot, and you found no reliefs? vot none—not at all! Old Woman. No, none at all, sir. Doctor. And how many medical professioners have attended you? Old Woman. Some twenty or thirty sir. Doctor. O mine Gote! Three sick hospitels, and dirty (thirty) doctors! I should vonder vot if you have not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora voman has become mine patient. Doctor Bossy gain all patients brunounced ingurable; pote mid de blessing of Brovidence, I shall make short work of it, and set you upon your legs again. Goode beoples, dis poora voman vas teaf as a toor nails (holding up his watch to her ear, and striking the repeater.) Can you hear dat pell? Old Woman. Yes, sir. Doctor. O den be thankful to Gote. Can you vork round this chair? (offering his arm.) Old Woman. Yes, sir. Doctor. Sit you town again, good voman. Can you see? Old Woman. Pretty so-so, doctor. Doctor. Vot can you see, good voman? Old Woman. I can see the baker there (pointing to a mutton-pie-man, with the pie-board on his head. All eyes were turned towards him.) Doctor. And what else can you see, good voman? Old Woman. The poll-parrot there, (pointing to Richardson's hotel.) "Lying old—," screamed Richardson's poll-parrot. All the crowd shouted with laughter. Dr. Bossy waited until the laugh had subsided, and looking across the way, significantly shook his head at the parrot, and gravely exclaimed, laying his hand on his bosom, "Tis no lie, your silly pird, 'tis all true as is de gospel." Those who knew Covent Garden half a century ago can not have forgotten the famed

Dr. Bossy. And there are those too, yet living in Covent Garden parish, who also recollect Richardson's gray parrot, second in fame only (though of prior renown) to Colonel O'Kelly's bird, which excelled all others upon record. This Covent Garden mock-bird had picked up many familiar phrases, so liberally doled out at each other by the wrangling basket-women, which were often, as on this occasion, so aptly coincidental, that the good folks who attended the market believed pretty well to be endowed with reason. The elder Edwin, of comick memory, who resided over the north-east piazza (improperly so termed,) used to relate many curious stories of this parrot. Among others, that one day, the nail on which her cage was hung in front of the house having suddenly given way, the cage fell upon the pavement from a considerable height. Several persons ran to the spot, expecting to find their old favourite dead, and their fears were confirmed, as the bird lay motionless; when suddenly raising her head, she exclaimed, "Broke my back, by G—!" Every one believed it even so, when suddenly she climbed up with her beak and claw, and burst into a loud fit of laughter. Nearly underneath her cage had long been a porter's block, and, doubtless, she had caught the profane apostrophe from the market-garden porters, on pitching their heavy loads.

LETTER FROM DOCTOR FRANKLIN TO MADAME HELVETIUS.

[From Memoires Historiques, &c.]

Mortified at this resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening that you would remain single the rest of your life as a compliment due to the memory of your husband, I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon my bed, I dreamt that I was dead and transported to the Elysian Fields. I was asked whether I wished to see any person in particular, to which I replied that I wished to see the philosophers. There are two who live here at hand in this garden, they are good neighbours and very friendly the one towards the other. Who are they? Socrates and Helvetius. I esteem them both highly, but let me see Helvetius first, because I understand a little French, but not a word of Greek. I was conducted to him, he received me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by character some time. He asked me a thousand questions relative to the war, to the present state of religion, of liberty, and of the government in France. "You do not inquire then," said I, after your dear friend Madame Helvetius, yet she loves you exceedingly; I was in her company not more than an hour ago." "Ah," said he, "you make me recur to my past happiness which ought to be forgotten in order to be happy here. For many years I could think of nothing but her, though I am at length somewhat consoled. I have taken another wife the most like her I could find; she is not indeed altogether so handsome, but she has a great fund of wit and good sense, her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me this evening; stay here awhile and you will see her." "I perceive," said I, "that your former friend is more faithful to you, than you are to her; she has had several very good offers but has refused them all. I will confess to you that I love her extremely, but she is cruel to me, and rejects me peremptorily for your sake." "I pity you sincerely," said he, "for she is an excellent woman, and has a very good understanding. But do not the Abbe de La Roche and the Abbe M— visit her?" "Certainly they do, not one of your friends has dropped her acquaintance." "If you had gained the Abbe M— with a bribe of good coffee and cream perhaps you would have succeeded, for he is as deep a reasoner as Saint Thomas; he arranges and methodizes his arguments in such a manner that they are irresistible. Or, if by a fine edition of some old classick you had gained the Abbe de La Roche to speak against you, that would have been still better, as I always observed that when he recommended any thing my wife had a great inclination to do directly the contrary." As he finished these words the new Madame Helvetius entered, and I recognized her immediately as my former American friend Mrs. Franklin. I would have reclaimed her but she answered me coldly; "I was a good wife to you for

forty-nine years and four months, nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connexion here which will last to eternity." Displeased with this refusal of my Eurydice I immediately resolved to quit the ungrateful Shades, and return hither into this fair world again to behold the sun and you. Here then I am, Madam, let us revenge ourselves.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1828.

✂ We are again indebted to our New-York friend for English, French, Scotch, and Irish papers, to the 21 of April ultimo.

✂ Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

May 24. Saint Vincent; Saint Donatian; Saint Rogation; Saint John de Prado. On this day, 1736, five felons in Newgate were to have been executed; but the prison was so insecure that one of them made his escape. The other four were taken to Tyburn and executed; and Jack Ketch, on his way home, robbed a woman of three shillings and sixpence.

May 25. Saints Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, Urban, Adhelm; Gregory VII., Maximus, Venerand, Dumbade, &c. WHITSUNDAY. This is the annual commemoration of the feast of the Pentecost. It is celebrated with great ceremony in all Catholic countries, and among many of the Protestant churches, is observed with great respect. When England was yet a Catholic kingdom, it was usual to dramatize the descent of the Holy Ghost in the churches. Thus we see in the old fashioned rhymes of Barnaby Googe,—

"On Whitsunday whyte pigeons tame
In strings from heaven fle,
And one that framed is of wood
Still hangeth in the skie."

In Spain, also, wafers, or cakes, preceded by water, oak leaves, or burning torches, were thrown down from the church roof; small birds with cakes tied to their legs, and pigeons were let loose; sometimes there were tame white ones tied with strings, or one with wood suspended. This moveable feast is still observed even in this country, in several churches. It would not be improper, perhaps, to mention a rather curious tradition in the annals of the saints, respecting Saint Adhelm. It is recorded of him, in the "Golden Legend," that, while saying mass in the church of Saint John de Lateran, in Rome, he put off his vestment; the servant neglecting to take it, he hung it on a sunbeam, whereon it remained, "to the wonderful admiration of the beholders!"—1796, the island of Saint Lucia surrendered to the British forces under Sir Ralph Abercrombie.

May 26. Saint Philip Neri; Saint Augustine, Archbishop of Canterbury; Saint Eleutherius; Saint Quadratus; Saint Oduvald. WHITMONDAY. The observance of this day as an annual holiday, is one of the good old European customs which has become almost extinct. That our New-England ancestors should utterly neglect the observance of cheerful holidays is not strange. They were Puritans, and brought over with them that detestation for May-day sports, and all such innocent and healthy field games, which were at that time so much cried against by the steeple crowned preachers of England. Though to this day, Whitmonday is a universal festival in the humble ranks of life, throughout the kingdom of Great Britain, it has never been restored to its place among the cheer-inspiring seasons of the New-England calendar. Not so among our citizens who are of German descent. With them it has lived in all its hilarity, for a century or more. It begins to lose its interest among them in some portions of our country, it is true; but even now, our gray headed old German fathers, smoothe their furrowed brows, and amidst the hilarity of *Pfingst-Montag*, their heart simst sing,—

"O, gäbe den Deutschen ein holdes Geschick
Die glücklichen Grossvaterzeiten zurück."

—1784 there was a grand jubilee in Westminster Abbey, in honour of the memory of Handel.—1815, the legislators, electors, citizens, and soldiers of France, swore fidelity to Buonaparte on his return from Elba.

May 27. Saint John, Pope; Saint Bede; Saint Julius.

Saint Bede was an Englishman, in priests' orders. He is styled by Wordsworth, "venerable Bede." He was a prodigy of learning in an unlearned age. It is said that Europe scarcely ever produced a greater scholar. He was a teacher of youth, and had at one time six hundred pupils under his tuition; yet he never neglected his clerical duties, and also wrote an incredible number of books, on theology, science and the polite arts. He fell into some of the prevailing absurd opinions of the day; but who escaped them? He flourished in the year 735. We hope it will not be conceived ridiculous in us to relate one of the miracles which tradition has fixed to the character of this venerable saint and philosopher. There is always a desire to attribute miracles to every good and great worthy in the church; and thus we find in the "Golden Legend" the following ridiculous story. Saint Bede, when he had lost his sight wished to be led forth to preach; and his servant, for a profane jest, led him to a heap of stones, to which the good father, delivered a powerful discourse, thinking himself addressing a sensible congregation. But to shame the wicked servant, and to serve as a miraculous reproach to the stony hearted hearers of the word in every place, when he had finished his sermon, the flinty hearers found a tongue and with one accord, the whole heap were heard to give in a full voice, the customary response, "Amen!"—1799, on this and the three following days, the library of the celebrated Addison was sold at auction in London. The whole of the books, manuscripts, &c., produced £456 2s. 9d., or \$2027, 27.—1813, Fort George and Fort Erie, two British posts near the head of Lake Ontario, were captured by the American troops.

May 28. Saints Germanus and Caranus, or Cheron.—1546, Cardinal Beaton, primate of Scotland was assassinated in his own palace, by John Lesly, and Normand Lesly, brother and son to the earl of Rothes, and about twelve others. This deed was done to avenge the death of George Wishart, a reformer, whom Beaton had caused to be burned for a heretic, and forbid by proclamation that any should pray for him, under the heaviest ecclesiastical censures. They entered his palace at Saint Andrews, early in the morning, and thrust out a hundred tradesmen and fifty servants before their intentions were suspected; and having secured the gates, proceeded very deliberately to execute their purpose on the cardinal. Beaton alarmed, barricaded the door of his chamber, but finding that they were about to force the door, he opened it, and conjured them to spare his life, reminding them that he was a priest. James Melvil, one of the company, stopped the career of those who would have slain him without a word, and bade them reflect that the work they were about to do was the judgement of God, and ought to be executed with becoming deliberation and gravity. He then called on Beaton to repent of his iniquities, especially of the murder of Wishart; and solemnly protested that it was not from any personal hatred, fear, or envy, that they sought his life; but that they believed themselves sent by God to inflict a deserved punishment. He then thrust him through the body; and his corpse was afterwards exposed to public view, in the very spot where he had a few days before set with his prelates on velvet cushions, under a splendid canopy, to witness the execution of George Wishart.—1795, Mr. Patrick Henry brought into the house of burgesses of Virginia, his memorable resolutions;—that the first settlers of Virginia brought with them all the liberties of British subjects; that they had been ratified by two royal charters;—that they had enjoyed those rights, without dispute; that the General Assembly of Virginia, together with the king, or his substitutes, had the sole and exclusive privilege of levying taxes on the inhabitants of the colony;—that the inhabitants of the colony were not bound to yield obedience to any other authority intent on imposing any taxation on them.—and that any person who should assert the contrary, shall be deemed an enemy to this his majesty's colony. These sentiments were so bold and novel, so firm and unexpected, that one of the members was affected to such a degree, that he cried out "Treason! Treason!" The people however believed them true, and the result proved them so.

May 29. Saints Maximinus, Cyril, Conon and his son, Sisinarius, Martyrius, and Alexanier. This day is the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II., or rather the day in which he entered London, in 1660, and re-established roy-

alty, which had been suspended from the death of his father. It is customary with the peasantry of England to wear oak leaves in their hats on this day, and dress their horses' heads with them. This is in commemoration of the shelter afforded to the king by an oak, while making his escape from England, after his defeat at Worcester, September 3, 1651. While concealed for a season in Boscobel house, in the borders of Staffordshire, he lay several nights on straw in the house, and fed on such coarse fare as it afforded. Understanding that search was to be made, he mounted into an oak, in company with Colonel Carlos, and staid hidden among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours; the family reaching them victuals with a nut-hook. In this situation he could neither stir nor speak without imminent danger; for during this space he saw several soldiers pass by, all of whom were in pursuit of him, and some expressed in his hearing their earnest wish of seizing him. This oak has perished, but another has been raised on the spot from one of its acorns, and goes by the title of the *Royal Oak*. It is enclosed with a brick wall with the inside covered with laurel, of which we may say with Ovid, when he speaks of that before the Augustine palace,—

"Mediamque tuebere quercum."

Close by its side there stands a young thriving plant, from one of its acorns. Charles was absent from his kingdom nearly nine years. It was sometime before he could secure his flight, and during this time he was in constant jeopardy, as well as his numerous loyal friends who secreted him. He was often protected and hid by the Catholics themselves, whose religion he was bound as king of England to oppose. The priests' hole, as it is called, where persecuted priests were allowed a refuge, was often employed to shelter him. Will any one now doubt that a Catholic may be a loyal subject? It would have been well had the kingdom found him worthy in every respect of such disinterested loyalty.—1813, the British made an attack on Sackett's Harbour, and are defeated with the loss of their commander and a dreadful slaughter of troops, by the New-York militia and a few regular soldiers, under general Brown. This battle cost the Americans some valuable lives; among the rest, the brave colonel Electus Bagkus was universally lamented.

May 30. Saint Felix I.; Saint Walstan; Saint Ferdinand; Saint Madelgisibus.—1431, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, was publicly burned at Rouen, France. [See first volume of the American Masonick Record, pp. 236—237.] Her memory is revered by Frenchmen, and even the English of the age were ashamed of the inhuman deed. A splendid fountain stands on the very spot where she was burned, in the old market place of Rouen.—1814, two gunboats and 175 soldiers, with five barges were captured at Sandy creek, on Lake Ontario, by Major Appling, with 129 riflemen and a few Indians. The British loss was fourteen killed and twenty-four wounded; Americans, one wounded.—1539, Fernando de Soto landed at Spirito Santo, in Florida, having sailed from Cuba with the intent of conquering the country, and annexing it to the Spanish crown.

MORE WONTERS. By a letter from a friend, dated Lockport, May 17th, we learn that colonel WILLIAM KING, the same person of whom Messrs. Garlinghouse and Bates were sent in pursuit, and who they say, made his escape from them by the connivance of the commandant, has returned from Arkansas, and is now with his family in Niagara county. This letter is worthy of the most implicit belief; from a man whose word would be sufficient even among anti-masons. It is also confirmed by the Rochester Republican of the 19th. We learn that colonel King did not try to make his escape from Garlinghouse and Bates; but refused to come with them, a distance of nearly three thousand miles, as a criminal. He comes back to defend himself from the charges wickedly and maliciously brought against him. It is false that he ever ran away. He went away from that county openly, and all knew where he was going. Bates Cook has pretended to act honest in this Morgan excitement; and here we have a specimen of his honesty. The night before he went away he heard from King's own lips his intention and his business. All knew what his business was, and since that time, Cook has very honestly assented to the story that he ran away. Who will now condemn the course that King has taken. He will be justified by all who

owe him no malice or who would not willingly have shaved the state out of a large amount of money for the very humane service of jolting him in a wheel carriage, over the fine roads between here and Arkansas, together with the fun of exhibiting him in irons at every tavern and village by the way! To such men he has bid defiance, and at the same time shown a respect for the laws, which does him honour. We repeat it. All honest men will justify him in it. He may be thrown into prison; he may be used with all the contumely imaginable; he may be ruined by the expenses of defending his character, or his life; he may—and we doubt not it will be attempted—he may be condemned by the testimony of such men as *Edward Giddins*, or the stratagem of such a man as *Thurlow Weed*. But he fears not either, and if we are not mistaken in our conception of his character, the *humbug* makers have caught a Tartar this time.

Now for the poor, murdered, kidnapped, spitit-away, lost witness, *ELISHA ADAMS*. He who has figured in all the anti-masonick *handbills* of cant and scurrility, and even arrived at the honour of a notice from the acting governor of this great state.

First we heard that he knew all about the murder of Morgan, and was carried away or lost while on his way to attend the trials of the conspirators. Next we hear from himself that he knows nothing about the affair, and that he left home publicly for his friends in Vermont. What then? *Thurlow Weed* of barber-ous fame, was deputed, and we presume paid, by our acting governor to fetch him from his place of captivity, for a witness at the approaching trials. He came through this city; staid over night; went with his liberated charge to oyster cellars, &c.; in short, lived like fighting cocks; but we never could learn that he had made any disclosures as to the fate of Morgan, and on the contrary, we heard it reported that he knew nothing about it. But it must be that he told *Weed* that he knew all about it, while on his journey; for the anti-masonick papers say so; and we all know they are too pious to lie. But half his troubles do not end here. He goes back to his former place of residence, and the very next we hear, he is indicted for a misdemeanor, for aiding in the abduction of Morgan. We have heard of George Buchanan's plan of contriving to be carried to London without expense, when he was out of money, by creating a suspicion that he was working treason; and if *Elisha Adams* has played at that game to get back from Vermont, he deserves to be indicted. But *Giddins* is the man who makes the chaff fly. He points his finger, and whether *Weed* tells him where or not, wherever he points there flies an arrest. He says that *Adams* and himself were with Morgan at Fort Niagara; that while *Giddins* was absent to York the deed was done; and that *Adams* was present. If so, why was he not arrested before as a principal? Why was not *Giddins* also indicted as an accessory? Were they spared for witnesses? If so, we have one question to ask, and we have done. Did any of our citizens ever hear of an accomplice or a principal, allowed the prerogatives of a state witness without previous indictment?

"THE COMMONWEALTH OF KINGS." It is a fact that among her free and happy citizens, our republic can number one who has worn the crown of royalty, and now is invested with the more enviable diadem,—that of an American citizen. He was once the sovereign of an ancient and once powerful kingdom,—a nation that could justly boast that "much of earth and all the watery plain of ocean" were her own. Now, that kingdom is ruled by a pitiful fickle slavish piece of mortality, and he, her former sovereign is now realizing the truth, that a republican is the only happy monarch which nature ever designed. How enviable is his lot, when compared with the occupant of any throne in the world! Here he has no subjects, it is true; but among his millions of allies, there are none who do not cherish his political prosperity as warmly as their own. There the puny arm of the monarch is palsied, by the conflicting interests of his allies, and the jealousy or disloyalty of subjects, whom legitimacy alone keeps in awe, and who hold their interest as diametrically distinct from his. Such is Ferdinand VII. of Spain. Not so the subject of our present remarks. His purse is now a part of our national wealth and he is not niggardly in the use of it, when public im-

provements call for it. He owns an extensive estate, and there is scarcely a poor family around him, so many he employs on his lands. He is constantly in the field with his men, encouraging them to labour by his example. Courteous to strangers, and benevolent to his fellow citizens, his fame as a republican will shine in the memory of his fellow beings, while the glory of emperors is too often tarnished by their tears. He asks no power, for he has already had a surfeit of that; and he has proved this fact,—that no office is worth holding when compared with the office of making himself happy, and imparting of that happiness to his fellow men. Such is Joseph Buonaparte.

AFRICAN TRAVELLERS. The fatality attending the enterprising few, who have endeavoured to explore the interior of the African continent, is truly a melancholy subject of reflection. The death of major Laing and his party, we fear is proved beyond a doubt; whether by the influence of the climate or through the jealousy of the natives, we know not for certainty; but we fear the latter. A son of the celebrated Mungo Park, who it is said has lately undertaken the fatal route pursued by his father, it is also stated, has fallen a victim to the superstitions of Africa Interior. He was poisoned by the priests, or Fetish men, for sacrilegiously ascending a Fetish tree, to take a sketch of the group assembled at the annual Yan festival at Akimboo. This tree it is unlawful for any to approach but the priests, and young Park was dissuaded from his attempt to ascend it, by the king of Akimboo; but he unhappily persisted in his design, and his life has been the forfeit of his rashness.

WHO SHALL DECIDE? A petition was lately presented to our Common Council, praying that an inquiry be made into the qualifications of our licensed wood measurers. The petitioner, it appears, having purchased a boat load of wood on the 9th of May inst., applied to one of the qualified measurers for a certificate of the same, by which it was pronounced to measure 22 73-128 cords. The next day the same wood was measured by another of the faculty, and made to contain 17 32-128. Subsequently two other measurers made it severally to measure 19 52-128, and 16 43-128. The difference between the extremes of these several measurements is upwards of six cords, and the question now arises, whether there can be any certainty in the mensuration of wood. If there can, it is proper that the Common Council adopt some standard method, or leave the same to the honesty of the vender.

TABLE TALK.

Oh! Bulls and Calves. From a certain paper, printed in a certain great city, under the head of original poetry, we have selected the following brilliant poetical ideas:—

"And there, so late a captive to thy net,
Is now with freedom blest and."

Again,—

"But do not those declaim on hard-ships most,
Who must have felt them and who feels no more."

In another article we read,—

There is a light, more brighter far,
Than yonder beaming holy star."

Upside down will prove it. Some very cunning person has discovered, that if the snuff of a candle be bent down, the inhaled wick will revolve imperceptibly around the candle in the direction of the sun. The aforesaid cunning genius remarks that it cannot be owing to the twist of the wick, because—*he proved it by lighting a candle at the butt end! Well done!* Who before ever heard that any thing twisted with the sun, as it is familiarly called, would be any the less so by being turned upside down?—*Feline Arson.* A barn in Norristown, New-Jersey, was set on fire by a cat on the 12th inst. A coal of fire had become fixed to her hair, and she immediately ran from the house to the barn with it. A horse, a carriage, a quantity of hay, and some farming utensils were consumed.—*Tarnished Silver.* Specie was very dull in London on the 28th March.

Post Office Facility. The Concord, New Hampshire, Register, announces the safe arrival at the post office at Aeworth, its place of destination, of a letter, mailed at Windsor, Vermont, May 29th 1820—having performed the route in little less than eight years. Distance 23 miles—interme-

diat post offices one—change of arriving, 832.—*Immortality.* The following, says the Batavia Press, on the back of a note of one of the hundred banks in Rhode-Island, if not a profitable, is a very pleasant improvement upon the practice of endorsing. "July 4th, 1776—May it be remembered as long as there are Onions in Bristol, or girls in Newport."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Contents of the *Western Monthly Review*, for April:—Adventures of Arthur Clenning; Pleasures of Authorship; Anniversary Hyman; Stanzas. Review, of the History of Louisiana; Butler's Hudibras; Paley's Works; Transylvania Journal of Medicine. To Subscribers. This number completes the volume. The cheapness of the work, its certain beneficial influence on the literature of the west, and more than all, its unassuming merit, induce us to commend it to our literary friends,—particularly as a new volume is to commence forthwith. [There, sir, is another item for your "philosophy of patience and tranquillity."]

The *Sullivan Whig*, lately published at Monticello Sullivan county, has assumed a new name, and will hereafter be issued under the title of the *Republican Watchman*.

Number 45 of the *New-York Mirror* is accompanied by a rich, and beautiful engraving of the New-York City-Hall.

We have received several numbers of the *Hesperian*, and *Western Miscellany*, a new semi-monthly quarto, published at Pittsburgh, by the "Hesperian Society," at 1 per annum, in advance.

HARTWICK SEMINARY.—This Seminary has been established about thirteen years, in the pleasant valley of the Susquehanna, county of Otsego, situated four and a half miles from the village of Cooperstown, and seventy miles west from the city of Albany. Young gentlemen from various parts of the United States, have there received a preparatory education for entering college in this and the neighbouring states. And the subscriber believes that most of the pupils have hitherto sustained a favourable character at college, both in relation to their moral conduct, and their proficiency in the several branches of sciences in which they have been instructed.

The branches taught are the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, French and German; Natural Philosophy; History; Mathematics in general, and particularly Surveying, both theoretical and practical; Geography; English Grammar; exercises in English composition; Arithmetic; Writing, &c.

The Rev. George B. Miller, who for a number of years past, has been successfully engaged in the tuition of youth, both in this state and the state of New-Jersey, has been appointed assistant teacher in the seminary. The present term commenced on Monday the 15th of May, to continue to the last Wednesday in August.

For further particulars and references as to the character of the institution, the subscriber would refer the public to the Rev. F. G. May, of Albany; the Rev. Dr. Wackerling, of Germany; the Rev. Dr. Quimman, of Rhinebeck; the Rev. Dr. Sumner, President of Union College; the Rev. Mr. Shaffer, and the Rev. Dr. Goetschius, of New-York; to the clergy of the Lutheran Church in the neighbourhood of New-York; in general, and to the trustees of Hartwick Seminary in particular.

Good boarding may be had in the neighbourhood of the seminary, at the moderate price of 12 or 14 shillings per week.

ERNEST L. HAZELIUS,
Principal of Hartwick Seminary.

17.3.



JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to No. 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book-Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card, Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machinery; and Designs for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1825.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign-Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 228, corner of North-Market and Steuben-streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots, mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders.
March 9, 1823. JOHN F. PORTER.

BRUSH, TRUNK, AND BAND-BOX MANUFACTORY.—NORRIS TARBELL, No. 453 South Market-street—A few doors south of the Museum, Albany, keeps constantly on hand and for sale the above named articles at low prices. Those who wish to purchase will please call and examine for themselves. Cash paid for clean, combed Hogs' Bristles. Jan 12.

POETRY.

From "Whimwhams."

MASTER-SPIRITS.

I have, in time, been well acquainted
With poets sixty-six,
Who were pricked on, by gift divine,
To kick against the pricks;
By this I mean, they all were starved,
Except the latter six.

How these were saved, heaven knows, not I—
Conjecture would be vague,
As for mine humble self to learn
The language of the Haghe;
But probably, as some escape
Where many die of plague.

I have a liking for the tribe,
They all are clever fellows;
Though some with vanity are puffed,
As full as blacksmith's bellows;
And of their brothers' fame, alas!
Quite furiously jealous.

A "round unvarnished tale" I'll tell,
Of these surviving six;
Description may acquire them fame;
On them attention fix;
But glory evanescent is,—
Sandford has filched big Dick's.

One was a fat and jolly wight,
Who had a Bardolph nose;
His colour was a varied one,—
Predominant the rose;
He had a muddy, dozy eye,
And wore nankin small clothes.

And no one, I have ever seen,
Could greater justice do
To mutton—ducks—or soups—or steaks—
A boil—a fry—a stew—
He wrote much sentiment—indeed,
Inclined to pathos too.

The second was a mournful man,
With hair quite thin and sleek;
Tears often filled his little eyes,
Which smiled but once a week;
His nose from sorrow wasted much—
He had a chalky cheek.

Shrivelled and fleshless was his frame,
And bloodless all, his phiz;
He never tried to speak aloud,
His voice could only whiz;
This man wrote comic poetry,
And was esteemed a quizz.

The third a sneaking rascal looked,
And crept, and crawled along;
His courage was like Bobadil's,
Vociferous and strong,
Till danger threatened, then he sung
A very different song.

He was a sickly, feeble wight,
Much troubled with the croup,
Living on viands acetose,
Weak gruels, mutton soup.
He wrote in epick verse, and sung
Of blood and warlike troop.

The fourth was merry, fat and short,
With legs a little bandy,
Around the ladies dancing oft,
By them esteemed quite handy;
He wore a decorated coat,
And was pronounced a dandy.

His countenance was swoln and flushed,
The hue of a new cheese;
He wrote all sorts of sugar rhymes,
And issued his decrees
Wrapped up in cockles—lived and laughed
In "literary ease."

The fifth resembled Byron much;
Had an ambitious eye,
Retreating for the id, lolly brow,
Where one might pride descry;
I never liked his bearing quite,
It was so firm and high.

Examination great I made,
And searched the town quite through,
To learn his title; but in vain
Was all that I could do;
Somebody said, "he wrote for fame,"
His name nobody knew!!!!

The sixth made canticles, and lived
A very jovial fellow;
Forever ripe for fun, indeed,
Inclining to be mellow;
And when "in cups," his tedious songs
Vociferously would bellow.

But sometimes he would favour me
With strains a little richer;
Which, if a lady might but hear,
They surely would bewitch her;
"Drink to me only," oft was given,—
Beside—"My friend and pitcher."
These poets live—perchance may die—
Though I have heard folks say,
That wondrous men evaporate—
Ne'er know a closing day:
Perhaps these gifted spirits will
"Dry up and blow away!"

From the Boston Statesman.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? THE-MATTER.

Edgar. My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—*Lear.*

You may talk of the "Sorrows of Werter,"
And the "devils" of Jean Rousseau;
You may tell of the man that suffered thus,
And the maid that suffered so—
But the sorrows I'm going to tell you of,
Are sadder things than these,
And Job's—but there's no comparison—
Were moonshine to a cheese.

I'm living, you see, in the country—
It's nothing to you the why;
And a room in a certain story—
It's nothing to you, how high.
I've a bed, and a chair, and a table,
And a fraction of a glass;
And I write for a living, and read for fun,
And my name—but let that pass.

I eat my dinner at twelve o'clock—
It's mostly real just now;
And I drink my tea at half past four,
And the tea-kettle is a cow.
We sit till twelve in our quiet room—
My merry quill and I,
And I tell him tales of my busy brain,
That would make you laugh "to die."

(I'll come to my sorrows presently.)
I rise when the robin sings,
I have a slut of a country girl,
Who looks to my bed and things;
I take a bit of a willow switch
To emphasize withal,
And I walk and repeat my poetry,
With the leave of the stone wall.

But when I'm out, the slut goes in,
And she makes my bed—'t is true—
But she does some other things beside
That I would n't have her do.
I hate to have my papers touched,
Or meddled with—a straw—
She calls it "slicking up the room,"
And stuffs them in the draw!

I write upon a slate, to save
My paper, ink, and pen;
And in the ashes frequently
Make "*Chateau en Espagne*!"
She swept my hearth to day—and there
A blessed dream was gone!
And washed my slate, when—hang her soul,
It had a sonnet on!

Oh scrape my boils with an oyster shell—
Bedevil me like Rousseau—
Love me and marry, as Charlotte did,
Who finished her Werter so.
I'll go on peas a pilgrimage—
Sit all day on a stone—

But when I'm out, you Cicely,
Just let my things alone!

SONG.

Summer cometh,
The bee hummeth,
The grass springeth,
The bird singeth,
The flower groweth,
And man knoweth
The time is come
When he may rove
Through vale and grove,
No longer dumb.

There may he hear sweet voices
Borne softly on the gale;
There he may have rich choicés
Of songs that never fail;
The lark, if he be cheerful,
Above his head shall tower,
And the nightingale, if tearful,
Shall soothe him from her bower.

If red his eye with study,
If pale with care his cheek,
To make them bright and ruddy,
The green hills let him seek.
The quiet that he needeth
His mind shall there obtain,
And relief from care, that feedeth
Alike on heart and brain.

Serbian poetry, translated by Bowring.

THE BROTHERLESS SISTERS.

Two solitary sisters, who
A brother's fondness never knew,
Agreed, poor girls, with one another,
That they would make themselves a brother:
They cut them silk, as snow-drops white,
And silk as richest rubies bright;
They carved his body from a bough
Of box-tree from the mountain's brow;
Two jewels dark for eyes they gave;
For eyebrows, from the ocean wave
They took two leeches; and for teeth
Fixed pearls above, and pearls beneath;
For food they gave him honey sweet,
And said,—now live, and speak, and eat!

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

THE PORTRAIT.

Ha! Is it thou, old friend, or is 't another?
Thyself, indeed, thy cousin, or thy brother?
I know a face like that, but never viewed it
In such an attitude—what fellow screwed it
Into that hang-dog look: 't can not be
Thyself has countenanced such villany.
Some painter thinking of "a duck in thunder,"
Or hoping to strike out another wonder,
Has stolen thy honest features for a head
Would kill the living, or upraise the dead!
It is like thee! and yet it is unlike thee!
Do n't frown, but hear me; hear me if you strike me!
Thou honest son of Adam, this display
Were a good thing to frighten crows away!

EPITAPH.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
Not cast away, but brought to anchor here;
Storms had o'erwhelmed him, but the conscious wave
Repented, and resigned him to the grave:
In harbour, safe from shipwreck, now he lies,
Till Time's last signal blazes through the skies;
Refitted in a moment, then shall he
Sail from this port on an eternal sea.

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ALBANY MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1828.

NO. 18.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ORATION,

Delivered at the celebration of the festival of Saint John the Evangelist, in Georgetown, South-Carolina, December 27, A. L. 5824.

BY BR. A. B. SHACKELFORD.

Where is the Mason's trust!—The stream of Time is not unruffled, and the slender bark must some time breast an overwhelming surge. Where is the Mason's trust!—The tempest comes; the waves lift up their heads; the angry elements conspire to hurl destruction on the little ship: she buffets, struggles, founders, sinks. No! she cannot sink. The hand of faith is at the helm, and, on her prow, Eternal Hope. Her strong arm buoys up the heaviest burthen: her penetrating eye looks through the twilight, and discerns a calmer latitude. Yes! various indeed is this world's climate. There is a calmer latitude; but our strength is crippled, and we cannot reach it. Behold! one cometh as the morning, and the glory of the noon-day is round about her. Her head is in the Heavens, and her strength upon the mighty deep. She leads us into smooth waters, and we move on our way rejoicing.

The man who basks in fortune's bright meridian; whose life is tranquil as the summer sky; whose stores are plenty, and whose heart is glad—Is he a Mason! Then has he been taught, that the serenity of his summer sky may be disturbed; that the treasures of his riches may be taken from him; and that, to-morrow, he may ask that bounty which to-day he gives. Yes! he has been taught, that adversity is not the consequent of crime alone, but may obtrude upon the good man's dwelling; that the brightest prospects are often evanescent, and permanent felicity not to be found on earth: that human nature is extremely frail, and miserably dependant. Man, therefore, should meet his brother on the level, and part upon the square.

These, my friends, are among the earliest lessons of Masonry: an Institution whose purpose is to relieve, support, and comfort merit in distress, virtue in temptation, and innocence in tears. These are, indeed, the lessons of the Bible. We claim no competition with that holy Religion, whose precepts are taught, and whose ordinances are administered in this sacred temple; but we presume to think that Masonry is an humble auxiliary in the same glorious and eternal work. Our order, so far as I have learned, is not of Divine establishment; but originated, under Divine approbation, with that man who asked of the Almighty, not riches, not honour, but wisdom for his portion. It began with the building of that Temple, upon which, for seven years, it rained not in the day-time, to impede the workmen. It was confirmed at the completion and dedication of that Temple, when "the fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices, and the glory of the Lord filled the house." And Solomon said, "Let the people of the earth know, that I have built this house, and consecrated it to thy name."

In the erection of that magnificent edifice, there were engaged more than one hundred and fifty thousand men. To prevent interruption in work; to exclude from this immense multitude strangers and intruders; to detect impostors, who might demand wages never earned, would have been utterly impossible, save by the adoption of certain secret signs and tokens, which ever have, and ever shall,

belong exclusively to Masons. Hence originated that secrecy which distinguishes the order; that secrecy which, in this enlightened age, in this republican country, we do not relinquish, simply, my friends, because—we can not. It is no secret, however, that the first great light in Masonry is the Holy Bible. It is no secret, that the earliest copy of that sacred book was hidden by the Masons from the fire and the sword of the desolating heathen, and by the Masons found and restored at the erection of the second Temple. It is no secret, that our system embraces and inculcates all the precepts of the inspired page. It is no secret, that the Mason is required to circumscribe his passions within a proper compass; to square his conduct by the strict rules of justice and of honesty; nor suffer the pride of his prosperity to lift him up above the poor man's level. How important! how solemn! how interesting, is our profession!

We are sometimes condemned, on the ground that we receive and cherish members whose characters deny the precepts that we profess to teach. But he that participates in the celebration, parades in the procession, and adorns himself with the jewels of the order, is not therefore a Mason, any more than that man totally unacquainted with tactics, is a General, merely because he wears the uniform of the army. But should some religious querist reproach us because we have not universal purity, to him, with due solemnity, I reply:—At that memorable pascal feast, which the Christian Church devoutly commemorates; at that agonizing parting supper near the Mount of Olives; at that hallowed board where sat the Christian's God; there, also, sat a Judas. If, then, the presence of Divinity was visited with crime and treachery; if in the church militant there sits a bad man and a hypocrite, (and that eye which can not count amiss, must number many,) why is the Lodge reproached because it is not perfect!

We have the misfortune, too, to meet a frown where frowns should never be. For us, no sunny smile sits in that eye which marks the fairest, purest, best of God's creation. If there be on earth one work of moral symmetry; one work of spotless loveliness, whereon the hand of Heaven has written *Masterpiece*; that work is *WOMAN*. Who is he that denies!—He is no Mason. Who is he that doubts!—He is no Mason. Who is he that hesitates to avow it!—He is no Mason. The spirit of the Craft whispers to the heart of every Brother, thou shalt bow before that workman who pronounced it good; thou shalt cherish and support the work; for, without it, the pilgrim, man, has no sun, no home, no comfort, and no hope. From woman, thou shalt withhold nothing good, save that which, like the apple of Eden, is forbidden. I do not say, however, that the whole sex presume to censure what they do not comprehend. I have the happiness to know otherwise. There are many distinguished and honourable exceptions. Elizabeth, old England's beautiful, intelligent, and jealous Queen, hearing that the Masons had certain secrets which could not be revealed to her, (for that she could not be Grand Master,) and being jealous of all secret assemblies, sent an armed force to break up the Lodge at York, at a celebration in honour of St. John the Evangelist. The Grand Master, being not dismayed, received the guests with gallantry; and so convinced them of the excellency of our order, that the chief officers were themselves initiated on the spot. And Elizabeth said that she would never repeat the effort; for that she esteemed the Masons a peculiar set of

men, who cultivated peace and friendship, arts and sciences, without meddling in the affairs of Church or State.

Are you a Mason's wife!—Then remember that you may become a Mason's widow. The smile that mantles on your cheek to-day; the love that sparkles in your gladdened eye; the hopes that nestle in your tranquil heart;—all, like the buds that blossom in the morning, may be blighted by a killing frost to-night. But, thank God, winter is not always. The spring shall breathe upon the garden, and it shall bring forth buds. So shall thy tear, Oh! *Sympathy*! more grateful and refreshing than the dews of spring, fall upon the withered stalk, and it shall bloom again. Go, cherish and encourage him who is the source and fountain of your present happiness. While, by your amiable gentleness, you teach him to love his wife, suffer him to love his brother also: and when your little boy shall ask you what a Mason is, tell him that a Mason is the Orphan's Father, and the Widow's Friend.

The benefits which the order dispenses to its own members; the important privileges which are conferred upon them, none but a Mason can properly comprehend or appreciate. It is the delight of Masonry, to walk into the humble retirement of poverty, to administer relief to the unfortunate, and to pour oil into the wounded spirit. By the power of Masonry, we oftentimes check a Brother on the brow of a precipice, and are enabled, too, oftentimes to avert the peril that is aimed at our own breast. By the power of Masonry, the captive Putnam arrested the scalping-knife of the savage; and the fettered Coustus commanded the wheels of the Inquisition to stand still, and they obeyed him. These are instances where Masonry operates individual good. Her general good effects upon the whole human family; the many important results which have originated in the spirit of Masonry, are not easily enumerated. Her spirit is seen in the enlightening philosophy of Franklin: her light shines in the history of her distinguished son and patron, general Washington; beams in the heroism of the yet lamented De Kalb; and blazes in the philanthropic chivalry of La Fayette. Illustrious brother, welcome to our shore. The lodge is open to receive you: the whole American people, in one common shout, exclaim! "HAIL LA FAYETTE!"

Most Excellent High Priest, Worshipful Master, Brethren and Companions: The road to happiness, like the old road from Babylon to Jerusalem, is a difficult way, abounding with impediments, the chief of which are, temptations to do evil. It has been said, that a good mason is the least imperfect man on earth; and, it is very certain, that in the exercise of virtue consists the only true and permanent felicity. You have been pleased to invest me with a sacred office. Suffer me, in the discharge of it, though a young brother, to suggest to your recollections some of the chief duties of a mason. There is a duty to yourselves, that you be regular and temperate, so that you preserve your faculties, and do credit to your honourable profession. A needy and distressed brother you are to relieve and comfort; and, should occasion offer, you are to "judge with candour, admonish with friendship, and reprehend with justice." But your highest duty is to your Creator. In all your life and conduct, you are to acknowledge, that "He is God, and before Him there is none other." Thus acting, should misfortunes assail you, should friends forsake you, should envy traduce your good

name, and malice persecute you; ever bear in mind, as a consolation under all the frowns of fortune, and as an encouragement to hope for better prospects, that "the Stone which the builders rejected, became the head stone of the corner."

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

VERMONT.

At a regular communication of Randolph R. A. Chapter, convened at Mason's Hall, in Randolph, Vermont, April 3, 5928—

Resolved, that we deeply lament the death of our illustrious companion DE WITT CLINTON, late H. P. of the General Grand Chapter of the U. S. and that we unaffectedly unite with other bodies of masons in our country in deploring his loss, and in yielding our tribute of affection to his memory.

Resolved, that this Chapter deeply regret the loss, our country and this institution has sustained in the recent death of our respected countryman and brother, Maj. Gen. JACOB BROWN. By order of the Chapter.

J. S. WASHBURN, Sec'y.

CELEBRATIONS.

CLINTON COUNTY.

The anniversary of St. John the Baptist, will be celebrated by Plattsburgh Chapter and Clinton Lodge, in the village of Plattsburgh, on the 24th of June next. The brethren will convene at their hall, at 10 A. M.; thence, after the necessary preparations, they will move in procession to the meeting house, where a discourse will be delivered.

A dinner will be provided for the occasion. Neighbouring lodges and sojourning brethren are solicited to attend. Plattsburgh, May 22 5928.

A. M'COTTER, W. H. MORGAN,
GEO. W. HICKS, SAMUEL EMERY,
A. PARSONS, R. WAIT,

Committee.

ERIE COUNTY.

The anniversary of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated in the Village of Buffalo, on the 24th of June next, by the Niagara Chapter and the Western Star Lodge. The brethren of the adjoining Chapters and Lodges, and the brethren from Canada, are respectfully requested to unite with us in the observance of the day. Chapters and Lodges that can attend as such, will be assigned a proper place on the occasion. By order of the Chapter and Lodge. Buffalo, May 19, 5928.

BENJ. CARYL, E. D. EFNER,
C. CHAPIN, NAT. VOSBURGH,
B. BURWELL, WM. KELLEY,
Committee of Arrangements.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The brethren of Mount Aarrat Lodge, in Petersham, Massachusetts, will celebrate the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, at Petersham on the 24th of June next. An address will be delivered by brother William Lincoln, of Worcester. Exercises in the meeting house will commence at 11 o'clock. Entertainment for the Brethren and Ladies will be provided by Mr. Silas Foster. Clergymen and members of the masonick family generally are requested to unite with us in the festivities of the day. By order of the Committee. Petersham, May 29, A. L. 5828.

AVERY CLARK, Sec'y.

OHIO.

The brethren of Somerset Lodge, No. 76, will meet at their lodge room, in Somerset, Ohio, on the 24th of June next, to celebrate the anniversary of St. John the Baptist. Members of adjacent lodges and others of the fraternity are respectfully invited to attend.

BENJAMIN EATON, GEO MORRIS,
EDWARD TEAL, HENRY M. DAVIES,
JACOB CATTERLINE, Committee of Arrangement

EXPULSIONS.

NEW-YORK.

At a regular meeting of Pulteneville Lodge, No. 201, in Wayne County, A. L. 5828, Joseph

Wilkins was expelled from all the benefits of masonry, for unmasonick conduct. Extract from the minutes.

JOHN P. WEST, Sec'y.

VERMONT.

At a regular communication of Federal Lodge, No. 15, convened at Mason's Hall, in Randolph, Vermont, April 28, A. L. 5928.

Voted, unanimously, that *Darius Sprague, William Hyde, and Lund Tarbox*, master Masons, and *Phineas Smith*, an entered apprentice, for unmasonick conduct, be expelled from the lodge. By order of the lodge.

J. S. WASHBURN, Sec'y. pro tem.

At a regular communication of Independence Lodge, No. 40, holden at Orwell, Vermont, April 22, A. L. 5928, *Asher Nichols*, of Whiting, a master mason, was expelled the Lodge, and debarred the privileges of masonry, for unmasonick conduct.

WM. A. HITCHCOCK, Sec'y.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

From Braude's Quarterly Journal for April.

ON THE RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE ART OF PRINTING.

Communicated by Mr. Cowper.

It is a remarkable fact, that from the invention of the art of printing, to the year 1798, a period of nearly 350 years, no improvement had been introduced in this important art. In Dr. Dibdin's interesting account of printing, in the Bibliographical Decameron, may be seen representations of the early printing presses, which exactly resemble the wooden presses in use at the present day. The immense superiority of the press over the pen induced, perhaps, a general belief that nothing more was possible, or it might be that the powers of the press were quite equal to the demand for its productions.

A new era has, however, arisen, the prompt and extensive circulation of the publick journals and other periodicals requiring powers which the ordinary press could never reach.

The first important improvement of the common press was the invention of the late Lord Stanhope. This press is composed entirely of iron; the table, on which the types rest, and the platten, (or surface which gives the impression,) are made perfectly level: he has thus introduced better materials and better workmanship, to which, however, he added a beautiful combination of levers, to give motion to the screw, causing the platten to descend with decreasing rapidity, and consequently with increasing force, till it reaches the type, when a very great power is obtained. There have been, perhaps, twenty contrivances for obtaining the same effect; but as a press, Lord Stanhope's invention has not been surpassed. Still it is only a press, and in point of expedition has little superiority over its wooden rival, producing 250 impressions per hour.

Lord Stanhope was also the successful reviver of the art of stereotype founding,—the process of which is as follows,—a brass frame is placed round the form of types; plaster of Paris, mixed with water to the consistence of cream, is then poured on the type, the superfluous plaster being scraped off. When the plaster is hard, the mould is lifted off by means of the brass frame, and from which it is readily detached—it is now baked in an oven, and when well dried and quite hot, it is placed in an iron box or casting-pot, which has also been heated in the oven; it is now plunged into a large pot of melted type-metal, and kept about ten minutes under the surface, in order that the weight of the metal may force it into all the finest parts of the letters,—the whole is then cooled, the mould broken and washed off, and the back of the plate turned in a lathe. This manufacture has been carried to a considerable extent; Mr. Clowes, the proprietor of one of the largest and best conducted printing offices in London, has on his premises between 700 and 800 tons of stereotype plates, belonging to various booksellers,—the value may be estimated at £200,000.

In connection with the Stanhope press, may be briefly noticed a little improvement for the partic-

ular purpose of printing musick, after a new process the lines are formed of thin slips of copper driven into small blocks of wood, and the notes are formed of copper driven into a separate block. Two note blocks and corresponding sets of lines are placed on the table of the Stanhope press; to the ordinary tympan of the press is attached another tympan, which revolves in the direction of its plane on a pin in the ordinary tympan. Two sheets of paper are placed under two friskets, hinged to the revolving tympan; an impression being now taken, one sheet will receive the notes, and the other the lines. The revolving tympan is then turned half round, when the sheets will have changed places, another impression is taken, when both sheets will be perfected. This plan is now in operation at the printing office of Mr. Clowes, to whom I have assigned the exclusive use of the patent.

It was in the year 1790, that Mr. W. Nicholson took out a patent for certain improvements in printing, and on reading his specification, every one must be struck with the extent of his ideas on this subject; to him belongs, beyond doubt, the honour of the first suggestion of printing by means of cylinders: the following are his own words, divested of legal redundancies—

"In the first place, I not only avail myself of the usual methods of making type, but I do likewise make and arrange them in a new way, viz. by rendering the tail of the letter gradually smaller, such letter" (he erroneously says) "may be imposed on a cylindrical surface; the disposition of types, plates, and blocks upon a cylinder are parts of my invention."

"In the second place, I apply the ink upon the surface of the types, plate, &c. by causing the surface of a cylinder, (smeared with the colouring matter) to roll over or successively apply itself to the surface of the types, &c., or else I cause the types to apply themselves to the said cylinder,—it is absolutely necessary that the coloring matter be evenly distributed over this cylinder, and for this purpose I apply two, three, or more smaller cylinders, called distributing rollers, longitudinally against the colouring cylinder, so that they may be turned by the motion of the latter,—if this colouring matter be very thin, I apply an even blunt edge of metal or wood against the colouring cylinder.

"In the third place, I perform all my impressions by the action of a cylinder, or cylindrical surface, that is, I cause the paper to pass between two cylinders, one of which has the form of types attached to it and forming part of its surface, and the other is faced with cloth, and serves to press the paper so as to take off an impression of the colour previously applied—or otherwise, I cause the form of types, previously coloured, to pass in close and successive contact with the paper wrapped round a cylinder with woollen. He also describes a method of raising the paper cylinder, to prevent the type from soiling the cloth.

These words specify the principal parts of modern printing machines, and had Mr. Nicholson paid the same attention to any one part of his invention which he fruitlessly devoted to attempting to fix types on a cylinder, or had he known how to curve stereotype plates, he would, in all probability, have been the first maker of a printing machine, instead of merely suggesting the principles on which they might be constructed.

The first working printing machine was the invention of Mr. Koenig, a native of Saxony. He submitted his plans to Mr. T. Bensley, the celebrated printer, and to Mr. R. Taylor, the scientific editor of the Philosophical Magazine. These gentlemen liberally encouraged his exertions; and in 1811 he took out a patent for improvements in the common press, which however produced no favourable result; he then turned his attention to the use of a cylinder, in order to obtain the impression, and two machines were erected for printing the Times newspaper, the reader of which was told on the 28th of November, 1814, that he held in his hand a newspaper printed by machinery, and by the power of steam.

In these machines the type was made to pass under the cylinder, on which was wrapped the sheet of paper, the paper being simply held to the cylinder by means of tapes; the ink was placed in

a cylindrical box, from which it was forced by means of a powerful screw depressing a tightly-fitted piston; thence it fell between two iron rollers; below these were placed a number of other rollers, two of which had, in addition to their rotary motion, an end motion, i. e. a motion in direction of their length; the whole system of rollers terminated in two which applied the ink to the types.

In order to obtain a great number of impressions from the same form, a paper cylinder (i. e. the cylinder on which the paper is wrapped) was placed on each side the inking apparatus, the form passing under both. This machine produced 1100 impressions per hour; subsequent improvements raised them to 1900 per hour.

The next step was the invention of a machine, (also by Mr. Koenig,) for printing both sides of the sheet. It resembled two single machines placed with their cylinders towards each other, at a distance of two or three feet,—the sheet was conveyed from one paper cylinder to the other by means of tapes—the track of the sheet exactly resembled the letter S, if laid horizontally, thus, *z*: in the course of this track the sheet is turned over. At the first paper cylinder it received the impression from the first form, and at the second paper cylinder it received the impression from the second form—the machine printed 750 sheets on both sides per hour. This machine was erected for Mr. T. Bensley, and was the only one Mr. Koenig made for printing on both sides the sheet—this was in 1815.

About this time Messrs. Donkin and Bacon were also contriving a printing machine; having, in 1813, obtained a patent for a machine in which the types were placed on a revolving prism—the ink was applied by a roller which rose and fell with the irregularities of the prism, and the sheet was wrapped on another prism, so formed as to meet the irregularities of the type prism: one of these machines was erected for the University of Cambridge, and was a beautiful specimen of ingenuity and workmanship; it was, however, too complicated, and the inking was defective, which prevented its success. Nevertheless a great point was attained; for in this machine were first introduced inking rollers covered with a composition of treacle and glue; in Koenig's machine the rollers were covered with leather, which never answered the purpose well.

In 1815 I obtained a patent for curving stereotype plates, for the purpose of fixing them on a cylinder. Several of these machines, capable of printing 1000 sheets per hour on both sides, are at work at the present day, and twelve machines on this principle were made for the Bank of England a short time previous to the issue of gold.

It is curious to observe that the same object seems to have occupied the attention of Nicholson, Donkin and Bacon, and myself, viz. the revolution of the form of types. Nicholson sought to do this by a new kind of type, shaped like the stones of an arch. Donkin and Bacon sought to do this by fixing types on a revolving prism, and at last it was completely effected by curving a stereotype plate.

In these machines two paper cylinders are placed side by side and against each of them is placed a cylinder for holding the plates; each of these four cylinders is about two feet diameter,—on the surface of the plate cylinder are placed four or five inking rollers, about three inches diameter: they are kept in their position by a frame at each end of the plate cylinder the spindles of the rollers lying in notches in the frame, thus allowing perfect freedom of motion and requiring no adjustment.

The frame which supports the inking-rollers, called the waving-frame, is attached by hinges to the general frame of the machine; and the edge of the plate cylinder is indented, and rubs against the waving-frame, causing it to wave, or vibrate to and fro, and, consequently, to carry the inking rollers with it, thus giving them a motion in the direction of their length, called the end motion.—These rollers distribute the ink upon the three-fourths of the surface of the plate cylinder, the other quarter being occupied by the curved stereotype plates. The ink is held in a trough; it stands parallel to the plate-cylinder, and is formed by a metal roller, revolving against the edge of a plate of iron; in its revolution, it becomes covered with a thin film of ink; this is conveyed to the plate-cylinder,

by an inking roller vibrating between both. On the plate-cylinder, the ink becomes distributed, as before described, and as the plates pass under the inking rollers, they become charged with colour; as the cylinder continues to revolve, the plates come in contact with a sheet of paper in the first paper cylinder, whence it is carried by means of tapes, to the second paper cylinder, where it receives an impression on its opposite side, from the plates on the second plate cylinder, and thus the sheet is perfected.

These machines are only applicable to stereotype plates, but they formed the foundation of the future success of our printing-machinery, by showing the best method of furnishing, distributing, and applying the ink.

In order to apply this method to a machine capable of printing from type, it was only necessary to do the same thing in an extended flat surface, or table, which had been done on an extended cylindrical surface; accordingly, I constructed a machine for printing both sides of the sheet from type, securing, by patent, the inking apparatus, and the mode of conveying the sheet from one paper cylinder to the other by means of drums and tapes. A full description of this machine is given in J. Nicholson's "Operative Mechanic," and in the supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica; in the latter, by some mistake, it is called "Bensley's machine."

My friend, Mr. A. Applegath, was a joint-proprietor with me in these patents, and he also obtained patents for several improvements. I had given the end motion to the distributing-rollers, by moving the frame to and fro in which they were placed. Mr. Applegath suggested the placing these rollers in a diagonal position across the table, thereby producing their end motion in a simpler manner. Another contrivance of Mr. Applegath's was to place half of my inking apparatus on one side the printing cylinder, and half on the other side, in order that one-half the form might be inked on one side, and one half on the other, and so have a less distance to travel.

Another contrivance of Mr. A. was a method of applying two feeders to the same printing cylinder; these latter inventions are more adapted to newspaper than to book printing.

We have constructed upwards of sixty machines upon our combined patents, modified in twenty-five different ways, for the various purposes of printing books, bank-notes, newspapers, &c. They have, in fact, superseded Mr. Koenig's machines, in the office of Mr. Bensley, (who was the principal proprietor of Koenig's patent,) and also in the office of the "Times," as was announced in that journal a few days since.

It may not be uninteresting to state that no less than forty wheels were removed from Mr. Koenig's machine, when Mr. Bensley requested us to apply our improvements.

Having, on the first trial of our machines, discovered the superiority of the inking-roller and table over the common balls, we immediately applied them to the common press, and with complete success; the invention, however, was immediately infringed throughout the kingdom, and copied in France, Germany, and America; and it would have been as fruitless to have attempted to stop the infringement of the patent as it was found in the case of the Kaleidoscope.

This invention has raised the quality of printing generally,—in almost any old book will be perceived groups of words very dark, and other groups very light; these are technically called "monks and friars," which have been "reformed altogether."

The principal object in a newspaper machine is to obtain a great number of impressions from the same form, or one side of the sheet, and not from two forms, or both sides of the sheet, as in books.

In the Times machine, which was planned by Mr. Applegath, upon our joint inventions, the form passes under four printing cylinders, which are fed with sheets of paper by four lads, and after the sheets are printed, they pass into the hands of four other lads; by this contrivance 4000 sheets per hour are printed on one side.

Machines upon our joint patents are also used for printing the—

Morning Chronicle,

Bell's Messenger,

St. James' Chronicle,
Morning Herald,
Whitehall Evening Post,
Examiner,
Sunday Times,
John Bull,
Standard,
Atlas,
Sphinx,
&c. &c.

The comparative produce of the above machine is as follows:—

Stanhope Press	250 impressions per hour.
Koenig's Machine	1800 i. e. 900 on both sides
Cowper's (Stereotype)	2400 i. e. 1200 do.
Applegath & Cowper's (book)	2600 i. e. 1000 do.
Do. (newspaper) Chronicle	2000
Herald	2400
Times	4000—66 per minute.

A variety of machines have been invented by other persons, which have not been attended with sufficient success to make me acquainted with their merits, with the exception of Mr. Napier, who has erected several machines for newspapers.

Although the success of the inventions in which I have been engaged has rendered frequent reference to them unavoidable, I trust I have distinctly assigned to Mr. Koenig the honour of making the first working machine; and to Mr. W. Nicholson the honor of suggesting its principles, and that I have thus fairly stated the origin, the progress, and the success of the recent improvements in the art of printing.

THE GATHERER.

TILT AND TOURNAMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

On occasion of the last election of Coroner for Worcestershire, a very warm contest was maintained and personal feelings excited, which, for the credit of humanity, it is to be hoped are not general upon such occasions. The successful candidate was Mr. Stokes, son of a gentleman of that name lately living at Pountney Court, on the confines of the counties of Worcester and Gloucester, and acting as land-steward or agent for Mr. Ricardo, on the estates of that gentleman in the neighbourhood. About three weeks ago, Mr. Stokes, sen. while driving his chaise not many miles from Worcester, was met by the gentleman who had opposed the election of his son, who was also in a chaise; neither would accommodate to the exigency of the meeting, which was in a narrow road, and, as if by mutual impulse, they drove furiously against each other. Both were on the instant precipitated to the ground; injured and lacerated, the one was just able to crawl to a cottage—Mr. Stokes was killed on the spot, and his survivor outlived him but five days!

THE LEAPING PIKE.

A gentleman of Ely, famed for his performances among the finney tribe, has a most wonderful phenomenon, a fish of the pike species, weighing about 2 1/2 or 3 lb. If a roach or any other small fish is suspended by a string attached to a pole held in his sight, he will dart out of his native element 16 or even 18 inches, seize the fish and make a meal of him. The cause appears to arise from some natural defect in the organ of sight; if the fish be placed on a level with the jack or in an oblique direction, he can not see it; but being placed horizontally, he immediately recedes a few feet, and bringing his tail in a curve towards his head, by a sudden volition of his tail, he darts out of the water, and seldom misses his object. The only apparent difference between this fish and others of his species is his eyes, which project similarly to those of a hare, and much more than any of his species. The fish is so perfectly tame, that he will follow the waving of a handkerchief round the pond, and may be attracted to any part.

LORD'S PRAYER.

The following is a literal translation into English, of the Lord's prayer in Cherokee,—Our Father, who dwellest above, honoured be thy name. Let thy empire spring to light. Let thy will be done on earth as it is done above. Our food day by day bestow on us. Pity us in regard to our having sinned against thee, as we pity those who sin against us. And lead us not in any place of straying, but, on the other hand, restrain us from sin. For thine is the empire, and the strength and the honour. So let it be.

POPULAR TALES.

THE HYPOCONDRIACK.

From "Death's Doings," by an Eye Witness.
(Concluded.)

I had ordered the carriage to be in Holes-street at twelve precisely; and, anxious to secure my friend, walked to his lodgings immediately after breakfast. I was surprised to find the knocker of the door muffled; but only supposing from it that his landlady was in the straw, I inquired hastily of his servant if his master was packing. "Lord, sir!" says John, "he is in bed." The look of John told me something was wrong, but I was not willing to take the hint; and, stepping into the drawing room, said, carelessly, "Tell your master I am here." Whilst I waited the return of the servant, I took up several books, which were all upon medical subjects: for instance, the Gazette and the Oracle of Health:—Paris on Diet and Digestion:—Abernethy's Works:—Thomson's London Dispensatory:—and Good's Study of Medicine.—"Alas! poor Tom! if this be your course of reading, my efforts to wean you from your malady will prove fruitless," said I, soliloquizing aloud, as John entered the room to conduct me to his master.

I found my friend in bed, in a deplorable state. He informed me that he had been attacked with spasms in the night, and could not have survived but for the skillful aid of Doctor Palm, whom he had sent for, and who he momentarily expected would repeat his visit. He had scarcely uttered his name, when the bed room door opened, and the Doctor was announced. I had no time to make my physiognomical observations, before the learned gentleman was at the bed side, which he approached with a light springy step, on tiptoe; and seizing my friend's hand between both of his hands, and leaning forwards, inquired with all the apparent warmth and anxiety of an old associate, into the state of his present feelings. "I trust, my dear sir," said he, "that the medicines which I prescribed speedily relieved those frightful spasms?" And, without waiting for a reply, turning to me, with the sweetest smile, voice, and manner imaginable, "I found Mr. Wunderlich in a very critical state." He then seated himself, still holding the hand of his patient, and recommenced his professional queries. I had now an opportunity of observing the doctor. He was below the ordinary stature, and of a meagre form; plainly, I should almost say shabbily attired; but his head might have been selected by an artist as the finest model for that of a philosopher. It was partly bald; the forehead beautiful, broad and elevated; the eyes small and shaded; the cheek bones rather high; the nose straight and projecting, and the mouth large and compressed. The forehead was, indeed, the finest I had ever seen; and, although he could not be called good looking, yet his countenance bore the impression of superior intellect, great gentleness, and an anxious desire to please. When he had finished his inquiries and written his prescription, he politely addressed himself to me;—spoke of the news of the town; inquired if I had read the last Edinburgh Review, made many just and critical remarks upon its merits, and those of its rival, the Quarterly; and entering a little into the characters of some of the leading members of both parties in parliament, displayed powers for conversation truly enviable. As he rose to take his leave, he again pressed his patient's hand between both of his hands; promised to see him in the evening, and left the room with the same light springy step, with which he had entered it.

"Ah! my dear Dick!" said Tom, looking after the doctor, "if I had met with that worthy man two years ago, how much misery I should have escaped. Would you believe it, I had beside Bolus, three different physicians at Naples, five at Rome, two at Geneva, three at Paris, my young Scotch travelling companion and Dr. Frogfoot since my return; and not one of them understood my case. Now I feel that I shall get well; and be able to visit you in comfort, in Worcestershire. Did you not admire the tact with which Dr. Palm conducted his inquiries? He is the man." I nodded an assent; and, telling my poor friend that I

expected, on my return to town, in eight or ten days, to find him quite recovered, I took my leave, pondering on the delusions which tyrannize over reason, in certain states of our habit; and raising a thousand metaphysical conjectures on the nature of the connexion between body and mind.

Having been detained longer in the country than I expected, twelve days had elapsed before I had an opportunity of again calling in Holes-street. On answering my knock, John received me with a significant smile as he made his usual bow. "We are still here," said he; "and master in the old way. The doctor is with him just now; but you,—I am sure you may walk up. My master is in the drawing room." I followed John; and was kindly received by my poor friend. I expected to have seen, also, my late acquaintance, Dr. Palm, but the individual who now supplied his place, was the antipode, both in form and manner, of that fascinating disciple of Hippocrates. He was a little, portly figure, with a round fresh-coloured, pleasant face; and his head, which was rather large, covered with a profusion of white hair, dressed in the fashion of the last century. Indeed, his entire figure and dress were those of a substantial citizen of 1790. He did not rise when I entered; but merely made a slight inclination of his head, and waved his left hand, which held his hat, raising it from his knee on which it rested. He then fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, whilst I addressed my friend. After a few minutes, turning suddenly round to his patient, he abruptly inquired, "Have you any thing more to say?" Tom assured him that he had not; that he fully understood his orders; "But the pain!"—"Stop!"—ejaculated the little man,—"I know what you are going to say; it is all fudge. If you know my orders, follow them." Notwithstanding this specimen of his abrupt manner, I ventured to address the doctor; and stated, as my opinion, that my friend would benefit greatly by a change of air and scene. He again eyed me, for a few seconds, and demanded, "Are you a physician, sir?"—"No."—"Are you a surgeon?"—"No."—"Then, sir, what right have you to form an opinion on the subject?"—and, without waiting for a reply, rose from his seat, and left the room.

"Your new doctor is the pink of politeness, my dear Wunderlich!" said I, as he shut the room door with a bang. "He is a character;" replied my friend. "You must have heard of him: Mr. Mybook, the eminent surgeon; a man of great learning, consummate skill in his profession; and, although apparently rough and abrupt in his manners, yet, I am informed, possessed of the kindest and most benevolent disposition." He, at this moment, again opened the door; and having peeped in and said "Friday," shut it, this time, in a more gentle manner. "What a pity," said I, "that the diamond has not passed through the hand of the lapidary! But what has become of my favourite, Doctor Palm?" Here Tom informed me, that he and the doctor had gone on very well together for a week; but at length, coming to a stand still, he thought he would try Mr. Mybook, whose work he had perused, and under whom, although he had been only four days, he really thought he was improved. "He relies little upon medicine," said Tom, "of which he says, I have taken too much, but greatly upon diet and regimen. I ride out twice a day, dine at an early hour, and eat a certain quantity only of food at each meal; after which I lie down on the carpet for an hour, and then crawl, on my belly, to the corner of the room for my tumbler of water, which is all the liquid he allows me. You smile, Dick! but, trust me, all this is done upon principles which experience has verified." I smiled at the gravity with which my friend had gone through these details; telling him at the same time, that I approved much of that part of his plan which referred to horse exercise; on which account the country was the best place for him; and that I had come on purpose, to take him into Worcestershire. He thanked me, but said he could not accept my offer: that he was in search of health, and must be near advice. I perceived it was a hopeless case; and shaking my poor friend by the hand, with a melancholy foreboding departed.

It was not until the end of August, whilst I was busied in preparing for the shooting season, that I

again heard of Tom Wunderlich. I was thinking, one morning at breakfast, how much I was to blame for having neglected so long to inquire after him, and wondering whether he was now well enough to bring down a partridge, when a letter from the poor fellow was put into my hands. It entreated me, earnestly, to come and see him, in the vicinity of Dorking, where he had taken a cottage; and, as his health was worse than ever, he hoped nothing would prevent me from forthwith seeing him. The epistle, indeed, was written in a strain which left me only one mode of decision; and, therefore, ordering my tilbury, I drove over to Gloucester; threw myself into the mail; and on the afternoon of the following day, found myself seated in the little parlour of my friend's cottage. He could not at that moment be disturbed, but John informed me, that he feared his master was now ill in good earnest; that he had retained nothing on his stomach for four days; was delirious, and reduced to "an atomy." I inquired what he had been doing. "Ah! sir," said John; "you know how fond he is of new doctors: he has had twenty since you saw him; and has taken a wagon load of physic. Lord, Sir! I have turned many a good penny on the empty phials; but it won't do. I really fear that the poor gentleman is dying." In a few minutes my friend was ready to see me, and I entered his bed room.

Alas! what a change! a young man, not twenty-six, metamorphosed into an old, infirm invalid of seventy; his skin yellow and shrivelled, his cheeks sunk, and his wan eyes almost lost within their bony sockets. He could not rise to welcome me; but stretched out his skinny hand, and with a hoarse yet scarcely audible voice, said: "God bless you, my dear Dick! This is indeed a visit of true friendship." I took hold of his hand and sat down by him, for my heart was too full to speak. He perceived the state of my feelings; and as he feebly returned the pressure of my hand, a hectic smile passed over his countenance, to check a tear which stood in the corner of his eye. "Ah! Dick!" said he, "this is a severe trial. After finding that all the regular faculty had mistaken my case, and having at length found a remedy for it, to be unable to avail myself of the blessing." Here he paused to fetch his breath, for the least effort exhausted him; and although he was up, yet he had scarcely strength to support himself in a chair. I ventured to inquire of what remedy he spoke. "It is," said he, shuddering as he uttered the words, "a live spider; and I have the most implicit faith in the prescription: but I cannot overcome my aversion to the insect. I see a spider in every article of food I swallow; and it consequently does not remain a moment on my stomach. Two nights ago I dreamt that I saw a spider, with a body the size and exact resemblance of a human skull, and legs like those of a skeleton. It crawled up to my mouth, which it was about to enter; and—" Here he was again forced to pause to draw breath: a cold sweat stood upon his forehead, and his fleshless hand was bedewed with an icy moisture. He heaved a deep sigh, and looked me full in the face; and then, as if recollecting himself, he continued his detail. "This spider haunts me day and night, so constantly, that I am perfectly conscious of its existence; and I am also aware that it is the identical one which I must swallow." At this idea he became so much convulsed, that I called aloud for John, and ordered him instantly to fetch a doctor. My poor friend seemed insensible to the sound of my voice and the order I had given. I felt that he was making an ineffectual effort to push back his chair, and I saw that his eye was following, as it were, something on the ground. "Do you not see there," said he, pointing with the finger of his right hand, which he could scarcely raise from his knee—"there!" "I see nothing, my dear Wunderlich!—it is your imagination which is thus distorted by your disease." He drew himself up with horror: "No! no!" he feebly exclaimed, "it is not my fancy:—see it has crawled up my leg: there—there—it is on my heart—I feel it;" and he sunk into his chair. I thought he had fainted; but in a few seconds, he gave a convulsive sob; which was succeeded by another at an equal distance of time; these were then followed by a hissing expiratory sound; his limbs became powerless, and he would have fallen on the floor, if I

had not supported him in the chair. The doctor entered the room; but it was only to confirm my apprehensions. The force of the delusion had overwhelmed his nervous system; and, in this doing, Death, in his triumph over mortality, had demonstrated that life may be expelled from her fortress by a phantom of the imagination.

MISCELLANY.

OWEN FELTHAM.

From the Massachusetts Journal.

The works of Owen Feltham, who lived during the reign of James 1st, are full of sententious wisdom. He is strangely in love with conceits and pointed expressions,—so that the gravest sentiment sometimes appears ludicrous by the dress in which it is presented. His style too has very much of poetical involution, and sometimes of sonorous roundness. But there is every where so much of strong conception, and clear, discriminating thought, that one always finds the book a valuable moral treasure. Of time he says, "time is like a ship which never anchors; while I am aboard, I had better do those things that may advantage me at my landing, than practice such as shall cause my commitment when I come to shore." "We see the things we aim at, as travellers do towns in hilly countries; we judge them near at the eyes' end, because we see not the vallies and the brooks that interpose." "Tis much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power, but reconciliation of his will; and there is less danger in a will, which will not hurt, than in a power, which can not."—"When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and interchange the keys." "Let no man slight the scorns and hate of the people. The sands of Africa, though they be but barren dust and lightness, yet, angered by the winds, they bury both horse and traveller alive." "It is with virtuous men as it is with spices, and some kind of fragrant herbs. Their bruising by context tells us all about how rich their odour is."

Owen Feltham wrote an exceedingly humorous "Character of the Low Countries," from which we extract the following:

"They are a general sea-land; the great bog of Europe; there is not such another marsh in the world, that's flat. They are an universal quagmire epitomized. They are the ingredients of a black pudding, and want only stirring together; marry, 'tis best making on't in a dry summer, else you will have more blood than grist."

"Says one, it affords the people one commodity beyond all the other regions; if they die in perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to hell than the rest of their neighbours. And for this cause, perhaps, all strange religions throng thither, as naturally inclining toward their centre. It is an excellent country for a despairing lover; for every corner affords him a willow to make a garland of: but if justice doom him to be hanged on any other tree, he may, in spite of the sentence, live long and confident. If he had rather quench his spirits than suffocate them, so rather choose to feed lobsters than crows, 'tis but leaping from his window, and he lights in a river, or sea. 'Tis a singular place to fat monkeys in; there are spiders as big as shrimps, and I think as many. No creatures; for sure they were bred, not made; were they but as venomous as they are rank, to gather herbs were to hazard martyrdom. They are so large, that you would almost believe the Hesperides were here, and these the Dragons that did guard them. Their ordinary pack-horses are all of wood, carry their bridles in their tails, and their burdens in their bellies. A strong tide and a stiff gale are the spurs that make them speedy; when they travel they touch no ground, when they stand still they ride, and are never in danger but when they drink up too much of their way. The lining of their houses is more rich than the outside; not in hangings, but in pictures, which even the poorest are there furnished with. Not a cobbler but has his toys for ornament; Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not be such another Bartholomew-Fair in Europe. Their artists, for these are as rare as thought, for they can

paint you a fat hen in her feathers; and if you want the language, you may learn a great deal of Dutch by their signs, for what they are they never write under them. So by this device hang up more honesty than they keep. Their houses they keep cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their souls. They are as churlish as their breeder Neptune; and without doubt very ancient, for they were bred before manners were in fashion. They are seldom deceived, for they trust nobody; yet trust them you must if you travel. To ask a bill of particulars is to purr in a wasp's nest; you must pay what they ask, as sure as if it were the assessment of a subsidy. The government is a democracy, and there had need be many to rule such a rabble of rude ones. Tell them of a king, and they cut your throat in earnest. The very name carries servitude in it; and they hate it more than a Jew doth images, a woman old age, or a Non-conformist a surplice. 'Tis a dainty place to please boys in; for your father shall bargain with your schoolmaster not to whip you; if he doth, he shall revenge it with his knife, and have law for it. Men and women are there starched so blue, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw Winter walking up to the neck in a barrel of indigo. To a feast they come readily, but being set once, you must have patience; they are longer eating meat than we in preparing it. They drink down the Evening star, and drink up the Morning star."

NAPOLEON'S RETURN FROM EGYPT.

From Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon.

On the 9th of October, 1799, (16th of Vendémiaire, year 8,) the frigates La Muiron and La Carrière, and the zebecks La Revanche and La Fortune, with which Buonaparte had sailed from Rosetta, cast anchor at the break of day in the gulf of Frejus.

No sooner were the French frigates descried, than it was conjectured they came from Egypt. The people ran in crowds to the shore, eager for news from the army. It was soon understood that Napoleon was on board, and such was the enthusiasm among the people that even the wounded soldiers got out of the hospitals in spite of the guards, and went to the shore. The spectators wept for joy. In a moment the sea was covered with boats. The officers belonging to the fortifications and the customs, the crews of the ships that were anchored in the road, in short, every body thronged round the frigates. At six o'clock that evening Napoleon, accompanied by Berthier, set off for Paris. The fatigue of the passage, and the effect of the transition from a dry to a moist climate, compelled Napoleon to stop some hours at Aix. The inhabitants of the city and the neighbouring villages came in crowds to offer their congratulations at seeing him again. Those who lived too far from the road to present themselves there in time, rang the bells, and hoisted flags upon the steeples, which at night blazed with illuminations. It was not like the return of a citizen to his country, or of a general at the head of a victorious army, but seemed to imply something more than this. The enthusiasm of Avignon, Montelimart, Valence, and Vienne, was only surpassed by that of Lyons. That city, in which Napoleon rested for twelve hours, was in a state of general delirium. The Lyonnese had always testified a strong attachment to him, perhaps from feeling a peculiar interest (on account of their situation) in all that related to Italy. They had also just received the accounts of the battle of Aboukir, which formed a striking contrast to the defeat of the French armies of Germany and Italy. "We are numerous, we are brave," the people seemed every where to say, "and yet we are conquered. We want a leader to direct us—we now behold him, and our glory will once more shine forth." In the mean time, the news of Napoleon's return had reached Paris. It was announced at the theatres, and caused an universal sensation, of which even the Directory partook. Some of the *Société du Manege* trembled on the occasion, but they dissembled their real feelings so as to seem to share the common sentiment. Baudin, the deputy from the Ardennes, who had been much grieved at the disastrous turn the affairs of the Republic

had taken, died of joy when he heard of Napoleon's return.

Napoleon had already quitted Lyons before his landing was announced in Paris. With a precaution hardly necessary in these circumstances, he took a different road from the one he had mentioned to his couriers; so that his wife, his family, and particular friends went in a wrong direction to meet him, and some days elapsed in consequence before he saw them. Having thus arrived in Paris quite unexpectedly, he had alighted at his own house in the Rue Chanteraine before any one knew of his being in the capital. Two hours afterwards he presented himself to the Directory; and being recognised by the soldiers on guard, was welcomed with shouts of gladness. Happy still was this period when every spark of enthusiasm was not dead, and there was at least one man in the world who could excite the least emotion in the public breast!

Buonaparte had every reason to congratulate himself on the reception he met with on all sides. The nature of past events sufficiently instructed him as to the situation of France; and the information he had procured on his journey had made him acquainted with all that was going on. His resolution was taken. What he had been unwilling to attempt on his return from Italy, he was now determined to do at once. He had the greatest contempt for the government of the Directory and for the leaders in the two Councils. Resolved to possess himself of authority and to restore France to her late glory by giving a powerful impulse to public affairs, he had left Egypt to execute this project; and all that he had seen in passing through France had confirmed his sentiments and strengthened his design.

HUMANITY OF ROBERT BRUCE.

From Scott's Tales of a Grandfather.

Robert Bruce was universally celebrated as a wise and good prince: a circumstance, which happened during his retreat from Ireland, shows that he was likewise a kind and humane man. One morning, when the English, with their Irish auxiliaries pressed hard upon Bruce, he gave order to continue a hasty retreat; for a battle with a much more numerous army, and in the midst of a country which favoured his enemies, would have been extremely imprudent. On a sudden, just as king Robert was about to mount his horse, he heard a woman shrieking in despair. "What is the matter?" said the king: and he was informed by his attendants, that a poor washer-woman, mother of a new born infant, was about to be left behind the enemy, as being too weak to travel. The mother was shrieking for fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who were accounted very cruel; and there were no carriages or means of sending her and her infant on in safety: they must needs be abandoned, if the army retreated.

King Robert was silent for a moment, when he heard this story, being divided between compassion for the poor woman's distress, and the consideration of the danger to which a halt would expose his army. At last he looked round on his officers, with eyes that kindled like fire: "Ah, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, "never let it be said that a man who was born of a woman, and nurtured by a woman's tenderness, left a mother and her infant to the mercy of barbarians. In the name of God, let the odds and the risk be what they will, I will fight rather than have these poor creatures left behind me. Let the army, therefore, draw up in a line of battle, instead of retreating."

The story had a singular conclusion; for the English general, seeing that Robert Bruce halted and offered him battle, and knowing the Scottish king to be one of the best generals then living, supposed that he must have received some large supply of forces, and was afraid to attack him. Thus Bruce had an opportunity to send off the poor woman and her child, and to retreat at his leisure, without suffering any inconvenience from the halt.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"Death is Life, and Life is death," said Euripides; and so said Plato, and so said the Eastern Sages. If then Death be Life, as the wise and virtu-

ous of all ages have believed, the question recurs, what is Life?

Life, says the Beauty, is admiration and gay attire;—it is dice and dash, says the Spendthrift;—it is gain, says the Merchant and the Miser;—it is power, says the Prince. Yet the Alchemist looks for it in an elixir. But Death dethrones the Prince—breaks the Merchant and Miser—out-dashes the Spendthrift and the Belle, and spills the elixir of Life.

Life is action, says the Cricketer; it is a feast, says the Glutton; it is a bubble, says the Philosopher: but Death bursts the Philosopher's bubble, gormandizes the Glutton, and bowls out the Cricketer.

It is fees, says the Physician; it is judgement and execution, says the Judge; it is all vanity, says the Parson: but Death humbles the Parson's vanity, executes the Judge and his judgements, and takes fee of the Physician and his Patients too!

Thou art then a very Proteus, Death, at once a Miser, a Merchant, and a Prince,—thou art a Game, a Glutton, and a Bubble,—thou art Justice to the injured, a Physician to the sick, and an humbler of Vanity,—thou art Master of the Ceremonies of Life, sporting with it in every form, and we have sported with thee!

Thus, view them however we may, Life and Death are endless paradoxes; the love of the one, and the fear of the other, are unquestionably imprinted in our nature for wise purposes—they gain and lose strength, they rise and fall—and in all their movements they dance together.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1828.

Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

May 31. Saint Petronilla; Saints Cantius, Cantianus, and Cantianilla.—1769, the general court of Massachusetts convened at Boston, and immediately petitioned governor Bernard to remove the military parade which surrounded the state house. After some equivocation on the part of the governor, he frankly acknowledged that he had no authority over the king's troops,—expressly proving that the military was set above the civil authority. The governor suffered them to sit several weeks, during which they were peremptorily determined to do no business, until relieved from the insulting and noisy evolutions of military discipline, intended to interrupt their solemn deliberations; nor to allow even their choice of speaker, and other acts of organization to be valid,—protesting against their being considered as a precedent in any future emergency,—because they could not consider their deliberations free, when cannon were planted at the very doors of the state house.—1778, colonel Ethan Allen arrived among his friends after being three years a prisoner. The news of his arrival gave so much joy that it was announced by the discharge of cannon.

JUNE.
Summer is yemen in;
Loud sing cuckoo;
Grow with seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new.

OLD SONG.

True it is that "summer is yemen in;" but has it not often come, and gone, and come again, like the generations that have filled the earth, leaving behind them scarcely a mark of remembrance? It is true, indeed, that heroes have achieved glorious as well as infamous deeds, which stand upon the page of the chronological annals. The wars of the elements, and the great events which sometimes follow the ordinary steps of nature, have also their seasons, which memory cheerfully hails; and we attach the respect or the regret with which we commemorate the event to the anniversary period. But these are no part of the real and happy beauties of June. We do not commemorate the opening of the piony, the coming of the cuckoo, the springing of the young maize, nor the ripening of the strawberry, with all the festivity of a naval victory, or the

birth of a great man. But let the unbiassed heart answer;—is there in the whole catalogue of glorious events, a deed of man to be compared with the work which during this month, comes in such rich profusion from the glorious hand of nature? Who ever walked into the fields, and pulled, one by one, the miracles of her handy-work, without a thought of human vanity, when compared to divine perfection? for here is that perfection taught. Man may destroy; but God alone can create;—create too, in beauty and in light, so simple and so lovely, that in our inspection of his works, we stop and wonder, at a loss which to admire most, the skill of the Creator, or the simple beauty of his creation. We could cite the authority of eminent poets to prove that there is an inspiration, bordering on enthusiasm, in every trait of nature, during this month; but to mention poetry in the presence of nature, is a kind of impiety. There is in fact no poetry like that which is felt; and when we read the book of nature, "every man is his own poet for the time being."

June. 1. Saints Justin Martyr, Pamphylus, Caprias, Peter of Pisa, Wistan, and Nicomede. TRINITY SUNDAY. This is observed as a festival in the Catholic, and several other churches, with peculiar services, to commemorate the Trinity in Unity, as the other festivals commemorate the Unity in Trinity.—1794, Lord Howe, obtained a great victory over the French fleet.—1813, the United States' frigate Chesapeake, of 36 guns, Captain Lawrence, was captured by the British frigate Shannon, of 38 guns. The brave Lawrence was killed during the engagement, and forty of his crew. The Shannon, according to the British account had twenty-six killed. The battle was fought within sight of the Boston light house.—1814, lieutenant colonel Pearson, with 250 North-Carolina militia, and seventy indians, took 922 indians prisoners, on the banks of the Alabama.

June 2. Saints Pothinus, Sanctus, Attalus, &c.—1780, the Protestants, to the number of 50,000, went in a body to the house of commons, to petition for the repeal of an act passed in favour of the Catholics.—1734, John Roussey, of the isle of Distrey, Scotland, died at one hundred and thirty years of age. The son who inherited his estate was born in his hundredth year.—1817, the market of Saint Germain, in Paris, was formally blessed, by the rector of Saint Sulpice, accompanied by the clergy of the parish.

June 3. Saints Cecilius, Clotilda, Coemgen, Lifard, and Genesis.—1611, the lady Arabella Seymour, whose relation to the blood royal had caused so much uneasiness to queen Elizabeth, and cost Sir Walter Raleigh his head, escaped from imprisonment, where she had been placed, through the same sentiments of jealousy in James I.

June 4. Saints Quirinus, Optatus, Walter, Petroc, Breaca, Burian, and Nenoc.—1789, George III. born.—1814, Louis XVIII. gave the French a new constitution.—1815, the French legislature held their first session after the return of Buonaparte from Elba.—1813, Commodore Decatur driven into New-London with the two frigates, United States and Macedonian, and the sloop of war Hornet.

June 5. Saints Boniface, Dorotheus, and Illidius.—1826, Carl Maria Von Weber, the eminent musical composer, died in London, of a pulmonary affection.—1806, Louis Buonaparte was proclaimed king of Holland.

June 6. Saints Norbert, Philip the deacon, Gudwell, and Claude.—1762, Lord Anson, the navigator, died at Moorpark, near Rickmansworth, Herts, aged sixty-two.—1813, Generals Chandler and Winder, taken prisoners by surprise, at Forty-mile creek; but the British were compelled to retreat in haste, and with considerable loss.

We notice the proceedings of Apollo Lodge, in Troy, at a meeting held on the 23d inst. Resolutions appropriating the sum of twenty-five dollars, and a circular addressed to the several lodges of the state, inviting them to contribute towards redeeming from execution the furniture and library of our Past Grand Master, De Witt Clinton, have been published in several papers. While we are compelled to regret that something of this kind has not been effectually done before, we are happy to see that something like propriety is started at this

late period. We fear however that these exertions are too late to save any part of the library, as the sale has advanced too far already for a recovery. Some part of the furniture and other articles of personal property may be purchased according to the proposed plan; but the library being partly disposed of to individuals, literally by the volume, it is not to be expected that they can be redeemed. Too much cannot be tried, however, and if only a part is spared from a total dispersion, it may be an act which the contributors shall hereafter look back with self-approbation. It is to be regretted that something had not been attempted long ago, and that too without the publicity which must necessarily attend any effort that can now be made. Though it becomes the charitable at all times to "let not their left hand know what the right hand doeth," it is much more proper at a time when so many are ready to sacrifice every principle of honour and justice, rather than allow the masonic fraternity an opportunity to do an act of benevolence.

FIRES IN NEW-YORK. It is to be feared that an extensive and daring conspiracy exists in the city of New-York. The papers of that city, of Saturday last, stated that there had been no less than five actual fires in the upper part of the city during the previous forty-eight hours. There were also two alarms on Saturday, making six fires and twelve alarms within a week. On Monday evening a more destructive fire broke out in the Bowery. It commenced in the stable of Chambers and Underhill, in Bayard-street, at about a quarter past six o'clock. The south-west wind soon extended it to the adjacent buildings, and among the rest, the Bowery theatre was totally destroyed. The buildings being filled with ardent spirits and other combustibles burned rapidly, and completely baffled the utmost skill of the firemen. At one period during the conflagration, the gas in the pipes which supplied the theatre took fire, and the effect on distant spectators was like that of lightning. It is already understood that measures are taken to rebuild this theatre, on a larger and more complete plan. Excepting the wardrobe, which is a dead loss to the actors, the insurance is nearly enough to cover the loss.

Since this, fires have succeeded each other in such quick succession, as to render it barely possible to enumerate them. Two fires broke out near each other on the morning of Wednesday last, soon after midnight. The first broke out in a building which had been partly destroyed in a previous fire, but was now repairing. It was extinguished without much damage. But another, only two hours after, broke out in Charlton-street very near the former, which consumed in spite of the utmost labour of the firemen, nearly or quite a dozen buildings. Six horses perished in a stable. These were without doubt the work of an incendiary. Two have since occurred; one in Church-street, directly in the rear of Saint Paul's church, with the evident design of destroying a range of wooden buildings adjoining the stable in which it was discovered; the wind blowing in that direction. The other was in a grocery in Fulton-street; but happily both were extinguished without doing much damage.

It is impossible to describe the alarm occasioned by these apparent attempts to destroy the city. ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS are offered by twenty-one insurance offices for the apprehension of any person who may have set fire to any of the premises lately burned, or who may set fire to any building for three months to come.

FOREIGN NEWS. By recent arrivals at Boston and New-York, we have London dates to the 28th of April. French papers received state, under date of Vienna April 12, that the English cabinet had informed the other powers of Europe, that in case of a rupture between Russia and Turkey, she will remain neutral; but, that in concert with France, she will persist in the execution of the treaty of July 6. This may be received as a pledge for a continuance of peace between the powers. Russia has also repeatedly avowed, that she has not in view any increase of territory. The Great Walnut Tree, which made so much noise in our large cities for a long time, has arrived at London. The news of the Russian declaration of war, reached Constantinople on the 24th of March. The news, though not official, caused great sensation, and was generally believed. The Emperor of Russia was at Petersburg as late as the 9th of April.

TABLE TALK.

Par-ia Par-ibus. Dr. Parr being at a dinner where "Church and State" was drunk, refused to join; but being urged by those about him, he said—"Well then, gentlemen, 'Church and State,' it was once the toast of *Jacobites*, now it is the toast of *Incendiaries*. It means a Church without the Gospel, and a King above the law."—*Jack Ketch superseded.* The grand council of the Valais, in Switzerland, has published a decree abolishing the punishment of death.—*Let us Editors alone, then!* In Ohio William Evans has been fined ten dollars and cost of prosecution, and ten days imprisonment, to be fed on bread and water, for cowskinning Mr. Howard, editor of the National Historian.—*Hereditary Tin Work.* Mr. William Howe of Boston, advertises that his "real old stand" has been occupied for the manufacture of tin ware and coffin furniture, by successive generations of the same family for more than a century. The building was erected in 1701, and bears on the front an antique and curious inscription.—*Huzza for Pedagogues!* Mr. Brougham, the great English orator, in one of his last speeches in the British parliament, stated it as his belief that a school master with a primer, would accomplish more in the present age, than a soldier with a bayonet!—*Cruel War.* The king of the Netherlands, by a decree of the 25th of November, has ordered that, in one year, all the rabbits in the provinces of Holland shall be exterminated, on account of the injury they do the dykes.—*American System.* A Connecticut paper states, that the firm of Allyn, Marsh, & Co. of Hartford, have been married to Miss Elizabeth Cornish. The firm we should presume from this are extensively engaged in domestic manufactures. How will they register the parentage of the children in the parish records?—*Experimental.* In Warwick, Orange county, Nehemiah Finn, a coloured man, died by hanging himself in the way of experiment.—*Burglary.* In Burke county, Georgia, a "free-drinker," known by the name of old John Martin, broke into a distillery, and drank himself to death from a whiskey barrel.—*Crim. Con.* Married, in Warren, Herkimer county, Mr. David Crim to Miss Eve Crim.—*A Monument.* The Raleigh Register notices the recent death of a gentleman, who had been a subscriber to that paper for twenty-eight years, without having been in arrear more than six months at any one time. What an eulogy to be inscribed on a man's tomb!—*Bachelor's Opinion.* "I consider an unmarried lady declining into the vale of years," says Goldsmith, "as one of those charming countries bordering on China, that lies waste for want of proper inhabitants. We are not to accuse the country, but some of its neighbours, who are insensible of its beauties, though at liberty to enter and cultivate the soil."—*General Foy's landed.* A "scientific Englishman," by the name of Foy, announces himself in the New-York papers as "the celebrated Bed Bug Killer, from London, and offers his services to the public, pledging himself to destroy effectually those troublesome vermin." He says one trial will be a sufficient proof, not wishing to descend over much in his own favour.—*New Standard for Time.* The bye laws of the Fall river Institution for Savings, contain the following provision—"time as kept by Joseph Gooding, esq. shall be the standard of time until some different standard shall be agreed upon."—*Robbery.* A foolish and dangerous joke was played off not long since upon two gentlemen going to a party, upon the banks of the Schuylkill. A few miles above the city, the gentlemen were stopped by six persons, and told to deliver up their watches, quizzing glasses, chains, seals, trinkets, &c. &c. Which they as a matter of course complied with. The same night all the articles were restored.—*A ready made Citizen imported.* An honest Hibernian presented himself at the poll of the fifth ward in Rochester, at a late election, to exercise his prerogative as an adopted son of this home of the oppressed, when the following dialogue took place between him and the inspector:—*Inspector.* Are you a naturalized citizen of this country? *Hibernian.* Sure I am, your honour. *Inspector.* How long is it since you were naturalized? Pat looked with some astonishment at the inspector, when he exclaimed, "J—s, wasn't I naturalized, long before I came

to this country!"—*Conscience!* The chancellor of England has recently received £1,200 from an unknown person to be returned to the public funds, "for conscience sake."—*Nonsense.* A Baltimore paper states that "the dead point is gained, and perpetual motion is discovered, by John J. Girard, physician, of the city of Baltimore." When the time comes that a man can take hold of the waistbands of his own breeches, and by his own unaided animal strength, can lift himself from the earth and transport himself to the moon, then, and not till then, will any one discover perpetual motion.—*Give the Devil his Due.* The editor of the Upland Chester Union, acknowledges the receipt of a large slice of poundcake, accompanying a marriage notice, which cake was liberally distributed to those at work in the office—"allotting the Devil his portion."—*Monks of the Screw.* A celebrated society, under this name, partly political and partly convivial, was formed in Dublin, in 1779. J. Philpot Curran, the first Prior of the order, supplied the brotherhood with a hymn, moving them to abstinence and mortification, thus:

My brethren, be chaste, till you're tempted:
Whilst sober, be wise and discreet;
And humble your bodies by fasting,
As oft as you've nothing to eat.

—*A Dollar's worth of Life.* A late number of the Onondaga Register, relates a shocking and melancholy instance of death by the use of ardent spirits. A Mr. Fountain, of that town, who had long been addicted to habits of intemperance, was induced for one dollar to swallow a quart of whiskey. After taking this dram, he was carried from the store to his house, where, after lying a short time in a state of insensibility, he expired.

LITERARY NOTICES.

—*Contents of the May number of Mrs. Hale's Ladies' Magazine;—ORIGINAL MISCELLANY:—Female Character; Sketch of American Character,—No. 5,—The Village School Mistress; Letters from a Mother; The deaf Girl; Legal Condition of Woman. ORIGINAL POETRY:—The Eye of the Dead; The Wife; Canzonetta; Last Thoughts; Tale of other Times; Fame and Love. CRITICAL NOTICES:—"Elia;"—"Almack's Revisited;"—"The Child's Botany;"—"Sayings and Doings, third Series."* Card. Mrs. Hale, having been necessarily detained from a personal superintendence of the Ladies' Magazine, has now taken the charge of the work according to engagement. We look with confidence on the success of her labours, and can with the same confidence recommend it to such of our female readers as love to encourage merit, while they at the same time contribute to their own entertainment.

—*We have received the first number of the Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, and edited by Dr. Daniel Drake. The contents of this number are:—ESSAYS AND CASES. A Discourse on the Causes, Effects, and Preventives of Intemperance, from Ardent Spirits. REVIEWS AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES:—Formulary for the Preparation and Employment of the Salts of Morphine, of Strichnine, Brucine, Cinchonine, Quinine, Emetine, Iodine, and other new medicines; Observations on the Efficacy of White Mustard Seed in Affections of the Liver. MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE:—Analectick:—On amputation and the Omission of Ligatures to the Vessels; Chorea cured with Venesection and Leeching; On the Distinction between Rheumatic Inflammation of the Heart and Pericarditis. Analytical:—Excision of the testis; Ammonia in the bites of Venomous Snakes; Eruptions caused by Balsam Copavia. Original:—Quarterly Report of the Weather and Diseases of Cincinnati; Necrology.*

—*The Kingston Gazette and Religious Advocate, is the title of a new quarto, published at Kingston, Upper Canada, by Stephen Miles. It is devoted to Religion, General Intelligence, Politics and Literature.*

—*The Socialist, is a new work printed weekly by A. Greene, editor of the Berkshire American.*

—*The Fredonia Censor, published at Fredonia, Chautauque county, has been enlarged, and put into new type.*

—*The Boston Evening Bulletin, has been enlarged, and now appears in a very respectable size; without, however, any increase in the price.*

—*ANOTHER BANK FAILURE.* We learn that the directors of the Franklin Bank in New-York, came to a resolution on Wednesday last, to suspend further payments, and discontinue all operations. On Thursday, on the application of the president of the institution, and also of Henry Astor, esq., one of the creditors, the chancellor issued his injunction, prohibiting all further transactions. Its concerns are said to be not very extensive, not having more than \$20,000 in circulation.

From the Lockport Journal.

—*A CARD.*—To Messrs. Goringhouse & Bates. The undersigned asks leave to inform them that he has returned to the county of Niagara, where he can be found, and is ready to transact any business they may have with him. WILLIAM KING.

—*TO THE PUBLIC.*—At the last court of general sessions of the peace, held in this county, an indictment was found against me, for the abduction of one William Morgan. I now solemnly declare, that I am wholly innocent of the charge, that I never had any concern, either directly or indirectly in carrying him away, or confining him, or doing him any injury whatever, in any shape or manner; neither did I ever consent to his being confined for a single moment; and I furthermore declare, that there was not one particle of evidence before the grand jury, which tended to show that I had any concern in the transaction; I therefore request the public to suspend their opinion on the subject, until an investigation can be had, before a competent tribunal. I should not dare to make the above appeal, were I not positive that what I have stated is truth. The indictment undoubtedly was either inconsiderately found, was intended to have a political effect, or obtained through malice. Every editor who shall notice the indictment found against me, will do me the act of justice by giving the above one insertion. WILLIAM HOTCHKISS. Lewiston, May 15, 1828.

—*FRESH GOODS.*—N. TIRRELL, No. 549, South Market street, has received and manufactured his spring stock of Brushes, Trunks, and Bandboxes, where orders from any part of the country will be received to any amount in his line of business; and as he offers the best assortment of any one in the city or its vicinity, and has had an opportunity of getting direct from the importers, the choice of their stock, he warrants his goods 15 per cent better than they have been in a number of years. Those who wish to purchase will do well to call and examine for themselves. May 31. 1828

—*HARTWICK SEMINARY.*—This Seminary has been established about thirteen years, in the pleasant valley of the Susquehanna, county of Otsego, situated four and a half miles from the village of Cooperstown, and seventy miles west from the city of Albany. Young gentlemen from various parts of the United States, have there received a preparatory education for entering college in this and the neighbouring states. And the subscriber believes that most of his pupils have hitherto sustained a favourable character at college, both in relation to their moral conduct, and their proficiency in the several branches of sciences in which they have been instructed.

The branches taught are the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; French and German; Natural Philosophy; History; Mathematics in general, and particularly Surveying, both theoretical and practical; Geography; English Grammar; exercises in English composition; Arithmetic, Writing, &c.

The Rev. George B. Miller, who for a number of years past, has been successfully engaged in the tuition of youth, both in this state and the state of New-Jersey, has been appointed assistant teacher in the seminary. The present term commenced on Monday the 19th of May, to continue to the last Wednesday in August.

For further particulars and references as to the character of the institution, the subscriber would refer the public to the Rev. F. G. Mayer, of Albany; the Rev. Dr. Wackerhagen, of Clermont; the Rev. Dr. Quintman, of Rhinebeck; the Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College; the Rev. Mr. Shaffer, and the Rev. Dr. Geisenhauer, of New-York; to the clergy of the Lutheran Church in this and the neighbouring states in general, and to the trustees of Hartwick Seminary in particular.

Good boarding may be had in the neighbourhood of the seminary, at the moderate price of 12 or 14 shillings per week.

ERNEST L. HAZELIUS, Principal of Hartwick Seminary.

17:3.



—*JOHN H. HALL* respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to No 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1828. 151

—*BOOK-BINDING.*—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches: viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

—*An assurance on hand.* Subscribers to the American Masonick Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec. 22 471

—*PAINTING AND GLAZING.*—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine

PARAPHRASE.

Ere God arranged the heavens and earth,
No form defined had matter known;
O'er viewless, barren depths of space,
A dark and misty veil was thrown;
Lifeless, scattered, stagnant—all
Waited the Almighty call.

His voice creative light obeyed;
(Upon the abyss his breath had moved);
The darkness took a deeper shade,
And separate day its radiance proved.
Evening into being came,—
Morning caught the lambent flame.

Around the Source of Light, the expanse
Spread wide for embryo worlds to rise,
While brightening fluids far beneath
Reflected first the azure skies.
Evening's space to God was known,—
Morning's bounds to him alone.

Condensing floods he gathers fast;
Earth's countless atoms joined appear;
With budding grass and seedy herbs,
Fruit-yielding trees its surface cheer.
Evening saw the waters bound,—
Morning light the verdant ground.

He made for us two greater lights,
The signs of seasons and of years,
(Bright rule of day!—pale guide of night!)—
And formed his power the distant spheres.
Evening silent music flung,—
Morning stars together sung.

Self-moving tribes, immense of light,
Swarm in the seas—soar high o'er earth—
For God designed their varying forms,
And bade the fluids give them birth;
Evening shakes the sunny throng,—
Morning wakes her birds of song.

From parent earth arose the beasts
That graze the meadows—prowl for prey—
Formed after models in his mind,
Their Maker's blessing speeds their way,
Bounding through the sunny glade,—
Prolific 'mid the forest shade.

"Let us"—he meditates—"make man"—
His own similitude are they,
Of either sex—upright in mould—
Heaven's humbler offspring own their sway,
Since light, the breath of heaven, shone,
His Maker's image man alone

"Replenish earth!" was God's command,—
"Its fruits and plants your table spread;"
The winged fowl and creeping things
With grassy herbs and weeds he fed.
Evening's work in order stood
Morning rose—and ALL WAS GOOD.

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

SONG.

When at the lonely midnight hour,
A light bark o'er the wave is cleaving,
Old ocean, waked to life and joy,
His brightest smiles for her is wearing.

So do I wake my smiles for thee,
When thou thy lip to mine art pressing;
Nor think how soon that joy will flee,
Now prized above all earthly blessing.

But as the glittering wave is deemed,
By that proud rover's absence shrouded;
So all the smiles that gleamed for thee,
Too soon are by thy parting clouded.

1798.

From the London Literary Souvenir.

MIDSUMMER MUSINGS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

It is the summer of the fleeting year,
On the brown sward the flowers are faint and few;
All songs are hushed; and but the clear balloo
And laram of the bird-boy reach the ear.
Through the warm air floats far the lime's perfume,
But wayside boughs have lost the rose's bloom.

The corn is golden on a thousand slopes,
All crisply rustling to the living breeze;
And 'mid the billowy sound of summer trees
I wander, pondering on departed hopes;
Nor hopes alone, but pleasant lives departed,—
I walk alone—for I am lonely hearted.

What of those blest affections have I found,
Which life should ripen like its summer corn?
Which has not from my feeble grasp been torn,
Of all the love with which young life was crowned?
Hearts, which I should seek, I know not where
To find their graves—yet have they long been there.

These fell away like leaves when life was new
Smitten by that blight which to the fairest clings;
And though I have lived on through many springs,
No greenness follows where those buds first grew.
Still glows the heart, but glows without the power
To give or gain the freshness of that hour.

Yet why should I be sad?—for nature spreads
Her wealth before me daily; from her heart,
Doth joys, proud thoughts, sweet sympathies impart,
Which I drink in as one who nothing dreads.
Fearless that her's like man's weak mind should fall
Her face should darken, or her pleasures pall.

Yet why should I be sad?—for I have found
One true companion,—one dear soul is mine,
Whose converse still doth soothe, arouse, refine;
And on my hearth there is a cheerful sound
Of lightsome feet, and tones that in my ears
Ring like the hopes and joys of other years.

Then, though the false depart, the weak descend,
Though lights which seemed immortal cease to burn,
Though it be mine with bitter tears to mourn
Life's sorest sight—a soul-debased friend;
Firm is my faith in truth and virtue's lot,
Though thousands feign, and myriads feel them not.

The following spirited translation of a song, which has become national in Germany, is copied from the London Weekly Review. It concludes the first part of "Wallenstein," the triumph of Schiller's dramatic genius.

SONG OF THE CUIRASSIER.

Up, comrades! up, to horse! to horse!
And seek the field of pride,
For there man feels his native force,
And there the heart is tried.
Not asking aid from other's hands,
Defender of himself he stands.

Now freedom's flame hath fled, we find
But lords or bondsmen vile,
And falsehood filling all mankind
With coward hearted guile.
The soldier—only freeman now—
Can gaze on death with dauntless brow.

Life's thoughtful cares he casts away,
And, free from anxious fear,
He looks to fate with aspect gay.
Nor heeds her frowns how near.
To-morrow's dawn may life destroy,
Then drain to-day the cup of joy!

In heaven his noble name's enrolled,
No need has he to toil;
Let miners search the earth for gold,
And covetously toil,—
They dig and dive while life remains,
And dig their graves mid useless gains.

The bridal banquet is decreed,
And festal torches glare;
The horseman spurs his foaming steed,
Unasked, unwelcome there:

Nor gold nor vows his passion prove;
In storms he wins the prize of love!

Why mourns the maid with streaming eyes?
Away! away! away!
No spot of earth, no true love lies,
Can lure the soldier's stay;
The sport of fate's resistless wind,
He may not leave his peace behind.

Then, comrades, up! to horse! to horse!
The breast in battle swells!
Hast, quaff the life cup's sparkling force
Ere time its dew dispels!
The stake be deep—the prize is high:
Who life would win must dare to die!

From the Boston Statesman.
TO A BRIDE.

Pass thou on! for the vow is said
That is never broken;
The band of blessing hath trembling laid
On snowy forehead and simple braid,
And the word is spoken
By lips that never their words betrayed.

Pass thou on! for thy human all
Is richly given,
And the voice that claimed its holy thrall
Must be sweeter for life than music's fall,
And this side heaven
Thy lip may never that trust recall.

Pass thou on! yet many an eye
Will droop and glisten,
And the hushing heart in vain will try
To still its pulse as thy step goes by,
And we vainly listen
For thy voice of witching melody.

Pass thou on! yet a sister's tone
In its sweetness lingers,
Like some twin echo sent back alone,
Or the bird's soft note when its mate is flown,
And a sister's fingers
Will again o'er the thrilling harp be thrown.

And our eyes will rest on their foreheads fair,
And our hearts awaken,
Whenever we come where their voices are—
But oh, we shall think how musical were,
Ere of these forsaken,
The mingled voices we listened there.

Pass on! there is not of our blessings one
That may not perish—
Like visiting angels whose errand is done,
They are never at rest till their home is won,
And we may not cherish
The beautiful gift of thy light—Pass on!

EPITAPH ON A YOUTHFUL ACTOR.

BY BEN JONSON.

Weep with me, all you that read
This little story;
And know for whom a tear you shed,
Death's self is sorry.

'T was a child that did so thrive
In grace and feature,
That heaven and nature seemed to strive
Which owned the creature.

Years he numbered scarce thirteen
When fate turned cruel,
Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
The stage's jewel.

And did act, what now we moan,
Old men so duly,
As sooth, the Fates thought him one,
He played so truly.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1828.

NO. 19.

MASONICK RECORD.

A MASONICK EULOGY.

Delivered at Worcester, Massachusetts, June 24, A. L. 5796, on the Festival of Saint John the Baptist, before the Officers and Brethren of Morning Star Lodge, in that Town, joined by Trinity Lodge, from Lancaster.

BY REV. THADDEUS MASON HARRIS.

Respected Hearers, You see before you a band of brothers, connected with each other by the firmest engagements and most affectionate ties.—Warmed with the most general philanthropy, they profess to unite their endeavours in the benevolent design of assisting the perfection of the human character, and the harmony and happiness of society. Their institution boasts its origin in the earliest ages of the world; and it retains its ancient laws uncorrupted, its venerable rites and expressive symbols unchanged, and its primeval ceremonies entire. The stupendous pyramids which were raised, the lofty obelisks inscribed, and the magnificent temples built by masonick hands, have yielded to the ravages of time; but the institution itself has survived their overthrow, and outlived their glory. It will continue still, and flourish, till

"The great globe itself,
And all which it inherits, be destroyed,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

Had we leisure, it would be an interesting and entertaining research to trace its progress through the various stages of society it has successively improved and adorned: to see its early honours in Egypt;* its consecration at Jerusalem; its subsequent glory; and its preservation, and extension "in ages long gone by." It is true that in recurring to some periods of its remote history, we should have occasion to lament that the unfounded and illiberal prejudices of too many which it could not soften, and their corrupt passions which it could not subdue; at times denied the craft its merited honours, opposed its cause and impeded its progress.† Like the sun, its emblem, it has at times been obscured. Clouds and darkness have overshadowed its lustre: the clouds of error and the darkness of ignorance. But from the temporary penumbra it always emerged with increased splendour. And though from low minds mists of prejudice may still arise, and dim the clearness of its horizon, before the meridian light of reason, truth and wisdom, they will quickly disappear.

In the dark ages masonry yielded only a faint and glimmering radiance: "A light that shined in a dark place." But, when the gloom of ignorance and barbarism was dispelled, it revived in its pristine consequence and glory.

* Those who have most minutely investigated ancient history, will have reason to date the origin of the Egyptian mysteries at the times of Joseph; who, not being able to subvert the idolatry and superstition of the country, and introduce his own purer faith, communicated to select friends, under suitable cautions, the knowledge of the Divine Unity and spirituality, of the immortality of the soul, and some leading truths in the patriarchal religion. These dogmas were transmitted down; but, through the lapse of ages, became somewhat obscured and corrupted.

The Eleusinian and Gentile mysteries were probably branches of this more ancient establishment; and not distinct institutions. For an account of these, consult *Ælian*, Var. Hist. xii. c. 21. *Pausanias*, x. c. 21. and *Mursii Eleusinia*: In tom. 7. Gronov. Antiq. Gr.

† Nor did the priests of the mysteries neglect to recommend to the brethren a spirit of friendship and the love of virtue; so pleasing even to the most corrupt minds, and so requisite to render any society respectable in its own eyes. † *Gibson's obs. on the viith book of the Æneid*, p. 7.

† Prepossession hurries people to condemn what they will not have patience to understand.

Happily at the present day those prejudices lose much of their pristine obstinacy. "Time has allayed the violence of party, and checked with a cool discretion the tumults of opposition. Mankind, superior to national predilection or the barriers of policy or priestcraft, begin to follow the dictates of reason, and honour the wise and the good whatever be their country or their creed."

Those who enter minutely into the history of this society, will find it eventful and interesting. Various have been the efforts wantonly used, even in later times, to disturb its tranquillity and diminish its importance. Dissatisfaction has, however, been obliged to yield to conviction; and the groundless imputations of enmity, have been silenced by a display of the virtues the institution recommends and excites, and the laudable effects it produces. Among all nations, at last, its salutary influence is felt, and its beneficial tendency acknowledged. And, (though, like the common blessing of light, unheeded in its silent operation,) men are ignorantly indebted to it, as a principle, for some of the most disinterested exertions of generosity, and some of the sweetest intimacies of endearing friendship and social life.

Freemasons have always considered liberality as a virtue of the most general obligation and diffusive nature. To administer relief to the needy, and consolation to the distressed, is their most constant wish, and their highest pride; establishing friendship and forming connexions not by receiving but conferring benefits; and diffusing the conveniences and comforts of life with that cheerful readiness and benevolent impartiality which heightens their value and sweetens their possession. Their bounty is not dissipated among those who can return the obligation; but is frequently conveyed to distant lands and foreign cities, to the naked and the hungry who see not the hand that reaches out the kind supply, and can make no acknowledgement to their unknown benefactors but the ardent benediction of gratitude.

To communicate the blessings of which we are partakers; to contribute to the successful propagation of knowledge, virtue and peace, of the sciences and the arts, and of whatever cultivates and adorns social life; and to assist the advancement of human happiness; have ever been the great objects of this venerable association. Impressed with a due sense of their obligation to the discharge of their duties, the members of it have steadily pursued such means as were apparently most conducive to the accomplishment of so desirable an end: and they hope to surmount the obstacles and discouragements which retard its more general propagation.

To reflect on the rapid progress and present general diffusion of the *royal art* through almost every part of the habitable world,† must be particularly agreeable to all its friends; to every one sincerely interested in the cause of humanity; the happiness of his species.

At the present, as in every former age over which it hath spread its principles, masonry constitutes the affectionate and indissoluble alliance which unites man in warm cordiality with man. It forms the most liberal and extensive connexions. No private prepossession nor national predilection, no civil policy nor ecclesiastical tyranny, no party spirit, nor dissocial passion, is suffered to prevent

* This art was called *royal* not only because it was originally practiced by kings and princes, who were its first professors and warmest patrons, but likewise on account of the superiority which so sublime a science gave its disciples over the rest of mankind." *Smith*, p. 27.

† Eumenius, speaking of the number of masons that went over to the continent, about the beginning of the fourth century, says, "even our city Antium, most devoted to your service, and in whose name I am especially to congratulate you, has been well stored with architects and masons, since your victory over the Britons, whose provinces abounded with them: so that it now rises in splendour, by the rebuilding of ancient houses, erecting public works, and the instaurations of temples. Thus the ancient name of a Roman brotherhood, which they long since enjoyed, is again restored, by having your imperial majesty for their second founder." *Fanag Emp. Maximian*, Aug. dict.

See "Notices of the History of Freemasonry, in all Parts of the World." 8vo. Boston, 1798.

the engagement, nor interfere with the free exercise of that *brotherly love, relief and fidelity*, it fails not to produce. It has for ages been lamented, that petty distinctions and partial considerations, irrational prejudices and contracted sentiments, should so much obstruct the friendly intercourse of mankind. Masonry breaks down these formidable barriers. In its solemn assembly, around its social altar, meet the inhabitants of different countries with benignant looks of esteem, and sentiments of unfeigned friendship. Around distant lands it casts philanthropy's connecting zone, and binds together in the same sympathies the whole family on earth.

By the use of the universal language of masons, members of the fraternity of all nations communicate easily and freely with each other.† On every quarter of the globe they can make known their wishes, and be sure of finding an attentive friend, a hospitable asylum, and liberal assistance.

With religion, whose sublime doctrines it cannot increase, whose noble precepts it cannot improve, and whose sanctions it dare not adjudge, masonry does not interfere. The duties of piety must be the voluntary and spiritual intercourse of man with heaven. Over them it usurps no control and claims no jurisdiction. It is satisfied with teaching all the brethren that "the Eye which seeth in secret" observes all their conduct; that they must therefore "live as seeing him who is invisible," and have their souls raised superiour to the gross indulgences of vice, and their affections refined by the sublime energies of virtue; that they must be alive to all the engaging duties of benevolence, and be attached to their fellow men by all those tender ties of friendship and good will which hold the heart in the most permanent captivity.

Such, my hearers, is the genius, the design, and tendency of this institution.

But faint and imperfect is the representation I have given. Yet I cannot but hope that, though it be but as the sun painted in the dew drop, it will be found to have the merit of reflecting something of the splendour of its original.

At the door of masonry I stand with my taper. Would you view the glories of the temple, enter in and dwell there.

The ingeniousness of nature, my brethren, kindles a blush at the praise which comes so near to ourselves. Yet, who, but one of its own members, can speak the eulogy of an establishment, all of whose regulations, and most of whose effects, are not open to general inspection, but designedly concealed from all but the initiated? Determined by his conviction, and in the cause of truth, reason, and philanthropy, indifferent alike to ridicule and censure, the speaker asserts the high utility and value of this society, for the encouragement and cultivation of those attainments and qualities which are of vital consequence to moral and social man. He honours from his soul its laws: those laws which softening nature by humanity melt nations into brotherhood. Happy would it be for the peace of the world were they more universally acknowledged. They would give quiet to the nations. They would annihilate the spirit of martial glory, and utterly debase the pomp of war. They would be instrumental in meliorating the dispositions of men; in awakening and exercising their virtues; in exalting their condition and their happiness.

† Freemasons possess what the learned have sought in vain, an invariable cypher for general communication. See *Freemason's Magazine*, Vol. I. p. 11. Mr. Locke's notes to the MS. Bodl.

Seek ye a pure source of joys to enliven your prosperity! Ask ye for consolation in adversity! Want ye relief from poverty? Enter our temple and share our blessings. Friendship will conduct your faltering step, virtue will strengthen your resolutions, and wisdom enlighten your mind. There, also, pity and charity will direct your benevolence, and give value to the exercise of your kindness. There hope will brighten your prospects, and glory crown your deeds.

To this commendation of our society, my beloved brethren, your knowledge and your hearts will bear willing testimony. Let the actions of your lives afford corroborative evidence. Answer the expectations of the world. While ambitious of extending the influence, neglect not to support the credit of this ancient and venerable society. May the amiable simplicity and goodness of your manners produce sentiments of esteem in others for the principles from which they arise! Disgrace not your profession by any unworthy action.* Masonry may indeed suffer awhile from the suspicions of the ignorant and the censure of its enemies, but it can be lastingly injured only by the imprudences and ill conduct of its members and friends. Let me therefore enjoin it upon you, while you treat with just indifference the insinuations and surmises of the disingenuous and the perverse, to silence the tongue of reproach by the rectitude of your conduct, and the brilliance of your virtues. Let it be seen in you that our institution produces the good effects we have so openly boasted, and the virtues we have so frequently recommended and warmly approved. Fix your eyes steadily on the important object of your association. Let it open the affectionate embrace of large philanthropy, and lift up the hands of rational devotion! Let it exalt the capacity of the mind, refine the social sympathies, and form you for the noblest purposes of reasonable life!

Right Worshipful Masters, Respected Officers, and Beloved Brethren! You this day assemble to celebrate the increased reputation and usefulness of masonry; and to pay the tribute of affectionate remembrance to its departed patrons and brethren. Let hilarity therefore be tempered with thoughtfulness. Forget not in the cheerfulness of the day to retain decorum in festivity, and innocence in mirth. Let virtue chasten your pleasures, and it will give them a higher relish.

While you commemorate the wisdom and glory of SOLOMON, the fidelity of HIRAM, and the virtues of ST. JOHN, you will join also in celebrating the valour of WARREN and the wisdom of FRANKLIN. While you praise departed worth, neglect not to honour living virtue. And add to all your songs the chorus of acknowledgement and affectionate respect to our surviving patron and brother, WASHINGTON, "the friend of masonry, of his country, and of man."

Around the altar of friendship do we thus yearly assemble, and bring our votive incense to that temple which our predecessors founded on the firm basis of virtue, and supported by the pillars of wisdom, strength and beauty. We meet not to drain the bowl of intemperance, nor to indulge the excesses of gluttony; but to renew the cordialities of friendship, the resolutions of love and good will. We assemble not to disturb the peace of mankind by the busier plans of ambition, nor to fabricate those arts of luxury which but augment the miseries of life. Our object is to enliven the kindly sensibilities of human nature, and all the sweet civilities of social intercourse.

Children of Light! The duties of your profession are interesting and important. The duties of society and of religion are also binding upon you. May you discharge them all with fidelity and honour! Then, when the events of time shall be ended, and the retributions of eternity begin, when the Morning Stars shall again sing together and the sons of God shout for joy, ye shall join the animating chorus and share the glorious triumph. Ye shall be deemed worthy to enter the doors of the celestial temple, to be adorned with jewels beautified with immortality, and advanced to glories incomparably more resplendent than any here below. So mote it be!

* In the ancient masonic charges is this injunction: "Ye shall do no villainous deed, by the craft ye may be slandered."

CELEBRATIONS.

NEW-YORK.

The festival of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated by Solon Lodge, in the village of Athens, in Greene county, New-York, on Tuesday the 24th day of June, 1823. Brethren of adjoining Chapters and Lodges and sojourning Brethren, are respectfully invited to attend.

SAMUEL HAMILTON, LUMAN WAIT.
SAMUEL MILLER, FREDERICK DEMING,
DUDLEY DEMING, O. E. OSBORN,
WILLIAM ALCOTT, Committee of Arrangements.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

REMEDIES FOR INDIGESTION.

Of indigestion, two of the prominent features are flatulence and acidity; and the remedies for these states are clearly indicated. They are the alkalis and magnesia; and the advantages which the latter, in the general way, possesses over the former, is this: that, as containing an alkaline principle, the stomach acidity is neutralized by its administration; and a purgative suit being formed, in some measure, by the combination, the double purpose is thus effected of a corrective and an aperient. A tea spoonful or two of magnesia, thrown into a glass of water, and taken before going to rest, will often anticipate as it were the acid formation in the stomach, which would be otherwise consequent upon a little irregularity of eating or drinking; and will destine the individual to a good, who otherwise would pass a restless uncomfortable night. When a more positive purgative is required, it will be right to combine the sulphate of magnesia (epsom salts) with the carbonate (common magnesia.) Two large tea-spoonfuls of the former, with one of the latter, will constitute a good aperient; and, for a gouty invalid, one tea-spoonful or the fluid carbonate of ammonia (sal avoile) will be found useful; or, if the habit be cold, two or three spoonfuls of tincture of rhubarb may be advantageously mixed with the salts and magnesia.

[Unwinds on Indigestion.]

NATURAL BAROMETERS.

The following are a few of those plants which indicate changes in the weather:—Chick weed is an excellent barometer. When the flower expands fully, we are not to expect rain for several hours; should it continue in that state, no rain will disturb the summer's day. When it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery, but, if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great coat. The different species of trefoil always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm; so certainly does this take place, that these plants have acquired the name of the husbandman's barometer. The tulip and several of the compound yellow flowers also close before rain. There is, besides, a species of wood-sorrel, which doubles its leaves before storms and tempests. The bauhinia or mountain ebony, cassia, and sensitive plants, observe the same habit.

[Philosophy in Sport.]

IGNITION OF GUNPOWDER.

Experiments have shown that gunpowder could be exploded by the strokes of iron upon iron; iron upon copper; copper upon copper; iron upon marble; and by using the balistick pendulum, by lead upon lead; and with suitable precautions even by lead upon wood. The experiments most clearly show, that, in all the manipulations of a powder manufactory, all violent shocks and percussion should be carefully avoided, since they may occasion the disengagement of sufficient heat to produce the inflammation of powder.

GRAIN.

All sorts of grain ought to be cut whenever the straw immediately below the ear is so dry that on twisting it no juice can be expressed; for then the grain cannot improve, as the circulation of the juices to the ear is stopped. It matters not that the stock below is green; every hour that the grain stands uncut, after passing this stage, is attended with loss.

[Sinclair.]

PRINCIPLE OF SUSPENSION.

A new mode of constructing suspension bridges has been recently introduced in Scotland. The chains or rods are placed below, and the weight rests on the rods by means of cast iron brackets, on which the beams are placed. The rods, which are of chain iron, are bent round the ends of the beam, and fastened with a hoop of iron to prevent springing. Buckling screws are placed on the rods near to the brackets, for the purpose of lightening the rods and raising the beams to the level, so that the whole structure can be adjusted with the greatest ease. From the construction it will be easily seen that the whole weight or pressure is exerted on the iron rods, or wires, in the direction of their length, so that they have no tendency to break or bend in a lateral direction. The amazing strength that this mode of connecting the ends of a wooden beam imparts to it may be illustrated by a very simple experiment. Let the mechanic take a piece of wood, about two or three feet long, and an inch in diameter; place the ends of it between two chairs, or stones, and attempt to stand upon it, and he will find it break instantaneously. Let him now take a similar piece of wood, and bend round the two ends, a piece of wire so much longer than the wood as to allow a small wedge, or wooden pin, two or three inches long, to be placed vertically between the wood and the wire, and he will find that he will be unable to break it, though he leap upon it with all his force. The application of this principle may be seen in all cases where brackets and trussed beams are employed, though it has been seldom perhaps, carried to the extent which it obviously admits of. [Verulam.]

BEAUTIFUL CHYMICAL EXPERIMENT.

The following beautiful chymical experiment may easily be performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of the circle of her tea party. Take two or three blades of red cabbage; cut or tear them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them: let it stand an hour, then decant the liquid into a crystal bottle; it will be of a fine blue colour. Then take four wine glasses; into one put two or three drops of sulphuric acid, or five or six drops of strong vinegar, into another put five or six drops of a solution of soda, into a third put as much of a strong solution of alum, and let the fourth glass remain empty. The glasses may be prepared some time before. Fill up the glasses from the crystal bottle, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly change colour, and become a beautiful red, that into the glass containing the soda, a fine green, and that into the glass containing the alum, a fine purple, whilst that poured into the empty one will, of course, remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green, it will immediately change to a red; and on adding a little of the solution of soda to the red, it will assume a fine green; thus showing the action of acids and alkalis on vegetable blues.

THE SAFETY LAMP.

An interesting paper on the nature and properties of flame was read by G. Libri, at the *Societe des Georgophiles* (Florence), on the 3d December, 1826. The author was led to doubt the correctness of the theory or explanation given by Sir H. Davy, in order to account for the phenomenon of his safety lamp. The distinguished inventor ascribes the security which the lamp affords to the conducting power of the metallic gauze, by which it is supposed the temperature of the flame is so much lowered, as to be insufficient to ignite the inflammable mixture on the outside. Some facts known to the author were at variance with this hypothesis, and he found, upon trial, that when single rods were made to approach a flame, the latter was always reflected on all sides from the rod, as if repelled by it; and that this effect was independent of the conducting power of the rod whether good or bad. The amount of inflection, or repulsion, was directly as the mass, and inversely as the distance of the flame. It was not diminished by increasing the temperature of the rod, even to such a degree as to render it scarcely possible for it to abstract any of the calorick. In fact, when two flames are made to approach each other, there is a mutual repulsion,

although their proximity increases the temperature of each, instead of diminishing it.

"From these principles," says the author, "the real theory of the safety lamp is deduced. A metallic wire, exerting, according to its diameter and its own nature, a constant repulsion upon flame, it is evident that two parallel wires, so near each other as not to exceed the distance of twice the radius of the sphere of repulsion, will not permit a flame to insinuate itself between them, unless it is impelled by a force superior to the intensity of repulsion. If to these two wires, others be added, a tissue is formed impenetrable to flame, especially when the conducting power of the wires adds its influence to that of repulsion." The author conceives, that, from the views above stated, the number of cross or horizontal wires in the Davy lamp is unnecessarily large, and that by rejecting all of these, excepting a number sufficient to secure the firmness of the tissue, the lamp would afford as great a security as at present, and at the same time diffuse a much greater light. This conclusion he is stated to have verified by actual experiment.

PHENOMENA OF VAPOUR.

M. Clement Desormes communicated on the 4th of December last, to the Royal Academy of Sciences, some singular results relative to steam. When compressed in a boiler, and issuing in a violent and hissing jet, through an orifice made in a pretty large plate of a flat disk, if metal be presented to it, at a little distance from the orifice, the disk is strongly repelled; but if it be brought near, and placed against the plate, as if to close the orifice, although the steam issues on all sides like artificial fireworks, and press against the disk more than before, not only is the disk not driven away, but it adheres to the plate, even when the jet is directed downwards. It remains suspended, in opposition to its gravity, and can be detached only by force. The same result takes place in an experiment with the wind which issues from the large bellows of a furnace.

Another fact, also curious, although already well known, is that a current of steam from a boiler in which it is very hot and much compressed, seems like a cool wind, compared with a current at one half the temperature and at one twentieth of the pressure.

From these first experiments, M. Clement concludes, that common safety valves, which consist of real disks placed upon openings in flat plates, present a danger inherent in their form. Scarcely are they raised so as to allow a thin plate of steam to escape, before it becomes impossible for them to rise higher; and if the production of vapour is too considerable for the small opening which may have obtained, and for the strength of the boiler, an explosion may take place, though the safety valve is open. This is, in fact, what sometimes happens, and which has hitherto appeared incredible. M. Clement has not time to give a full explanation of these singular phenomena. We only know that he attributes them to the vacuum which takes place in the current of steam, in consequence of the extreme swiftness of its particles, and of the conical form the current assumes between the adjacent plates. The current, from its great force, is so expanded towards the borders, as to become much less than the pressure of the atmosphere, which acts upon the moveable disk forcibly enough to the vapour.

The remedy for this danger is a good proportionate space between the orifice and their borders. The first should be large, and the others small. Besides, the addition of a conical tube to the safety valve would diminish the effect of the atmospheric pressure, and of the weight with which they are loaded. M. Desormes thinks, that experiment alone can determine what is the best modification of safety valves to remove the danger he points out, and which has been so long unnoticed. He wishes the manufacturers to make the necessary trials, agreeably to the theory he has given.

PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

This worm, between six and eight inches in length, has seemingly the skill of an experienced navigator, and is in itself a little ship. Its evolu-

tions are according to the winds; it raises and lowers its sail, which is a membrane provided with elevating and depressing organs. When filled with air, it is at the same time provided with a structure which furnishes it with the necessary ballast. When high winds would endanger its existence, it descends into the deep. From the underside of the body proceed tubes which extend twenty feet in length, and are so elastic and delicate, that they wind in a spiral form like a screw, serving at once as anchors, defensive and offensive weapons, pneumatic tubes and feelers. The insect has the colours of the rainbow; its crest, which performs the office of a sail, is intersected with pink and blue veins, trimmed with a rosy border, and swells with the winds, or at the animal's pleasure. The fibres contain a viscous matter, which has the property of stinging like nettles, and produces pustules. It acts so strongly, that vessels in which they have been kept for a time, must be repeatedly washed before they can be used. These fibres may be cut off without depriving them or the rest of the insect of the principle of life; and the separation takes place spontaneously, whenever the glutinous matter comes in contact with a hard surface, like the sides of a glass globe. The insect has, however, dangerous enemies in small dolphins and medusa, against which neither its nautical skill nor its poison can defend it. [North American Review.]

EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

It is somewhat surprising, that among the crowd of novelties, and very especially of attempts to depart from the received models of architecture, the Egyptian has not taken its share. It is true that some very partial attempts have been made, in the metropolis, we believe, not exceeding two; and if we add to these a school recently erected at Devonport, a mausoleum at Trentnam for the Stafford family, and an iron manufactory now erecting in Wales, we have probably enumerated the whole. Such as the examples have been, they have not spread; and, indeed, we may say, that they have scarcely attracted any notice, whether for good or evil; though the publicity and singularity of aspect of the most accessible specimen in Piccadilly might have at least been expected to distinguish it, in the general eye, from the buildings which surround it. As to the public, we find no difficulty in accounting for this. This style has not been pointed out to them, and they have not been desired either to admire or dislike it. Why the architects have neglected it they must themselves explain, since we believe there have been but two in that profession who have been concerned in the buildings to which we have alluded, the last named of these being an attempt of a dilettante in the art. As to the specimens where it has been thought fit to introduce the Egyptian window or doorway in churches of the Greek design, we consider the attempt faulty and censurable. This is a false and misplaced ambition after novelty, which marks far too much of what has recently been effected in our new churches. [Westminster Review.]

THE GATHERER.

PROFESSOR PORSON.

This consummate scholar was often in pecuniary difficulties. On one occasion he came with a dejected air to a friend, and said he had been walking through the streets of London all the morning, thinking how strange it was that not one of all the crowds he met should know as much about Greek tragic verse as himself, and yet that he could not turn his knowledge into a hundred pounds. In these moments he often talked of retiring to the wilds of America, where formed a plan of living in solitary happiness, without a book or a friend.

EPIGRAM.

Lord Erskine at woman presuming to rail,
Calls a wife "a tin canister tied to one's tail."
And fair Lady Anne while the subject he carries on,
Seems hurt at his lordship's degrading comparison.
But wherefore degrading? considered aright.
A canister's polished and useful and bright,
And should dirt its original purity hide,
That's the fault of the surry to whom it is tied.

ANCESTRY OF FIELDING.

The immortal Fielding, says Gibbon in the history of his own life, was of the younger branch of the earls of Denbigh, who draw their origin from the courts of Habsburgh, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century, duke of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the house of Habsburgh. The former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly arisen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the emperors of Germany, and the kings of Spain, have threatened the liberties of the old, and invaded the treasures of the new world. The successors of Charles the fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of *Tom Jones*, that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the Imperial Eagle of the house of Austria. [Lord Sheffield's Life of Gibbon.]

STRONG MEN.

A Turkish porter will run along carrying a weight of 600 pounds; and Milo, of Crotons, is said to have lifted an ox, weighing upwards of 1,000 pounds. Hallow mentions that he saw an instance of a man, whose finger being caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the weight of his body, 150 pounds, till he was drawn up to the surface, a height of 600 feet. Augustus II. King of Poland, could, with his fingers, roll up a silver dish like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse shoe asunder; and a lion is said (Phil. Trans. No. 310) to have left the impression of his teeth upon a piece of solid iron. [London Weekly Review.]

THE ARK OF NOAH.

The Rabbins make the giant Gog, or Magog contemporary with Noah, and convinced by his preaching, so that he was disposed to take the benefit of the ark. But here lay the distress; it by no means suited his dimensions. Therefore, as he could not enter in, he contented himself to ride upon it astride. And though you must suppose that, in that stormy weather, he was more than half boots over, he kept his seat, and dismounted safely, when the ark landed on Mount Ararat. Image now to yourself this illustrious cavalier mounted on his hackney; and see if it does not bring before you the church, bestrid by some lumpish minister of state, who turns and winds it at his pleasure. The only difference is, that Gog believed the preacher of righteousness and religion. [Bishop Warburton.]

LISTON'S CHOICE.

Liston has married Fanny Tyrer;
He must, like all the town, admire her.
A pretty actress, charming voice!
But some, astonished at his choice
Of one, compared with him, so small
She scarcely seemed a wife at all.
Expressed their wonder: his reply
Showed that he had "good reason why."
"We needs must when the devil drives;
And since all married men say, wives
Are of created things the worst,
I was resolved I would be curst
With one as small as I could get her.
The smaller, as I thought, the better.
I need not fear to lay my fist on,
Where'er 'tis needed, Mrs. Liston:
And since, like beathen Jew or Carib,
I like a rib, but not a spare-rib,
I got one broad as she is long—
Go and do better, if I'm wrong."

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

MASTER M-GOING'S MAXIMS.

They who are easily flattered are always easily cheated.

The petty vexations of life are like beggars; if you treat them kindly, they "call again;" but if you kick them from your door, they will be very likely to cut your acquaintance.

Silence is the best remedy for anger. If you say nothing, you will have nothing to unsay.

A man without wisdom is like a cat without whiskers, liable to thrust his head into a hole, where he cannot draw his haunches through.

POPULAR TALES.

THE GHOST OF GRANNY HOGINS.

From *Whimwhams*.

It would be well if people talked less against witches and apparitions. One can not suppose that they are pleased at having hard things said of them behind their backs, any more than other folks. It is idle to think that they do not hear, because they are absent. Stone walls have ears, birds of the air carry news; and besides, who can tell when he is running on about ghosts, that they do not stand listening at his very elbow. They can distinguish sound at a marvellous distance. Many a poor ghost has lain restless in its grave, whining and whimpering at having its rest disturbed by the frivolous talk of those who were a great way off on the seas. If people dislike to have them walk o' nights, why are they mentioned so disrespectfully? Few spirits would wander about the streets in the cold, if folks did not talk about them.

The tale I am now going to relate, should make this caution lie heavily on the hearts of the serious and well disposed. The unfortunate Granny Hogins, I speak of with reverence, would never have troubled this wicked world after her demise, if her temper had not been raised by the scandal of the living. That very respectable woman had a high spirit. Her tongue was always eloquent when her good name was called in question. It lay not in the power of mortality to silence her when alive, and certainly, it was a cruel thing to take advantage of her decease, to make insinuations against her character. She would not put up with it, even in the grave. Her ghost stood right up on its legs, as firmly as a pair of tongs. She hardly paused to read her own name on the grave-stone, before she took to the streets, and never ceased to walk the rounds, until her calumniators became no better than herself.

The ghost of Granny Hogins was truly a great annoyance to the Bostonians. Few ghosts on record have been more troublesome. It was particularly unfortunate, that its feet should have happened to be clad in stout, heavy clogs, which made a tremendous clattering on the paving stones. If ghosts will keep on the trot, it were well that they should step softly. A cloven foot, on some occasions, is preferable to a clog. But in this case, even the heavy tread was nothing in comparison with the piercing shriek. In the dead of night, when the town was locked in a deep sleep, the ghost would suddenly squall out so loudly and shrilly, that people in alarm would jump from their beds to the floor, like so many frogs leaping into a mill-pond. And then, too, it set all the cats and dogs in the parish yelping. Such a ghost was, really, an intolerable annoyance.

I cannot but pause a moment to note a singular fact. It is amazing how very plentiful ghosts and witches were, when Boston was all North End! They were hopping and skating about the streets, like grasshoppers in the new-mown fields. In those days, it was venturesome to walk out after dark, except to go to a lecture. But where have they all absconded to? Will they ever return? This is an important inquiry; interesting, but of a puzzling complexion. Some people imagine they will keep on the shady side of the grave-stone, until Boston becomes in its turn, all South End. This would seem to protract the period of their reappearance, until the final completion of the South Boston Free Bridge.

But however respectable may be the number of ghosts which flourish in the annals of our early history, we read of none so very teasing as the ghost of Granny Hogins. It was abroad at all hours and all weathers. Whether the atmosphere was sharp and piercing, or moist and muggy; whether the wind howled, or the snow fell, or the rain poured, the tramp of its wooden shoes was heard on the sidewalks, *clump-it-a-clump*, all night long. Such an indefatigable traveller was never heard of. Other ghosts have had periodical fits of walking; have appeared at certain hours, in certain places, on certain occasions, and at certain intervals. But this exceedingly remarkable apparition, seemed to require no combination of circumstances to set it in motion, nor any season of relaxation from its labour. It was one of those troul-

oping ghosts, which, if they once get on the tramp, never seem to know when to stop. Nothing but the keen snuff of the morning air, could afford any bar to its wanderings.

A locomotive power so extraordinary, excites an alarming inquiry in the mind. Do ghosts have gizzards? How else can they endure such constant toil and privation? But let us avoid getting entangled in the mazes of *spectrology*, where new doubts and errors spring up like phantoms at every step. Besides, the ghost of a witch might offer an exception. Let me resume my mournful narration.

In what I am constrained to relate, I seriously protest that I wish to cast no unmerited censure upon witches and ghosts in general. It is a sad and unwelcome act to speak of a witch at any time. At this solemn hour of midnight, when all is silent and solitary about me, I realize, in an eminent degree, the whole of its delicacy and danger. I write under the melancholy conviction, that the least slip of the pen may arouse the spleen of some irritable spirit, which, creeping in at the key-hole, might flutter across the room and alight on the tip of my quill. It is this cruel apprehension, that makes me pause and gaze fearfully around.

"Weaving spiders, come not here,
Hence, ye long legged spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near,
Worm and snail, give no offence."

But let me proceed with my story. I study to be brief.

That Granny Hogins was a grievous witch, is a shocking certainty. Indeed, it was impossible that such a little, hump-backed, clapper-tongued old woman should be otherwise. She went peering, moping, and scolding about the town all day, and passed the nights in playing her mischievous tricks. It is past telling, how much trouble she contrived to make. There was poor Mrs. Timson's chimney blown over, and Jeremiah Greening's hen-roost un-roofed by the wind; Goody Crimp's cow would hold up her milk, and Mrs. Skimmer would churn all day without getting any butter; some one kept taking the ring out of Grizzle Sharp's hog's nose, and Deacon Crabb's calico donkey was continually laid up with the rheumatism. The fear with which she was regarded by the inhabitants, protected her for a long time, but at last their patience was exhausted. A meeting was held at Deacon Spooner's. Fifteen influential matrons proceeded to her dwelling, and simultaneously began to chide her for her scandalous mode of life. Now this was an attack upon her character; and reputation was every thing with Granny Hogins. She had a feverish sensibility upon this point; nobody could allude to her character without setting her in a flame. Character is sacred, especially with a poor, lone woman. Granny Hogins felt this keenly, and it roused all the latent energies of her tongue. She uplifted her voice, and sounded a peal that echoed over the whole town like the blast of a war-trumpet. The assailing party were glad to retreat before the storm they had raised. It is astonishing how eloquent a woman will become in defence of her character!

As one may easily conceive, this exploit sealed the fate of Granny Hogins. When fair talking will not persuade an old woman that she is a witch, there is no argument left but the gallows. Once hung, and with this notorious fact staring her in the face, she can no longer have the impudence to protest her innocence. At least, so thought people with respect to Granny Hogins. As she had been hung for being a witch, they made bold to consider her as such, and talked very volubly about the circumstance. For this, her ghost was offended, having considered it injurious to its character, and therefore haunted the streets of Boston until the inhabitants were nearly bored to death.

If ghosts were answerable to reason like other folks, and some respectable lawyer could take them privately aside, and argue the matter over coolly, they might be made to understand how unreasonable such kind of conduct appears. But they are a stiff-necked race, and as long as they dispense with wearing eyes and ears, all argument is vain. There is nothing so obstinate as a wrong-headed ghost.

But let me proceed in my story, and describe the

concluding events of Granny Hogins' earthly career. The person most scandalized at her unseemly conduct, was one Mrs. Grinning, who kept a small snuff shop in Pinch Alley, and who had been foremost amongst the party that waited upon her as before related. This old crone continued to talk, and talk, against poor Granny Hogins. She would not let people take their snuff in peace, but was as noisy as a bean in a dry box, until her customers partook of her own zeal. The snuff-takers at last were excited, and the whole community soon caught the infection. "Seize the old witch," was the cry. "Roast her! scald her! drown her!" shouted a thousand voices. Poor Granny Hogins was caught up in a trice and hurried down to the water-side. A rude crane was quickly erected, which swung outwards from the wharf. Having fastened weights to her ankles, they secured her hands and adjusted the fatal cord. She was then lowered down into the deep sea like a diving bell, scolding and scrambling all the while. After she had remained under water for a space, Deacon Spooner gave the order to hoist. But no sooner did her chin appear above the surface, than her tongue was set in motion again, like the paddles of a steamboat. "Try her on dry land," was the word. A new halter was produced, but the knot slipped, and down came Granny Hogins with a bounce that made the ground tremble. Another attempt failed in the same manner. "The Granny will never hold on," said the hangman in despair.

"Take a witch
To hang a witch,"

shrieked a parrot from a neighbouring house. A cold shudder ran through the assembly; but the experiment was tried and proved successful. The wretched witch was burned the same day, in her mob-cap and clogs, without difficulty, and the inhabitants flattered themselves with having seen the last of Old Granny Hogins.

But people may get together, and talk about this thing and that thing, and be very wise and very cunning, and become enormously puffed up with their vanity. The second night after the Hogins affair, a knot of valorous talkers had gathered together in Mrs. Grinning's snuff shop, and were prattling quite conceitedly of the part they had acted in stringing up the old witch. All at once, their attention was aroused by the sound of a heavy step on the sidewalk. Mrs. Grinning turned as pale as a cloth. "I know that step too well," she gasped out, "it is certainly the tread of Granny Hogins." Her auditors were horror-struck. It evidently approached; they heard it tramp, tramp, tramp, toward them. The door slowly opened—"yell! yell!" shrieked a demoniac voice; but nothing was seen. They were nearly frightened out of their skins.

After this, for many a weary year, the Ghost of Granny Hogins regularly patrolled the streets of Boston, and nothing was more common at all hours of the night than the "tramp, tramp, tramp,—yell!" These *tantrums* previously disturbed the public peace. A party of drinkers used to gather, like flies, around Simon Grater's dram shop every night, to talk about the weather; but now, the ghost was sure to whisk in amongst them, and scatter all to the winds. Mrs. Prattle was accustomed to have weekly conversation parties, to discuss people's characters; but the ghost tramped and shrieked so much about the house, that she was obliged to give them up. Captain Coney of the Winnisimmet ferry-boat, used sometimes to venture to make a trip in the evening in bright weather; but now, if he put off, the wind was sure to rise and howl in every variety of key, and the waves would roll over and foam so fearfully, that nothing could persuade him to cast his rope from the wharf. In fine, it was generally remarked that, taking all things into consideration, Granny Hogins, the witch, was a more valuable citizen and peaceable neighbour than Granny Hogins' Ghost.

Some sagacious individuals surmise that this ghost is still thumping about the North End. A very conceited attorney, with white whiskers, and a simpering tongue, to whom I mentioned the affair, expressed a wish to have it arrested by special writ, and committed as a strolling vagabond. With this benevolent design, we lay in wait for it

the other night in a watch box. It arrived to the hour of two, and nothing remarkable had occurred. Just then, we heard something approaching. Tramp, tramp, tramp, it came directly towards us. We could distinguish in the dark, a tall, spectral object muffled in a white cloak, as if to protect it from the cold. My companion sprang like a tiger and grasped it strongly by the waist, when it appeared to our no small confusion, that instead of nabbing the ghost, he had nearly throttled a watchman!

MISCELLANY.

THE LAST BOTTLE.

From Death's Doings.

The plate intended to illustrate this sketch, represents a convivial set, with goblets in their hands, seated around a table, on which stands an empty bottle, while Death stands with a screw in hand and bottle at his knee, in the act of drawing "the last cork of the last bottle." EDITOR.

And if it be the last bottle, Death is quite welcome; for then life hath run to the very dregs and lees, and there is nothing more in it which can be called enjoyment. Ah, whither have ye sped, ye jovial hours! which on bright winged glasses, far different from yon sandy remembrancer, floated away so blissfully; as the bird poised high in air, the trouble of the ascent over, glides without effort or motion, through the brilliant pleasures of yielding space. How ye sparkled and ran on, like gay creatures of the element gifted with more than magick powers! Beautiful and slight ephemera, fragile as you seemed, what mighty loads of cares did you easily bear off in your aerial flight! Ponderous debts which might weigh nations down; the griefs of many loves, enough to drown a world; the falsehoods of friends, the malice of enemies; anxieties, fears, troubles, sorrows—all vanished as drinking ye proceeded in your mystick dance! I picture ye in my fancy, now, ye hours, as sparkling, joyous, and exquisite insects, flitting past with each a burden of man's miseries on his shoulders sufficient to break the back of a camel, and borne from the lightened hearts of your true worshippers. But alas! alas! for all things mortal—we must come to the last at last.

Yet let the grim tyrant approach at any time, sith it must be so, and at what time can he approach when we should less regard his frown. Like the unconscious lamb, which "licks the hand just raised to shed its blood," we play with his bony fingers as he presents the latest draught; and let his dart be dipped in the rosy flood, we die feeling that wine gives to Death itself a pang of joy. Herodotus must have been wrong when he told us that the *Maneros* of the Egyptians was a mournful and wailing song; and Plutarch's is the best authority, for he says it was a joyous chant. So believed the merry party assembled in our faithful picture: their round of song, of toast, of cheer, of laughter, and of shout, was such as Plutarch paints of the wisdom of antiquity, when the figure of a dead man was shown to the convivial souls, and they melodiously joined the chorus—

Behold that breathless corpse;
You'll be like it when you die:
Therefore drink without remorse,

And be merry, merrily.

Ai-lun, Ai-lun, Ai-lun,* quo' he!

Our only night, no sky light, drink about,
quo' we.

Time they tell us waits for no man;—

Time and Tide
For no Man bide.

But here we can make Death himself a waiter, while the cup is drained and the jocund catch goes round. Hark, whose voice among the happy set is that which sings—

While here we meet, a jovial band,
No son of Discord's impious hand
Dare sting the apple, fire the brand.
To mar our social joy:
Foes, as our glorious country free,

Prospering in her prosperity,
With wine, and jest, and harmony,
We Pleasure's hours employ.

But lo, he whose face is half concealed by that arm uplifted with the sparkling glass, he has drank till the tender mood of philosophy steals over his melting soul. His maudlin eye would moisten with a tear at a tale of sorrow or a plaintive air; and it is thus he gives vent to his soothing melancholy sensations—

Death comes but once, the philosophers say,
And 'tis true, my brave boys, but that once is a cleaver:
It takes us from drinking and loving away,
And spoils at a blow the best tippler and wench.
Sing Ai-lun, thought to me very odd it is,
Yet I sing it too, as my friend quotes Herodotus.

And Death comes to all, so they tell us again,
Which also I fear, my brave boys, is no fable;
Yet the moral it teaches, to me is quite plain:
'Tis to love all we can and to drink while we're able.
Sing again, Ai-lun, thought to me odd it is;
But 'tis Greek, very good I hope, and comes from Herodotus.

The old Trojan himself tucks up his napkin under his arm, the whetting of his scythe is forgotten, and he wishes (miserable sinner) that, instead of sand, his double glass were wetted full with Burgundy. How would it refresh and revivify his dry ribs! how it would recreate and beautify his filthy skeleton form! but he must do his thankless office, while he listens to that third glee which he with a plumed bonnet trolls forth:—

Let the sparkling glass go round,
The sparkling glass where care is drowned;
For while we drink we live, we live!
Let the joyous roof ring with the measure,
The sweetest of the muses' treasure
That music's voice can give.
Thus crowned, the present beams with pleasure,
The memory of the past is lighter,
The prospect of the future brighter—
And while we drink we live, we live.
CHORUS.—We live, we live, we live, we live,
For while we drink, we live, we live.

Another cork is drawn. At the smacking sound cares, fears, pains, fly from the unruffled soul of man, as wild fowl fly from the placid lake at the report of the fowler's gun. The undulating agitation of the instant—the centrick, concentrick, elliptick, parabolick, and every imaginary shape into which its glancing bosom is broken, ripples and sparkles with light, and all then gently subside into smoothness and serenity. The calm is delicious, and the bowl becomes more and more brimmed with inspiration as the flood within it ebbs. Whose turn is it now to entertain us? What, Square-cap! thou hast stood, or rather sat the brunt of many a deep drenched table; the words of discretion must flow from thy lips so often steeped in the fountains of truth and wisdom. Oracle of the holy well—the "Trinc, trinc, trinc," of Rabelais drops from them as emphatically as upon the ear of the weary Panurge:—

Alexander and Caesar have vanished away;
And Plato and Cicero now are but clay;
The brave, and the learned, and the good, and the wise,
All come to the same simple close of "Here lies."

Then let us employ
Our moments in joy—
And before the sure end make the best use of time.
'Twere folly to pine
O'er generous wine,
Since sadness is madness, and gloom is life's crime,
"Trinc, trinc, trinc," I speak,
French words and French wines are far better than Greek.

Look along the bright beard, like a river it flows
With a liquid whose sparkling no water e'er knows;
While the banks are with friends in good fellowship crowned,
Who be the deeps, the stream and ne'er fear being drowned.
'Tis Bacchus' hour—
So let 'aim out-pour
All his treasure as, while we make the best use of time;
Frie adship and wine
Are union divine,
And when drunk, mortal drunk, mortal man is sublime!
"Trinc, trinc, trinc," I speak,
French words and French wines are far better than Greek.

Encore, encore—no more, no more: the last measure is full, the last verse is sung, the last cork has

* When the oracle of the Holy Bottle was pronounced by the *trinking* of the drops which fell from it, quoth Panurge, "Is this all that the Trinking Bottle's words mean? In truth I like it extremely, it went down like mother's milk." "Nothing more," returned Bacchus, "for *trinc* is a Panopsean word, that is a word understood, used and celebrated by all nations, and signifies Drink. See Rabelais for this adventure of Pantagruel and Panurge.

left the neck of the last bottle open. The gloomy assassin strikes—He who has been so often dead drunk, what is he now! At the next meeting there was one chair empty, one jolly dog absent—Ai-lun. And what said his disconsolate companions—they missed him, they mourned, they lamented, no doubt:—aye, and they joked too. One said he had never paid any debt till he paid the debt of Nature; another remarked that he was just wise enough to prefer a full to an empty bottle; and the third wrote his epitaph over the third bottle per man:—

HABEAS CORPUS! HIC JACET!

Here lies William Wassail, cut down by the Mower;
None ever drank faster or paid their debts slower—
Now quiet he lies as he sleeps with the Just,
He has drank his *Last Bottle*, and fast, fast he sped it o'er,
And paid his great debt to his principal Creditor;
And compounded with all the rest, even with Dust.

THE EFFECTS OF FRIGHT.

My hair is gray, but not with years.

BYRON.

We have heard of many instances, wherein fright, it is said, has produced very strange effects upon the human system. The following account we give, upon the authority of a highly respectable medical gentleman, resident in London.

At the time of the funeral of his late Royal Highness, the Duke of York, a gentleman well known for his antiquarian researches, whose name we withhold, descended into the Royal cemetery at Windsor, after the interment had taken place, and busily engaged himself in copying inscriptions from various coffins. While thus engaged, and absorbed in thought, he heard the door of the cemetery close with an appalling sound!—the taper fell from his hand, and he remained petrified by the knowledge of his awful situation, entombed with the dead. He had not power to pick up the taper, which was soon extinguished by the noisome damp, and he imagined that the cemetery would not be reopened until another Royal interment should take place; and that he must soon, from the effects of famine, be numbered with the dead. He swooned and lay insensible for some time. At length recovering himself, he rose upon his knees, placed his hands upon a mouldering coffin, and to use his own words, "felt strength to pray." A recollection then darted across his mind, that he had heard the workmen say, that about noon they should revisit the cemetery, and take away some plumes, &c. which they left there. This somewhat calmed his spirits. Soon after 12 o'clock he heard the doors turn upon their grating hinges, he called for assistance, and was soon conveyed to the regions of day. His clothes were damp, and a horrible dew hung upon his hair, that in the course of a few hours, turned from dark black to gray, and soon after to white. The pain which he felt in the scapula during the period of his incarceration, he described to our informant to be dreadful. This is, perhaps, the best authenticated account upon record, of a man's hair turning gray from fright.

TURKISH TREASURES.

If the following statement from a Neapolitan paper be true, MAHMOUD will not be troubled for cash to carry on the war. He might easily spare a loan to his gentle neighbour NICHOLAS, who must borrow a trifle or two from somebody, to meet the expenses of his campaign. [N. Y. Courier.

Several laws of the Koran enjoin the Mussulmans to lay by sums of money. In order to observe this precept, each Sovereign, residing in Constantinople, since Mahomet II. who made the conquest of this city in 1453, encloses in a chamber of the seraglio the gold, silver, and other riches which he intends to economize. The sum that each Sultan puts aside in this manner amounts to about £480,000, a kind of tariff fixed upon by common custom. Independently of the duty of the sovereigns in placing to this amount the sums received from the taxes, and not expended, he conceives it to be agreeable to heaven, and to the nation, in adding to this fund the presents that are made him, either in precious stones or other articles of great value. It is well known how punctilious the Turkish sovereign is in this respect; his subjects, as well as foreigners, cannot obtain what they solicit, even according to all principles

* Literally in the Greek, "Behold that corpse; you will resemble it after your death: drink now, therefore, and be merry." (See Herodotus and Plutarch, on the Egyptian *Maneros*, *passim*.) The fine chorus of Ai-lun "He is dwelling with the night," is, we trust, pathetically rendered.

of justice, unless they add to their petitions, presents, the value of which is proportioned to the object which they desire. No one can be ignorant of the extent of confiscations pronounced in an arbitrary manner by the Despot of Constantinople against private individuals, and against the Pachas: and when he has deposited these sums in his sinking fund, in his opinion the iniquity of such measures is immediately obliterated. Superstition, in the Ottoman territory, has attained to such a degree, that the people are persuaded, the more this fund increases, the more his reign will be fortunate and prosperous. This fund is, therefore, called the Sacred Treasure. History does not confirm this opinion; but the Turks care very little about history or the lessons it affords. And what becomes of this treasure accumulated in so considerable a manner by each Sultan? This is a curious question.

Every year the Kishlar-Aga, the chief of the black eunuchs, makes an inventory of the riches amassed during the twelvemonth; and the operation being terminated, the Grand Signor accompanied by the principal officers of the crown, repairs in grand ceremony to the chamber of the Treasury, and places his signet upon the chest. After the death of the sovereign, there are found as many chests in his chamber as he has lived years. The chamber is then closed, and the signets of every one of the principal officers placed upon the door; and an inscription is added, indicating that in this place is the treasure of such a Sultan. His successor forms his treasury in another room of the seraglio, and after his death it is also closed, and the same circumstance occurs during each new reign. Now, as from the time of Mahomet II. Constantinople numbers forty-one sultans, there exist in the seraglio forty-one chambers, containing each the treasure of each of these sovereigns.

In order to touch any of these treasures—to dare to enter a single one of these numerous chambers—it would be necessary that the Ottoman Empire were reduced to the lowest extremity. It appears that the necessity of violating the Sacred Treasury has not hitherto been deemed necessary. The sultans, rather than have recourse to such a measure, prefer making the most cruel exactions from their subjects. Such is the financial system of economy of this nation—it is far from the acknowledged principles of civilized states.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1828.

Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

June 7. Saint Paul, bishop of Constantinople; Saint Robert; Saint Colman; Saint Godeschal; and Saint Meriadec.—1779, bishop Warburton died. He was born in 1698, followed the profession of an attorney, and became an eminently able and learned prelate. His writings are justly celebrated.

June 8. Saints Medard, Gildard, Maximinus, William, Clodulphus, and Syra.—1765, the house of representatives of the province of Massachusetts bay, addressed a circular, proposing a meeting of the committees from the houses of representatives, or burgesses, of the several British provinces, to consult together on the difficulties to which they were about to be reduced by the operations of the acts of parliament, levying duties and taxes on the colonies; and proposing that the place of meeting be at New-York, on the first Tuesday of the ensuing October.

June 9. Saints Primus and Felicianus; Saint Columba, or Columkille, [See American Masonick Record, Vol. I. p. 313;] Saint Vincent; Saint Pelagia; Saint Richard.—1760, Count Zinzendorf, founder of the Moravians, or United Brethren, died at Chelsea, England. He was a Saxon by birth.—1822, colonel John M'Kinstry died, at his residence a few miles from the city of Hudson, in Columbia county. He was a captain, and was taken prisoner at the battle of the Cedars, about thirty miles from Montreal, on the river St. Lawrence, in the war of the revolution, by the British and Indians. He had been twice wounded, and

his bravery had rendered him alike an object of fear and resentment. His death was decreed by his savage captors, and even the more civilized British officers were too much in dread of their red allies, to attempt a rescue, until accident brought one of their number in sight of him just as his sacrifice was preparing. The sign of distress was not given in vain to the young officer; he was a mason, and immediately recognized in the brave M'Kinstry, a brother, and in jeopardy. The officer gave no answer, but immediately set himself about the task of effecting his relief. This could be done only through an appeal to the masonick honour of Brandt, a powerful chief, then in the camp. Brandt had been instructed in the mysteries and duties of the craft, and was not slow to obey its injunctions. Suffice to say, that the victim was spared, and lived, to the day of his death, a monument of masonick mercy. Brandt frequently visited him, in Columbia county, and with the true greatness of soul which marks the Indian character, held an inviolable friendship for him, seldom found among brethren of the same language and blood. It has been erroneously asserted that this appeal was made directly to Brandt; but it adds no little to the real interest of the fact to learn that M'Kinstry knew not either Brandt or the young Briton to be brethren, until his final release. Surely if the name of the latter could be learned, though only a subaltern officer at the time, it would be another reason for public notice, that such a proof of the utility of the masonick institution might be held in remembrance in common with the deservedly venerated reputation of doing a good action. Happy for the good and patriotic veteran, he has retired to the rest of the just, and has not lived to hear the venomous tongues of hypocritical dealers in cant and falsehood, which are now spitting their quathemas at the very virtues which saved his life, and gave to his country more true worth in his years of usefulness, than all its calculators could number, with their whole united score of boghood. It would not have harmonized with the honest blood of his worn out age, to hear the vilifying epithets which many young upstarts now dare to heap on the graves of the illustrious dead.

June 10. Saints Margaret, Getulius, Landry, &c.—1710, on this day the first German emigrants to America, arrived and landed at New-York.—1801, war was declared by the United States against the hashaw of Tripoli.—1806, a resolution to abolish the slave trade first passed the British house of commons.—1610, lord De la War landed at Jamestown, Virginia, bringing back the former settlers who had just put into operation the resolution to return to England. From this date we may count the first effectual settlement of Virginia.

June 11. Saint Barnabas; and the two Saints Tochnura. The feast of Saint Barnabas was once highly reputed in England. The account of the miraculous walnut tree, that grew in the church-yard at Glastonbury, on the north side of Saint Joseph's chapel, is worthy notice. This tree never put forth a bud till Saint Barnabas' day, and on that day shot forth leaves and flourished like its usual species; at least so say the chroniclers of those days. This tree has long since decayed, and its place is supplied by a very fine walnut tree, which lays no claim to any thing miraculous in its manner of vegetation. Cuts from this tree were eagerly sought by all classes as late as the time of queen Anne; even after the superstition that gave origin to the whim had been forgotten.

June 12. Saint John the hermit; Saint Basilides; Saint Cyrinus; Saint Onuphrius, &c.—1721, the duke of Berwick, second in the art of war only to the great duke of Marlborough, was killed by a cannon ball, while standing between his two sons, at the siege of Philipburgh, near Spire, in Germany. He was an illegitimate son of James II., by the lady Arabella Churchill, maid of honour to the late duchess of York.

June 13. Saint Antony of Padua; Saint Dumbanade.—1625, Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of Henry IV. of France, landed in England, and was married to Charles I. at Canterbury, on the same day.—1633, lord Baltimore, a Roman catholic, obtained a grant from Charles I. of a tract of land on the Chesapeake bay, which he afterwards settled, by a colony of his persecuted brethren, and in honour of queen Henrietta Maria, they called it MARY-

LAND.—1798, lord Cornwallis first appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland.—1813, the British under the cover of a flag of truce, sent several barges in to the harbour of Wareham, Massachusetts, and set fire to the stores and shipping.

TABLE TALK.

A Black Design frustrated. A black fellow lately entered a store in Philadelphia, about the hour of dinner, when a young lad was left in charge of the premises. He had been seated for some time in front of a heap of rubbish, and took advantage of the momentary absence of the boy, who left the counting house to open the cellar door, to enter and break open a desk, and get hold of a book containing about two thousand dollars in bank paper. At this moment the boy returned, and seizing a poker, applied it to the arm of the black with so much force, that he dropped the book. He made his escape by jumping over a high wall in the yard. The black was bold. The boy was bolder still.—*Hot to spit Cotton, or a new Cotton Gin.* The Selma, Alabama, paper mentions that the process of making whiskey from cotton seed varies but little from the mode of making that beverage from other materials. The whiskey thus made, although not of the most pleasing odour and taste, never fails to make the drinkers very particularly and gloriously drunk.—*A Mule added to the Nobility of Portugal.* Such is the hatred of the Portuguese queen, Don Miguel, and the apostolical party, to the English (*liberals and heretics*), in Lisbon, that on a mule's kicking and severely bruising the leg of general Clinton, the old lady sent and had the animal purchased for her own use, to be rewarded for its merit in attacking the British commander.—*A Wit's a Feather.* The editor of the Middlesex Gazette, alluding to the style of some brother editor, remarks, "his thoughts are like a bag of feathers in a whirlwind—no two moving in the same direction."—*Geese.* One of these birds, says the Taunton Advertiser, was hatching on a hill in our neighbourhood during the late snow storm. The winds blew and the snow descended and drifted round about her, but she hung on like the toothache. And it was not until every part and parcel of her was covered except her head, that the benefit of a removal occurred to her. "She then rose, reported progress," and we believe has had "leave to sit again."—*Quick to understand.* An ignorant inquisitive fellow, strolling about the streets of Boston, rambled into a counting room where two gentlemen were looking over some accounts, and seemed engaged in a violent dispute. The man made his way up to them, peeped over their shoulders, and not seeing so clearly as he wished, put his hand between them. One of the gentlemen springing up, with one blow landed him across the floor. The fellow got up immediately, and rubbing himself, said, "I guess I could see full as well a little further off."—*Ill gotten Gains seldom prosper.* The following advertisement appears in a western paper. It is unique and pithy: *Notice.* The person who stole my axe on Saturday last, is hereby requested to return it. The property is mine, and unless returned, the wrongful holder of it will never prosper.—*J. J. Harper.*—*Curious Exclusion.* The editor of a paper devoted with warmth to politics, in a notice to correspondents, observes, "we have no room for Truth this week; and our remarks on Mr. Randolph's speech have necessarily excluded Justice. Fair play is inadmissible. Falsehood, No. 5, shall appear in our next."—*A "Take in."* It is not generally known, that the post-office law makes it a penalty of five dollars, for writing a communication on a newspaper or pamphlet. We are informed that many devices are practised to defraud the government of the little sums of postage. Letters, messages, &c., are often inclosed in newspapers, &c., many of which have been detected. Some time ago, a postmaster had the curiosity to look into a periodical work, when he found the following written on the inner margin:

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;

I have brought suit against Jones,
and expect to get judgement

Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

next court; of which my lawyer
says there is no doubt;

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress in living green;
unless he appeals it, when it will
only delay it one term.

So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

Do write me soon; we are anxious
to hear from you, &c. &c. &c.

The same postmaster found, in a newspaper neatly folded up, a pattern of the latest New-York fashion, for a lady's dress, with the directions neatly written on it. But another had been more ingenious, and completely evaded the law, by drafting the dress on the paper, without any writing.

—*Not Slow.* A brother of the editor, sixteen years of age, composed, in one day last week, between sun rising and setting, five columns of the *Farmers' Advocate*, (L. P.) amounting to 11,885 *ems*, got a proof sheet and corrected it.

—*Love Unchangeable.* Married, in Camden, S. C., by the Rev. Mr. Copeland, Mr. Thomas W. Love, to Miss Sarah Love, both of that district. — *Powerful Awakening.* A waggish personage, says the Boston Evening Bulletin, whose christian and surname, and his place of residence are told by some gentleman, being at a meeting on a Sunday, with his pockets full of green apples, it happened that many of the congregation fell asleep. The minister observing the number of his hearers to diminish very fast, came to a pause; whereupon, he with the green apples, observing the dilemma, got up in his pew, and addressing himself to the clergyman, said, "please to proceed, sir; if you will go on with your sermon I will wake them up for you," and taking a handful of apples from his pocket, let drive, first at the dreaming deacon, and then at the snoring chorister, and so round, until he had effectually secured the attention of the whole assembly. — *Another Abduction.* The editor of the Batavia Times among his notices to correspondents, says, "If the person who sent us the scrap of poetry, designed particularly for the Ruling Elder, and the *Kitten Gazette*," will send us another copy, we will be obliged to him. The copy he has sent us has been kidnapped. Very mysterious! wonder who did it! — *A Puzzle for Postmasters.* A day or two since, says the Berkshire American, a letter came to the North Adams post-office to be mailed, with the following superscription:

"to Mr. Henry Clark
or marinda Ford
to Troy & then to Newburgh
take the Overgo Stage
from there to Newton
and then to Jersey Shore."

— *Quite Moderate!* A gentleman in Havana states, that murders in that city are becoming very rare, not more than two a week having been perpetrated during the last year. — *Longevity.* It appears from a table of the deaths in the Russian empire, in 1827, that among the individuals deceased of the masculine sex, professing the Grecian religion, there were 818 of 100 years old; 83 above 15; 24 above 120; seven above 125; and one of 160.

— *Wood will out!* Mr. Macnish, who has just published a work entitled the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," says he is met with two instances—the one in a claret, the other in port. Drinker, where the moisture which exuded from the body was of a ruddy complexion, somewhat similar to the line on which their debauch had been committed. — *Sharp Shot.* There is a sportsman in Paisley, says a British paper, who has repeatedly laid down his double-barrelled gun loaded at his feet, thrown two penny pieces over his head, lifted the gun, turned round, and struck the penny pieces successively, right and left, before they reached the ground. The same gentleman, for a wager that he would hit, with a single-barrelled gun, loaded with ball, hit two ounces out of twenty, thrown up one by one, at the distance twenty yards, actually struck two out of the first seven that were thrown up, and thus decided the bet. — *Search Scripture.* Married, in Mason, New-Hampshire, Mr. As Hubbard to Miss Louisa Scripture.

Some keep the Scripture for a show,
Lettered and gilt on their bureau,
And some to dust and mites degrade it;
But Jonas took the wiser part.
He prest the Scripture to his bosom,
And even on his pillow laid it.

— *One Half-penny Reward.* Whereas, Francis Williams, my husband, left me on or about the 26th day of November last, and it being the eighth time he has eloped from me, I forbid all persons harbouring or trusting him on my account, as I will pay no debts of his contracting, nor do I any longer consider myself his wife. I will pay the above reward to any person who will return the above Francis to me, but no charges. *Margaret Willet.* Peru, (Clinton co.) May 16, 1828.

THE CLOSING SCENE. An article under this caption is published in the Philadelphia Album as original, by Alaric A. Watts. Now we should like to know whether this same poet is the editor of the London Literary Souvenir. If so he has a peculiar partiality for American periodicals, to send an article all the way over ocean to have it inserted in the Philadelphia Album!

The following appeal of colonel William King, we introduce into our columns, satisfied that it will be read with interest by all, as the whole may be said to carry its own comment wherever it is read. It is therefore needless to make the remarks which must occur to all who read with candour, and form their judgement by the help of reason.

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser.
TO THE PUBLIC.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—Believing in the disposition of the generality of my countrymen to do justice to their fellow men, and owing to the unwarrantable liberty taken with my name by individuals of whom I shall not now speak—influenced, likewise by a sense of duty to my family, my friends, and myself, I have thought proper to offer for your consideration a detail of circumstances connected with my departure and subsequent return to this state, leaving for your candour to determine with what degree of justice I have been branded as a fugitive from justice.

A few years since, I was doing the business for three United States' posts, viz: Niagara, Plattsburgh, and Mackinac. Within that time these posts have all been abandoned, and my business was entirely broken up. A family of twelve children had drawn so largely on my resources as to prevent any accumulation of property, and the business of this part of the country did not offer me, as I was then without capital, sufficient inducement to remain. I consequently left for the city Albany, where I received an appointment from the late Governor Clinton to transact some business for the state at Washington, to which place I repaired, and remained till the 7th of February, 1827. During my stay there I received from the Hon. James Barbour, Secretary of War, an appointment to do the business at Cantonment Towson, in the Arkansas territory, on the Red River about 1200 miles above its junction with the Mississippi. I left Baltimore on the 10th February—and travelled by the way of N. Orleans and Natchitoches to Cantonment Towson, where I arrived on the 1st of April, and established myself in business, which I pursued till informed by a gentleman who arrived from below, that my name was in the papers, connected with the Morgan Affair, which was the first information I had ever received to that effect. I replied to him, that I would go home as soon as I could get my business arranged; and was actually getting on with the arrangement, when, about the middle of February last, a gentleman informed me that he had overheard a conversation between three men and Captain Hyde, by which he understood that they had come from N. York after me. I instantly replied that I was perfectly willing to deliver myself into their custody, if I was suspected of having violated the laws of my country; but on being assured that Mr. Garlinghouse said that he should be compelled to put me in irons, &c., I, though willing to return, determined not to be brought from there to this state in that way, and concluded to ride to a friend's, about 10 miles off, where I remained till I was sure they had taken their departure—when I returned, put my business in the best state possible, and started for this place, a distance of nearly four thousand miles—travelling all the time nearly, night and day, to arrive here with as little delay as possible.

I arrived here on Saturday afternoon, the 17th inst., and on the following Monday went to Lewiston, where I entered bail before the first judge for \$2000—myself in \$1000 and two sureties in \$500 each. During my absence I was continually writing to my family and friends—as for instance, I wrote from Albany, N. York, Baltimore, Washington, Natchitoches, and Cantonment Towson. From the latter place, I frequently sent letters, many of which never reached their destination, and especially one mailed on the evening of the 31st August last, directed to my family, and containing \$300 for their support.

Such are briefly the circumstances connected with my departure and return, and it is for others to say whether I have evinced any disposition to escape the justice of my country, and to judge of the motives of those who have condemned me unheard, and branded me to the world as a fugitive from the laws to which I have now voluntarily surrendered myself.—And it is proper to add here, that although no means were left untried to procure a different result, nonindictment could be obtained against me beyond a *quid pro quo*.

In conclusion, I ask of my fellow-citizens a suspension of opinion on the prejudicial reports which have been industriously circulated at my expense. By submitting voluntarily to the laws, I have given sufficient evidence of my determination to abide the issue, to entitle me to a cessation until I shall have had my trial, of that nature with which some individuals have endeavoured to prejudice and forestall the public mind.

WM. KING.

Youngstown, May, 27th, 1828.

FORMER. As late as the 29th of April, we learn by the latest arrivals in New-York, the Russian army had not passed the Pruth. The elections in France create a wonderful interest at the present time. The New-York papers contain the speech of general Lafayette, on the abolition of the National Guard. The liberal party succeeded by amazing majorities. On the night of the 10th of April, a slight shock of an earthquake was felt at Rome. Letters of the 6th April, from Corfu, announce the arrival of the Wellesley, the Revenge, and the Ocean. They had landed 6000 British troops, taken on board at Lisbon and Gibraltar. The Notizio del Giorno, under date of Corfu April 1, states that the probable plan of the expedition into modern Greece is as follows:—the corps now at Dragomestra, after being joined by a division expected from the Peloponessus, will advance as far as Cassanochario, where it will divide into three columns; the centre will occupy that place, the right will extend to Golista, and the left to the lakes. Small vessels are fitted up for entering the Ambrasian gulf to support the left. It appears that Missolonghi and Anatolio are on the eve of surrendering to the Greeks; and Prevesa and Arta are not in a condition to hold out long. The Seraskier remains at Jannina without funds; the inhabitants of that country are humanely treated, and no war-tax has been imposed.

FRESH GOODS.—N. TARBELL, No. 549, South Market street, has received and manufactured his spring stock of Brushes, Trunks, and Bandboxes, where orders from any part of the country will be received to any amount in his line of business; and as he offers the best assortment of any one in the city or its vicinity, and has had an opportunity of getting direct from the importers; the choice of their stock, he warrants his goods 15 per cent better than they have been in number of years. Those who wish to purchase will do well to call and examine for themselves. May 31. 1827

HARTWICK SEMINARY.—This Seminary has been established about thirteen years, in the pleasant valley of the Susquehanna, county of Otsego, situated four and a half miles from the village of Cooperstown, and seventy miles west from the city of Albany. Young gentlemen from various parts of the United States, have there received a preparatory education for entering college in this and the neighbouring states. And the subscriber believes that most of his pupils have hitherto sustained a favourable character at college, both in relation to their moral conduct, and their proficiency in the several branches of sciences in which they have been instructed.

The branches taught are the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; French and German; Natural Philosophy; History; Mathematics in general, and particularly Surveying, both theoretical and practical; Geography; English Grammar; exercises in English composition; Arithmetic, Writing, &c. The Rev. George B. Miller, who for a number of years past, has been successfully engaged in the tuition of youth, both in this state and the state of New-Jersey, has been appointed assistant teacher in the seminary. The present term commenced on Monday the 19th of May, to continue to the last Wednesday in August.

For further particulars and reference as to the character of the institution, the subscriber would refer the public to the Rev. F. G. Mayer, of Albany; the Rev. Dr. Wackerhagen, of Clermont; the Rev. Dr. Quimman, of Rhinebeck; the Rev. Dr. Nutt, President of Union College; the Rev. Mr. Shaeffer, and the Rev. Dr. Geisenhainer, of New-York; to the clergy of the Lutheran Church in this and the neighbouring states in general, and to the trustees of Hartwick Seminary in particular.

Good boarding may be had in the neighbourhood of the seminary, at the moderate price of 12 or 14 shillings per week.

ERNEST L. HAZELIUS,
Principal of Hartwick Seminary.

173.



JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to No 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1828. 155

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec. 22 475

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the best quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be given to all orders. March 9, 1827.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

TO CALANTHE.

It is enough; I hear thy strain
Come like fresh musick from the sea,
And vacillating hope again
Tells what thou mightst have been to me.
It is enough; for in the spell
That echo casts upon mine ear
There is a sound I know too well—
A lay I love too much to hear.

And be it so;—if to mine eye
There never come a smile from thine,
If the devoted pilgrim's sigh
Must sink unanswered at his shrine,
If lips which utter thoughts that burn
Come with no answer to mine ear,
Smile, sigh and speech will all return
In that one lay I love to hear.

The world may spurn at thoughts like these;
Then never cast them from thy lip;—
Yet as the unheard, unseen breeze
Propels the ocean-girded ship,
So shall the evening echoes tell,
When that lay comes upon mine ear,
A truth thou knowest, alas! too well,—
A truth the world must never hear.

Sing then, Calanthe,—and to me
That shall be all that speech, or sigh,
Or smile, or tears have power to be;
But not to all who linger by.
To them the holy musick seems
No language of unearthly spheres;
And one alone—one madly dreams
That love is in the lay he hears!

Albany, June 8, 1828.

G.

From the Boston Statesman.

THE PICTURE GALLERY.

I stood with a fair young girl yestreen
With a strange bewitching eye,
And lips that words might melt between,
And of their own musick die—
And she raised her lashes like clouds that pass
From stars with an easy gale,
And gazed till I could have framed myself,
And hung on a rusty nail.

And I have a kind of a dreamy sense
Of things she said were fair,
And I answered "sweet!"—but I meant her lips,
And "rich!"—but I meant her hair—
And so perhaps I shall praise them wrong
Or interpret her meaning ill,
For her memory comes up sweet but dim
Like a dream by a singing rill.

The moonlit bay of Genoa
With its nipples tipped with light—
"The shadowy sails that, one by one,
Steak to the gazer's sight—
The soft white edge of the gliding clouds,
Like clouds when the wind is south—
They never were half so beautiful
Till praised by her rosy mouth.

She liked the ease of the graceful "girl
At her devotions" drawn,
With a look of such sad gentleness
As of a dream just gone—
Like one who watches a fading cloud
As the twilight falls in June,
With thoughts half sad, half sorrowful,
Like the notes of a wawayard tune.

ere were exquisite things by Fisher,
Which will not come in rhyme—
And a lady drawn by Rembrandt's Peale
I could worship had I time—
The high-born look of Miss Caton—
The consumptive kitten by Morse—

Real ducks by Alexander,
And Dunlap's horrible horse.

If my Pegasus went forever—
If my muse were kin to Job—
If a humour of rhyme could be put on
As a man puts on a robe—
Had the beautiful school-girl crazed me less,
Or had eyes less deeply blue,
I would rhyme you "an hour by Shrewsbury clock."
As it is, I vanish—adieu! *Excuse.*

From the Ladies' Magazine.

THE WIFE.

She spoke—and her low accents bore
A tone of thrilling sadness,
That half denied the evils she wore,
Too full of love for gladness.

She spoke, and in her quiet eye
There beamed the light of feeling,
With preface of a gentle sigh,
The full heart thus revealing.

"Sorrow and I have mingled much;—
My pallid looks declare it;
But I could brave her withering touch,
Wert thou not doomed to share it.

When heaven its precious gift recalled,
The boy we prized so dearly,
My bosom, rent yet unappalled,
But cherished thee more nearly.

And wert thou other than thou art—
Less generous, kind, confiding,
The love that lives in my true heart
Were not the less abiding.
E'en thy neglect I might sustain;
'T would chill my heart,—not break it;
Its tenderness would still remain;
Thy falsehood could not shake it.

But on thy heart should sorrow prey,
And doubt and fear assail thee,
And disappointment mark thy way,
And friends and fortune fail thee.

These tears, these foolish tears that start,
Might bring relief to me, love,
But the long sigh that rends the heart
Would only sigh for thee, love.

My bitter doom may be to twine
The shroud of death about thee,
To press thy senseless form to mine,
To live—to feel—without thee:

And even from this I would not shrink,
Should fate for this reserve me;
But on thy griefs I dare not think;
God from all ill preserve thee!

INTELLECTUAL LOVE.

Nay—answer not by burning words! my love is like a spell
That would dissolve with tenderness, my glorious Adol!
I never could retain the high Idolatry of love,
For one who had been folded to my bosom like a dove.

The heart of woman should be kept like a devoted bird,
Whose melody is only in the temple arches heard—
A spiritual idol, in its holiness enshrined,
Whose altar burneth only with the sacrifice of mind.

I met thee first beneath the stars—beneath the silver moon,
Mid the fragrance and the musick of the leafy month of June,
And thy presence fell upon my soul like the eve upon the sea,
And stilled it to a mirror of the starry host and thee.

That starry host I've worshipped as nature's light, till now,
But a severer beauty is floating on thy brow.
I bring no gift of passion to stain the altar stone,
But the pure and holy worship of my intellect alone.

My lip may oft be passionate—for human hearts will swell
At the crushing of affections that impatiently rebel—
But the smoking of the incense cup defileth not the shrine,
And the weakness of my spirit must not be felt by thine.

Then not a word of tenderness—but let my passion pass
From thine unsullied nature like the breathing from the glass;
I never could restore the high idolatry of love,
When once thou hadst been folded to my bosom like a dove.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Soldier, go—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wishful eye on youth,
Where the sunny beam reposes;
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through:
Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
Forward!—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow.
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking,
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep, as on the battle field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name or number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done;
Lo the hosts of hell are flying;
'T was thy Lord the battle won;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark!—what songs of rapture rise.
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph!—all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth is vanquished.

ETERNITY.

BY FRANCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

O man! hold thou on in courage of soul
Through the stormy shades of thy worldly way.
And the billows of cloud that around thee roll
Shall sleep in the light of a wondrous day,
Where hell and heaven shall leave thee free
To the universe of destiny.

This world is the nurse of all we know,
This world is the mother of all we feel,
And the coming of death is a fearful blow
To a brain uncompassed with nerves of steel;
When all that; we know, or feel, or see,
Shall pass like an unreal mystery.

The secret things of the grave are there,
Where all but this frame must surely be,
Though the fine-wrought eye and the wondrous ear
No longer will live to hear or to see
All that is great and all that is strange
In the boundless realm of ascending change.

Who telleth a lie of unspeaking death?
Who lifeth the veil of what is to come?
Who painteth the shadows that are beneath
The wide winding caves of the peopled tomb?
Or unitteth the hopes of what shall be
With the fears and the love for that which we see?

From the New-England Review.

STANZAS.

'T were nothing did we die—'t were nought
At once from life to pass away—
But thus to wither, thought by thought,
And inch by inch, and day by day—
To watch the lingering tints of light,
As twilight o'er the sky expands,
To view the wave's receding flight,
Upon the bleak and barren sands—

To see the stars, that gem the sky
Faded one by one—to mark the leaves
Fall from the boughs all witheringly,
Through which the wintry tempest grieves—
'T is this that chills the aching heart,
That still we breathe, and feel, and live,
When all the flowers of earth depart,
And life hath not a joy to give.

Z.

MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1828.

NO. 20.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at the installation of the officers of Lafayette Encampment, No. 7, of Knights Templars and the Appendant Orders, in Hudson, October 25, 1824.

BY GEORGE HOWARD, D. G. C.

Sir knights of Lafayette Encampment, your unanimous suffrages have published to the world the names and rank of those who are to conduct the destinies of this sacred institution; an institution, based on those immortal truths which are recorded on the fair pages of the blessed gospel, and dedicated to deeds of charity and love. The solemn ceremonies of installation have been performed and the organization of your encampment is complete. In you we behold the representatives of those valiant champions, those godlike warriors, who waged an exterminating warfare upon the enemies of IMMANUEL; who tore the bloody crescent from the abhorrent front of infidelity, and who, when the cruel strife had ceased, deposited in the perfect spirit of faithful pilgrims, their trophies and their arms at the foot of a Redeeming Cross.

On this happy occasion, sir knights, companions of the altar, and brethren of the square, I hail you with transport; and greet you with the kind salutation of pure and unsophisticated friendship. Within these walls, consecrated, by the genius of masonry, as the hallowed asylum of the craft, there is a pleasing charm which rests upon the soul, a heavenly sympathy which glows with unabated ardor in each masonick breast, and tells us in Nature's strongest language, that man, divested of his sensual habits, is the fair emblem of innocence; and the heir apparent of a blessed immortality.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity;

"It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments;

"As the dew of Hermon and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

No wonder the tongue of Israel's favourite broke out in admiration of a subject so well calculated to swell the soul with heavenly pleasures—It is not astonishing that the tender sympathies should be awakened by contemplations so highly interesting; nor is it singular, that when kindred spirits meet upon the level, they should prepare their minds for the solemn duties in which they are about to engage by repeating this most grateful salutation. It is the contemplation of such important subjects, that kindles the sacred flame of fellowship within the breast, that hurls the ruder passions to repose, and softens all the cares of life.

But my brethren, human nature is composed of gross materials. Our frail bodies, which bear the lovely impress of divinity, are subject to foul disease, and we hold our grand levees in the very court where the genius of death presides. Our minds are like a mirror, upon whose impartial surface is reflected our virtues and our vices, and it is only by a firm and steadfast resolution, to persevere in the practice of virtue, that we are to avoid the anguish of a wounded conscience.

In conducting the affairs of this encampment, sir knights, you are to be governed solely by the god-like principles which adorn the meek and lowly

followers of our Immortal Grand Commander. Those frenzied passions which lead to the commission of deeds unlawful and impure, those unholy fires generated by the corruption of the heart, and fed with the tears of victims sacrificed upon the altar of human pride, the dark catalogue of errors that disturb the peace and destroy the social tie which binds man to his fellow—must be driven far from this temple of Innocence, that the pure flame of brotherly love, may ascend in grateful perfume from your peaceful altars.

Does unwarrantable ambition intrude upon your sanctuary? give it to the four winds of heaven, that it may be scattered in desolation's track, and be destroyed forever.

Should Avarice rear her hideous head and attempt to paralyze the arm of charity, sever it from the unhallowed trunk, and hang it upon the mountain's towering height as a warning to the faithless and unwise.

If Discord, that fell destroyer of social intercourse, obtrude upon the labours of the craft, bury it in its own ponderous ruins and consign its hated image to endless oblivion.

If strife be permitted to exist among you, let it be generated by that nobleness of heart which urges to deeds of charity and which emanates from a desire to be conspicuous in the ranks of Philanthropy. Let the shouts of thankful indigence proclaim the happiness you have experienced in softening human woe. The rising sigh, you oft have hushed in the orphan's tender bosom, shall plead for you at the throne of majesty divine; and if, perchance, in the bewildered mazes of a misguided fancy, you may have erred, and the great page of your account shall be stained by the frailness of your nature, the tears of the lonely widow, whom you have relieved, as they fall upon the record of your transgressions, shall wash them from the book of remembrance forever.

"If angels weep in heaven, they weep for virtue in distress. Cherubim view with delight the exercise of charity and saints in rapture touch their golden harps when man performs a god-like action."

The destinies of this encampment, sir knights, are now committed to your charge. You have taken upon yourselves a responsibility which I hope and trust will be discharged in the true faith of worthy templars. You have the bright example of those illustrious chiefs who proudly triumphed over pagan hosts, those stubborn souls whom bigotry could not conquer or adversity subdue; and those christian martyrs who exchanged the agonies of the stake for a paradise of bliss; to stimulate you in the exercise of virtue. Let the finger of hope point you to the cross on Calvary's mount, and the sweet whispers of faith assure you that BY THIS SIGN YOU SHALL SURELY CONQUER.

It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure that I congratulate you upon the title you have selected for this encampment. In tracing the broad galaxy of knighthood, the eye in vain searches for a more splendid object than the STAR OF LAFAYETTE. It beams with unsullied lustre; its sparkling rays emit a thousand charms, and the sons of freedom welcome its approach as the harbinger of Happiness and Peace.

The youthful eye of Lafayette looked abroad from the quarries of superstition and his eager vision discovered the blessed light of liberty dawning in this western world—he beheld our dark plumed eagle brooding in melancholy silence over the misfortunes of her young—the groans of an oppressed

nation sunk deep into his soul—distant, as was the cry of distress, it raised him far above the frowns of tyranny—he trod the rugged path which led to the temple of freedom; and pursued, with manly fortitude, its dangerous and uncertain way, until the key stone of liberty's fair arch was safely set. He is now reposing in the arms of a grateful people—the fame of his deeds is borne on every breeze; and wherever he moves, thousands of thankful voices shout, GOD BLESS HIM!

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

JEFFERSON COUNTY.

Extract from the proceedings of the lodge in Sackets Harbour, Jefferson county, on the 21st of February last:—

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted, as a testimonial of the estimation in which the lodge holds the memory of the illustrious dead.

It having pleased the all wise Disposer of events suddenly to cut down by the stroke of death, and remove to the land of our fathers, our distinguished and venerable brother, DE WITT CLINTON, governor of this state, and the members of this lodge being desirous to manifest their deep and affecting sense of the great and irreparable loss sustained by the masonick institution in this state and throughout the American union, it is therefore

Resolved unanimously, that in the death of our illustrious brother, DE WITT CLINTON, the nation has lost its brightest ornament, the state its most useful and distinguished citizen, mankind a benefactor, learning and science their ablest advocate, and the masonick institution one of its greatest and most devoted patrons, whose exertions in support of the institution and for the advancement of the grand principles of our order shall be cherished ever green in our remembrance, with sentiments of the most hallowed gratitude.

Resolved unanimously, that in testimony of the profound grief and unfeigned regret felt by the members of this lodge, on the sudden death of our worthy and lamented brother, DE WITT CLINTON, Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of this state, General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of this state, and General Grand Commander of the General Grand Encampment of the United States, the members of this Lodge will wear the usual badge of mourning crape on the left arm for thirty days.

A. R. FORD, Sec'y.

WARREN COUNTY.

At a special communication of *Perry Lodge, No. 437*, held at Bolton, February 18, 1828, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, the Supreme Disposer of human events, having seen fit in the dispensations of his providence, to remove from our society and this stage of earthly existence, our worthy Past Grand Master, his excellency DE WITT CLINTON, to "that bourne from which no traveller returns:"—therefore

Resolved, that we have a deep veneration for the moral excellency, and intrinsic worth of our deceased brother, not only as a mason, but as a man—as a christian, and as a profound statesman.

Resolved, that the members of this lodge wear the usual masonick mourning badge for thirty days, as a testimonial of sorrow and regret, for our loss.

DANIEL WINTER, Sec'y.

VERMONT.

At a communication of *Windsor Royal Arch Chapter*, held at Mason's Hall, in Windsor, Vermont, on the 20th day of February, A. L. 5828.

Resolved, that this chapter deeply lament the death of our late companion, *DE WITT CLINTON*, High Priest of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of United States.

Besolved, that as a tribute of respect to his memory, this chapter will cause the jewels and furniture of the same to be dressed in mourning, until the stated annual session of the Grand Chapter of Vermont.

Resolved, that the foregoing resolutions be entered upon the records of this Chapter.

EZRA S. TRASK, Sec'y.

TENNESSEE.

Extract from the minutes of *Mount Libanus Lodge*, No. 59, at its regular communication in Knoxville Tennessee, March 5, 5828:—

The members of this Lodge have heard, with feelings of deep regret, of the death of their illustrious friend and brother *DE WITT CLINTON*, late governor of New-York. In the death of this distinguished individual, society has sustained a loss not easily to be repaired, and masonry one of its brightest ornaments and most able and efficient patrons: therefore,

Resolved, that the members of this lodge, as an evidence of their respect for the memory of their deceased brother, wear an appropriate badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, that the foregoing preamble and resolution, be published.

ANDREW McMILLAN, Sec'y.

ALABAMA.

At a meeting of *Mobile Lodge*, No. 19, held at the Lodge Room in the city of Mobile, on Monday evening the 10th day of March, 1828, A. L. 5828, the following resolutions were adopted

Resolved, that the members of *Mobile Lodge*, No. 10, as a testimony of the high respect they entertain for the memory of their deceased, distinguished brother, the *Mo. Ex. DE WITT CLINTON*, late *Mo. Ex. G. G. H. P.* of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, will wear crape for thirty days.

And be it further resolved, that all sojourning brethren within the masonick jurisdiction of this lodge, be invited to join with the brethren thereof, in testifying their respect for the memory of the deceased. A true copy from the minutes.

BENJ. WILKINS, Sec'y

KENTUCKY.

Extract from the proceedings of *Louisville Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 5, at a meeting held in Louisville, Kentucky, February 27, 5828:—

The masonick family having lately been deprived of one of its most valued members, by the death of the late, and much lamented brother and companion, *DE WITT CLINTON*, Most Excellent General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, and society at large of a virtuous and enlightened patriot and statesman—the companions of this chapter, deeply deploring the afflicting dispensation of Providence, do resolve unanimously, that they will, as a testimony of their regard and veneration for the memory of the illustrious deceased, wear the usual badge of masonick mourning for the space of thirty days.

ISAAC H. TYLER, H. P.
E. S. CAMP, Sec'y.

CELEBRATIONS.

GENESEE COUNTY.

Olive Branch Lodge will celebrate the festival of *St. John the Baptist* on the 24th instant, at brother *C. J. Lincoln's* inn, in Bethany. The brethren and companions of the different lodges and chapters are requested to attend. Accommodation will be provided for such spectators as may wish to attend. June 4, 1828.

CHENANGO COUNTY.

Phœbus Lodge, No. 94, have resolved to celebrate the anniversary of *St. John the Baptist*, on

Tuesday, the 24th day of June, inst. in the Village of New-Berlin, Chenango county. Neighbouring Lodges and brethren are respectfully invited to attend with us on that day, in their corporate capacities or otherwise. By order of the lodge.

JOHN L. SIMONDS, Sec'y.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

CANCER RURICOLA OR LAND CRAB.

From Good's Book of Nature.

This is an inhabitant of the tropical regions, and especially of the Bahama islands: it is gregarious, and associates in large bodies that preserve an orderly society, for the most part, in the recesses of inland mountains, though they regularly once a year march down to the sea-side in an army of some millions, to deposit their spawn in the ocean. The time selected for this expedition is usually the month of May, when they sally forth from the stumps of hollow trees, the clefts of rocks, and subterranean burrows, in enormous multitudes. The whole ground indeed, is covered with this reptile band of adventurers; and no geometrician could direct them to their destined station by a shorter course. They turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, whatever be the obstacles that intervene; and if they meet with a house they will rather attempt to scale the walls than relinquish the unbroken tenor of their way. Occasionally, however, they are obliged to conform to the face of the country; and if it be intersected by rivers, they pursue the stream to its fountain-head. In great dearth of rain they are compelled to halt, when they seek the most convenient encampment, and remain there until the weather changes. They make a similar halt when the sun shines with intense heat, and wait for the cool of the evening. The journey often takes them up three months before they arrive on the sea-coast; as soon as they accomplish which, they plunge into the water, shake off their spawn upon the sand, which they leave to nature to mature and vivify, and immediately measure back their steps to the mountains. The spawn, thus abandoned, are not left to perish: the soft sands afford them a proper nidus; the heat of the sun, and the water, give them a birth; when millions of little crabs are seen crawling to the shore, and exploring their way to the interior of the country, and thus quitting their elementary and native habitation, for a new and untried mode of existence. It is the marvellous power of instinct that alone directs them, as it directed the parent hosts from whom they have proceeded; that marvellous power which is co-extensive with the wide range of organic life, universally recognised, though void of sensation; consummately skilful, though destitute of intelligence; demanding no growth or development of faculties, but mature and perfect from its first formation.

The general corollary resulting from these observations is as follows; that instinct, as I have already defined it to be, is the operation of the principle of organized life by the exercise of certain natural powers directed to the present or future good of the individual; while reason is the operation of the principle of intellectual life by the exercise of certain acquired powers directed to the same object: that it appertains to the whole organized mass as gravitation does to the whole unorganized; equally actuating the smallest and the bulkiest systems; every organ and every part of every organ, whether solid or fluid, so long as it continues alive: that, like gravitation, it exhibits, under particular circumstances, different modifications, different powers, and different effects; but that, like gravitation, too, it is subject to its own division of laws, to which, under definite circumstances, it adheres without the smallest deviation; and that its sole and uniform aim, whether acting generally or locally, is that of perfection, preservation, or reproduction.

Of its mode of existence we know nothing; but as little do we know of the principle of gravitation or of mind. We can only assure ourselves that they are distinct powers, perhaps distinct essences; and we see them acting, as well separately as conjointly, for the general good. Under their accor-

dant influence we behold the plastic and mysterious substance of matter, which we must be especially careful not to confound with themselves; rising from "airy nothing" into entity: ascending from invisible elements into worlds and systems of worlds; from shapeless chaos and confusion, into form, and order, and harmony; from brute and lifeless immobility, into energy and activity; into a display of instinct, feeling, perception; of being, and beauty, and happiness. One common design, one uniform code of laws, equally simple and majestic, equally local and comprehensive, pervades, informs, unites and consummates the whole. The effect then being one, the mighty cause that produced it must be one also; an eternal and infinite unity—the radiating foundation of all possible perfections—ever active, but ever at rest—ever present, though never seen—immaterial, incorporeal, ineffable: but the source of all matter, of all mind, of all existences, and all modes of existence. Whatever we behold is God—all nature is his awful temple—all sciences the porticoes that open to it; and the chief duty of philosophy is to conduct us to his altar; to render all our attainments, which are the bounteous affluents of his spirit, subservient to his glory; and to engrave on the tablet of our hearts this great accordant motto of all revealed religion, of Athens and of Antioch, of Aratus and of St. Paul, "in him we live, and move, and have our being."

HEMLOCK.

From the National Alys.

Very few of the varieties of plants whose blossoms wave by the way side or flourish on the margin of the stream, are to be avoided or can be regarded without admiration and pleasure. One however possessed most deleterious properties, and has been noted as a poison from antiquity. Its easy and certain power of destroying life have recommended it for use in prisons of arbitrary rule, from the tribunal of the Athenian Areopagus to the court of the Spanish Inquisition. Its mild and lethergick operation have established it not only as the instrument of the executioner, but the agent of the suicide. A species of this plant, emigrating from Europe, is now common about road sides and in waste grounds, especially in those parts of the country which have been long settled. The frequent instances of deplorable accidents resulting from its use, show that its deleterious properties are unknown or too often neglected. In general appearance the plant, has a resemblance to the carrot when shooting up to bear seed. It is commonly found in bunches and rises to the height of four, five or six feet and produces clusters of minute flowers of a dull, white, from June to November.

Dr. Bigelow speaks of the poisonous effects as very different on different individuals, varying with the temperament of the person, the age and place of the growth of the plant and other circumstances. Generally, dizziness, nausea, diminished power of vision, faintness and muscular weakness are described as the consequences of its operation. This plant is often eaten by children either from carelessness or ignorance. The papers on our table contain two instances where death has followed the dangerous repast. While our legislators are proposing the destruction of the vegetable enemies of the harvest, it would be well if they would take measures to exterminate these treacherous weeds creeping round the habitations of man to steal away life, and better still if they were attacked by every person who discovers them intruding on the frontiers of his possessions.

BIOGRAPHY.

GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

For the Masonick Record.

When it becomes our duty to delineate the character and record the deeds of one of our fellow men, we are often in a manner the creators of their fame, especially when we are the first to throw in our efforts to snatch their names from the oblivion, which, sooner or later, must be the lot of the most conspicuous in the page of earthly glory. By the aid of a fertile imagination and some feelings of fa-

your or prejudice, the biographer may often tell posterity of principles which his subject never held, and make even his errors and blunders the theme of future praise. He may depict him with talents he never possessed, crimes he would have abhorred, virtues he never emulated, deeds he never aspired to, respect he never commanded, or motives he never dreamed of. All these he may do, and posterity, ever ready to take his word, will swallow it all, and give him the credit of rescuing his character from remediless insignificance. Such we say may be the case when a writer, with no other intent than to spend so many words he cares not how, sits down, and attempts to deliver his brain of a biography; and for a subject, takes hold of one of those "good sort of good for nothing kind of people," who for sheer lack of incident, never had their manes pacified by a single *post obit* puff, beyond the little sphere of their daily *how dye do*. And it is well enough for both reader and read, if not for the bookseller, that such biographies may be written. Seldom do they contain any thing calculated to wound the feelings of any being; because forsooth, he of whom it can hardly be said that he has ever done any thing, will not be likely to incur the reputation of doing much evil; and it is certainly the part of charity, if it go a little contrary to truth, to speak well at least of him of whom we can speak but little.

But the illustrious subject of our present sketch is one which will not allow the full licence of inventive fancy to operate. His life was his country's, so must be the record of his labours and his fame. They are known to all, and the least deviation from plain facts would bring down the just resentment of the guardians of his memory; and such are all who know him as a patriot, a statesman, a scholar, and a mason.

JOSEPH WARREN was the son of a respectable farmer of the town of Roxbury, near Boston, and born in the year 1739. He early discovered a taste for literature, and acquired the rudiments of knowledge at the publick grammar school in that town, which was distinguished for its successive instructors of superiour talents. In 1755 he entered college, where his industry, his genteel deportment, and personal courage and generosity, secured to him the esteem of all who knew him. On leaving college in 1759, WARREN turned his attention to the study of medicine, and when the small pox broke out in Boston in 1764; he was fortunately very successful in his method of treating the disease, which ensured him a reputation seldom acquired at the very commencement of practice, and he was both beloved and admired by all who were acquainted with his talents or his courteous and humane deportment. His fame, no doubt, would have been fixed, bright and lasting, and would have been followed with the usual attendants, wealth and influence, had he not digressed from the usual sphere of a medical practitioner; but his country—the idol of his warmest worship,—his free yet endangered country, called him away from the peaceful course of professional labour, never to return again. He entered the vortex of politics; the rights of man, and the wrongs of usurpation were his study;—the lessons of liberty fell from his tongue; and his pen was in constant employ to arouse and enlighten his oppressed fellow citizens.

It would perhaps be more difficult to distinguish one half the fruits of his pen, which were so seasonably distributed for the education of the young and ardent patriots of that day. Most who engaged their mental strength in the good cause, made their appeals over fictitious signatures or by anonymous essays. Much may have been credited to him to which he could lay no claim, and more probably a greater part of his own zealous effusions were put to the credit of other writers,—as his versatility of style was such as to deceive even his most intimate associates.

His powers of oratory were remarkably suited to the wants and tastes of his times, and the fervour of his patriotick sentiments. He perhaps was somewhat in advance of the publick opinion in some of the most essential articles of his creed, but a proper confidence on the part of the people was not slow to bring them into his track, while he seemed rather to follow than to lead; and by a seeming reciprocity of dependence he acquired an influence almost beyond credibility. It would be dangerous in our

present state of national advancement to possess men of such influence. Nothing but pure patriotick virtue at that season, preserved and protected the infant genius of our country from the sad effects of a confidence beyond the bounds of common prudence.

He had delivered several orations, on the anniversary of the fifth of March, a day set apart to commemorate the massacre in King-street, Boston, in 1770, and his as well as others were marked with the most daring and energetick appeals to the people against the tyrannical measures of the mother country. In the winter of 1775, the British officers then in Boston declared that it should be at the price of the life of any man to speak of the event of March 5, 1770, on the ensuing anniversary. The soul of WARREN took fire at such a threat; and he earnestly solicited the honour of being appointed to the duty of orator for the day. It is not necessary to say that such a man would have few rivals for such a situation. He was appointed to deliver the oration, and had the courage of the enemy been equal to their apparent intentions, that day had been an era even more memorable than the nineteenth of April, the seventeenth of June, and not to be placed behind the truly glorious fourth of July. The fifth of March 1775 happened on Sunday; therefore the sixth was to be observed as a day of mournful remembrance for the evils and audacity of a standing army.

The day arrived, fair and sunny, and the Old South Meeting house was so crowded, at a very early hour, that the orator was obliged to make his entrance at the pulpit window, by means of a ladder. The British officers, armed and sneering, occupied the aisles, the pulpit stairs, and several of them were even within the pulpit. To use the words of an elegant and correct biographer of WARREN,—

"The scene was sublime; a patriot in whom the flush of youth, and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the sanctuary of God, to animate and encourage the sons of liberty, and to hurl defiance at their oppressors. The orator commenced with the early history of the country, described the tenure by which we held our liberties and property—the affection we had constantly shown the parent country, and boldly told them how, and by whom these blessings of life had been violated. There was in this appeal to Britain—in this description of suffering, agony and horror, a calm and high-souled defiance which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. The thunders of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host—and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of his invective when Catiline was at a distance and his dagger no longer to be feared, but WARREN'S speech was made to proud oppressors resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight."

He was in the battle of Lexington, not a casual actor, but one who had been apprised and took measures to effect the memorable discomfiture of that day. He was actively engaged, and actually had one of his locks of hair shot away by a musket ball.

He had offered him some time in June 1775, the appointment of physician general to the army then organizing; but preferring to have a station where wounds are made, rather than where they are healed, he did not accept the appointment. He was however of much service in organizing and regulating the medical department; and his advice being as promptly received, no doubt he may be said virtually to have exercised that duty. He was at this time President of the provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and was on the 14th of June unanimously appointed a major-general of their forces. He never lived to hold a command; but his exertions were equivalent to that of an actual commander, both in prudence and effect, from the first actual bloodshed to the day of his death.

On the memorable day which gave him death and immortal fame, he did not arrive on the battle ground until the enemy had begun their movements for the attack. He came to fight as a volunteer, and when, on his first appearance, the veteran colonel PRESCOTT offered to act under his di-

rections, he replied that he came to learn the art of war from an experienced soldier, whose orders he should be happy to obey. He was armed with a musket, and stood in the ranks with the ordinary appearance of a common soldier.

When the retreat was begun, WARREN probably mortified at the event of the day, and not knowing how dearly the enemy purchased their victory, lingered reluctantly behind his companions in arms, and seemed unwilling to leave the works. He had retreated but a few steps from the works when he fell, being shot by a musket ball in the back of the head. His fame was all that frail human nature could bear, and heaven in mercy took him away lest impious man should worship him.

"His death brought a sickness to the heart of the community, and the people mourned his fall, not with the convulsive agony of a betrothed virgin over the bleeding corpse of her lover—but with the pride of the Spartan mother, who in the intensity of her grief, smiled to see that the wounds whence life had flown, were on the breast of her son—and was satisfied that he had died in defence of his country. The worth of the victim, and the horror of the sacrifice gave a higher value to our liberties, and produced a more fixed determination to preserve them."

A monument is now erecting on the battle-ground, which does honour to the taste of posterity, even if it can add none to the glorious martyrs who slumber there. The hill itself is a monument more durable than marble or brass. We are weary of quoting, but another extract from our author must be tolerated.

"This eminence has become sacred ground. It contains in its bosom the ashes of the brave who died fighting to defend their altars and their homes. Strangers from all countries visit this spot, for it is associated in their memories with Marathon and Plataea, and all the mighty struggles of determined freemen. Our citizens love to wander over this field—the aged to awake recollections, and the youthful to excite heroic emotions. The battle-ground is now all plainly to be seen—the spirit of modern improvement, which would stop the streams of Helicon to turn a mill, and cause to be felled the trees of Paradise to make a rafter, has yet spared this hallowed height."

He was a mason, high in the honours and confidence of the fraternity. At the age of thirty he was appointed by the Grand Master of Scotland, provincial Grand Master of ancient masons, which office he held with honour to himself and the brethren over whom he was placed. At his death, the great loss sustained, and the operations of war in the vicinity, suspended all masonick intercourse for many years. In 1794, King Solomon's lodge, of Charlestown erected a monument to his memory, as nearly as could be ascertained on the spot where he was slain. It was a pillar of the Tuscan order, twenty-eight feet high, surmounted with a gilt urn on which were sundry masonick devices, and the initials and age of the honoured brother. Whether the monument has been removed to make room for the splendid structure now going up, we know not.

Brethren of the immortal WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and WARREN! You have a just right to be proud of your relation. Let the weight of their example be ever on your motives. Let the praise of their virtues be ever on your lips. Let the wisdom of their precepts be handed down to your children;—so shall the fruit of their labours be the eternal inheritance of your country. Look with pity rather than contempt on them who despise and revile the principles they loved to cherish, and the mystick union they delighted to honour. The testimony of the glorified dead are the pillars of your temple which cannot fail, even when the hearts of the living are bought by the breath of one day's applause. They are like the rock which offers itself a sure foundation; and though the materials fail, the foundation shall last, and will be built upon for ages and ages.

People have it generally in their power to communicate their ideas to their children; but they are still better able to transfer their passions. The surest way of instilling the love of virtue into children, is for parents to set them the example.

[Montesquieu.]

POPULAR TALES.

THE JEW'S REVENGE.

BY A. CROWQUILL.

You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.

Merchant of Venice.

During the tyrannous and turbulent reign of John, the heartless brother of the lion-hearted and romantick Richard, the Israelites who then sojourned beneath his ungrateful sway, found merry England but a melancholy refuge; for their christian brethren zealously sought every opportunity of proving their superiority by insulting and persecuting where or whensoever they encountered them.

The heresy of their persuasion placed them without the pale of the law, and the pure catholic antipathy of their oppressors destroyed, in its flaming wrath, all the tender feelings of humanity. It is true, their usurious practices and unfair dealings, in many instances, justly brought upon them the contempt and animadversion of the free and generous heart. But on the other hand, they had much to advance in extenuation of their extortions. They were compelled, by fear and necessity, to exhibit a cautious and external appearance of poverty. If by the splendid promises of the profligate and necessitous, they were induced to unlock their hidden treasure, and lend their gold, their peril was great, for they knew that justice was not only blind, but deaf to their prayers, when they pursued a refractory debtor, and offered them nothing but a halter.

The wily borrower knew, and not unfrequently took advantage of this partiality. Under such circumstances they could not surely be blamed for demanding a premium equal to the risk, as is the wont and custom in the present charitable and enlightened age, even among many worthy and money getting christians. At this period they all congregated in an obscure district of the city, where they were kindly permitted to dwell, that they might be more readily found when wanted—for even king John himself, in a time of pressing necessity, did not scruple to drag a Hebrew of reputed wealth from among his brethren to extort a considerable sum of money. The Jew in vain pleaded his inability to meet his monarch's demand, and one tooth was commanded to be extracted daily until he should consent to realize the amount required. At last, after losing several of his teeth, "his teeth of wisdom," as a lord of the presence wittily observed, "prompted him to disgorge a portion of the filthy lucre wherewith his usurious appetite had been pampered."

It was early in the forenoon of a summer's day, that two gallants, walking arm in arm, turned suddenly and cautiously into the street, well known as the dwelling place of the Jewish traders and money lenders. They appeared to be very apprehensive of being observed in such a suspicious and unfashionable quarter of the town, and no sooner had they lounged into the place than they hurried hastily forward. They were both youthful, and extremely modish in their attire—and many a grey Israelite, as they passed his poorly furnished stall or shop, winked knowingly at his neighbour; who as silently answered his sign by jocosely touching the empty palm of his left hand with the second finger of his right, thereby indicating that some pecuniary exigency had prompted the young gallants to visit their miserable quarters. A few minutes brought them to the habitation they sought, and the suspicions of the cunning Israelites were soon verified by their speech.

"Is this the den?" demanded one of the sparks, half retreating; the very odour of the ruinous fabric repelling, as it were, the refined essence of his gentility. "P faith is it," replied his companion, enjoying the expression of the other's disgust, "but 'L'apparence est trompeuse.'" "By my faith! thou'lt find this worthless casket containeth rare jewels. In, in, I pr'ythee, there's no time for bandying words now—Egad! need may drive us into a worse and more secure place than this, Basil, ere we die!" and tapping with his gold-headed baton at an inner door—"Saint Bridget grant the old sinner be in his cave of despair."

Agreeably to the impatience of the gallants, the door was quickly opened, and the "old sinner," in the form of a handsome, middle aged Jew, made his appearance. His olive complexion was shadowed by large black brows and a well trimmed beard. A black silk scalp covered the crown of his head, while his jetty hair hung on either side of his face in long crotchets or curls.

"Save ye, gentles," said he, saluting them respectfully, and having ushered them into a small, dark, and ill-furnished room, demanded their pleasure.

"Is not thy name Amalech?" asked the gallant who had acted the part of guide to his friend.

"The same."

"Then our errand is quickly told. Thou mayest readily premise that nothing short of dire necessity could have forced us to enter this infernal abode of darkness and desolation where thou art burrowed like a blind mole. Money, money, money, Amalech, we seek, and thou must provide for our wants, too, if thou robb'st thy brethren to make up the sum."

"What mayest thou want?" inquired the Jew; a slight tinge suffusing his dark countenance at the rude manner in which his succour was demanded.

"Neither more nor less than a hundred marks!" replied Basil. "I think, Montague," addressing his companion, "that will meet my present exigencies."

"A hundred marks!" repeated Amalech, thoughtfully, "'tis a round sum; but, suppose I should be able to procure it, what securities canst thou offer for the reimbursement and interest?"

These questions were as a matter of course expected, and promptly answered by Basil, who, after the discussion of a few preliminaries, executed a bond couched in terms and with considerations highly pleasurable to Amalech, and tending greatly to sweeten the bitter sneers and revilings of Montague; and both parties separated with mutual satisfaction.

A few months afterwards, Basil, with a gay and happy air, encountered his friend Montague lounging in Saint Paul's. To his eager inquiries, he replied, that the temporary embarrassments under which he had laboured had been happily removed by the seasonable loan from Amalech; that he had moreover fallen in love with a fair and wealthy heiress, had won her affections, and the reluctant consent of her father, to whom rumour had busily whispered divers tales of his gallantries and juvenile indiscretions. An earnest promise of future amendment, however, on his part, and the blushing irresistible intercession of his beloved and only daughter, had induced the father to promise he would consider of their wishes; which to the ardent lovers, was tantamount to an approval, as they enjoyed his tacit permission to meet as often as they pleased. But there was one speck, one solitary cloud in the bright horizon of his hopes: Basil had a rival, not in the affections of his adored Beatrice, but undoubtedly in the favour of his mistress's sire. In the undeviating correctness of his reformed life, however, he still firmly relied upon ultimately bearing away the prize against all opposition.

To attain this desired object he was compelled to be painfully circumspect; at the same time the reformed regularity of his life conduced greatly to the bettering of his fortune, and he now found himself in a condition to discharge the Jew's bond, and it was on this just errand he was bent, when unfortunately for Amalech, he met his quondam friend and ill-adviser Montague, who appeared to harbour an inveterate hatred towards Amalech and all his tribe.

He laughed at Basil's punctuality, and, by force of casuistry and the most poignant ridicule, dissuaded him from putting his honest intentions into execution.

It were bootless to detail the base, yet baseless arguments wherewith he fortified the wavering resolution of Basil, or the dishonourable means they employed to deprive the Jew of his money and his right of claim. Suffice it to say, that they conspired together, obtained the uncanceled bond, and left the duped Amalech without resource.

Basil certainly had some compunctious feelings, but the heartless Montague bade him remember

that Amalech was a Jew and a heretick; and that, as good catholics, they were performing a duty in persecuting him by every means in their power.

Amalech did not sit down quietly under his loss, but took every opportunity of remonstrating with Basil upon the cruelty and ingratitude of his conduct, and perhaps Basil would have listened to him had not Montague invariably been at hand to smother his qualms of conscience in his caustick derision.

It was on one occasion of this kind, when Amalech's intracies were only answered by the bitterest scorn and the most cutting sarcasm, that the Jew, stung by Basil's ungenerous conduct, solemnly vowed to be avenged, and abruptly quitted the scoffing gallants with a look that effectually chilled their forced merriment.

A tavern, however, was at hand, and thither they sought for refuge from every obtrusive feeling of care.

In the height of their debauch, Gilbert D'Orlais, Basil's rival chanced to enter. The most overstrained courtesy was invariably observed by both; and the fumes of generous wine having now exhilarated the spirits of Basil, he was more than usually cordial.

At a late hour they quitted the tavern, only to repair to an adjacent gambling house; for Gilbert, with a careless, playful sort of daring, had challenged Basil to the hazardous contest. He appeared at first inclined to waive the offer, but his evil genius, Montague, vowed his dear friend should play with any man, and the too pliant disposition of Basil yielded. As they were on the point of entering the temple of chance, Basil who was in the rear, felt some one pull him slightly by the cloak, and turning round, he beheld Amalech. The Jew was about to address him, when the inebriated Basil set up a loud laugh, and called to his companions that they might participate with him in the pleasure of sporting with the money-lender. But the intended butt of their rude jests had vanished.

One hour afterwards beheld the weak and irresolute Basil the pale victim of despair.

He was utterly ruined. His rival had stripped him of every mark he possessed in the world; and his dear friend Montague had left him to his gloomy reflections.

The next day Basil was the inmate of a cell in Ludgate.* Hope now seemed forever banished from his breast.

"That accursed Jew," cried he, "is the demon that hath worked this evil chance. He vowed vengeance, and he hath taken it. 'Farewell, Beatrice, and farewell, life; for life is nothing worth deprived of thy smiles. Oh! how will my rival triumph in the ruin he hath made. That Jew and he have conspired to overwhelm me, and I am lost.'" And the thought that Gilbert D'Orlais would win his mistress, solely by his own indiscretion, almost drove him to distraction.

In two days there was to be a grand fete given by Beatrice's father. Basil's absence of course could not be excused, or pass unobserved, and he had no doubt but that his rival would take advantage of so favourable an opportunity to misrepresent him and improve his own views. His creditors were deaf to his promises and solicitations, and his friend Montague was no where to be found at this crisis, when advice and assistance would have been most valuable.

The morning of the intended fete arrived. Basil, heartless and desponding, was sitting brooding over his luckless fate, when a slight noise at the iron grating of his cell caused him to turn his head in that direction.

The swarthy features of Amalech met his sight; and Basil imagined that he saw a bitter smile of pleasure illumine the Hebrew's countenance.

"Come in," said he, in a hollow and despairing voice—"come in—my suspicions are now verified—come in, Jew, and feast upon the misery thou hast wrought. What farther vengeance dost thou seek, thou heartless monster?"

Amalech stood before the dejected Basil, gazing stedfastly upon him, with a calm and unruffled brow.

* At that period a prison for debtors.

"Christian!" cried he, in a stern and solemn voice, "thou hast wronged me without provocation—nay, I held out my hand to thee in the time of need—I raised thee up—and thou didst smite me. Returning evil for good: can I then wonder that a christian who thus openly despises the dictates of his own religion, will respect mine? 'What, tho' I am a Jew, think'st thou I have not the feelings of a man as well as thee? And shall I not avenge an insult when chance places mine enemy within my grasp?'"

"Fiend of hell!" exclaimed the maddened Basil, "and is thy vengeance not sufficiently glutted, but thou must come to taunt me in the dungeon thy villany hath provided? Away! or, by heaven! I will strike thee to the earth!"

But Amalech was unmoved at his anger, and, showing no signs of retreat, the exasperated Basil raised his hand to execute his threat—and the next moment the vigorous arm of the Jew had laid him at his feet, unharmed, and with as much facility as if he had been a mere child.

"Foolish and impetuous youth!" said Amalech, "when wilt thou learn to be guided by reason and justice? But I will teach thee a lesson that, while thou hast life, shall never be forgotten. We shall meet again!" and so saying, he hastily quitted the abashed and discomfited Basil.

A few minutes had scarcely elapsed when the keeper of the prison entered, and politely informed Basil that he was free, at the same time placing in his hands a weighty bag of marks.

"What!—who! whence comes this timely—this precious aid?" demanded the astounded Basil.

"Thy friend, sir, has discharged thy debts, and paid the fees," replied the keeper. "Know'st thou not—"

"Friend! what friend?"

"He who just now quitted thee."

"Impossible!—the Jew!—heavens! what have I done?" exclaimed Basil, and the tears filled his eyes, as he clasped his hands together, and rushed forth from the prison.

The fair Beatrice, arrayed in smiles, was dispensing pleasure and delight to the gay and motley group who were fast gathering together in her father's hospitable halls.

Gilbert D'Orlais was there; but Beatrice was insensible to his gallant attentions; for her joy was chilled by the absence of Basil, though hope still whispered to her beating heart that her lover would momentarily arrive.

The ball was, however, about to commence, and Basil had not made his appearance.

"Where, in the name of wonder," asked Beatrice's father, "is our young friend, Basil?"

Gilbert D'Orlais, with a hypocritical mournfulness in his countenance, advanced, and, with a well feigned hesitation, began, "I am sorry, sir, to inform thee that—"

"Basil is here!" exclaimed Beatrice, eagerly interrupting him, "yonder he comes!"

Gilbert shrunk back in speechless horror and dismay. His trembling limbs appeared scarcely able to support him. But the die was cast, and escape was vain.

Basil, on quitting the prison, had lost no time in seeing Amalech, and pouring forth the overflowing gratitude of his contrite heart. And to his amazement the Jew unfolded to him the particulars of a deep laid plot, which had been contrived by his rival in conjunction with the perfidious Montague, to ruin him. He had, moreover, obtained such unanswerable testimony of the conspirators' villainy, that D'Orlais and Montague precipitately fled from a public exposure; while the fortunate Basil speedily recovered the bulk of his property—was blessed by the hand and heart of the lovely Beatrice—and remembered, with gratitude, the Jew's Revenge.

LOVE AND REASON.

From the Boston Bulletin.

Old chronicles tell, that Love was originally destined to be the companion of Joy; but that certain pranks perpetrated by mortals, occasioned a change in the decree of Jupiter, and a new partner for young Love was in consequence appointed, whose name was Sorrow. The experience of mankind

in all ages proves this record to be no fable—and so did that of Mr. Philip Dubois, a young gentleman of Flemish extraction, whose parents grew opulent upon the avails of a liquor establishment kept near the town pump in Cornhill some thirty years ago. Master Philip, as he waxed into manhood, was found to possess uncommon sensibility, and much tenderness of nerve. He had a soul extremely susceptible of the softer emotions, and an eye highly accommodating in all the necessary expression thereof—indeed, at certain times it was peculiarly moist and languishing. This shows the beneficial effect of novel reading. Sir Charles Grandison had been his model, and Pamela and Clarissa his constant companions: so that the very essence of refinement mingled with all his thoughts, and the most delicately fashioned phraseology flowed from his tongue. The lads of his age kept aloof from his company—he was so nice! And the misses that came to sip tea with his sister, looked upon him as a prodigy of gentility; while the young gentleman himself turned away his scrupulous countenance from their gaze—not from any unwillingness to be admired; but because he perceived symptoms of mortality lurking about their persons, altogether inconsistent with his pictured images of the sex—they absolutely ate and drank—practices never known to be performed by the super-human beauties, and transcendently pure heroines of genuine novelists!

But Philip was deeply imbued with a hope, yes, a confidence, that those benevolent powers who controul the mysterious operations of love, would one day direct him to that happy point in his fortunes, where he should encounter the being for whom his affections had long been treasured. His dreams, by night and by day, could not be for nothing. There was an angelick form continually flitting before his vision, and a pair of "cerulean" eyes beaming upon him through the mistiness of the future. Poetry began to concoct his cranium, and rhymes to couple themselves in all the ardour of smitten expectation. His conceptions were of green vales and velvet lawns, and sunny slopes, and fragrant bowers—with a presiding deity to scatter charms around the magic perspective. Thus lapsed the lonely hours, till one Monday morning, the first of May. Mr. Dubois—the young ladies called him Mr. Doughboy for shortness—undertook a very early perambulation, understanding such to be the custom of creation's fairer half on every recurrence of that cheerful anniversary—for the gathering of twigs and the cropping of dandelions. Philip had now reached his twentieth year—and the road to Malden. As he traipsed the road side, soundly wrapped in study and his best blue surtout, a being crossed his path—the exact reality of all his long cherished fancies. Heavens! but he could not speak:—

"A wicker basket on her white arm hung"—

filled with "green and yellow" herbage—brush and buttercups. Agape with amazement, his eyes followed the sylph as she bounded over the five barred fences and wove her way through the tangled pines and stunted oaks that constituted a sort of forest in the back ground. He followed as by instinct—the fairy shape and the blue optics—the jack o' lanterns of his imagination—leading the way. Through brambles and underwood and bogs did he trace the enchantress, until she disappeared in a cottage, before whose door was a hillock of leather parings, smoking in the sun's broad glare.

Here was a damper! Could that seraph appertain in any sense to a shoemaker? No—it was impossible. Perfectly entranced by the vision and overwhelmed with romantick anticipations, Philip slunk into the woods, and stood staring at the cottage in a most vehement revery. Nothing transpired for the space of two tedious hours—save the chirping of some adventurous bird, or the lowing of distant cattle, grumbling at their fare upon the stingy meadow. But true love never tires—and, like charity, it suffereth long, and is modest. Doubtless, he would have remained rooted at the foot of a rotten birch until this very day, had not a wagon appeared, in which were seated his fascinating fair one, and an elderly gentleman in a grey coat with huge buttons. At a very moderate pace they jogged along the road toward the metropolis—and Philip followed, keeping in view, though on

foot, without any sort of difficulty. Thus he trudged behind, until the precious deposit was lodged in a shop in Back street (so then called) of which he took note and straightway departed homeward.

Next morning—after a series of most delicious nightmares—Philip Dubois, resolved on bringing his romantick adventure to a crisis, sought out the little tenement aforesaid. It was a "ten footer," and shoes hung at the window through which he beheld the magnet of his soul. With that trepidation so easily conceivable by lovers, he lifted the latch. There she was! The very consummation of his purest visions! Thinking she might recognize his features or his figure, he approached with a trembling smirk, and faltered an interrogatory concerning her health, to which she gave a bewitching reply. He knew not what next to utter; but the shoes on the shelves furnished an expedient, and he hazarded an inquiry touching their prices. With a grace beyond description, the little fairy attended upon her extraordinary customer—and while engaged in this duty, Philip endeavoured to remind her of the events of the preceding day; of which she seemed to possess some vague recollection. That she did not confess more, was attributed to her innocence and modesty. But, with one party at least, the shoes were forgotten—and Philip actually talked of love—he even made protestations of eternal fidelity—and, bowing, prepared to take his leave, with a promise to call in the evening. As he was retiring covered with blushes, she beckoned him back—he obeyed with renewed hope—"Sir," said she, "if you won't take these shoes at seven-and-sixpence, you shall have them for six-and-nindepence!"

O, Avarice! thou smotherer of all the finer emotions of our bosoms!—Philip Dubois has ever since remained an inveterate bachelor, sighing and snivelling over the depravity of human nature!

MISCELLANY.

PETER THE GREAT'S SUMMER GARDEN.

From Hone's Table Book.

Schrader, a celebrated Swedish gardener, was employed by the czar to execute a plan he had approved of, for the gardens of his summer palace. The work was already far advanced, and among the different parts that were finished, were two large divisions adjoining to the principal avenue, opposite to each other, enclosed with a hedge, and covered with turf. The czar, who came often to see the progress of his undertaking, on observing the two grass plots, conceived the design of converting this place of mere amusement into a kind of school. "I am very well satisfied," said the czar to the gardener, "with your performance, as well as with the variety and beauty of the several divisions that are finished: however, you must not be angry if I change the form of these two spots of ground. I should wish that the persons who walk in the garden might find the means of cultivating their minds; but in what way can we contrive this?"

"Sire," said the gardener, "I know no other than to put books on the seats, protected from the rain, that those who walk in the garden may read when they sit down."

"This is not far from my meaning," said the czar, laughing, "but books in a publick garden! that will never do. Another idea has struck me. I should like to erect statues here, representing the different subjects of *Æsop's* fables. For this purpose the ground must be differently laid out, that the division of the several parts may correspond with the fables I am speaking of."

Schrader executed his orders with all possible intelligence and despatch, and much to the satisfaction of the emperor.

The garden consisted of four squares, with walks in the form of labyrinths leading to them. The angles were ornamented with figures, representing different subjects from *Æsop's* fables, with a *jet d'eau* concealed in a little basin, under moss or ruins, and surrounded with shells brought from lake Ilmen, or that of Novogorod. Most of the animals were as large as life, and of lead, gilt. They ejected water from their mouths, according to their various attitudes. In this way the walks were ornamented with sixty fables, forming as many *jets*

d'eau. At the entrance was a statue of Æsop, likewise of lead, and gilt.

The czar very naturally supposed that few people would be able to discover the meaning of these figures, and that fewer would comprehend the instruction they were designed to convey. His majesty therefore ordered a post to be placed near each of them, and to these posts sheets of tin were fastened, on which the fables and their morals were written in the Russian language.

This place was the czar's favourite walk; in its shades he often passed whole hours, recreating himself among these creatures of his creation.

This garden was afterwards nearly destroyed by a terrible tempest and inundation. The trees contained were torn up by the roots, and the green hedges and figures of animals damaged, either by the fall of the timber or by the elements. The trees were raised, put into their places again, and propped up; but as it was not possible to repair the injuries done to the figures, the czar's "summer garden" ceased to be a "garden of instruction."

FAIRIES.

From the London Magazine.

For the earliest account we have of the English Fairies, we are indebted to the Imperial Chancellor Gervase of Tilbury, who gives the following particulars respecting the fairy mythology of England in the thirteenth century:—

There is (says he,) in the county of Gloucester a forest abounding in boars, stags and every species of game that England produces. In a very grovy lawn of this forest, there is a little mount, rising in a point to the height of man, on which knights and other hunters are used to ascend when fatigued with heat and thirst, to seek some relief for their wants. The nature of the place and the business is, however, such, that who ever ascends the mount must go quite alone. When alone, he was to say, as if speaking to some other person, 'I thirst,' and immediately there would appear a cupbearer, in an elegant dress, with a cheerful countenance, bearing in his out-stretched hand a large horn adorned with gold and gems, as was the custom among the ancient English. In the cup, nectar of an unknown but most delicious flavour was presented, and when it was drunk, heat and weariness fled from the glowing body, so that one would be thought ready to undertake toil, instead of having toiled. Moreover, when the nectar was taken, the servant presented a towel to the drinker, to wipe his mouth with, and then, having performed his office, he waited neither for recompense for his services, nor for question nor inquiry.

"This frequent and daily action had, for a very long period of old times, taken place among the ancient people, till one day a knight of that city, when out hunting, went thither, and having called for drink and gotten the horn, did not, as was the custom, and as in good manners he should have done return it to the cupbearer, but kept it for his own use. But the illustrious Earl of Gloucester, when he learned the truth of the matter, condemned the robber to death, and presented the horn to the most excellent King Henry the elder, lest he should be thought to have approved of such wickedness, if he had added the rapine of another to the store of his private property."

BURMAN THIEVES.

The Burmans used to approach, on dark nights, on their hands and knees, and often crawled close up to the sentinels, before they were discovered; sometimes they carried off knapsacks and arms, and went away with their booty unperceived.

A laughable instance of their dexterity took place in the Great Pagoda, on the night of the 2nd July. The soldiers, for several nights previous, had missed some arms, although a sentry was before the door, and they generally slept with their firelocks by their sides. This evening, every one was on the alert, extra sentries were posted, and every precaution taken to secure the marauders. When, on a sudden, the alarm being given, the officer on duty, who was reposing in one of the little temples, ran to the door and inquired what had occurred,—but hearing that only a knapsack had been found in the grass, and that no other traces

existed of the depredators, he turned round to lie down again, and, to his infinite astonishment, found his bed had vanished! A light was in the room, and a servant sleeping near it, yet, notwithstanding, the impudent thieves had also ransacked a basket, and escaped with the contents! We since heard that the robbers were Burman soldiers belonging to the camp at Kumaroot, whither they carried their spoils. They certainly deserved infinite credit for the ingenuity they manifested, and for the manner in which they turned the laugh against us, by showing, that the very moment they chose for their depredations, was one when a strict search was making after them.

[Two Years in Ava.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1828.

By Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopaedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

June 14. Saints Basil, Rufinus, Valerius, Methodius, Doctmael, Nennus, and Psalmodius.—1628, the government of Plymouth colony caused three Englishmen to be put to death, for the murder of an Indian, near Providence.—1645, the battle of Naseby was decided this day, in which the royalists under Charles I. were defeated and completely routed by the parliament troops under Fairfax. The king lost all his artillery and ammunition; his cabinet with all his letters fell into the hands of his enemies; and the contents were afterwards published to the world by the parliament, which contributed perhaps not a little to his subsequent sufferings, by exposing his fraudulent schemes of usurpation.—1801, Benedict Arnold, the notorious apostate, died at his lodging, Gloucester-place, London.

June 15. Saints Vitus, Crescentia, Modestus, Landelin, Bernard of Menthon, Vauge, and Gregory Lewis Barbadiago. Saint Vitus was a Sicilian martyr under Dioclesian. In the superstitious ages, fowls were offered on this festival, to avert the disease known by the name of *Saint Vitus's Dance*. It is not exactly known how the disease acquired this name. It is pronounced by medical men to be an affection of the limbs, resulting from nervous irritation, closely connected with a disordered state of the stomach, bowels, and other organs of the abdomen. Among the ignorant, a belief also prevailed that, as on Saint Swithun's day, rain will be repeated for a certain number of subsequent days. It may easily prove true, if the present showery weather may be taken for a conjecture of what is to come.—1775, two days before the memorable battle of Bunker's hill, the Continental Congress, then in session at Philadelphia, unanimously appointed George Washington to the chief command of the American army. He accepted the appointment with a diffidence strikingly characteristic of his prudence, and took command at Cambridge, the 2d day of the July subsequent.—1825, the corner stone of the new bridge over the Thames at London, was laid with great ceremony, by John Garratt, esq. lord mayor of London.

June 16. Saint Quirinus; Saint John Francis Regis; Saint Fargeau; Saint Aurelian.—1722, John Churchill, the great duke of Marlborough died at Windsor Lodge, in a state of idiocy. His history is too well known to need repetition at present.—1806, great eclipse of the sun.

June 17. Saint Alban; Saint Eutolph; Saint Ayy; Saint Molingus; and Saint Prior, hermit. Saint Alban was the first martyr for christianity in Britain. He was born about the middle of the third century at Verulam, near the present site of the city of Saint Albans, in Hertfordshire. He was descended from a pagan family of power and distinction, and educated in their belief. While young he went to Rome and served seven years in the armies of the emperor Dioclesian. On his return home, he became a convert to the christian faith, which he sealed by martyrdom in the year of our Lord 303. The particulars of his life are very little known, except through the ecclesiastical history of Venerable Bede. These as may be expected are interlarded with some of the miraculous legends of those superstitious times. "On his way to execution," says father Bede, "he was stopped by a river, over which was a bridge, so thronged

with spectators that it was impossible to cross it; when the saint, as we are told, lifting up his eyes to heaven, the stream was miraculously divided, and afforded a passage for himself and a thousand more persons. This wonderful event converted the executioner on the spot, who threw away his drawn sword, and falling at Saint Alban's feet, desired that he might have the honour to die with him; and thus the execution being delayed until another person could be got to perform the office, Saint Alban walked up to a neighbouring hill, where he prayed for water to quench his thirst, and a fountain of water sprung up under his feet. Here he was beheaded; but the executioner is said to have been a signal example of divine vengeance; for as soon as he gave the fatal stroke, his eyes dropped out of his head."

Saint Alban was an eminent mason, and was employed to environ the city of Verulam with a wall, by the Roman governor Carausius, and also to build him a splendid palace. To reward him for his diligence in erecting these works, he was made steward of the governor's household, and appointed Grand Master of masons, to whom Carausius had given a charter to hold a general assembly. Under his patronage lodges were regularly formed, and the rights of freemasonry properly practised. About five hundred years after the martyrdom of Saint Alban, Offa, king of Mercia, built a monastery in honour of him, on the very place where he suffered, which was called at first Holmhurst, but afterwards more appropriately Saint Albans. This edifice was afterwards converted into a parochial church, and in that capacity is even now in existence. In the year 1257, about nine hundred and fifty four years after his death, some sheets of lead containing relics were found, while repairing the church, and a thick plate of lead over them, upon which was engraved the following inscription:

"In hoc mausoleo inventum est
Venerabile corpus Sancti Albani, Proto
Martyris Anglorum."

—1774, the memorable battle of Bunker's hill was fought. In the night preceding this event, a redoubt was thrown up on the brow of the hill which is now known by that renowned name, and the British in the city were not a little surprised to find in the morning a fortification going on without point blank shot of their cannon. The batteries of the British were immediately opened on them, and an incessant fire kept up, until they despaired of driving them from their work by any other means than a general assault. A detachment of about three thousand men went over from Boston about noon, and immediately commenced an attack upon the Americans, and were repulsed. They were driven to a second attack, and were a second time repulsed. A third attempt was with still more difficulty made to rally the panic-struck British to the third assault, when the ammunition of the Americans became exhausted, and a retreat was ordered. It was effected with but little loss, but that little must be remembered with the most reverential feelings, for the brave, the eloquent, the pure-spirited, and the beautiful WARREN was of the number. His biography, compiled from the best authorities expressly for our columns, will be found on our third page. During the heat of the contest, the flourishing town of Charlestown was set on fire by the order of general Gage, by which private property to the value of more than half a million of dollars was destroyed.—1815, the Algerine frigate *Misoda* of 46 guns was captured by the United States' frigate *Guerriere* of 44 guns, after a running fight of twenty-five minutes, in which the Algerine had thirty killed, and the American only four wounded.

June 18. Saints Marcus and Marcellinus; Saint Marina; Saint Elizabeth; and Saint Amand.—1777, Philadelphia was evacuated by the British army.—1803, Arthur Murphy esq. author of many excellent dramatic and miscellaneous works, died.—1812, war was declared by the congress of the United States against Great Britain.—1815, the battle of Waterloo, which decided the fate of France, and terminated the power of Napoleon, was fought this day. The carnage of this battle is but feebly repaid by the change of masters which it gave to France. Yet Wellington and his associates in arms as well as in purpose, have made themselves fat with the fruits of the contest, while the survivors of those who won them are many of them destitute and de-

spised. Not so the thousands who fell. What is it to them who reigns, so they but die, and find a glorious refuge from their toils?

And Ardenne waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow:
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last morn beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling to arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend—foe—in one red battle-ment

LYRON.

June 19. Saints Gervais, Protolus, Bonifacio of Russia, Juliana Falconieri, and Beolatus.—1215, the celebrated Magna Charta was signed on compulsion, by King John, at Runnymede, near Windsor.—1532, Pizarro, after completing a battle in which more than four thousand Peruvians were killed, and not a single Spaniard lost his life, made prisoner of the Inca, Atahualpa. He soon discovering the ruling passion of the Spaniards, offered to fill the apartment in which he was confined, with vessels of gold as high as he could reach. The room was twenty-two feet long, and seventeen wide. The proposal was eagerly accepted, and a line drawn to mark the height to which the treasure was to reach. Atahualpa immediately sent messages to Cuzco, Quito, and other places where the greatest quantity of gold was amassed, and his orders for the collection were promptly executed. After the vessels of gold were collected according to the terms, Pizarro compelled him to have them melted down so as to fill the room with solid gold. This immense sum, nearly seven millions of dollars, did not satisfy the brutal Spaniard, and the wretched Atahualpa was strangled at the stake. Pizarro, to complete the measure of his shameless brutality, gave him a magnificent funeral, and wore mourning for him. Such charms has hypocrisy.—1781, General Greco was repulsed in his attack on Ninety-Six, with the loss of one hundred and fifty men. Five years after this event, the same day of the month, he died at his estate not far from Savannah. His death was occasioned by what is familiarly termed a stroke of the sun.—1813, the British frigate Junon was attacked by the gun boats in the Chesapeake, and compelled to leave her station.—1815, an Algerine brig of 22 guns was chased on shore on the coast of Spain by Commodore Decatur's squadron, and protected by the Spaniards.—1820, Sir Joseph Banks, president of the royal society died, aged 77.

June 20. Saints Silverius, Gobian, Edburge, and Bain. The church of England also observe this day in honour of the removal of the relics of Edward, king of the west Saxons, from Wareham to Salisbury, three years after his murder by order of Elfrida.—1629, a nunnery of French Ursulines, was founded at Quebec. Madame de la Petrie, a pious catholic lady, devoting her person and fortune to this religious design, came over with three Ursuline nuns, attended by Le Jeune, superior of the Jesuit mission in Canada. Entering the city they were greeted with the acclamations of the people, and forthwith proceeded to the church, where *Te Deum* was solemnly sung for their arrival.—1671, governor Berkley of Virginia, in his official report makes use of this characteristic language:—"I thank God we have no free schools, nor printing; and I hope we shall not have them these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best governments. God keep us from both." On the appointment of Lord Effingham to the government, in 1683, he was ordered agreeably to the prayer of Sir William Berkley, "to allow no person to use a printing press on any occasion whatever."—1751, on this day a fitch of bacon was claimed at Dunmow, Essex, England, by a man and his wife, who had the same delivered to them as a right accord-

ing to ancient custom, on the ground that they had not quarrelled, nor had either repented, nor had one offended the other from the day of their marriage.—1813, the Creek Indians began their acts of hostility to the government of the United States by massacring those of their tribe who were known to be on friendly terms with the whites.

TABLE TALK.

Young to wear Breeches. A girl in man's attire, was taken from the Bowery theatre lately. On her examination it appeared that she had been driven from her home by the cruelty of a step father, and the better to make her way through life, changed her dress. She had lived out in the capacity of a servant boy, had been a clerk, followed boating on the canal, driving team, &c. She states, that situated as she is, without friends, she prefers her present dress as she is far more healthy than she formerly was and is enabled the better to gain her livelihood.—**Racee Show.** Married, in Russia, on the 29th ult. Mr. Oreen Vincent to Miss Polly Show.—**Jackson Fox Hunt.** Married lately, in Columbia, Mr. Hilance Jackson to Miss Dolly Fox.—**Artificial Gold.** In the Hanover Magazine, Dr. Dittmer has described a composition which will serve as a substitute for gold: It is like in colour, weight and ductility. The ingredients are platinum, sixteen parts; copper, seven; zinc, one. These must be put in a close crucible, pulverized charcoal, and the whole melted until it becomes a hard and homogeneous mass.—**Do as the Romans do.** Married, in Maryland, on the 16th ult. Mr. Alexander Smith to Miss Jane Romans, all of Maryland.—**Eager for Matrimony.** Married, in Northborough, May 2d, Mr. Joel Hapgood to Miss Elizabeth Eager.—**Leached Porter.** Married, in Bath, (Me.) John Leach, jr. printer, of Portland, to Miss Harriet Porter.—**O, my Darling.** Married, in Shrewsbury, Mr. Trolbridge Darling of Marlborough, to Miss Hannah Heyden.—**All Struck aback.** Take notice that I will not pay any debts which may be contracted by my wife, Hannah Struck, as she has without any just cause left my bed and board, on the 7th of May. **Nicholas Struck**, Vine, near Broad-street, New-York.—**Story all about Town.** Married, in Stow, Mr. Ephraim Town to Miss Betsey Story.—**Nap turned Grey.** Married, in Moretown, Mr. Elisha Gray of Montpelier, to Miss Priscilla Knapp.—**Slight Mistake.** We stated sometime since, says the American Advocate, that major Bachelder, of this town, shot a fox. We have lately ascertained that the paragraph containing the information was erroneous; it ought to read "shot at a fox."—**Exemplary.** A vagrant in Pittsfield was last week sent to jail for shaking a Shaker.—**Marsh reclaimed.** Married, in an eastern village, Mr. John Green to Miss Susan Marsh.—**More and More.** Married, in Holden, (Mass.) Mr. Jonathan Moore jr. to Miss Eunice L. Moore.—**Noble Alliance.** Married, in Lynn, (Mass.) George F. Noble to Mary Winship.—**A Dodge at Hymen.** Married, in Beverly, John Bomer to Hannah B. Dodge.—**Cupid Hunting.** Married, in Newbury, James Adams to Caroline Hunt.—**Gordian Knot.** Married, in Belfast, John S. Kimball to Isabella Gordon.—**A Business Match.** Married, in Newark, (N. J.) Charles B. Holt to Miranda Warehouse.—**Oh! Blood.** Married, in Clifton, (Va.) Dr. O. H. Blood to D. W. Blake, daughter of the late hon. Francis Blake, both of Worcester, Massachusetts.—**Union Races.** Married, on Saturday morning last, 31st of May, Mr. Rufus B. Gallup to Miss Ann Clare.—**Counsel feed.** The prize of \$15,000 in the Union Canal lottery, was recently drawn by Edward C. Councell, printer, employed in the Charleston Courier office.—**Eels Caught.** Married, in Cornwall, the 27th inst. by the Rev. J. Aspell, Mr. Benjamin Parkhill to Mrs. Lois Eells.—**Orthography.** The Master's written instruction to John Wright, to spell write right.—I hold a right to write to you, John Wright, you do not write write right when you write it *write*. You must not write *write* write, neither must you write it *rite*. If you are a good write, you will write *write* write, which will be right, so if you wish to write the word *rite* right, you must neither write it *wright*, write, nor right. The sense is known by spelling right—I will give you an example, John Wright: I *write*, you are *right*, he is a *wright*, we have a *right*, they have a *rite*. I have here *spelt* it all right. Now, John

Wright, write *write* right.—**Coy after Marriage.** Married, in Tunbridge, (Vt.) Mr. John Coy to Miss Matilda Thompson.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

OLD FELLOWS. A recent application to the legislature of Maryland for an act incorporating the grand lodge of *Odd Fellows* in that state, has given rise to some speculation and inquiry as to the origin and nature of that institution. Its name has no similitude with which we are acquainted. It stands singularly *odd* amid all the appellations which have distinguished other orders and associations. We have heard of the *Ugly Club*, the *Club of Old Backs*, of the society of Gapers, of Loungers, &c.; but as a distinctive appellation applicable to an order of men, *gravely* associated together, for other than *convivial* objects, we believe the *Odd Fellows* stand alone. It is therefore natural to inquire if such a society exists, what is its nature, tendency, or design. If, as has been distinctly avowed, and of which there can be no doubt, it offers no sacrifices at the altar of Bacchus, offends no rule, moral or divine, and interferes in no government or establishment of any kind, what does it aim to accomplish? What does it profess as its object? The history of most institutions of long standing is generally obscure. Like the origin of nations, it is too frequently buried in fable or lost in antiquity. That the institution of *Odd Fellows* originated in Europe, and has been transmitted to these United States, admits we believe of very little doubt. We know that several societies of this description exist in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, and also in several parts of Ireland. Within a few years past a grand procession exceeding 3000 made its appearance in Manchester, on some public festival, and an oration was delivered explanatory of the principles of the order, and was received by the assembled multitude, who did not belong to the society, with great approbation. In France this institution is well known. Paris can boast of several societies of this description. In our own country it has been extensively patronized, for in almost every state in the union, particularly Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland and New-York, its members are numerous and respectable, and have founded many lodges. At the city of Washington, the seat of the general government, it exists we understand with great splendour. Many of the members of congress have been admitted into it, and testify much regard for the institution.

In the year 1818, a society was formed in the city of New-York, shortly after another was established in Pleasant Valley, Dutchess county, and a third in the year 1824, in the city of Albany: Since which the number has rapidly increased in this state. A grand lodge has been formed for the whole United States, and of which Mr. Thomas Wiley is grand sire. The order consists of thirteen degrees, one of which was created by Henry, Prince of Lorraine, another was derived from Lusitania, a third from the Suevia, and a fourth from the Moors. Its existence may be traced from the historical documents for more than four hundred years, but it doubtless existed for ages before. Thus much for the *origin* of the order. We do not profess however to give more than a brief, rapid, and therefore imperfect sketch of it, knowing that it will be filled up in a more full and perfect manner hereafter.

Of the *principles* of the institution we shall barely remark, that *temperance*, *sobriety*, *friendship* and *charity* are among the most conspicuous. It deprecates all those vices which enervate the body and enfeeble the energies of the mind, it encourages piety and brotherly love, it cultivates science and learning, and in fine, it is the friend and advocate of the whole circle of those virtues which humanize the heart and enlighten the understanding. Its oddity consists in its excelling in all those qualities which grace humanity. It is therefore emphatically *the friend of man*.

These are the general objects of the institution. Its tendency and design are therefore purely moral, and cannot be justly obnoxious to censure or criticism. On this indeed, must rest its claim to future patronage and respect, and we indulge the belief that while it continues on this basis, its claim will not be rejected.

JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to No. 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Books, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Signs, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Book Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machinery; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. *Albany* Nov 5 1828 159

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR, carries on the above business in all its branches, viz. Plain Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Book Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms. *Albany* Nov 5 1828

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he occupies the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. *Albany* March 9, 1828. JOHN P. PORTER.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

PARODY.

BY HERODOTUS NIB, ESQ.

I'd be an editor, mewed in a garret,
Where cobwebs in dusty magnificence hang,
With a steady arm chair and no rival to share it,
And a hat full of politicks, verses, and slang.
I'd never fret about talents or merit,
I'd never cowskin, nor challenge, nor flout;
I'd be an editor mewed in a garret,
Ready to wear my coat either side out.
I'd be an editor,—I'd be an editor,
Luck to the coat, be it inside or out!

O, I would pilfer the wit of my betters,
Scissors should minister all to my need;
Then would I look like a rare man of letters,
If duns did not warrant the title indeed.
He who has wealth must be watchful and wary;
He who has office, look out for his nose;
I'd be an editor, here, high and airy,
Rocked in sublimity—when the wind blows.
I'd be an editor,—I'd be an editor,
Rocked in my garret, and safe in my nose.

What though you tell me that more kicks than dollars
Fall to the venders of typical lore,
Yet are the purses of gentlemen scholars
Free to the bottom,—and who can ask more?
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Favours from fortune which never will rust,
I'd be an editor living above her,
Seeking for nothing but glory and—trust!
I'd be an editor,—deuse take the creditor,—
Writing for glory and printing on trust!

June 12, 1828.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

PROSPECT HILL.

Far, far away is Prospect Hill,
Where I oft have strayed at noontide still,
Oft in that silent and sultry hour,
In the panting coolness of its bower,
Have mused on the golden visions which then
First opened like day to my fancy's ken.

Far, far away is Prospect Hill,
Where the lonely plaint of the whippoorwill
Came up on the breath of the evening air,
That whispered in silvery musick there,
As I trod its turf by the moon's pale light
And gazed on the sky of a summer night.

Lost to my sight is Prospect Hill,
Lost to my ear is the clack of the mill,
And the gush of the stream whose joyous flow
Spoke peace to the sleeping vale below,
And lost are the mountains capped with blue,
Which dim in the distance met my view.

But memory still revisits the scene,
The forest bower, the rock, and the stream.
The loved ones who lingered with me there,—
She brings them all, unchanged and fair;
And never, Oh never shall that bright spot—
Or the friends that loved it, be forgot.

W—.

INDIAN INVOCATION.

BY REV. J. W. EASTBURN.

Spirit! thou Spirit of subtlest air,
Whose power is upon the brain,
When wonderful shapes, and dread and fair,
As the film from the eyes at thy bidding flies,
To sight and sense are plain!

Thy whisper creeps where leaves are stirred;
Thou sighs: in woodland gale;

Where waters are gushing thy voice is heard;
And when stars are bright, at still midnight,
Thy symphonies prevail!

Where the forest ocean, in quick commotion,
Is waving to and fro,
Thy form is seen, in the masses green,
Dimly to come and go.
From thy covert peeping, where thou layest sleeping,
Beside the brawling brook,
Thou art seen to wake, and thy flight to take,
Fleet from thy lonely nook.

Where the moon beam has kissed the sparkling tide,
In thy mantle of mist thou art seen to glide,
Far o'er the blue waters melting away,
On the distant billow, as on a pillow,
Thy form to lay.

Where the small clouds of even are wreathing in heaven,
Their garland of roses
O'er the purple and gold, whose hangings enfold
The hall that incloses
The couch of the sun, whose empire is done,—
There thou art smiling,
For thy away is begun,—thy shadowy way,
The senses beguiling,
When the light fades away;
And thy vapour of mystery o'er nature ascending,
The heaven and the earth,
The things that have birth,
And the embryos that float in the future, is blending.

From the land on whose shores the billows break,
The sounding waves of the mighty lake;
From the land where boundless meadows be,
Where the buffalo ranges wild and free;
With silvery coat, in his little isle,
Where the beaver plies his ceaseless toil;
The land where pigmy forms abide,
Thou ledest thy train at the even tide;
And the wings of the wind are left behind,
So swift through the pathless air they glide.

Then to the chief who has fasted long,
When the chains of his slumber are heavy and strong,
Spirit! thou comest; he lies as dead,
His weary lids are with heaviness weighed;
But his soul is abroad on the hurricane's pinion,
Where foes are met in the rush of fight,
In the shadowy world of thy dominion,
Conquering and slaying, till morning light!

Then shall the hunter who waits for thee,
The land of the game rejoicing see;
Through the leafless wood, o'er the frozen flood,
And the trackless snows, his spirit goes,
Along the sheeted plain,
Where the hermit bear, in his sullen lair,
Keeps his long fast till the winter hath past,
And the boughs have budded again.
Spirit of dreams! all thy visions are true;
Who the shadow hath seen, he the substance shall view.

From the Legendary.

TELLING THE DREAM.

BY W. G. CROSBY.

'T is a most beauteous night! Ianthe, come!
Wilt thou walk forth! Oh! I am sick at heart
Of this gay revelry. Its busy hum
Falls heavy on mine ear. I cannot laugh
With these light hearted laughers, and mine eye
Is wearied with gazing. Let me fling
Thy mantle round thee.

Is 't not beautiful!

The radiance of this starry sky! How pale
And lustreless are all we've left behind,
Compared with its bright jewelry! Perchance
Chaste Dian holds her festival to-night.
See, how she smiles! On such an eve as this,
So the tale runs, she left her home in heaven,
Lured thence to meet upon the Lætanian hill
Her shepherd boy, and placed upon his lips
The kiss of immortality! Poor youth!
He only dreamed of bliss. On such a night,
The love crazed Sappho poured her latest song,
Upon Leucate's height, and swan-like, died.
She dreamed—but dreamed too madly! And perchance,
On such a night, the Roman Antony
Threw off the crown and purple, and gave up
Glory, dominion for a woman's smile!

He was a dreaming madman—was he not,
Ianthe, thus to fling his all away,
For woman's smile?

Come, rest within this bower,
And I will tell thee, though thy lips may chide,
And call me "dreaming boy." Yes I have dreamed—
Perchance am dreaming now; but thou shalt hear.

I had lain down to slumber on a bank
Sprinkled with violets. The plaintive moan
Of far off waters, mingling with the hum
Of thousand busy insects, gathering in
Each its own store of sweets, filling the air
With melody, spread its sweet influence
O'er my lulled senses, and methought that I
Was wandering here with thee! 'T was strange, Ianthe!
But then the time, the place, so like to this,
I cannot but remember. 'T was a night
Like this, save that it wore the loveliness
And richness of a dream o'er all its charms.
The sporting moonbeams twined themselves around
The leaves and branches of the overhanging trees,
Like ivy round the mouldering monument—
Half seen, half hid—and from their azure depths.
The stars were looking out with eyes that watch
O'er Nature's slumbering. We had left the hall
To lighter hearts, and arm in arm had strayed
Through the long winding mazes of the grove,
Until at length we reached this bower. One beam
Of moonlight, streaming through its trellised roof,
Fell on thy cheek; methought it never looked
One half so lovely—and indeed till now
It never did, Ianthe! And then I—
Strange that my brain should dream what my tongue fear
To utter even now! 't was but a dream,
However, and the masques are not gone,
So I'll e'en finish it. Well then, methought
I told thee, though 't was in a whispered breath,
And softer than the night wind's gentlest sigh,
How I did love—that was the word—did love,
And even worship thee! And then I swore,
By Venus, and the starry train above—
By thy bright eyes, which did outlive them—
By all love's fond remembrances, that I
Would guard and cherish thee, wouldst thou but be
My own, my own Ianthe! And then—then—
Fired not my passionate dreaming—I did seal
My vow upon thy lips; and then I watched
To see them open, and to hear thy voice
Steal forth in gentle murmuring, like the tone
Of a sigh that hath found utterance. Then I twined
Mine arm around thee—thus; and placed thy cheek
Upon my bosom—thus; and bade thee tell,
Though 't were but with a glance, or place thy heart
Upon thy lips, and breathe it with a kiss,
If I might dare to love; and then thine eyes
Peered up through their dark lashes, with a look
So tender, yet so melancholy, and
Thy lips just parted with a sigh—and then—
And then—

Do dreams always prove true, Ianthe?

WOMAN.

Born by Nature in her dreams,
Nursed by beauty, love, and bliss,
Woman is not what she seems—
Woman was not what she is:
Last! but fairest of creation!
Earth without her could not hold:
Shedding joy in every station—
Yet she is not as of old:
Woman's name is stamped with bliss,
But woman was not what she is!

No discord crossed her zephyr tongue
To mar the softness of her name—
No baneful passions o'er her hung,
To rob her of her spotless fame;
Still she is woman—though not Eve—
Seductive, fond, revengful, cold;
And all that's left for man's to grieve;—
Oh! woman is not—as of old!
Woman's name is stamped with bliss;
Still woman was not what she is!

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

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NO. 21.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ORATION,

Delivered before King Solomon's Lodge, in Cheraw, South Carolina on the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, December 27, 5827.

BY BR. GEORGE T. HEARSEY.

It is a custom among masons, my friends, to observe, with marks of appropriate respect, the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist. They perform this duty, because he was an eminent patron of their order; because he was a light to the path of masonry; because he was a guide in the way of life to the christian world; and because he was a patron, a light, and a guide not only to the tenets of masonry; not only of the faith of christians, but of all the intellectual and moral agencies, which, in the harmony and united energy of their operation, promote the highest interests of mankind. Masons, therefore, come to this celebration, not to claim the right of exclusive gratitude, but to acknowledge with all others, their common obligations, and to render the tribute of their respect to the memory of their common benefactor. Influenced by such feelings, we may all unite, on the return of this anniversary, in a public demonstration of regard for the principles which it is designed to perpetuate.

The great and leading principle inculcated by the life and writings of the holy personage whom we commemorate, is charity. By that principle we all profess to be governed. Those who are not, as well as those who are members of the masonick brotherhood, acknowledge with one accord, the universal and unvarying obligation to preserve, in the regulation of their intercourse, and in the discipline of their feelings, a sincere regard for that masonick & Evangelical virtue. Here, then, is common ground, upon which all may meet, and laying aside, for the moment, every distinctive appellation, and recurring only to that common principle, which we all recognize as the rule for our government, you will dismiss all unfounded prejudice against the order of masonry, and masons will confide their cause with confidence, to your judgement.

It may not, perhaps, have been recollected, that circumstances, at the present time, justify an appeal from the fraternity to the charitable feelings of the world. It is such an appeal, as at all times and under all circumstances, finds a justification in the known facts that, for purposes of social intercourse, or mutual aid, men form themselves into different communities, array themselves under various names, and though they hold many principles in common, adopt different modes and forms to render them practically useful. The history of mankind is a perpetual testimony to the truth of this position. It is corroborated by the history of every sect and party, whether of politics, religion, or philosophy; and the mutual jealousies which, at some periods, have marked their separation; and the hostilities, which, at others, have embittered their intercourse, are so many proofs that every distinctive order of men, is not only justified in asking, but that it is their duty to ask of all others, the exercise of that charity, which they, in their turn, may severally need.

It is not, therefore, because the institution of masonry depends for its existence, or its usefulness, in any particular degree, on the forbearance which is recommended; but because this institution, like all others, has prejudice and opposition to encour-

ter; because, like all others, it has enemies, ready to seize, and able to wield every weapon that can be turned against it; and friends, perhaps, who in the fervour of misguided zeal, occasionally furnish them; and because, like all others, this institution is composed of members, subject to the common imperfections of humanity.

There is a propriety in employing the occasion which this anniversary affords us, to repeat, though it has often been said and repeated, and abundantly confirmed by the history of the order, that the masonick society holds no principles unfriendly to the peace, the safety or the happiness of mankind. And it is proper to insist again on this truth, because events, hitherto unexplained, have occurred, by which the character of the institution is supposed by some, to have been implicated. It is said that masons have shed blood. It may be so. That deed of violence which brought desolation and mourning upon the first family of mankind has often been repeated. That sin, which in the recklessness of its early strength, first crimsoned the hand of a human being with the blood of a brother, has, through all time, maintained some power in every family of man. That germ of depravity, which, by permission of unsearchable wisdom, was first planted in the heart of man, has diffused itself co-extensively with the species, and in the growth and energy of its influence, has arrayed individuals and sects, and nations, eager for the work of death, against each other, until many a plain and many an altar have been reddened with the blood of unholy sacrifice. Masons, members of the great family of mankind, and heirs of the universal corruption of their nature, may also have sinned, by taking the life of a human being. Among the vast multitude composing the great body of masons, some one, instigated, by the malice of a malignant heart, or urged by the phrenzy of fanaticism, may have struck the fatal blow. Perhaps he wanders in the stillness of the forest, and like the first slayer, flies the face of man, lest the mark of Almighty vengeance, visible on the murderers front, betray him to the hand of his pursuers. But, remember; the commission of that crime, rests hitherto, on suspicion alone. Do you find in that suspicion, ground for his condemnation? No, the poor maniac who spilled the blood of Morgan, outcast and criminal as he may be, will not be condemned, unheard and without proof. Much less will you condemn the order, of which, perhaps, he may have been a member.

This subject is not introduced for the purpose of furnishing any explanation, not warranted by an impartial examination of its merits: and the public are equally as competent as masons to form a just conclusion from the facts connected with it; because the masonick fraternity is in possession of no facts concerning it, that are not also before the public. But, let it be conceded that the perpetrators of that crime were masons. They are guilty. Can you say more? Masons do not say less. And whom besides the guilty, can you condemn? Would you charge upon a class the crimes of individuals? Or, do you suspect some secret connexion between the act of violence supposed to have been committed, and the principles taught or allowed within the walls of a lodge? There may be such a suspicion; and from that suspicion it may have arisen that an outrage, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been distinguished only by the excitement of a village; to terminate in the vigilance of a police officer, has been held to involve a question affecting every quarter of our

nation, and by which one half the citizens of our country have been virtually called to answer in their own defence to a charge of the gravest import—whether such a suspicion be well founded, can be known with absolute certainty, only to those, who, as members of the fraternity, are in possession of all the means of knowing all the principles, sanctioned by the secret doctrines and practices of the order. But, unprovided as you must be, with direct evidence on that point, you are, nevertheless, abundantly able to form a judgement, by reference to the public history of the association, and to the concurrent testimony derived from the history of all other associations which, under the various modifications of human society, since the work of civilization first began, have been employed to meliorate the social relations, or improve the moral condition of mankind.

It is the fate of a good, as well as of a bad cause, to rank among its followers and advocates, some who feel and act under the influence of the spirit of fanaticism. The cause of the Arabian impostor found its potent energies, and still finds its largest resources in that principle of the human heart—the cause of christianity has often felt the power of the same principle. Its doctrines have often been perverted, its fraternal ties have often been broken; and the harmony of its devotions, and the sanctity of its most holy places have often been disturbed and violated by the predominance of the spirit of fanaticism. Masonry claims no exemption from the common evil. Among masons, also, there may be some, who in the blindness of infuriate zeal, forget the doctrines of their order, the ties of brotherhood, and the sanctity of the principles which they, and all masons are taught to venerate as the ancient landmarks of the lodge. If such a spirit, clothed in the habiliments of masonry, have been abroad, and if a victim have fallen beneath the edge of its ferocity, masons will unite with you in lamenting another instance of the depravity of the human heart. You will unite with them in believing that such an instance, though it may prove the madness of individuals, furnishes no illustration of the principles of a class. You will rather look to the history of an institution, through a succession of ages for an exposition of its principles, than to the conduct of a few unknown individuals; just as you would expect all reasonable persons to form their opinions of all other institutions, by an unprejudiced consideration of their tendency, in relation to the happiness and welfare of mankind instead of recurring to the instances of dissensions, persecutions and bloodshed, by which they may have been sometimes distracted and disgraced.

The cultivated taste and enlightened judgement of the age, will not now permit us to infer the character of the christian religion from the excesses, of which some of its professed, and perhaps sincere votaries, have been guilty. Christianity will not now be deemed less mild in its spirit, because it has sometimes been seen embodied in the terrors of relentless persecution. It will not now be considered less heavenly in its origin, because demons have sometimes assumed its outward bearing, and scattered the brands of discord in its name;—nor less beneficent in its influence on society, nor less dear to the interest and the hopes of man, though many a page of its history be stained with the blood, or blotted with the tears of human suffering. It is from the tendency of an institution to advance the substantial interests of mankind, that its value is now estimated. By this criterion masonry is willing to be tried. And this ancient institution,

consecrated as it has been, by deeds of charity throughout the world, and ennobled as it is, by the names of the wise and the good, through a long line of ages, comes to the bar of modern judgement, accused of one stain, yet uneffaced from the broad and bright surface of its fame, and asking from the world only that rule of justice, which, under similar circumstances, the world accords to its own institutions.

In defence of masonry, it may be said, that it claims no right to exercise power or influence, affecting the government, the religion or the laws of the country, where its lodges may be established. It seeks, only, by its own means, and in the mode which it has chosen to adopt, to smooth the path of life in the pilgrim's course; to heal the wounds which the asperities of the world may have inflicted, and to sustain and protect him on his way. The principles by which it is governed, and the results which it contemplates are openly professed. The means by which it works are secret, and peculiar to the order. That secrecy of operation, and not the principles or objects of masonry, has in all ages, and with various degrees of hostility, excited the animadversions of the uninitiated. During the long period through which this institution has been subjected to the observation of mankind, while curiosity added keenness to the scrutiny, and prejudice exaggerated every fault; in how many instances can the charge of having perverted its influence or its power to unworthy purposes be sustained? In what country have masons united in rebellion to subvert a lawful government? When were they known to make one effort for the political advancement of their own order? Have they ever attempted, like the Brahmins of Hindostan, to attain, and secure to themselves, the upper rank of society? or, like the Turkish Dervise, to lead the multitude by unreal professions of exalted holiness? or, like the Ecclesiastics of the middle ages; or the Jesuits of later times, to enrich their own coffers by bartering tales of superstition for purses of gold? Yet, the masonick order is not surpassed by either, in antiquity, in numbers, nor in the facilities of combined and efficient action. In what country have masons, not been found among the patrons of science, and the friends of religion and good government? When was a contest between arbitrary power an oppressed people, that masons were not seen under the flag of liberty, and foremost in the patriot ranks, contending for the rights of man? It was in virtue of this pervading principle of the order, that the injured obtained redress, and weakness found protection in the arm of chivalry. Such was the principle, when the masonick knight went forth in armour, a champion of the right cause; and such it was still, confirmed by a nation's voice, and sanctified by a nation's grief, when Warren fell.

Is the masonick institution now in peril?—that venerable edifice, whose foundations were laid in antiquity, and whose superstructure has defied the storms of ages! Is it, at last, about to yield to the increasing power of its assailants, or to the progress of its own decay? 'Tis true, such has been the fate of many institutions. The noblest efforts of human power,—the proudest monuments of human skill, proclaim, in their ruins, the brief existence of all the works of man. Ancient Babylon, with her towers of strength, and all the learning and science of her wise men, is swept from the earth;—and fragments of broken columns alone mark the spot where the renowned Persopolis stood. Rome, once 'queen of nations,' resplendent in the arts of peace and in the triumphs of her arms, lives only to exhibit the records of her own deep degeneracy by the light which yet lingers on her fall; or, in the fatuity of age, to look for a halo of glory in the last fading gleam from the brightness of her early day. Her arts, her arms, and all the institutions of her social order, have yielded to the assaults of barbarian enterprise, or to the slow corrosion of all devouring time. Her ties of brotherhood, and her relations of domestic life, are lost in the multitude of modern changes or, like the hidden lore of Egypt, or the mysteries of Eleusis, are remembered only in the legends of the elder world. Is it also the fate of the masonick institution to fall beneath the hand of power, or to wither in the decrepitude of age? Whatever may be the apprehensions of its friends,—whatever may be

the hopes of its enemies,—masons, who know the reasons of their own faith, know also, that this institution, at the present time, as in all former ages, defies the power of external force; and that in all her foundations, there is no principle of decay. The hopes of masonry are interwoven with the best feelings of the human heart. Her bonds of union are multiplied in the varying wants and infirmities, incident to the constitution of our nature. Her benevolence, like a stream from exhaustless fountains, flows on through ages, and carries blessings in its course. Her strength, unimpaired by the lapse of time, seeks no support in the alliances of the world; but finds resources, ample and undiminished, in the perpetual renovation of her own early vigour; and the period of her existence upon earth is reserved for that final hour, when the wisdom of man, and all the works of his hands, shall pass away forever.

And is there a mason who does not wear the badge of his order as an honourable distinction? It is the outward sign of his connexion with one of the noblest institutions of human wisdom. It is the publick pledge of his obedience to the principles and precepts of its moral code; and of his engagement to preserve, in his intercourse, not only among masons, but with all mankind, the relations of peace and good will. He who wears, and wears worthily, that emblem of his profession, is known by the fulfilment of all the relative duties of the neighbour, the friend and the citizen; and by the practice of all the virtues that adorn and dignify the human character. Such a mason looks not to the fashion of the day for the measure of his zeal, and he shrinks not from the work allotted him to perform; and though the prejudice of ignorance, or the designs of malignity, may, for a season, excite the enmity or the reproaches of the world, still, he holds the faith, and wears the badge of his order, willing to abide the fate of its cause, and confident that the reply which will most effectually silence reproach, and the weapon by which hostility may be most surely disarmed, will be found in the single fact, that he is a good mason.

You will permit me, ladies, to observe, that the presence with which you have honoured our masonick festival, calls for an acknowledgement of that feeling of grateful obligation, which it is your prerogative to inspire. To omit that duty, were, at the same time, injustice to the principles of our order, and a sacrifice of the individual pleasure with which the fulfilment of such a duty must ever be accompanied. Among the arguments which the cause of masonry may bring to its aid, it is one, to which we recur with lively gratification, that the gentler sex have ever been its friends. You are its friends, because that intuitive facility of perception, by which a kind providence has fitted you, peculiarly, for the discovery of truth on all subjects connected with the true happiness of man, enables you to perceive and appreciate the worth of masonry; and you are its friends, because you are friends of every institution that extends the hand of charity to the afflicted. And, allow me to add, it is not one of the least incentives, among masons, to that course which will best accomplish the benevolent purposes of their institution, that your approbation is given only to those who deserve it.

NEW-YORK.

The annual communication of the *Grand Lodge of the State of New-York* commenced in the Masonick Hall, in the city of New-York, on Wednesday, the 4th instant, and closed on Monday the 9th. The following brethren were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

M. W. Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany, Grand Master.

R. W. Mordecai Myers, of the city of New-York, Deputy Grand Master.

R. W. Ezra S. Cozier, of Utica, Senior Grand Warden.

R. W. Welcome Esleeck, of Albany, Junior Grand Warden.

R. W. Oliver M. Lownds, of the city of New-York, Grand Secretary.

R. W. George W. Hyer, of the city of New-York, Grand Treasurer.

R. W. and Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D.D. of the city of New-York and R. W. and Rev. John Read, D.D. of Poughkeepsie, Grand Chaplains.

W. Anthony Blanchard of Albany, W. John D. Willard of Troy, W. Thos as Walker of Utica, Dr. Ebenezer Watts of Rochester, W. Stephen K. Grosvenor of Buffalo, W. Abijah Keeler of Auburn, W. Samuel Emery of Plattsburgh, and W. David W. Bucklin of Watertown, were appointed Almoners of Charity for the country.

Officers of the *Grand Encampment of Knights Templars*, and the appendant orders, elected at the annual communication in the city of New-York, June 6, 1823:—

M. E. William F. Platt, M.D. of the city of New-York, Grand Commander.

E. Matthew Talcott, esq. of Utica, Deputy Grand Commander.

E. Ambrose L. Jordan, esq. of Hudson, Grand Generalissimo.

E. Orville Hungerford, esq. of Watertown, Grand Captain General.

E. Leblens Chapman, esq. of the city of New-York, Grand Recorder.

CELEBRATIONS.

DUTCHESS COUNTY.

The approaching anniversary of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated by Solomon's Lodge, No. 6, on the 25th June inst. The procession will leave the Lodge Room at one o'clock P. M. and proceed to the Episcopal Church, where an address will be delivered by the Rev. brother Brown, of Newburgh. Dinner prepared at Mr. Budd's Hotel, at 3. The brethren of adjoining lodges and sojourning brethren are hereby respectfully invited to attend.

N. P. TALLMADGE, THOS. L. DAVIES,
NEHEMIAH CONKLIN, CHAS. P. BARNUM,
JOHN J. HEBBARD, JAS. B. FREAR,
EBENEZER K. DAKIN, JOHN B. SWARTWOUT,
JOHN W. OAKLY, JOHN H. DAVIS,
Committee of Arrangements.

Poughkeepsie, June 26, 5823.

VERMONT.

Social Masters Lodge, No. 59, will celebrate the approaching anniversary of St. John the Baptist, at Williamstown, in Vermont, on Tuesday, 24th day of June inst. The lodge will meet at Mason's Hall, precisely at 9 o'clock, A. M. Brethren from neighbouring lodges are respectfully invited to attend with suitable clothing. Good accommodations will be provided for the brethren and their ladies, by D. Watson. By order of the Lodge.

W. S. BECKET, Sec'y.
Williamstown, June 9th, 5823.

The anniversary of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated at Stockbridge, Vermont by Rural Lodge, No. 52, on Tuesday, the 24th inst. The lodge will meet at half past nine, and the procession form precisely at eleven o'clock A. M. at Mason's Hall. Masons, members of other lodges, are respectfully invited to attend and participate in the exercises and ceremonies of the day. By order of the lodge. H. L. RICHMOND, Sec'y.
Rochester, June 2, 5823.

The festival of St. John the Baptist will be celebrated by Friendship Lodge, on the 24th inst. ten o'clock, A. M. at Burrill and Comstock's, in Shelburn, Vermont. Sermon by the Rev. Mr. M'Donald. The officers and brethren of the lodges of the vicinity are respectfully invited to attend. By order. LUTHER M. HAGAR, Sec'y. pro tem.
Shelburn, June 10, 5823.

MAINE.

Notice is hereby given that Meridian Splendor Lodge, in Newport, Maine, will be consecrated and its officers installed on Thursday, the 26th inst. Members of neighbouring Lodges, and of the fraternity generally, are requested to attend. By order of the R. W. Master.

THOMAS LANCEY, Sec'y.
Newport, June 6, 5823.

VIRGINIA.

In pursuance of an invitation from the building committee of the new Episcopal Church in Winchester, Virginia, Lodges No. 21 36 and 117, will unite in the ceremonies of laying the corner stone

of said church, on Tuesday the 24th inst. (St. John's day.) A discourse will be delivered, and followed by other exercises appropriate to the occasion. The Lodges before mentioned, respectfully invite the brethren generally, in regular standing, to attend.
CHARLES HULET, W. G. SINGLETON,
C. W. LITTLER, Committee.

RHODE ISLAND.

The Most Worshipful Peter Grinnell, Grand Master. The anniversary meeting of the Worshipful Grand Lodge, of the state of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, will be holden at Lafayette Lodge Hall, in Cumberland, state of Rhode Island, on Tuesday, the 24th inst. The Grand Lodge will assemble at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Worshipful Grand Lodges, Members of the Grand Lodge, Proxies of Lodges, Members of subordinate Lodges, and all others concerned, are requested to take notice and give their attendance accordingly. By order. WALKER HUMPHRY, G. Sec'y.
June 11.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

EXTRACTION OF SALT.

The following is the mode of effecting this object pursued at the great Salt Works, near Bex, in Switzerland, as described by the Rev. Mr. Walter, in his "Letters from the Continent." "With regard to such of the water as is very strongly impregnated with salt, the process is very simple: It is boiled, for some time, in immense cauldrons, and run off into spacious coolers, where the salt soon forms in crystals on the sides and bottom. But there is much of the water, which contains so little salt that it is scarcely perceptible to the taste. The boiling of this would be endless, and, more than that, attended with enormous expense. In order, therefore, to get rid of the salt water, as they call it, and at the same time to retain salt, the following simple yet ingenious process is adopted. Vast sheds are constructed, about three hundred feet long, fifty wide, and one hundred high; they are open at the sides, and are erected in situations most exposed to the action of the sun and wind. The space in the centre is filled with faggots of fir-tree branches and thorns; the water is raised by means of most ingenious pumps (some twenty or thirty of which are kept in perpetual exercise by the agency of four cubic inches of water falling on a wheel forty-four feet in diameter) to the top of the building, and is there distributed with beautiful regularity over the whole surface of the faggots: through these, which, be it recollected, constitute a mass ninety feet high, and twenty wide: the water filters, drop by drop, into a basin beneath. In its progress, the earthy particles it contains, remain attached to the faggots in the form of stalactite, the soft water evaporates, and what reaches the basin is as strongly impregnated with salt as the most productive which the mountain affords; it is thence conducted by pipes to the boilers, and is treated as the first. The operation is simple, but the effect is wonderful: the reservoirs for the reception of the water from the mountain, and for that which has undergone the process of exhalation, are close together: and the two are as different in taste as river and sea water."

GOATS.

These animals are numerous on the Eastern continent, and great numbers are domesticated in Europe, especially in the mountainous parts. The French Bulletin des Sciences states that there are 730,000 in the States of the king of Sardinia; and that 17,000 are kept in one flock, near Lyons, in France. Goats are numerous in Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Wales, &c. They yield milk in large quantities, which is accounted the best milk of all animals. The goat is the poor man's cow in many parts of Europe. The unpleasant odour attending the animal, is supposed to be very beneficial to horses and on this account they are often kept in stables in England. The goat is, however, a treacherous, roving, mischievous animal.

The precious shawls, that ornament the heads and shoulders of the rich inhabitants of Persia and Turkey, are manufactured in the vale of Cashmere from the down of the Tibetan goat. These shawls

were admired in France for their beauty, fineness, and elegance, and a great price was paid for them; but very few were seen there until Buonaparte defeated the Mamelukes in Egypt, and took from them many shawls. They then became an object of fashion.

The ladies could find no other stuff so light which was so capable of preserving them from the impression of the air. There was for some time a dispute among the French naturalists whether the material of these shawls was produced by the dromedary, lamb, or other animal. They are now convinced, that it is the down of the goats of Tibet. A large number of goats, called the goats of Tibet, were purchased of the Kirghis Tartars in 1819, and introduced into France, where they have greatly increased. It is believed, however, by many, that they are not Tibetan goats, and that they differ but little from the native race. The down begins to appear under the long hair, in October, and grows until spring. When it is nearly ready to fall off, it is gathered with combs; and the combing is continued three or four days. The long hair is then separated from it by hand, there being no other way. Each animal gives from 4 to 6 ounces of the down. A shawl 5 quarters square, made from this down, weighs 6 1-2 ounces.

TELESCOPE FOR YALE COLLEGE.

Dollond, of London, one of the most distinguished artists of the age, is constructing an Achromatic Telescope for Yale College, of such size and power as will render it no small acquisition to the scientific apparatus of the Institution. It has a focal distance of ten feet, and an aperture of five inches; and as appears from a description already forwarded by the artist, it will afford a commanding and magnificent view of the planets. The prime cost is 200 guineas; but the friends of science will be gratified to learn, that the expense is defrayed without drawing upon the scanty funds of the Institution, the instrument being the donation of an individual, already known as one of the most distinguished benefactors of the college.

THE OLIVE TREE.

There are on the southern borders of the Crimea, two varieties of the olive tree, which have become indigenous there. The one is pyramidal, and its fruit is perfectly oval; the branches of the other are pendent, and its fruit large, heart-shaped, and abundant. These valuable trees have resisted the injuries of centuries, and of successive nations of barbarians. In 1812, an imperial garden was formed at Nikita, (Russia,) into which the cultivation of those useful trees was introduced by means of cuttings or slips, which no extremity of cold has hitherto affected, although some olive trees brought from France, perished in the same garden in the winter of 1825-6.

MEDICINE.

Profes or Delpech, of Montpellier, asserts that six thousand soldiers, afflicted with the itch, were cured in a few days "by washing their bodies twice a day, first with soap and water, and afterwards with a solution of the sulphuret of potass (about four drachms of the sulphuret to a pint of distilled or fresh rose water.)" The professor also states, that he has discovered, by comparative trials made in the hospital at Montpellier, that olive oil, rubbed over the skin, will as speedily cure those labouring under this disease, as the most powerful sulphurous preparations in common use. He says, that one hundred soldiers were entirely cured in an average period of seventeen days by this treatment.

THE PLAGUE.

When the plague broke out at Malta, in 1813, calomel was exhibited internally, and strong mercurial frictions were had recourse to, with perhaps dubious success, after the patient was affected with this formidable malady. Very recently an English physician, at Cephalonia, has subjected to a very strong mercurial treatment, internally and externally, some persons who have been exposed to the contagion of the plague, and it has been found that all those who had undergone salivation, when the disease developed itself, escaped with only suffi-

cient symptoms to indicate the nature of their attack: while those on whom the mercury had not produced, to the full extent, its powerful effects, sank under the infection.

THE GATHERER.

A TEACHER'S PLEASURES.

Messrs. Editors—Were you ever schoolmasters? It is one of the most bothersome, pleasing, aggravating teasing employments, that man ever undertook. "What letter is that," said I, half out of humour with a young chuckle head, who had hammered three months at the alphabet without knowing the first letter. "Why—why—it's B." "Master," cries one "Sam pinches me!" "Silence!—what letter is it!" "Why—why—it's H." "Master, call to Tom: he crowds." The devil is surely in the children, thinks I. "Thomas, come here you young rascal! what have you been at?" "Why, sir, the rest scrouged me, and I couldn't help it." "Take your seat, sir, and mind better in future—well, what letter did you call it?" "Why—I said it two times a-ready." The devil you did, thinks I. "It's, not rightly named." "Well, pray master what is it then?" "Why it is A, booby." "Ha, ha—a-booby!—why, master, you never called it that way afore." "Well, A, then." "He, he, a-then." "You numskull, A." (loud) "A." (louder.) "There—take your seat, sir—you are among the incurables."

Reading class. "Chapter thirty tenth."—"Halt, sir—who ever heard of a thirty tenth chapter?" "Why, master, the other was thirty ninth." "Very well—then call it fortieth." "Chapter forty-eight." "Stop, I said fortieth." "Yes, sir, chapter forty-et." "Master, please to let me fetch water?" "Is this my lesson?—where did I leave off last week." "Is house a verb or an adjective?" "Are there more than one states in Pennsylvania?" "God bless me!—have patience until I am done with the reading classes." "Pray, sir, is not Spitzbergen in the hundred and fortieth degree of south latitude?" "How many degrees of north or south latitude have we?" "One hundred and eighty, is there not?" "No, sir—you certainly mean longitude, which extends one hundred and eighty degrees east or west from a given meridian—which brings us in the same meridian on the opposite side of the earth. But latitude is the distance from the equator to the poles, which can never exceed ninety degrees." "Master, what does p-p-p-h-t-t-t-h-i-i-i-c-spell?" "Phthisick." "T-t-t-sick." "Master, what day of the month does the fourth of July come on next year?" "Can't tell—I have seen no new almanacks.—Who is making that noise?" "Why Billy Banters says the master dont know much, or else he could tell what day of the month the fourth of July comes."

Now, what think you of such a life as this, as it was only ten o'clock when I grew weary of noting down for you: but if you want the particulars, you must come yourself, as you have more leisure time than I have. [Pa. Argus.]

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Cord Tyrawley, a little before his death, was visited by several Englishmen, who came with a pretence of asking how he did, but in reality to see if he was dying, that they might apply for his employments. The old general, who comprehended their motives for being so solicitous about him, gave them the following answer: "Gentlemen, I know your reasons for inquiring after my health; I have but two things worth any one's having, my regiment and my girl, neither of which will fall to your lot: I'll tell you how they will be disposed of; a Scotchman will get the one, and an Irishman the other."

JUDGES OF MUSICK.

A Scotch bagpiper travelling into Ireland opened his wallet by the wood side, and set down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provision was all gone; at length he took up his bagpipes, and began to play, at which the wolves ran away. "The Deel faw me," said Sawney, "An I had kenn'd ye loved musick so weel, ye should have had it before dinner."

POPULAR TALES.

From Death's Doings.

THE MEN OF PHYSICK.

An Eastern Tale—By the author of "Glances from the Moon."

It happened that a certain absolute and capricious despot of an eastern province, on perceiving, after a few years' domination, that the number of his subjects had considerably decreased, instead of instituting a cautious inquiry into the possible causes of this lowered population, determined to lay the whole charge, the wonder and the mischief, on the professed practisers of what was there termed the healing art, but, according to his princely suspicion, the art of poisoning and destroying. Long did he cherish, whether warranted or otherwise doth not clearly appear, this peculiar sentiment, strengthened by progressive observation, and now matured into immoveable conviction: and, indeed, as his province had neither been lately desolated by war, visited by pestilence, nor reduced by famine, it becomes possible—just possible, I mean—that the notion which this prince had conceived of the blundering ways and means exercised by the *Men of Physick*, might not have proved so fallacious and unjust, as, on first hearing, it should seem to threaten: the less so, because the class of these physicians, or leeches, was the only one which had escaped the late examples of extraordinary fatality; a phenomenon which was referred, for its solution, to the commonly believed fact the physician exerciseth not his art upon himself.—But let that pass.

And now, whether sanctioned by a rational probability of a successful result, or not—whether right or wrong—he determined to put the matter at issue to one grand and decisive experiment. He published an edict, ordering every practitioner of the medical craft, of whatever degree, to quit the province in the course of ten days. Remonstrance had been vain: it was the mandate of despotic authority: no appeal remained; obedience was prompt and universal; not one professor, not a single minister of physick, dared to hold back and linger within the lines of demarkation, after the expiration of the period limited by the edict.

"Now, when the news of this extraordinary decree had reached and crept into the ear of Death, his jaws were presently screwed into a contemptuous grin, while meditating his purpose. "Opposition to my power," he said, "has always proved vain in the result, though whilom ridiculously obstinate and contentious. This prince shall quickly understand how unequal is the contest which he appears rash enough and weak enough to wage with a power, known by universal experience to be paramount and irresistible."

Thus muttered the Destroyer.

Hence we pass on to the expiration of that measure of time sufficient for the ascertaining whether the expectations of the prince were well founded and supported.

Twelve months had now elapsed, when, on a numerical comparison of deaths with those of the preceding year, they were found in a ratio greatly diminished, calculating for the lessened number of souls occasioned by the absence of the leeches. The discontent of the people against their prince, and their alarm for themselves, changed into reverence and composure. His pride and self-gratulation rose in proportion—perhaps something out of proportion, a mistake committed occasionally even by sovereigns—to flattery and applause: but this prince had never enjoyed the privilege of reading the poetick works of Robert Burns, where, amidst numerous pithy hints for the correction of self-misunderstanding, he might have dropped upon, and profited by the following stanza:—

"Oh would some power the gifty gee us,
To see ourselves as others see us;
It wad frae many a blunder free us,
And silly notion;
And airts in 'rait and dress wad lea' us,
And, e'en devotion."

But so it was; time was moving on smoothly and kindly between prince and subject; each conciliated more to each, and all partaking of that increase of pleasurable feelings which is wont to accompa-

ny and improve a condition of bodily and mental health.

Thus might this happy province—happy in its delivery from the leeches—have become the asylum of health, and the promise of longevity; but—give me *but* and *ifs*, as a bold man was wont to say; and I'll fight the D—; but,—that the dark malignant spirit of the man whose "bones are marrowless," urged at length by the bitterness of disappointment into deadly wrath at the decrease of funerals and of mourners, where his depredations had long proved so extensive and so frequent, determined to bestir himself for the recovery of his business.

"I have," muttered Death, as he stalked the ground, which shrank and blackened at his tread, "two considerations to resolve: first, what promises to furnish the surest plan for the restoration of the wonted, full, and gloomy callings of my office; secondly, by what measures I shall most easily and speedily succeed in it. Touching the first consideration," said Death, "I perceive it admits of instant decision. The effects of the decree, by which I find that the leeches were my supporters, my most effective friends, serve to teach me that the decree must be unconditionally reversed; the men of physick must be recalled; they must be reinstated in all their privileges and immunities, and be let loose as heretofore upon the inhabitants of the province—of the *capital* more especially—in the unbridled exercise of their accustomed practices. The man of dry and naked bones received that sensation of sullen gratification, when reflecting upon his plan, which no other man could feel. A half formed smile would have passed over his ghastly countenance, significant of anticipated success, but it was repulsed and chased away from a visage so hostile to its character, by a withering and rigid grin which admitted not a glimpse of relaxation.

Still this resolution extended and embraced the first and easiest division, only, of what he intended to perform: the object of his more arduous consideration remained behind, viz: the adoption of means, sure and effectual for the execution of this purpose. It was not till after a long protracted interval that thus the destroyer counselled with himself.

"I have held a long and vast communion with the sons of men who walk this earth, and all who have disappeared from it were removed by me. This is not all; known it is to me, by ages of experience and the use of observation, that the passion of fear is among the strongest felt by mortals, and that of nothing are they so *horribly* afraid as of my threatenings and my power to enforce them. How is this! that the man who has courage to contemn and to oppose the requisitions of justice; to admit and to encourage the foulest offences against the charities of humanity and the consciousness of moral obligation; to cherish the corruption of, and to perpetrate the blackest crimes against, the fellowship of men! that the same identical man of flesh and blood, on whom the fear of me is so deeply impressed, should ever fail to tremble while thinking upon the crimes, the outrages, the murders he may have committed! All this must be left to the discussion of wiser skulls than mine.

"By my life," said Death, "it is most worthy of marvel and recordance, that one and the same man shall dare to commit and brave the most atrocious wickedness, no less in the face of all the world than in the secret chambers, and yet shake with horror at an accidental change of feeling in his mortal frame, not occasioned by any guilty deed that he hath done, but resulting inevitably from the established laws and conditions of that animal economy ordained to experience the enjoyments of health and the inflictions of disease; to live, and think, and act, while the movements of the nice and wonderful machine are in perfect harmony and correctness; to languish, and finally to decay, when these are interrupted and gradually stopped.

"Yes, the solution of a mystery like this must be submitted to the philosophers; enough for me, that the dread of my approach is uppermost amidst mortal fears, and that few would be found, who, when the hour of decision should arrive, would refuse to compromise, on any terms, for a longer beholding the light of the sun and of all the natural objects which it illumines and presents: yet to

what do these amount; in comparison with the animated and social nature, with the world of kindred, of relatives and friends!

"Fortunate for my commanding thralldom, mankind are not conscious that the 'fear of death' abstractedly considered, 'is most in apprehension;' or that,

'Imagination's fool and error's wretch,'
Man makes a death which nature never made,
Then on the point of his own fancy falls,
And feels a thousand deaths in fearing one.'

No, no—the prince, nursed and wrapped in the splendour and luxuries of a gay and rich metropolis, has not been conversant with disquisitions of this sort; if he ever thinks upon, he shudders at the contemplation of my blow." Death paused. This was the time for taking up what he had proposed for the second consideration of his subject, viz: the mode to be adopted for securing the completion of his plan. It required not a protracted rumination. Death knew the certainty of his power, and he resolved on its early application.

It was amidst the lone and "witching time of night, when church-yards yawn," that personified "*ut ejus est mos*," in the attire of a human skeleton, he made his way to the palace and the dormitory of his royal enemy, as he does to the cot and pallet of the poor. He beheld the prince stretched in the blandishments and wonted security of sleep; in "the perfumed chamber," "beneath the canopy of costly state." Directly he stalked up; the hard and bony tread awakened the sleeping prince, and he beheld the horrid figure placed before him, holding a dimly burning taper in his left hand, while in his right, elevated as if to strike, was poised the shaft which never fails, and which now threatened the execution of a fatal purpose.

Confounded by the spectacle, he made an effort to spring up; but the first effect of fear is debility: he fell backward, yet with outstretched arms and clasped hands, skrinkling from the dreadful object of his vision—"I come," said the horrible appearance—fixing upon his victim the dismal cavities where eyes had been—"I come, armed as at all times, to strike and to destroy. But even beneath the shaft, and within the grasp of Death, conditions of mercy may exist. Mark! I come unto the despot, who, with violence and injustice, has expelled from their establishments and their homes, the *Men of Physick*, my ministers and agents, and to offer him one or the other of two things: will he consent to recall and to reinstate the said men of physick or leeches, never again to be by him disturbed, or forbidden to cultivate and to use their arts; or will he prefer that this uplifted hand discharge the arrow which he beholds, thus winged for its deadly mission, and ready to fulfil it! Your resolve!—speak!—answer, even now—or—" The prince observed the arm rising higher, and drawing a little backward: a moment, and it might be too late; in agony of haste he called out,—"Hold! spare me, spare me! I will execute thy commands: I will instantly recall the leeches; I will do whatever thou demandest: I will do it now, even now." Death lowered his arm and proceeded:—"Promises at a moment like this, have often been found faithless, and have dissolved 'into thin air;' therefore," giving to the prince a scroll—"look upon that; unfold and read: be instant—bind thy soul, as the words therein point out, to prompt the execution of my pleasure." Here he began to raise his hand of bone, still armed with the deadly missile,—"Hold! hold!" the prince ejaculated; "I swear as this scroll requires." What was written therein has never been divulged. Death well knew that flesh and blood dared not to violate the oath: He was accordingly satisfied; and now under the guise in which he had stalked into the royal chamber, he abandoned it, in malignant triumph that his purpose had succeeded, and that the recommencement and augmentation of his harvest awaited only the return of the doctors; more especially of those who should occupy their seats and exercise their crafts in the metropolis. It is there he stands in gloomy watch, or stalks about in cynick grin, delighted with the hurry, dexterity, and sleight-of-hand visits paid by the doctor to his catalogue of patients, agreeable to the situations of their residences; many of whom, after hours of languor, distress, and pain, are now star-

tled into being from their pittance of merciful unconsciousness, by the outrageous but fashionable violence, the storm of knocking raised at the door of the wretched patient's residence, by one of Death's subordinate agents, who drops from the fore or aft of the doctor's chariot, and having done all this wanton and inhuman mischief, throws open the door for the descent, and then the introduction of that which is to follow. Thus it is manifest that Death may be detected in the personification of an outside or an inside passenger; on the box or in the chariot.

The question may be asked,—what place does Death not occupy?—what person of the drama can he not assume and fill? We have seen him blinding the eyes of physicians and the patients, and converting medicines into poisons. We may also trace this sly and rapacious fellow more insidiously introducing poisons into the wholesome nutriment of life, into our viands and our drinks. For the former, gaze upon that alarming row of red and fiery looking metal, with which our shelves whether in kitchen or elsewhere, are so frightfully supplied! The metal is copper, poisonous and deadly, as many wise housekeepers and cooks are at length beginning to believe; but which, still, in defiance of the sun, or by taking advantage of the tender light of moon or taper, they continue to use, because peculiarly conducive, in their opinions, to the good colouring and preservation of pickles and preserves. For the latter, namely, our drinks, behold and examine the professed malt and hop decoctions of our publick breweries—malt and hops! phaw!—vinegar and bullock's blood.—Once more, look, and look closely when you are about it, to your cider and perry mills, lest you should purchase your hogshead of either of these liquors from a mill, in the construction of which the metal of lead, another of Death's ministers, has been largely employed, and which, when acted upon by the juices of fruits, communicates to the liquor a poisonous quality. The effects of this carelessness, or obstinacy, have been long and seriously felt in cider countries; in the county of Devonshire more particularly, producing therein that painful disease, known by the appropriate term, *Devonshire Colick*, terminating in *Palsy*. But the time would fail were we to attempt to show this Man of Bones in all his asserted places of domination, or to bolt him from his secret lurking holes. We will leave him for the time being, in his awful and favourite retreat, an *English wine-vault*, the depot of *foreign wines*. There he sits, enthroned upon a cask of *fiery sherry*, which, among other pernicious combinations, he dispenses far and wide, administering all of them more or less largely as his caprice may choose to delight itself in a larger or scantier accumulation of victims.

We will proceed no further in the pursuit of a topick and a theme which would remain interminable; neither would it prove fair nor charitable to cast the Bony Man in no other character than that which, to the bulk of mankind, represents him most unwelcome, cruel and severe. By certain of the sons of men he has been received not only with resignation and composure, but his approach has been hailed as a boon and a deliverance. Besides he possesses such traits, or perhaps faculties, in his composition, as might challenge our approbation and our reverence. In the class of these we desire to rescue from oblivion his acknowledged impartiality; his frequent prevention of greater evil than he brings; his endurance of perpetual labour; his just claim to universality; his courage; snatching away the monarch, surrounded by his life guards, just as a Bengal tiger springs into a little company of men seated at their social meal upon the turf, and, seizing on his victim, drags him to the jungle.

We must recount, because it evinces an honourable and lofty sentiment, that, as he stalked away after his midnight visit to the prince whom he had terrified into an instant and shaking submission, a voice was heard through the palace, and by the sentinels, as, invisibly, he moved along:—"Coward and slave, who has consented to sell thy people's pleasant health, the term of their life, with all its consolations and enjoyments; their title, it might have been, to longevity;—that thou thyself mightest be suffered to crawl, in infamy and abhorrence, a little longer between heaven and

earth!!—It well nigh grieves me that I permitted the wretch to outlive his meanness and his baseness.

"But wherefore—I desire to ask and to be answered—wherefore are the sons of men so hostile to my charter, and so fearful of its exercise?—A charter, too, of which I myself foresee and dread the expiration?"

Can none develop and explain this mystery?

MISCELLANY.

A ROMAN THEATRE ON FIRE.

From *Salathiel*—A Story of the Past, Present, and Future.

Rome was an ocean of flame. Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke and fire; then plunged into the depths in a hundred glowing cataracts, then climbed and consumed again. The distant sound of the city in her convulsion, went to the soul. The air was filled with the steady roar of the advancing flame, the crash of falling houses, and the hideous outcry of the myriads flying through the streets, or surrounded and perishing in the conflagration.

All was clamour, violent struggle, and helpless death. Men and women of the highest rank were on foot, trampled by the rabble that had then lost all respect of conditions. One dense mass of miserable life, irresistible from its weight, crushed by the narrow streets, and scorched by the flames over their heads, rolled through the gates like an endless stream of black lava.

The fire had originally broken out upon the Palatine, and hot smokes that wrapped and half blinded us, hung thick as night upon the wrecks of pavilions and palaces; but the dexterity and knowledge of my inexplicable guide carried us on. It was in vain that I insisted upon knowing the purpose of this terrible traverse. He pressed his hand on his heart in re-assurance of his fidelity, and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and solid strength seemed to bid defiance to chance and time. A sudden yell appalled me. A ring of fire swept round its summit; burning cordage, sheets of canvass, and a shower of all things combustible, flew into the air above our heads. An uproar followed, unlike all that I had ever heard, a hideous mixture of howls, shrieks, and groans. The flames rolled down the narrow street before us, and made the passage next to impossible. While we hesitated, a huge fragment of the building heaved, as if in an earthquake, and fortunately for us, fell inwards. The whole scene of terror was then open. The great amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage, with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle above circle, through the seventy thousand seats that rose from the ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side of this colossal cavern, this mighty temple of the city of fire. At length a descending blast cleared away the smoke that covered the arena. The cause of those horrid cries was now visible. The wild beasts kept for the games had broke from their dens. Maddened by affright and pain, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole herds of monsters of India and Africa, were enclosed in an impassable barrier of fire. They bounded, they fought, they screamed, they tore; they ran howling round and round the circle; they made desperate leaps upwards through the blaze; they were flung back, and fell only to fasten their fangs in each other, and, with their parching jaws bathed in blood, die raging. I looked anxiously to see whether any human being was involved in this fearful catastrophe. To my great relief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. As I expressed my gladness, I was startled by a loud cry from my guide, the first sound that I had heard him utter. He pointed to the opposite side of the amphitheatre. There indeed sat an object of melancholy interest; a man who had either been unable to escape or had determined to die. Escape was now impossible. He sat in desperate calmness on his funeral pile. He was a gigantick Ethiopian slave, entire-

ly naked. He had chosen this place, as if in mockery, on the imperial throne; the fire was above him and around him; and under this tremendous canopy he gazed, without the movement of a muscle, on the combat of the wild beasts below; a solitary sovereign, with the whole tremendous game played for himself, and inaccessible to the power of man.

GREECE AND PALESTINE.

From the *New-York Journal of Commerce*.

At a late meeting of the four academies which form the French Institute, M. de Laborde read a very interesting paper, narrating some passages of his recent travels in the east. We translate a part for the gratification of our readers.

After an introduction, full of warmth and of domestic details of the most touching simplicity, M. de Laborde leads us to Rome, at a period when religion displays all her pomp. The next year, the same spectacle awaits him at Jerusalem; and the able traveller strikingly portrays the contrast exhibited by the same ceremonies, in these two celebrated cities, of which one was the cradle, and the other has become the centre and the principal seat of christianity.

"We passed the Holy Week at Rome; the year preceding, we had made our arrangements so as to pass the same period at Jerusalem; indeed, it is interesting to observe the contrast between these two great cities of the christian world on these solemn days; the advantage is all on the side of the 'Eternal city.' At Rome, the people and the monuments surpass, or at least equal what is brought to mind by recollections of the past; at Jerusalem they fall much below it, they enfeeble it, and strip it of ornament; we would gladly separate what we see from what we remember. The sovereign pontiff, surrounded by his clergy, and the faithful collected from all parts of the earth, giving his benediction to the city and the world, *urbi et orbi*, from the greatest monument of the genius of man, while the immense crowd is prostrated below in awful silence, all this bears a character of greatness, of solemnity, which is not found at Jerusalem. The holy places there are under the guard of poor monks of all sects, taken from the inferior ranks of society, very worthy people, doubtless, but generally destitute of information and of dignity, talking to each other and to strangers about nothing but their private squabbles, bringing accusations against each other daily before the Turkish authorities, who make a traffick of their hatred, make them pay a price for their animosities, and disturb, by insults and violence the most august parts of their ceremonies. The holy places, too, are disfigured by shabby ornaments and buildings in bad taste. Rome should be seen in all her pomp, but Jerusalem in all her solitude; alone with our thoughts, we should wander through her fields, to reflect on the events that she brings to mind; it is then we overleap whole centuries and contemplate in the bare rock of the manger, the cradle of Christ and of civilization, and in the stone of the Holy Sepulchre, the emblem of every sacrifice, and an example of supporting every evil in the hope of every blessing."

Some pages further on, M. de Laborde proceeds with a picturesque description of that other country, so highly favoured by nature, but widowed at present of its most illustrious inhabitants, and desolated by the un pitying sabre of the Mussulmans.

"It was with Greece we ended as well as began our journey; we had left her in distress, we found her full of hope and confidence; after having conquered oppression, she had disarmed indifference, and might already reckon upon the future.

"Thanks to the politeness of M. de Rigny, the conqueror of Navarino, we visited this fine country in national vessels, treated as friends and brothers by our brave naval officers. Hydra showed us an entire community, which after having enriched its principal citizens by commerce, now subsists upon their benevolence. At Poros, we found the admiral of the Greek fleet, Miaulis, working in person like a common labourer, to repair his ship. We entered the modest dwelling of Canaris, at Egina, and saw that intrepid man as simple, as poor as he has always been, desiring no reward, appearing at no festival, and limiting his ambition to heroism. Fabvier in his peninsula of Metara seemed to us

like Robinson Crusoe on his island, making bulwarks out of marble, mills from boards, and bread from roots, compensating by fatigue for the absence of danger, and hardly able to contain a soul of fire in a body of iron. At last sad Athens received us in the midst of her ruins. Still existing after so many sieges, the victim of her triumphs as well as of her misfortunes, she has no longer a single modern building, but she exists forever in her monuments which are yet standing, like the genius of ages, which barbarism and ignorance may for a time make captive, but can never destroy.

"On leaving this city, we wished to visit the field of battle of the last affair that took place under the walls of Athens, in which inexperienced chiefs, in an open plain, commanded troops, on foot, without bayonets, without cannon, without support. We were shown the Turkish battery, established at the tomb of Philopappus, which has robbed the columns of the Parthenon of many large blocks. We were made to remark the most advanced point which was reached by those unfortunate Greeks who thought themselves on the eve of entering the place, and stretched forth their hands towards their countrymen, when the Turkish cavalry, issuing from the ravine, made a horrible carnage among them. It was by following the long range of their unburied bodies that we arrived at the camp of Phalero, from which they had sailed. But let us throw a veil over this gloomy picture; henceforward Greece is free, and can not cease to be so. The principal of political interference, which has hitherto been serviceable only to absolute power, is now about to restore a people to the liberty which it has won by its courage, and which it will one day deserve by its virtues; and whatever may be the wrongs done to the present generation elsewhere, what enlightened man is there who does not wish well to a cause which unites itself to the heroic era of the human race, and for which, even in recent years, so many heroes have fallen? What traveller is there, above all, who does not think with delight, that one day, perhaps, a happy and polished nation will receive him upon this classic ground, will do its honours to him in the language of Homer, and will preserve unharmed what still remains of the genius of Phidias and the glory of Pericles?"

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1828.

Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

June 21. Saint Aloysius; Saint Ralph; Saint Mevenus; Saint Aaron; Saint Eusebius; and Saint Leufredus. This day the sun enters the sign Cancer, and is then at his extreme distance north of the equator. To all who live north of the Arctic circle, he does not set, but travels around keeping above the horizon. To all north of the equator this day is the longest day in the year. Before the alteration of the style, the longest day was Saint Barnabas. This reminds us of an anecdote of Sir Thomas More, who was lord chancellor of England under Henry VIII. A person of high rank, who had wronged a poor widow of a sum of money, was ordered by Sir Thomas to make restitution of the property forthwith, with the costs attending the suit. "I hope then," said the gentleman, thinking his rank somewhat derogated by the sentence, "your lordship will grant me a long day to pay it." "I will," said the chancellor; "Monday next is Barnabas's day, which is the longest in the whole year; pay it then, without fail, or I will commit you to the Fleet."—1794, the island of Corsica acknowledged the king of Great Britain as their lawful sovereign, and accepted a new constitution.—1813, battle at Arganzon, between the allies under lord Wellington, and the French. Wellington lost 5000 men, and the French 20,000 with their artillery, military chest, 415 wagons, &c.

June 22. Saint Paulinus.—1519, Cortes sailed to Saint Juan de Ulloa, where he disembarked his troops, and constructed temporary barracks. At this place he received ambassadors from Montezuma, king of Mexico, with rich presents, and a message expressing the readiness of that

sovereign to render the Spaniards any necessary service; but his entire disinclination to receive any visits at his court. After repeated and mutual messages and gifts, Montezuma caused his ambassadors to declare that he would not consent that foreign troops should appear nearer his capital, nor even allow them to continue longer in his dominions. "Truly this is a great monarch, and rich," said Cortes; "with the permission of God, we must see him." The event is too well known to need a description.—1772, the following letter was written from governor Hutchinson to governor Pownall. It is gratifying to reflect how much he was mistaken in his assertions; and we cannot conceive how he could ever have suffered himself to be thus defective in his observations of the growing spirit of unity which gave such an impetus to the current of revolutionary preparation.

"Boston, June 22, 1772.

"The union of the colonies is pretty well broke; I hope I shall never see it renewed. Indeed our sons of liberty are hated and despised by their former brethren in New-York and Pennsylvania, and it must be something extraordinary ever to reconcile them."

This letter, and a number of others containing similar sentiments, and exposing the duplicity of Hutchinson, were intercepted, and afterwards published in Boston. They seemed to undeceive the people as to the real motives of the British public officers in America; and brought on a spirit of indignant resistance to their measures. Doctor Franklin was deputed to present to the lord's committee of the Privy Council, a petition for the removal of Hutchinson, and lieutenant governor Oliver, in the execution of which he was basely insulted by the counsel for the accused, respecting the means by which he had become possessed of the letters. He endured the insults firmly, and when consoled with by an American friend then in London, he was heard to say,—"his king shall pay for it!" The first procurer of these letters was Doctor Hugh Williamson, whose life has been written, and, though extensively read, not circulated so widely as it deserves.—1814, the United States' ship of the line Independence was launched from the navy yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts. The Independence was the last line of battle ship belonging to our navy since the termination of the war of the revolution.

June 23. Saint Etheldreda, and Saint Mary of Orgnies.

—1812, the British Orders in Council were revoked, not having yet heard of the declaration of war by the United States.—1813, the British, under Admiral Cockburn, were repulsed in their attack upon Craney island, in the Chesapeake bay.

June 24. The Martyrs of Rome under Nero; Saint Bartholomew. The NATIVITY OF SAINT JOHN THE BAPTIST. This anniversary is religiously observed in all parts of christendom, among almost every denomination of christians, and more particularly by the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. Falling upon the season of the summer solstice, it has attracted the notice more generally among the peasantry than any other festival during the month, and midsummer bonfires, rustick games, and other demonstrations of hilarity have been practiced, time immemorial, in all catholic countries, and in many protestant kingdoms likewise. Its observance by the masonick order, is already known to be in honour of one of their most worthy patrons.—1340, Edward III. gained a great naval victory over the French fleet, off Sluys, on the coast of Flanders. The French fleet consisted of four hundred vessels and forty thousand men, while Edward's armament numbered only two hundred and forty sail; yet the English took two hundred and thirty of their ships, and killed thirty thousand Frenchmen, among whom were two of their admirals. The battle was fought with bows and arrows, pikes, and other ancient weapons, fire arms not having come into use until the battle of Cressy, six years after.—1494, the island of Bonavista, on the northeast side of Newfoundland, was discovered by Cabot.—1675, the colony of Plymouth observed this day as a season of humiliation and prayer, on account of the dangers dreaded from the hostile appearances of the Indians in their vicinity. As the people of Swansea, in Bristol county, Massachusetts, were returning from public worship on this day, they were ambushed, fired upon, and one man killed and another wounded. Two men who went for a surgeon were shot, and in another part of the town six

per-sons were killed.—1806, the resolution for the abolition of the slave trade was adopted by the parliament of Great Britain.—1813, colonel Boerstler, with 511 men taken prisoners by the British at the Beaver-Dam near lake Erie.

June 25. Saints Prosper, Maximinus, William, Adelbert, Moloc, Agard, and Aglibert.—1314, the battle of Bannockburn was fought, which secured the independence of Scotland, and established Robert Bruce on the throne of that kingdom.

June 26. Saints John and Paul, martyrs; Saint Maxentius; Saint Vigilus; Saint Babolen; Saint Anthelm; and Saint Raingarda.—1541, Francis Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was assassinated by the friends of Almagro his former associate, with whom he had quarrelled, and whom he had caused to be put to death. He was an illegitimate child of low parentage, and in his youth followed the occupation of a swine herd. He became a soldier as soon as his age would permit, and went to America where he solicited and obtained the command of an expedition for the purpose of discovery. With this expedition he conquered Peru. His crimes have made his adventures too notorious to need further mention.—1752, died cardinal Julius Alberoni. He was the son of a gardener near Parma, and by his own exertions he was enabled to take holy orders. His first act of note was to betray the granaries of his country to the duke of Vendome. This trick discovered his talent for political intrigue, and the duke appointed him to conduct a correspondence with the princess de Ursins, who governed the affairs of Spain. The fruits of this intrigue produced the marriage of Philip V. to the princess, and through the confidence of the new queen he obtained a cardinal's hat, was made a grandee of Spain, and became prime minister. His policy brought the enmity of every nation to Philip, so that Spain could obtain peace only by his banishment. He was arrested by the pope for intriguing against the Turks. The college of cardinals had him confined a year to the Jesuit's college; and afterwards he was sent by the pope a legate to Romana. Here, even at the age of seventy, he could not abandon his favourite schemes of intrigue, and he plotted the destruction of the little republic of San Marino, and was ludicrously defeated, when he imagined he had succeeded to his utmost wish. He died at the age of eighty-seven, rich and infamous.—1813, king Joseph Buonaparte was compelled to retreat into France, where he tarried till the destinies of Napoleon took a turn which compelled him to leave France. He is now an American citizen.

June 27. Saint Ladislaus I. of Hungary; and Saint John of Montier. We all know the remarkably changeable state of the weather that has heretofore marked the progress of the season; and from late observation, we have no reason to doubt that the same unsettled state of the atmosphere will continue through the whole season of haying and harvest. If this should be the case, we must foresee an immense loss to the farmer in spoiled fodder, and swelled grain. To our friends who cultivate the fields with any direct eye to the theoretical sciences, we need not speak diffidently, when we recommend the use of the barometer. It may be a considerable expense, but knowing as we do the immense quantities of property destroyed or materially damaged, and the certainty of this valuable instrument to anticipate every change of the atmosphere, we sincerely believe that the advantage of commencing operations with confidence when the apparent aspect of the weather is unfavourable, with several hours warning of any change hostile to our labours, more valuable property will be saved in one season like the present than the instrument will cost. The barometer is in fact the most appropriate instrument to the wants of the husbandman that we know of; and by keeping in plain diary of the barometer and rain gauge, with the hyrometer and vane under his daily notice, he will acquire a superiority over the uncertainty of the weather, which is invaluable. All our farmers are very close observers of indications in the air, clouds or sky; and we believe they would not only be delighted with the simple and prophetick operations of the barometer; but would acquire a practice in the application of its movements, even above most professions men.—1752, a fire broke out in Lincoln's inn new square, London. There was a great loss of publick papers and titles to newly purchased estates which were destroyed were not to be computed. The offices of many business-doing

lawyers, a master in chancery, solicitor to the treasury, &c. were among the ruins. Most of the watch were asleep or drunk when the fire broke out, and the wife of a respectable dealer, whose husband left his bed to assist the sufferers, hanged herself in his absence. Insurance was not then in vogue, and what was lost was usually a dead loss to the proprietors.

THE CLINTON VASES. These beautiful specimens of art, and highly appropriate testimony of public esteem, were exposed for sale with the other personal property of the late governor, and struck off to Anthony Blanchard, esq. of this city. At the late session of the Grand Lodge of this state, a vote was passed to purchase them, and present them to colonel Charles A. Clinton, for himself and other children of our late P. G. M. Previous to this purchase, Mr. Blanchard had been offered two thousand dollars for them, with the intention of sending them to Europe. Thanks to the public spirit of our fellow citizen and brother,—our state has been saved from the obloquy of such a disgraceful event.

These vases were presented to governor Clinton by the merchants of Pearl-street, in the city of New-York, in testimony of their gratitude and respect for his public services. The form is copied from the celebrated antique vase found among the ruins of the villa of Adrian, and now in the possession of the earl of Warwick. The handles and some of the ornaments are also similar to those upon that beautiful specimen of ancient art; but all the tablets and figures in *bas relief* are different, and exhibit scenes upon the Grand Canal, or allegorical illustrations of the progress of the arts and sciences.

The vases are twenty-four inches in height, twenty-one inches between the extremities of the handles, and the diameter of the body in the largest part is fourteen inches; the weight of silver in each is about four hundred ounces.

Their form is circular, except that the lower part is slightly elliptical, as are also the covers, each of which is surmounted by an eagle standing upon a section of the globe, upon which is traced part of the outline of the state of New-York; he bears in one talon the arms of the state, and in the other a laurel wreath. The pedestal is square, and supported by four claws; two sides of the pedestal of the first vase are ornamented with foliage and scroll-work, with an oval medallion bearing a river Deity leaning on an inverted vase. The third contains the inscription,

"To the Honourable DE WITT CLINTON, who has Developed the Resources of the State of New-York, and ennobled her Character, the Merchants of Pearl-street offer this Testimony of their Gratitude and Respect."

The fourth exhibits a number of figures, which in connexion with those on the corresponding section of the other vase are intended to represent the progress of the Arts and Sciences from their rude origin to their present improvement. On the right of the spectator appears a pastoral group listening to the pipe of Mercury; next to these is a husbandman leaning on his spade, and gazing upon a hive, while a female figure points to the labours of the industrious bee; then appears Minerva without her helmet and shield, directing the attention of the spectator to a bust which Sculpture is chiseling. The concave belt around the middle of this vase bears six tablets in *bas relief*; the two centre tablets exhibit views of the Cohoes falls, and of the Little falls of the Mohawk, with the stone aqueduct and bridge, and parts of the canal. The figures on each side of the former are Fame and History; on one side of the latter is an Indian contemplating the stump of a tree recently felled, and the axe laying at its root; and on the other, Plenty with her cornucopia—a head of Neptune with his trident, dolphins and shells, is placed at each extremity of this belt, under the grape-vine handles.

On the second vase, two sides of the pedestal are ornamented with foliage, &c. as on the first: the third contains the inscription,

"To the Honourable DE WITT CLINTON, whose Claim to the Proud Title of Public Benefactor is Founded on those Magnificent Works, the Northern and Western Canals."

On the fourth side is Architecture leaning upon a column, with a level at its base. Then a youth holding a drawing board with a diagram of one of the first problems in mathematics, and an old man directing his attention to the figures beyond, which denote the sciences still unexplored, and encouraging him to persevere. The next group is composed of two aged persons contemplating a globe held by a female, who points to some lines upon its surface; the next is a figure with a torch in the right hand, and a star on the head, holding in the left hand a tablet with a diagram; by his side is a sun dial, an athletic figure beyond holds a pair of dividers, and gazes attentively upon the female with the globe. This group is intended to indicate the study of the sciences. The concave belt around this vase is also embellished with six tablets. The front view is the Grand Lock and part of the basin at Albany, where the canal is connected with the Hudson, together with the mansion of Mr. Van Rensselaer and the adjacent scenery, and canal boats passing. The plate on the right of this tablet exhibits Ceres with the emblems of Agriculture; that on the left, Mercury with the emblems of Commerce. The reverse centre tablet contains a view of the aqueduct at Rochester, and a boat passing, drawn by horses; below are seen the falls of the Genesee, and a number of unfinished buildings. This view is supported on the right and left by Minerva and Hercules, indicating wisdom and strength.

The lower compartment of the body of each vase is ornamented with Acanthus leaves, intermingled at proper distances, with small shrubs, among which are seen the wild animals who haunted our western region before the industry and enterprise of our brethren made "the wilderness to rejoice and blossom like the rose."

FOREIGN. Intelligence of the greatest importance has been received by the latest arrivals in New-York. The Russians have made a formal declaration of war, and it is probable that the next information we receive will be that hostilities have actually commenced. The Pruth has been passed, and through the ambition and obstinacy of a few crowned heads, the blood of thousands may now be manuring the fields of Europe. The papers contain the Russian Manifesto, the Declaration of War, and the proclamation of count Wittgenstein to the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia. Russia makes grievous complaints of the obstinacy and cruelty of the Porte, and expatiates highly on her own forbearance and generosity towards him. It is not questionable but that the humiliation of Turkey is at hand. It is also to be feared that such jealousies will grow out of these movements as may involve all Europe in war.

From Portugal the accounts are of an unwelcome aspect. Don Miguel after disguising his intentions as long as practicable, has been proclaimed king, and it is expected that he will annul the Constitution, and declare himself absolute. In that case, it is believed in London, that the English ambassador, and probably those of other courts, will leave the Portuguese capital, and return home.

The British parliament seem disposed to be more liberal than heretofore. The act repealing the corporation and test acts, has passed both houses, and received the royal signature. On motion of Sir Francis Burdett, the house of commons has resolved itself into a committee of the whole on the claims of the catholics. The vote stood, for the motion 272, against it 266. Negotiations at London between Brazil and Buenos Ayres have been more successful than was expected. It is confidently hoped that peace will soon be concluded, and stop put to any further hostilities in that quarter.

The reported assassination of captain Clapperton and major Laing is proved to be without foundation; but it is ascertained that captain Clapperton died in Saccatoo, on the 12th day of April 1827, of dysentery. Major Laing was said to be at Timbuctoo in March 1827.

The king of Prussia has ordered the count de Lobenstat, convicted of assassination in a late duel, to be imprisoned for life, and deprived of all his honours. Others concerned have been sentenced to confinement for various periods, among them the count's second, Poppe, who is *popped* intourance for twenty-five years.

If we are to believe the French papers quoted in the

London Morning Chronicle, the attempts of Don Miguel to assume the crown of Portugal are considered as an usurpation, and that the French cabinet, together with all the cabinets which have based the policy of Europe on legitimacy, have given orders to their respective ambassadors to quit Lisbon as soon as the young prince should assume the title of king. They speak commendably of the moderation which appears in the Russian declaration, and express their belief that Russia will afford no grounds for apprehension that the peace of the other powers will be disturbed.

TABLE TALK.

Sale at Cost. Married, at Louisville, Kentucky, Mr. Henry S. Palmer to Miss Eliza Sale.——*A Pal-frey for Mary.* At New-Orleans, Henry W. Palfrey, esq. to Miss Mary B. Innskeep.——*Phew! Phew!* In Jerusalem, Yates county, Mr. Sylvanus Rice to Miss Harriet Shaw. In Benton, Mr. Elijah G. Simons to Miss Eliza Shaw.——*Fine feathers make fine Birds.* In Almond, Allegany county, Mr. William Neilson to Mrs. Sarah Peacock.——*Contract renewed.* In Angelica, Mr. Thomas Williams to Miss Renowed Willcox, of Friendship.——*On the Brink of Matrimony.* In Almond, Mr. William T. Howelto Miss Sophia Briank.——*Bottom up.* Six cents reward. Ran away from the subscriber on the 28th ult. Lorenzo Bottom, an indentured apprentice to the tanning and shoemaking business. All persons are hereby forbid harbouring or trusting him on my account. The above reward will be given to any person who will return him to the subscriber within sixty days. *Wm. Alward.* Portage, June 3, 1828.——*Give up the Chase.* Whereas my wife Asenath, has eloped from my bed and board on the 4th day of June, without any just provocation, and now hereby, I forbid any person harbouring or trusting her on my account, for I shall not pay any debts of her contracting after this date. *Robert Chase.*——*Hard Sell.* Married, in Hardeman county, Tennessee, Mr. John Hardeman to Miss Mary Hardeman, daughter of Mr. Blackstone Hardeman, all of Hardeman county.——*Study French.* In Falls township, Ohio, Mr. George Smith, to Mrs. Frances French.——*Report of a Cannon.* At Kingston, Ulster county, John Niell, esq. to Miss Sarah Cannon.——*The Centre hit.* At New-York, V. D. Ellsworth to Jane Agnes Centre.——*Polished Steel.* William Walker to Caroline L. Steel.——*Stand to your Post!* Christopher B. Morrison to Miss Sarah Post.——*Weaving.* George A. Webb to Phebe Ann Davis.——*Love for a Price.* At Sag Harbour, John K. Price to Miss Sarah Howell.——*Crooked Match.* At Shelter island, Peter Dickerson, to Miss Jemima Crook.——*Flying.* A felbw has been gulling the cockneys, by giving out that he would fly over Westminster Mall, &c. after the manner of Icarus. One of the crowd, waiting for this sight on Westminster bridge, inquired of a neighbour "Pray, who was Icarus?" to which the reply was, "The son of Diddle-us, (Dædalus) I believe."——*Ecclesiastical Divorce reversed.* The following, says the Batavia Press, appeared under the editorial head of the Anti-Masonick Enquirer, of Tuesday last: "The Presbytery of Genesee, we understand, have come to the important determination of divorcing religion from freemasonry." We are requested to state that the above is not the fact in relation to the Presbytery of Genesee, and that nothing official has been done on the subject.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 258, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots and ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. FORTER.

An agreement on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather covers, at 12 cents a volume. Dec 27 47f

JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 434, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Books, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engraving of Public Buildings; New Impressions; Patent Machines; and Boxes for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5 1828. 15f

JOHN ANGELO—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain Extra and Super-Fine—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Book-Robers of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

CANAL BOAT SONG ON THE HUDSON.

BY HERODOTUS NIB, ESQ.

I came from o'er the mountains,
From Huron's forest shore;
And here I rest upon the breast
Of my native stream once more;
For here the sun of morning shone
First on my infant form,
And here fell the tear
Of my parting, free and warm,
And I did deem the world a stream
Unswapt by wind or storm.

My little habitation
Along the silvery bay
May be a prize, to other eyes,
Not worth the poet's lay;
But to compare the treasure there
With fashion's splendid ills,
And the guile of the smile
Which dissimulation fills,
My heart flies back our weary track
To Huron's lake and hills!

This little bark hath borne me
Over mountain, stream, and plain,
And wearily must the heavy trust
Be wafted back again.
And when I reach the pebbly beach
Where my little urchins play,
One smile shall beguile
All the hardship of the way,
And love and mirth shall echo forth
Their musick o'er the bay.

Come with me o'er the mountains
And choose a forest home,
Where nature makes her woods and lakes
A range for peace to roam.
Our forest fare as free as air
The weary shall partake,
And the poor find a door
Ever open for their sake.
Come with us then, and teach the glen
To smile upon the lake.

Your little ones shall number
The evening hours with songs,—
A boon which to the hardy few,
The temperate belongs.
And when, at last, the world hath passed,
Around your grave shall stand
The fair and the rare;
And many a filial hand
Shall dress the soil where rests from toil
A father of the land.

STANZAS FOR MUSICK.

BY A. A. WATTS.

'Tis eve on the ocean,
The breeze is in motion,
And briskly our vessel bounds forth on its way;
The blue sky is o'er us,
The world is before us,
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!
Why sorrow thou blindly
For those who unkindly
Could launch, and then leave us on life's troubled sea?
Who so heartlessly scanted
The little we wanted,
And denied us the all that we asked—to be free!
But we've escaped from their trammels—the word is 'Away!'—
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

On—on we are spreading,
Whilest swiftly receding
The white cliffs of Albion in distance grow blue;

And that gem of earth's treasures,—
The scene of past pleasures,—
The land of our childhood fades fast from our view;
But still thy heart's swelling,
My turtle-eyed Ellen,—
What recks it to us that we leave them behind?—
Dark ills may betide us,
But fate can not guide us
Where foes are more bitter,—or friends are less kind,
Than we've found them at home;—but the word is 'Away!'—
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

Now twilight comes round us,
And dimness hath bound us,
And the light-house looks forth from its surf-beaten height;
Like hope's gentle beamings,
Through sorrow's deep dreamings,
Or the lode-star of memory to hours of delight!
Though self-exiled, we sever
From England for ever,
We'll make us a home and a country afar;
And we'll build us a bower
Where stern pride hath no power,
And the rod of oppression one bliss may not mar.
We have broken our chain,—and the word is 'Away!'—
Then Ellen, my sweet one, look up and be gay!

THE LAST INDIAN.

BY REV. JAMES WALLIS EASTBURN.

Roar on ye winds! your voice must be
Sweet as the bridal chant to me.
Widowed in love, with Hate I wed,
Espoused within her gory bed.
The storm of heaven will soon be past,
And all be bright and calm at last;
But man in cruelty and wrong
The tempest's fury will prolong,
And pause not in his fell career
Save o'er my brethren's general bier.
Then come, my foes! your work is done!
I cannot weep, I will not groan.
My fathers winced not at the stake,
Nor gave revenge, with tortuous rife,
One drop its burning thirst to slake,
To the last ebbing drop of life.
My heart is cold and desolate;—
I shall not struggle long with fate.
Had I a mortal foe, and were
His form to rise upon me here,
There is no power within my soul,
My arm or weapon to control;—
Sunken and cold! but it will rise,
With my lost tribe's last battle cries;—
And death will come, like the last play
Of lightning on a stormy day!

TO A CHILD.

Thy memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind—
As musick on the sea—
As sunshine on the river—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be forever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo on the mountain streams,
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossomed in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thralldom free;
Yet 'tis not as the dead
That thou appearest to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form as when on earth—
Thy locks of waving gold—
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear in solitude
The prattle, kind and free,
Thou utteredst in joyful mood,
While seated on my knee.

So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I cannot think they all are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

THE PAINS OF GENIUS.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Envy not the poet's name,
Darken not his dawn of fame;
'Tis the guerdon of a mind
'Bove the thralls of earthly kind;
'Tis the haven for a soul
Where the storms of ocean roll;
It often lights him to his doom—
A halo round an early tomb!

The whirling brain and heated brow;
Ideas that torture while they grow;
The soaring fancy over-sought,
The burning agonies of thought;
The sleepless eye and racking head,
The airy terrors round him spread;
Or freezing smile of apathy,
Or scowl of green-eyed jealousy;
Or haggard want, whose lean hands wave
Unto a cold uncovered grave;—
Oh! these must win a poet's name;
Then darken not his dawn of fame.

BALLAD.

"I swear to thee, fair Inez,
By every hope of bliss,
By the meaning high of thy flashing eye,
And by this parting kiss—
By every hope of conquest,
And by my glittering blade;
By the honour bright of a stainless knight,
And by thine own, dear maid—
No ruthless hand shall tear, love,
This blessed gift away;
But thy scarf shall shine on this breast of mine
In fierce and mortal fray."
The parting kiss is given,
The parting blessing said;
And the knight's good steed with a sunbeam's speed,
To the battle field hath fled.
A bloody fight is over.
Fought is a deadly field;
And the fealty bright of many a knight
With life is nobly sealed.
But where is he whose colour
Was of the wreath of snow;
Whose banner and blade by their flash betrayed
Their master mid the foe?
He rests in a hero's bed,
Still his white scarf wearing;
And the maiden true is now daily—blue,
And somewhat given to—swearing.

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

STOP THIEF!

One day a little bright boy came in
To the bower where Julia was musing o'er
The commission of one most awful sin,
A sin she had never committed before.
For a grievous robbery there was done,
Her cheek of a kiss had been bereft,
And the villainous plunderer off had flown—
The loser's crime was concealing the theft.

The stranger boy was a saucy child,
With a dimpled chin and a rosy cheek,
And he flapped his violet wings and smiled,
Saying—"This must be the maid I seek."
I am the tip-staff to carry away
The wicked damsels who act amiss;
You've been exceedingly guilty to-day—
Where is the villain that stole the kiss?

Poor Julia begged him hard to spare,
And vowed she never would do so again;
But the constable seized on her golden hair,
While she sighed and wept and prayed in vain.
A moment he held her, then off he flew.
She found he had played her a knavish part;
The counterfeit tip-staff robbed her too,
For the pinioned rascal stole her heart.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1828.

NO. 22.

MASONICK RECORD.

RELIGION AND FREEMASONRY.

For the American Masonick Record.

Some person lately sent me Elder Hotchkin's "Appeal to Professors of Religion, on the Subject of Speculative Freemasonry." As a professor of religion and a freemason, I deemed it my duty to give it an attentive perusal; which I have done. And I solemnly declare that I can find nothing in the elder's arguments or reasoning that is calculated to carry conviction to the mind of any candid and unprejudiced man. I am sure I could "conjure up" something against freemasonry which would be perhaps more plausible, than this publication of Elder Hotchkin. It would be easy to do this even against the christian religion; as the publications of Thomas Paine and others abundantly prove. The infidel Carlisle of London, maintained that freemasonry supported religion, and religion freemasonry, and accordingly directed his futile efforts to effect the downfall of religion by exposing freemasonry, which he pretended to do as far as the Templar's degree. He reasoned thus. If I exterminate freemasonry, which is friendly to religion, religion must fall with it. How nicely do the pious revelators at Le Roy, and this pious Atheist, go hand in hand!*

Before approaching the Elder's pamphlet, I would premise, that I am not in the habit of writing, and that I cannot spare sufficient time from my necessary avocations to do that justice to the subject which it demands. There are a great many points connected with the subject which ought to be animadverted upon, but I have neither leisure nor inclination for the task. I shall give off hand merely a few remarks, which may be enlarged upon by some one of more talents and leisure than I can lay claim to, should it be deemed of any consequence so to do. Although the pamphlet in question has been several weeks before me, I did not feel myself called upon to say any thing respecting it, until yesterday, when I saw the address of the "Masonick Anti-Masonick Convention," as it is called, at Le Roy, consisting of a few recreant, disappointed, and time-serving freemasons calling upon the members of the craft to renounce and denounce the institution.

The Elder commences with an eulogium on the christian religion, and states that evils exist in the church. This is all very true. He might also have added that evils have crept into the institution of freemasonry, and this no candid mason will deny. The perversion of religion has caused more trouble and bloodshed in the world than any other cause beside. Every person conversant with history, will bear me out in this assertion. But does this fact militate against the excellency of religion itself? Masonry perverted, has also occasioned evils. But is this a fair argument against masonry itself?

The Elder asserts that masonry is at war with religion, and proceeds to give the reasons which he says have induced him to believe so. 1. "Free-

masonry prostitutes the holy scriptures to unholy purposes." Here is truly what logicians would term a *petitio principii*, or begging of the question. That the purposes of freemasonry are unholy purposes remains to be proved. The adoption of scriptural passages in public addresses, not professedly religious, and by literary and other institutions, is not deemed a prostitution of the scriptures; but forsooth, because freemasonry adopts them; and it is the fashion and order of the day to proscribe freemasonry, right or wrong; ergo, freemasonry is at war with religion. Under this head he hints that the "ceremonies of freemasonry claim their origin and warrant from the scriptures," &c. This is an assertion without proof. I know that some over zealous masons have asserted roundly, that masonry is of divine origin. Those geometrical and moral principles which in process of time gave rise to the masonick institution, are doubtless of divine origin; yet none but the conceited mason ever pretended that freemasonry, as an organized institution, is any thing more than human. When masons call masonry divine, they mean that its principles are so.

He says that the ceremonies of masonry are founded upon a motley collection of fables, &c. We have, it is true, traditions among us, but that these are fabulous, is a position which is controvertible. But admit for the sake of argument, that these traditions are fabulous; are there not many stories interwoven with the religion of the catholics, which protestants deem, and which doubtless are, apochryphal? Yet who but the bigoted sectarian will pretend that there are no true christians among the catholics? who on this account will maintain that the religion of Christ is not the true religion?

He says "the masonick ceremonies are not divine institutions." Who says they are? I know several literary institutions, the Phi Beta Kappa, for instance, which have appropriate ceremonies of initiation. No one dreams of proscribing them.*

I would observe, en passant, that the scriptural passages introduced in the different degrees of masonry, as published in Masons' Monitors, have no necessary connexion with the institution. They have been introduced by masons of the present day, and in this christian country; for the purpose doubtless of rendering the ceremonies more solemn and impressive, and more suited to the feelings of men in a christian community. Such interpolations (to place the subject in its worst light) are perhaps injudicious. But they have been sanctioned by many pious divines who have been active members of the fraternity. My own opinion is, that the objection urged against freemasonry on the ground that it introduces passages of holy writ into its ritual, is more imaginary than real. Yet I would not use them, if I thought the weak conscience of a weak christian brother (1 Cor. viii. 9, &c.) would thereby be wounded. I repeat—passages from Holy writ, although they may confirm our traditions, yet have no necessary connexion with freemasonry. The identical degrees in the conferring of which scriptural passages are used in this country and in England, are given in France and in other countries without those passages.

* Our correspondent has made an unwitting mistake in this assertion. The anti-masonick prints have not only called the Phi Beta Kappa, and the Odd Fellows, but so many of them have gone so far as to denounce all organized societies except those which belong to the church to which they belong. Of course, the Bible societies, the numerous Missionary and moral societies connected with their ban. Masonry then has no fault to find on the score of peddling; but the proof comes doubly home, that Carlisle was right in his assertion that masonry and religion mutually upheld each other.

It is a fact which is reiterated by every author, that freemasonry, although substantially the same in every country where it is cultivated in its purity, yet receives different modifications from the customs and religion of the country where it is introduced. In those places where the glorious sun of christianity has not shone, masons have pursued "the universal religion of nature; that is to be good men and true, by whatever denomination or persuasion they may be distinguished, and by this universal system the conduct of the fraternity still continues to be regulated." I have heard of lodges which admitted none but professors of religion: yet masonry is not religion. The lodge called the Roman Eagle, it is well known, conducted all its ceremonies in the Latin tongue and admitted none but the learned: yet masonry is not literature. The aim of masonry has no connexion with religion, yet it must not be inferred hence that it is inimical to religion.

Every mason is required to worship his Maker according to the dictates of his own conscience, and to observe the moral law. Immoral men are excluded by the rules of the order. If the threadbare question then be asked, why are there so many immoral men within the pale of the lodges, I will answer this question by asking another. Why are there so many rotten members and hypocrites in the churches? The answer to the last question will be the answer to the first. The question is often put to the professing christian, in the anti-masonick prints, and the Elder hints the same—"Beware how you support an institution which cannot save you!" Is it a sin then for a christian to be a member of an institution which is not a religious one? Is a literary or a charitable society useless, because it does not fit us for eternity? I think no man of common sense, is prepared to answer these questions in the affirmative.

How the fact of burning some spirits of wine in a certain degree, should have led the Elder to the discovery that the offering of sacrifices and oblations under the Mosaic dispensation are not yet done away is truly astonishing!! This ceremony by the way, does not obtain out of America. In the degree of R.A. and in every other degree in which there may be occasion to use the name of the Deity, I solemnly declare in opposition to the assertion of the Elder that there is no "wanton levity" made use of. At least I have never seen it in the many lodges and chapters I have attended. Some masons, it is true, who have no great respect for religion, do not perhaps evince sufficient reverence. Yet this is not worse than the inarticulate, careless and irreverent manner in which responses are sometimes made in the churches.

The orders of knighthood are not a part of freemasonry; "they are, in comparison to it, societies of but yesterday; and all of them fall short of the universality and utility of that institution" [See Webb's Monitor.] Taking this stand, we would be saved the trouble of refuting all that the Elder says about certain interesting scenes in the New Testament being burlesqued in the degrees of knighthood. I will not deny that the door to those orders is closed at this day (although it was different formerly) upon all who are not freemasons. Yet I do affirm that freemasonry is complete without the orders of knighthood, and has no necessary connexion with them.

The second reason offered by the Elder to prove masonry is warring with religion, is, what he calls, "the anti-christian nature of masonick oaths." Upon this point, (to adopt the language of the El-

der, my remarks will be very few. But instead of referring the reader to the work of Stearns, I would refer him to some remarks on the subject, by an able writer in the Edinburgh Magazine for 1757, republished in the American Masonick Record under date of March 15, 1823. The article referred to, is entitled, "An impartial Examination of the Act of the Associate Synod against the Freemasons." The Synod ordered that every freemason who refused to answer to the sessions under their inspection, certain questions relative to the "mason oath," should be debarred from sealing ordinances. "Thus," says Lawrie, "they would fain compel the freemasons of their congregation, to give them an account of those mysteries and ceremonies which their avarice and fear hinder them from obtaining by regular initiation. And what, pray, becomes of these perjured men, from whom such information is obtained? They are promised admission into the ordinances of religion, as if they were now purified beings, from whom something worse than a demoniack had been ejected. The criminality, may we not say the villainy, of such proceedings, should be held up to the ridicule and detestation of the publick."

The Elder says, "I cannot forbear appealing to the conscience of every christian, whether in the face of the divine mandate to 'hold no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness' [here is a begging of the question again] he can swear to fulfil the desires and follow the leadings of those whose deeds are for aught he knows works of darkness and impiety." I have thus far proceeded upon the supposition that all the Elder says respecting the masonick secrets is true.

(To be continued.)

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

WHITE MUSTARD SEED.

The following observations on the efficacy of White Mustard Seed (taken whole) are from a late British Medical Journal:—

In the month of June, 1822, I made trial of the White Mustard Seed merely as an aperient; when the generally improved state of my feelings which soon followed, inclined me to give it credit for other medical properties of at least equal value, I gave it to some of the sick poor in the neighbourhood, and with a success which excited my astonishment. From that time to the present I have been in the habit of recommending it very generally, and the opinion which I have always entertained is now fully confirmed, that the publick are not aware of its very extraordinary powers, nor of the very great variety of cases to which it is applicable, and that in order to its adoption as a remedy for disease, its virtues require only to be known.

The White Mustard Seed is an almost certain remedy for all complaints connected with disordered functions of the stomach, liver and bowels, and as such has been eminently successful in the following (among other) cases, viz:—In tendency of blood to the head, headache, weakness of the eyes and voice, and hoarseness; in asthma, shortness of breath, wheezing, cough, and other distressing affections of the stomach; in debility, uneasiness, pain and sense of tenderness and soreness in the interior, and particularly at the pit of the stomach, and pain in the sides and lower part of the body, in scanty and redundant flow of bile, in obstructions that may lead to scirrhus liver, and other morbid affections of that organ; in deficient perspiration, gravel, scanty and unhealthy state of the urine and other disorders of the skin and kidneys; in relaxed and irritated bowels, flatulence, and occasional and habitual costiveness; in severe colds, rheumatism, lumbago, spasms and cramp in the body and limbs, partial and general dropsy, palsy, coldness and numbness of the limbs and feet, loss of appetite, failure of sleep, weakness of nerves, depressions of spirits, and general debility of the system. In ague, gout, rheumatick fever, epilepsy, scrofula, scurvy, erysipelas or St. Anthony's fire, in the dreadful painful affection called the *doloureux*, and in recovery from the small pox, typhus and scarlet fevers, and other severe disorders connected with a depraved state of the interior, it has been taken with very considerable

advantage. For the long round worms and the small white ones also it is incomparably the best remedy hitherto discovered, inasmuch as both in children and grown up persons it not only destroys those reptiles, but if persevered in long enough to restore the tone of the stomach and bowels, will prevent their recurrence in future. The following case furnishes a striking proof of the extraordinary remedial power of the Mustard Seed. A very respectable Surgeon and Apothecary whom I have long known, a person of regular and rather abstemious habits, who whilst during a period of thirty years had sustained the fatigue of an extensive country practice with scarcely a day's illness, at the age of fifty-two was suddenly attacked with a severe pain in the left side and lower part of the body. Supposing the pain to arise from constipated bowels he had recourse to calomel, rhubarb, castor-oil and several other active aperients, but without obtaining relief. He then took an emetic, was bled largely in the arm, used a hot bath, was blistered in the part affected, lay for seventy hours in a most profuse perspiration. By this treatment the pain gradually abated, leaving him however at the end of four days extremely weak and emaciated. For the space of two years after he had frequent and severe returns of the pain; and his constitution being undermined, the stomach, liver and kidneys, became sensibly affected, and indigestion, constipation and flatulence succeeded, with the appearance of general decay. Having consulted several professional men and taking a great variety of medicines during this period but to no good purpose, in November, 1822, he made trial of the Mustard Seed. It is remarkable that in a few days after taking the Seed, the pain entirely ceased, and has never since returned. The actions of the affected organs was gradually improved, digestion was restored, the bowels resumed their functions, and at different times he was relieved by the discharge of several small portions of gravel. Encouraged by these advantages he continued the use of the seed with increased confidence. In November 1823, he discharged with ease a large rugged oblong portion of gravel, and to use his own expressions, his health had then and some time before attained a state of wonderful improvement.

The Mustard seed is as valuable for the prevention as for the cure of the disease. Of its power as a preventive, the following case is a remarkable illustration. A friend of mine had for five or six years previous to 1823, been regularly attacked with hay or summer asthma in the month of June or July, in each of those years. The attacks were always violent, and for the most part accompanied with some danger. And such was the impression made on his constitution by the disease, and the remedies resorted to, (of which bleeding and blistering were the chief,) that each illness led to a long confinement to the house, extending to a period of nearly three months.

In the early part of that year he resolved to make trial of the seed, in order to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of the asthma; and in the month of March he began the use of it and has thenceforward taken it regularly once a day (a dessert spoonful about an hour after dinner) to the present time. During this long period he has not only wholly escaped the disease, but his health has never been interrupted by illness of any kind, and has been progressively improving and he is now enjoying a greater degree of strength and activity and much better spirits than he recollects to have had before. The most formidable bodily evils to which we are exposed, are well known to originate in colds, to which from the extreme variability of our climate we are peculiarly liable. As a means of preventing this fruitful source of disease, the Mustard Seed has in many instances been remarkably successful. Ever since June 1822, to the present time, I have regularly taken it once every day; and during all this time I have never been troubled with the slightest cold, and have enjoyed an uninterrupted flow of health. A near relation of mine too, whose life for many years has been frequently exposed to imminent dangers from inflammatory affection of the chest, brought on by cold, of which he was remarkably susceptible, has happily experienced a similar advantage from it. If persons of consumptive and delicate habits, or oth-

erwise constitutionally susceptible of cold, would avail themselves of this hint, and if all persons indiscriminately or the first attack of disease, unaccompanied by any decidedly inflammatory symptoms, would have recourse to the Mustard Seed for a few weeks, the extent to which human suffering might be thus prevented, would, it may reasonably be presumed, exceed all calculations.

After what has been said, it is almost superfluous to observe that the Mustard Seed is peculiarly adapted to the case of those, whose habits, situations, and condition in life render them more particularly liable to disordered functions of the stomach, liver and bowels, with the endless variety of distressing maladies flowing from that cause. Of the class and principally the studious and sedentary, persons whose constitutions have suffered from long residence in hot climates, mariners and sailors while at sea, manufacturers and mechanics of every description, miners and such as work under ground, the indolent and intemperate, the poor who suffer from hard labour and scanty means of support, and persons advanced in years. To children also of the age of 11 months and upwards, the Mustard Seed is highly beneficial as a remedy for worms; and as a means of obviating the extreme debility of the stomach and bowels so frequently attaching to their tender years. When taken by them, it occasionally throws out a considerable eruption on the skin, a result which has never failed to promote their general health. It is likewise particularly applicable to the disorders peculiar to the female sex, and is of great service after confinement, and especially after severe lyings-in; and where the mother is a nurse, it is also through her of singular benefit to the child, effectually correcting all irregularities of the stomach and bowels, and thus causing it to thrive in a wonderful manner.

In the Mustard Seed are combined a valuable aperient and an equally valuable tonic; and thus while it affords the most salutary and comfortable relief to the bowels, it never weakens but on the contrary always strengthens in a very remarkable degree, both those organs and the stomach, and ultimately the whole system.

*Directions, to be carefully observed:—*The Mustard Seed is always to be swallowed whole, not broken or masticated, and either alone, or in a little water, or other liquid, warm or cold; but for children or persons who find it difficult in swallowing it, the following mode is recommended: each dose as it is wanted for use should be washed in boiling water for one or two minutes after which it may be taken in a little gruel, barley water, or other smooth liquid and if necessary a small quantity of sugar may be added to render it more agreeable to the palate.

Generally speaking three doses should be taken every day without intermission; the first about an hour before breakfast, the second about an hour after dinner, and a third at bedtime or an hour before. When taken after dinner, the seed will in some measure excite fullness and distention in the stomach, and where the distress is considerable, the second dose should be taken an hour before that meal. When the Seed is found to produce irritation in the interior which sometimes happens, the inconvenience will generally be obviated by taking it immediately before each meal. The quantity in each dose must always be regulated by the effect on the bowels, which are not to be purged, but in every instance must be uniformly maintained in a perfectly free and open state. Each dose, therefore, should contain such a quantity that the whole taken in one day shall be sufficient to produce a complete and healthy evacuation of the bowels every day; an effect in which the patient should always pay particular attention, and in securing which the whole art in the use of the medicine consists. The quantity, therefore, in each dose is in all cases ascertained by trial, and must be determined by the observation and judgement of the patient. Generally speaking, two or three large teaspoonfuls in each dose will produce the desired effect, and with some constitutions much smaller doses will answer the purpose; but should that quantity fail, each dose may be increased to a table spoonful; and in some instances a fourth table spoonful may safely be added between breakfast and dinner.

When this increased quantity fails to produce the desired effect on the bowels, (a circumstance however, which very rarely occurs) it will be proper to assist the operation of the Seed with a little Epsom Salts, or other mild aperient taken every morning, or every second or third morning, as occasion may require instead of the first dose of the Seed; for the space of ten days or a fortnight, or much longer period as may be found necessary. And if the patient be troubled with piles, it will be advisable to relieve the bowels occasionally with a small teaspoonful of milk of sulphur; and an equal quantity of magnesia mixed together in a little milk or water, taken at bedtime either with or after the last dose of Seed.

I will only add that a steady daily perseverance in the use of the Mustard Seed according to the directions above recommended, for the space of two, three, four or six months, and in many instances for a much shorter period, will seldom fail to convince the patient of its extraordinary efficacy and singular value, either by effecting a complete cure, or at least, by affording very solid and substantial relief.

I. T.
Lincolnshire, Eng. March, 1826.

MAGELLAN CLOUDS.

From the London Spy.

As it is our wish to render whatever we have to communicate on subjects of arts and science, as generally intelligible and interesting as possible, we shall carefully avoid the technicalities by which the plainest facts are frequently obscured; and endeavour to express ourselves in terms that may be understood, even by those whose attention may not hitherto have been drawn to the class of studies to which our communication may belong. In pursuance of this rule, we shall state first, that in the straits of Magellan, so called, after the great Spanish navigator whose name they bear, and formed by the Island of Terra del Fuego and the southern extremity of South America, certain nebulae, of the nature and appearance of the Milky Way, are seen, which have, from the time of their first discovery, borne the name of "Magellan Clouds." They have hitherto been considered as a small portion only of those immense and immeasurable masses of nebulae scattered over the face of the heavens, but placed so far beyond the limits of the fixed stars as to induce the great Herschell to hazard the opinion that "their very light had been millions of years in travelling to our system." In a recent voyage from India to England, in the ship Thames, Capt. R. L. Frazer, the following observations were made, when in Lat. of 33 to 34 deg. South, and Long. 19 deg. E. of the meridian of Greenwich, within which limits the clouds were clearly to be perceived; namely, that the smaller cloud, or supposed cluster of distant stars, constantly preserved the attitude of 50 deg. remaining perfectly stationary; while the larger cloud revolved round the smaller one in the space of 24 hours, constantly preserving the same distance from it of about 22 deg.

As the ship progressively approached the equator—by sailing to the northward, the attitude of both clouds of course, decreased; but as long as they were seen, this revolution of the one around the other was uniformly observed; and so satisfied were the observers of the fact, that they furnished us with a diagram of position and appearance of the clouds at several periods of observation. We possess the original, with the signatures of the observers, and the several attitudes, distances, bearings, &c. from the lat. and long. described; and although the rate of motion at which the larger clouds must revolve round the stationary one, surpassed all human conception, still when the best Astronomers, are agreed that the distance even of many of the fixed stars may be such that "since they were first created, the first beam of light which they emitted has not yet arrived within the limits of our system;" while others, which have disappeared or have been destroyed for many ages, will continue to shine in the heavens till the last ray which they emitted has reached our earth, no rapidity of motion or extension of space can of themselves justify credulity, which both are infinite. But though such sublime and awful truths must annihilate the giddy (pride) of finite capacity, and

till the mind of man with wonder and admiration; how must it elevate his conceptions of that Great Source, from which emanates such inconceivable grandeur, that its very contemplation paralyzes the strongest mind and humbles all creative being to the dust.

THE PEPPER PLANT,

Is a species of vine, which twines round the trees in the vicinity, especially the mango: the leaf is pungent and aromatic, the berries grow in clusters, like currants, close to the stalks. When ripe, the berries are gathered, and before being dried, are steeped in warm water, in order to preserve them from insects.

[Register of Arts.

THE GATHERER.

BOTTLE COMPANIONS.

Let any one who has had much experience of life, look back upon the ranks of his friends, companions, acquaintances, and persons whom he knew but by name—or not even by name—although he had become informed of something of their habits and history. How many drunkards among them have drunk themselves to death, and, before their natural term, disappeared—first into disgraceful retirement in some far-off hut, with a poor peasant for keeper—and then into some kirkyard, apart from the bones of kindred! The scholar of bright parts, perhaps, but unsettled principles, who had committed the fatal error of attaching himself to no one profession or pursuit, but who preferred hanging loose on the world, till the world, weary of him, blew him rudely off; and who then, losing year after year, at first unconsciously, and at last with the bitterest consciousness, portion after portion of his dignity and independence, became, in the very prime of life, and with all his misdirected abilities, a pauper and a reprobate, whom it were pitiful, almost disgraceful, to shake by the clammy hand; and whom, partly from his own fault, and partly from a kind of fatality, it had become utterly impossible essentially to befriend! You heard nothing of him for a year—he had gone, none knew whither—till you were told that he was dead. Then how many young men, intended for the church, the sons of poor but decent parents, who had hoped to see them "shaking their heads over a poppit," become dissipated in obscure haunts—till, with their characters entirely blown upon and blasted, they emerge into open day professed profligates—scoff at religion and its ministers—go about the country from house to house, disgracing themselves, and disgusting their longest-enduring friend by their drunkenness—or vices more flagitious still—degenerate into dancing-masters, or excitemen, or inferior game-keepers employed to exterminate vermin—and though sometimes pretty sober, never perfectly steady, sink gradually lower and lower in condition, till you see them blacking shoes at inn doors, at watering places, or rubbing down stage coach horses, or, all too feeble for such labour, knapping stones for Macadamized high-ways, and with downcast looks half imploring charity from the passing traveller. Or perhaps you may remember more than one—ay half a dozen medical students—as they were called—who after spending in the slips of theatres, and the boxes of taverns, and worse haunts, the means furnished for their education by parents who had meanwhile denied themselves even the necessities of life—vanished from the streets, as they said either truly or falsely, for births on board Whalers. Home—returning in poverty, they got unsettled in small rural villages, unable to support a howdie—were seen lingering for ever about change-houses—constant attendants, for no apparent purpose, at fairs—and never more than half sober at funerals, of which, under Providence, they were the chief cause, till discovered forgery made them fly the country,—or some shocking immorality excommunicated them from fire and water—or they were found drowned in pits or pools—or smothered in barley-mows—or suffocated in ditches—or found suspended by their "braces" on trees—but whatever their doom, the root of the evil was still Drunkenness. Drunkenness! although, in happy and healthy boyhood, their drink

had been from the brook or well—and ever, ere they lay down on their chaff-beds, they knelt devoutly with their little clasped hands in prayer, till the hearts of both their parents overflowed with joy!

[Blackwood's Mag.

ROYAL AMUSEMENTS.

Louis XVI, was an excellent locksmith; Ferdinand the beloved is famous for his embroidery of petticoats. The present Emperor of Austria is said to make the best sealing wax in Europe. He examines, with care, the seal of every letter brought him, and is delighted when he can say, as he generally does, "My own wax is better than that!" It is a pity that the employments of Kings are not always as innocent. Ferdinand would have no doubt made an excellent linen draper's shopman, had he been placed where nature designed him to be fixed; and the representative of the Cæsars would have made an excellent managing clerk in the house of certain wholesale stationers.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

The celebrated professor Hufeland, in his Medical Journal, mentions the case of a girl in Silesia, who has fallen into a lethargy which has lasted two years and four months. When this curious disease first seized her, she was unable to open her eyes when she awoke; and when questioned by the persons about her, respecting her malady, she could not articulate, but dropped tears indicative of the unhappy state she was in. As the disease advanced, a slight motion in the fingers marked the approach of consciousness. The moment she has swallowed a little milk, or other light nourishment, she sinks into slumber again. Her strength has sensibly diminished and it is thought she cannot live much longer. Dr. Hufeland states, that this malady is much more common of late than formerly.

ANECDOTES OF LOVE.

Vandyke married a kinswoman, not of Earl Cowper, but Earl Gower. She was the Cænon of the beautiful picture of her, and Vandyke his own Paris. A painter of the name of Astly married a lady (Lady Daniel) who set to him for her picture. He was a wretched hand, but a fine person of a man, and a great coxcomb; and on his strutting up and down before the portrait when it was done with a prodigious air of self-satisfaction, she observed, "If he was so pleased with the copy, he might have the original." It was something after the same fashion that Mr. Wycherley married Lady Drogheda. Coming into a bookseller's shop to ask for the *Plain Dealer*, a friend of Wycherley's pushed the author himself forward, and said, "There is the Plain Dealer for you, madam." She took him at his friend's word, or rather at her own, and married the author that painted her portrait (not knowing it) among his fine ladies.

LABOUR LOST.

A learned man of Naples, Martorelli, occupied himself for two years in writing a long memoir, in order to prove that the ancients were unacquainted with the use of glass for windows; and fifteen days after the publication of this folio, a house was discovered in Pompeii, all the windows of which were paned with glass.

FALSE EARS.

When Ibrahim Pacha took Missolonghi, he compelled his Greek prisoners to cut off the ears of their countrymen who had fallen in battle, and pickle them, to be sent to Constantinople. As they did not appear sufficiently numerous, he caused to be added the ears of several Turks. The prisoners, however, introduced into each barrel of ears the following paper:—"It will be seen by the length of these ears that they are not Greek."

A person speaking with indifference of Byron's poetry, a gentleman who heard him, said, "Aye, that is a man now, who could see nothing in St. Paul's dome, but a large tumbler turned upside down."

A cockney being quizzed about his omitting the aspirate letter h, &c. in his pronunciation, said, "What's the odds, whether I say *heat* or *cut*?" "Why," replied a wag, "it is the difference between *cooling* a chop, and *making* a meal of it."

HISTORICAL.

THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN.

The account of this battle, which follows, is from the historical works of Schiller, as rendered from the German by Mr. George Moir, and published in a late number of Constable's Edinburgh Miscellany. Every reader of taste (says the London Literary Gazette) must, we think, be delighted to compare Schiller's Tragedy of Wallenstein with his own history of the same events; and it will perhaps be felt that the death of the hero is nobler in the prose account than when wrought up into poetry for the scene. The whole description of the battle of Lutzen is admirable; the death of Gustavus equal to any thing in Thucydides; and Mr. Moir's version does ample justice to the theme—as the annexed example will testify.

The expectations of Europe, disappointed before Nuremberg, were now to be fulfilled on the plains of Lutzen. Two generals so equal in importance, in renown, and ability, had not yet been opposed to each other during the whole course of the war. Courage had not yet been startled by so awful a hazard, or hope animated by so glorious a prize. Europe was next day to know who was its greatest general;—the leader, who had hitherto been invincible, to acknowledge a victor. This morning was to decide whether the victories of Gustavus at Leipzig and on the Lech, were owing to his own genius, or the incompetency of his opponent: whether the services of Friedland were to vindicate the emperor's choice, and to justify the high price at which they had been purchased. The victory was doubtful, but certain the labour and the bloodshed by which it must be earned. Each army knew the enemy to which it was to be opposed; and the anxiety which each in vain attempted to conceal, afforded a convincing proof of their reciprocal strength. At last the dreaded morning dawned; but an impenetrable fog, which brooded over the field of battle, delayed the attack till noon. The king, kneeling in front of his army, offered up his devotions; while the whole army, also on their knees, joined in a moving hymn, accompanied by martial music. The king then mounted his horse and clad only in a leathern doublet and surcoat, (for a wound he had formerly received would not allow him to wear armour,) rode along the ranks, to animate the bosoms of the soldiers with a courage and confidence which the foreboding presentiment of his own heart contradicted. "God with us!" was the word on the part of the Swedes; "Jesus with us!" on that of the Imperialists. About eleven the fog began to clear up, and the enemy became visible. At the same moment Lutzen was discovered in flames, having been set on fire by order of the duke, to prevent his being out-flanked on that side. The charge was sounded; the cavalry rushed against the enemy, and the infantry marched forward against the trenches. Received by a terrible fire of musketry and heavy artillery, these intrepid battalions maintained the attack, till the enemy's musketeers abandoned their posts, the trenches were passed, the battery carried, and the cannon turned against the enemy. They pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity; the first of the five Imperial brigades was routed, the second thrown into confusion, and the third was already preparing for flight. But here Wallenstein's presence of mind exerted itself. He flew with the rapidity of lightning to the spot, to restore order among the troops; and his powerful word was itself sufficient to stop the flight of the fugitives. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the vanquished brigades formed anew, faced the enemy, and attacked the broken ranks of the Swedes. A murderous conflict ensued. The nearness of the enemy left no room for fire-arms, the fury of the attack no time for loading; man fought against man; the useless musket was exchanged for the sword and the pike, and art gave place to the reckless energy of despair. Overpowered by numbers, the wearied Swedes at last retired beyond the trenches; and the battery which they had captured was again lost by their retreat. A thousand mangled bodies already strewn the field, and yet no step of ground had been gained. Meantime, the king's right wing, led on by himself, had attacked

the left of the enemy. The first impetuous shock of the Finland cuirassiers scattered the lightly mounted Poles and Croats who were placed upon this wing, and their disorderly flight spread terror and confusion among the rest of the cavalry. At this moment the king received the intelligence that his infantry were retiring across the trenches, and also that his left wing was severely annoyed and already wavering from the fire of the artillery at the windmills. With rapid decision, he left to general Horn the task of pursuing the vanquished left of the enemy, while he flew, at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, to repair the disorder of his right wing. His horse bore him, with the speed of light, across the trenches; but the passage was more difficult for the squadrons that followed, and only a few horsemen, among whom was Francis Albert, duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, were able to keep up with the king. He spurred directly towards the place where his infantry were most closely pressed, and while he gazed around in search of an opening in the enemy's line for attack, his shortness of sight unfortunately led him too close to their ranks. An Imperial Gefreyter,* remarking that every one respectfully made way for him, immediately ordered a musketeer to take aim at him. "Fire at that man," said he, "that must be a person of distinction." The soldier fired, and the king's left arm was shattered. At that moment his squadrons came hurrying up, and a confused cry of "The king bleeds! the king is shot!" spread terror and consternation among the troop. "It is nothing—follow me," cried the king, collecting his whole strength; but overcome by pain, and nearly fainting, he requested the duke of Lauenburg, in French, to lead him secretly out of the tumult. While the latter was moving towards the right wing with the king, and making a long circuit to conceal this discouraging sight from the disordered infantry, the king received a second shot through the back, which deprived him of his small remaining strength. "Brother," said he, with a dying voice, "I am gone; look to your own life." At the same moment he sank from his horse; pierced by several shots, and abandoned by all his attendants, he breathed his last amidst the hands of the Croatian plunderers. His charger, flying without its rider, and covered with blood, announced to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their king. They rushed madly forward to rescue his remains from the hands of the enemy. A murderous conflict took place above the corpse, till the inanimate body was covered with a heap of slain. The dreadful intelligence soon ran through the Swedish army; but instead of dispiriting these brave soldiers, it only excited them to a new, a wilder, and more destructive fury. Life seemed to have lost its value, now that the most sacred life of all had fled; death had no terrors for the lowly, since the monarch had fallen beneath his hand.

[The fluctuating fortunes of the battle are narrated with a masterly spirit; and the operations of Horn, Pappenheim, Piccolomini, and Wallenstein, are as clearly placed before the reader as if he were a spectator of the fight.]

The regiments of Upland, Smaland, Finland, East and West Gothland, rushed like lions a second time against the left wing of the enemy, which had offered but a feeble resistance to general Horn, and was now entirely beaten out of the field. Bernard, duke of Saxe-Weimar, gave to the beleaguered Swedes a noble leader in his own person; and the spirit of Gustavus seemed anew to animate his victorious squadrons. The left wing was speedily rallied, and pressed hard against the right of the Imperialists. The artillery at the windmills, which had kept up such a murderous fire against the Swedes, fell into their hands, and its thunders were directed against the enemy. The centre of the Swedish infantry, under the command of Bernard and Knipphausen, advanced a second time against the trenches, which they successfully passed, and a second time they made themselves masters of the battery of seven cannons. The attack was now renewed with redoubled vehemence upon the heavy battalions of the enemy's centre; their resistance gradually became less and less; and chance itself seemed to conspire with the efforts of the Swedes to complete their defeat. The Imperi-

* Gefreyter, a person exempt from watching duty, nearly corresponding to the corporal.

al powder wagons took fire, and the grenades and bombs were blown with a tremendous explosion into the air. The enemy now in confusion, thought they were attacked in the rear, while the Swedish brigades pressed them in front.—Their courage failed. They saw their left wing defeated, their right on the point of giving way, their artillery in the enemy's hands. The battle seemed, to be almost decided; the fate of the day depended on a single moment;—and in that moment Pappenheim appeared on the field with his cuirassiers and dragoons; every advantage was lost, and the battle was begun anew. The order which recalled that general to Lutzen had reached him in Halle, while his troops were still engaged in plundering that town. It was impossible to collect the scattered infantry with that rapidity which the pressing urgency of the order, and the impatience of Pappenheim himself required. Without waiting for them, therefore, he ordered eight regiments of cavalry to mount, and at their head he advanced at full gallop to Lutzen, to share in the battle. He arrived just in time to witness the flight of the Imperial right wing before Gustavus Horn, and to find himself at first involved in their rout. But with rapid presence of mind he rallied the fugitives, and led them anew against the enemy. Carried away by his impetuous bravery, and impatient to encounter the king, whom he expected to find at the head of this wing, he burst furiously into the Swedish ranks, which, exhausted by the victory they had already obtained, and inferior in numbers, were overpowered by this new host of enemies, after a noble resistance. The unexpected appearance of Pappenheim re-animated the expiring courage of the Imperialists, and the duke of Friedland rapidly availed himself of this favourable moment to form his line again. The close ranged battalions of the Swedes were, after a tremendous conflict, again repulsed across the trenches, and the battery which had been twice captured, rescued from their hands. The whole yellow regiment, the finest of all which distinguished themselves in this dreadful day, lay dead upon the spot, covering the field almost in the same order which they had so nobly maintained while alive. Another regiment, in blue, shared the same fate, which Count Piccolomini attacked with the Imperial cavalry, and overcame after a desperate contest. Seven times did this intrepid general renew the attack; seven horses were shot under him, and he himself was pierced with six musket-balls. Yet he would not leave the field, until compelled by the general retreat of the whole army. Wallenstein himself was seen riding through his ranks with cool intrepidity, amidst a shower of balls, assisting the distressed, animating the brave by his example, and intimidating the wavering by his frown. His men were falling thick around him, and his own mantle was pierced with several balls. But destiny this day protected that breast for which another weapon was reserved; on the same field where the noble Gustavus expired, Wallenstein was not to terminate his guilty career. Less fortunate was Pappenheim, the Telamon of the army, the bravest soldier of the church and of the house of Austria. An ardent desire to encounter the king carried this daring leader into the thickest of the fight, where he thought he was most likely to find his noble opponent. Gustavus had also expressed his wish to meet his brave antagonist, but these hostile desires remained ungratified; the heroes, for the first time, met in death. Two musket-balls pierced the heart of Pappenheim: and he was forcibly carried, by his soldiers, out of the field. While they were engaged in conveying him to the rear, a murmur reached his ear, that he whom he had sought lay dead upon the plain. When assured of the truth of this intelligence, his look became brighter, his dying eye sparkled with a gleam of joy. "Tell the Duke of Friedland," said he, "that I am mortally wounded; but that I die happy, since I know that the implacable enemy of my faith has fallen on the same day." With Pappenheim vanished the good fortune of the Imperialists. No sooner did the cavalry of the right wing, already beaten, and only rallied by his exertions, miss their victorious leader, than they gave up every thing for lost, and abandoned the field of battle in despair. The right wing fell into similar confusion, with the exception of a few regiments,

which the bravery of their colonels, Gotz, Terzky, Colerado, and Piccolomini, compelled to keep their ground. The Swedish infantry, with great promptitude, availed themselves of the enemy's confusion. To fill up the gaps which death had made in these ranks, they formed both lines into one, and made a last decisive charge. A third time they crossed the trenches, and a third time they captured the artillery behind them. The sun was setting when the hostile lines met. The battle seemed to grow more desperate as it drew towards its close; the last efforts of strength were mutually exerted, and daring and address did their utmost to repair in these last precious minutes the fortune of the day. It was in vain; despair seemed to animate each party with superhuman strength; neither could conquer, neither would give way. The art of war seemed to exhaust its powers in one point, only to unfold some new and untried masterpiece of skill in another. Night and darkness at last put a period to the battle, which the fury of the combatants would willingly have prolonged; and the contest ceased, only because each could no longer find his antagonists. Both armies separated, as if by tacit agreement; the trumpets sounded, and each party claiming the victory quitted the field.

More than 9,000 men of both armies lay dead upon the field; the number of the wounded was much greater, and among the Imperialists scarcely a man escaped uninjured from the field. The whole plain, from Lutzen to the Canal, was covered with the wounded, the dead, and the dying. Many of the principal nobility had fallen on both sides. Even the abbot of Fulda, who had mingled in the combat as a spectator, paid for his curiosity and his ill-timed zeal with his life. History is silent as to prisoners; an additional proof of the fury of the combatants, who neither gave nor took quarter. Pappenheim died of his wounds the next day at Leipzig; an irreparable loss to the Imperial army, which this consummate general had so often led on to conquest. * * * The messenger was already on his way to him from Madrid with the order of the Golden Fleece, when death overtook him at Leipzig. Though *Te Deum* was sung in honour of the victory in all the Spanish and Austrian dominions, Wallenstein himself, by the rapidity with which he left Leipzig, and, soon after, the whole of Saxony, and by abandoning his intention of taking up his winter-quarters in that country, openly confessed his defeat. It is true he made a feeble attempt, even in his flight, to dispute the palm of victory, by sending out his Croats next morning to the field; but the sight of the Swedish army, which stood in battle array, immediately dispersed these flying bands; and Duke Bernard, by keeping possession of the field, and soon after by the capture of Leipzig, retained the undisputed right to the title of victor. But the triumph was a melancholy one, the victory dearly bought! Now first, when the fury of conflict was over, was felt the full weight of the loss they had sustained, and the snout of triumph died away into the gloomy and mournful tone of despair. He who had led them forth to the fight returned not with them; he lay upon that field which he had gained, amidst the dead bodies of the common crowd. After a long, and, for a time, ineffectual search, the corpse of the king was discovered, not far from the great stone which, for a hundred years before, had stood between Lutzen and the Canal, and which, from the memorable disaster of that day, still bears the name of the Stone of the Swede. Covered with blood and wounds, so as to be scarcely recognised, trampled beneath the hoofs of the cavalry, deprived of its ornaments and clothes by the rude hands of the plunderers, his body was drawn from beneath a heap of dead, conveyed to Weissenfels, and there delivered up to the lamentations of the army, and the last embraces of his queen. The first tribute was paid to vengeance, and Mood had atoned for the blood of the monarch; the next was due to affection, and tears of grief were now shed for the man. Individual griefs were lost in the universal lamentation. The generals, still paralysed by the unexpected blow, stood speechless and motionless around his bier, and shrunk from contemplating the full extent of the calamity that had befallen them.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1828.

Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopædia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

June 28. Saint Irenæus; Saint Leo II.; Saints Plutarch, and other martyrs; Saints Potamian and Basilides, martyrs.—1673, a company of horse and foot from Boston, and another company of foot from Plymouth, arrived at the vicinity of head quarters of king Philip, the celebrated chief who created so much disturbance and bloodshed in New-England, and in reconnoitering the camp a party of the English were fired on; one was killed, and another wounded. The next morning a general assault was made, when the savages fled and left their camp to the conquerors.—1778, the memorable battle at Monmouth, in which the British were defeated by the Americans; general Washington commanding in person.—1797, George Keate, F. R. S. died, aged sixty-seven. He was a pleasing and popular writer. His chief productions were the account of Captain Wilson's Voyage to the Pelew Islands, and "Sketches from Nature," after the manner of Sterne.—1814, the British sloop of war *Reindeer*, captain Mannors, was captured by the United States' sloop of war *Wasp*, captain Blakely, after an action of nineteen minutes, in which the *Reindeer* had 25 killed and 42 wounded, and the *Wasp* 5 killed and 21 wounded.—1815, the French legislature applied to the duke of Wellington for a passport for Buonaparte, to go to America, to which they received for answer, that he could make no reply to such a demand.

June 29. Saint Peter the Apostle, and Saint Hemma.—368, died Julian, the Roman emperor, denominated the Apostate, of a wound he received in a battle with the Persians. He was so termed for having professed Christianity before he ascended the throne, and afterwards relapsing into Paganism. He is said by his most candid biographers, to have been virtuous and modest, liberal in his disposition, an enemy to luxury, and averse to public amusements.—1502, Columbus, on his fourth voyage, arrived at Hispaniola. Soon after his arrival at this island, apprehending an approaching storm, he advised a fleet then ready for sea, not to leave the port; but his advice was disregarded. The fleet, consisting of eighteen sail, within forty hours after its departure, was overtaken by a terrible tempest, and of the whole number of vessels, three or four only were saved. Among those were lost, was the ship in which was Bovadilla, the governor, who had sent Columbus in a tyrannical and scandalous manner to Spain. Roldon and the greater part of the enemies of Columbus were swallowed up at the same time, with the immense wealth which he had unjustly acquired. The fate of the Indian king of Magua, though also lost, was less horrible than the outrage that preceded it. He had offered to till the ground to the extent of thirty miles, for the Spaniards, if they would spare him and his people from the mines. A Spanish captain, in return for this generous proposal, ravished his wife, and the unhappy king, who secreted himself, was taken and sent on board the fleet, to be carried to Spain, but the elements were more kind. The ravisher and the victim were engulfed by the same wave.—1676, this day was observed as a season of public thanksgiving in New-England, to bless God for the comfortable prospect that their troubles and perils from their Indian neighbours were drawing to a close.—1811, the French, under marshal Suchet took Tarragona, in Spain, by assault.

June 30. Saint Paul, the apostle, and Saint Martial.—1520, Cortez being surrounded by the enraged Mexicans, in their own city, and becoming desperate from their repeated attacks, applied to Montezuma to address his subjects from a terrace, and request them to desist from their attacks, with an offer from the Spaniards to evacuate Mexico forthwith. The captive monarch standing at the railing of the terraced roof, attended by many of the Spanish soldiers, affectionately addressed the people below him to that purpose. The chiefs and nobility, when they saw their sovereign coming forward, called to their troops to stop and be silent. Four of them, approaching still nearer to him, addressed him with great sympathy and respect, but told him, that

they had promised their gods, never to desist, but with the total destruction of the Spaniards. A shower of arrows and stones fell about the spot where Montezuma stood; but he was protected by the Spaniards, who interposed their shields. At the instant of removing their shields, that Montezuma might resume his address, three stones and an arrow struck him to the ground. He was carried to his apartment, where he died in a few days, "less of his wound, which was but inconsiderable, than of sorrow and indignation." He was in the fifty-fourth year of his age. His body was honourably borne out, and delivered to the Mexicans, who received it with strong expressions of sorrow.—1815, a treaty of peace was concluded between the United States and the Dey of Algiers.

JULY.

Nature faints with fervent heat—
Ah! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

MONTGOMERY.

This month, now the seventh of the calendar, was originally the fifth; the Roman calendar, beginning the year with March instead of January. Hence its name was *Quintilis* among them. In the Alban calendar, from which the Roman was borrowed, the month *Quintilis* numbered thirty-six days. Romulus, the founder of Rome, reduced it to thirty-one, and Numa afterwards to thirty. Julius Cæsar, among the least censurable acts of his ambition, conceived the idea of reforming the calendar, and with the very trifling alteration made by Pope Gregory XIII. the results of his extensive improvement are continued to this day, and are not at all likely ever to be laid aside. The calendar has given him a fame as lasting, and what is much more, as glorious as the conquest of Gaul, except to such as delight in the savage honours of a blood-stained renown.

It was from Mark Antony, the sycophant and ape of Cæsar, that the name of this month owes its change from *Quintilis* to *Julius*, and this too with more of justice and a great deal less of treachery on his side, than when he offered him a crown in the senate house. His design was to hand down the name of his friend and patron through the calendar he had so successfully modified; and selecting this month for such honorary distinction, to denote that *Julius* was emperor of the world, and therefore appropriate leader of half the year.

This month was called by our Saxon ancestors *Hæu-Monat*, or *Hæy-Monat*, that is *Hay month*; it was also termed *Mæd-Monat*, or *Mead month*, from the fact that the meads or meadows, were then in blossom.

All the senses are powerfully wrought upon during this month, in a variety of ways. The sight is gratified with the broad fields of ripening wealth which the expanse of nature presents; trees bending under the richest and most delicious kinds of fruit; some already ripe, others rapidly swelling into their native luxuriance; fields waving their golden acres to the gentlest of breezes, and flattered into maturity by the smiles of the most uxorious of suns; meadows in all the richness of their blossoming pride, spreading their kind bosoms to the embraces of the eager and panting flocks, or the scythe of the sweat drenched mower; the beauty of nature's smiles in the morning sun or the evening cloud; and the grandeur of her frowns in the black tempest, and the vivid lightning. The songsters of the grove are mute, yet the ear has its sense awakened by the song of the reaper, the ringing of the mower's sythe, and the yet more lofty but dreadful roll of the thunder. The taste is gratified with the most delicious fruits of the season; the strawberry, the cherry and the whole produce of the kitchen garden. But the smell, finest of the animal functions, has no season like the present,—not even the hallowed time of flowers,—for the full and grateful enjoyment of its own will. The sense of feeling is in fact the only faculty of man which is now to him a burden and a nuisance. Some shrewd remarks from the Indicator, an English work, are really better than any thing we can say ourselves on this head, and our readers will readily excuse their being quoted in this place. "Now grasshoppers fry, as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now a fellow who finds that he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them."

come intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloe, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane with dust and broken bottles in it, is a thing not to be thought of. Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in door ways, and out of windows, always beginning their conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waistcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuce into bowls, and apprentices water door ways with tin canisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water cart, jumbling along the middle of the streets, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, *really does something*. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant; and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ices; and the after dinner lounge recreates his head with applications of perfumed water, out of long necked bottles. Now the lounge who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now five fat people in a stage coach, hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in offices do nothing but drink soda water and spruce beer, and read the newspaper. Now bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated, and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companions start up, with playing a burning glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are supercarbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy to spread; and dragons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk about in a state of dilapidation; and servant maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing."

July 1. Saint Rumbold; Saints Julius and Aaron; Saint Theobald; Saint Gal; Saint Calais; Saint Leonorus; Saint Simon Salus; Saint Thieri, and Saint Cybar.—1690, the battle of the Boyne, fought on this day, decided the fate of James II. and placed William III. prince of Orange on the throne of Great Britain and Ireland.—1810, Louis Buonaparte abdicated the throne of Holland.—1814, Lieut. Gregory of the United States' navy, surprised the British at Presque Isle, and burned the schooner building there.

July 2. Visitation of the blessed Virgin; Saints Processus and Martinian; Saint Otho; Saint Monegoude, and Saint Onocephalus.—1775, general Washington took command of the American army, then collected at Cambridge, to the great joy of the army and provinces.—1800, on this day a bill for the union of Great Britain and Ireland was signed by the order of the king.—1814, the United States' schooner Alligator, lieutenant Basset, was upset by a tornado, while lying at anchor in Port Royal Sound, South Carolina, and out of thirty-nine persons on board, only twelve were saved.

July 3. Saint Phocas; Saint Guthagon; Saint Gunthiern, and Saint Bertram.—1751, on this day, William Dellicott was convicted at the quarter sessions for Salisbury, England, of petty larceny, for stealing *one penny*; whereby his effects, consisting of bank notes to the amount of 180 pounds sterling, and twenty guineas in money, were forfeited to the bishop, as lord of the manor; but his lordship humanely ordered 100 pounds of the money to be put to interest for the benefit of the wretch's daughter, twenty pounds to be given to his aged father, and the remainder to be returned to the delinquent himself.—1779, Grenada, in the West Indies was captured by the French.—1814, Fort Erie with its garrison surrendered to general Brown without resistance.

July 4. Saint Ulrick; Saint Odo; Saint Sisoës; Saint Bertha; Saint Finbar, and Saint Bolcan, a disciple of Saint Patrick.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

It is universally allowed that our existence as a nation,

though virtually previous, was formally fixed by the declaration of the American congress at Philadelphia, on the fourth of July 1776. As this subject naturally becomes a matter of reflection on every return of this glorious anniversary, we are now led to recapitulate the origin and causes which led to this sublime event: and such reflection induces us to denominate that day, rather as a period at which Independence became a man, and declared himself free, than to account it, as is usually the case, the birth day of that glorious attribute.

The power of taxing the colonies became a fundamental principle in the policy of the mother country, so early as 1764, when the British house of commons passed the famous fifty five regulations, on the motion of Mr. Grenville. This is justly looked upon as the declaration of war on the part of the mother country. In this and the following year, the resolutions of the several colonies, not to submit to parliamentary usurpation, may be considered as the respondent declaration on the part of the colonies. Yet, if we examine critically into the momentous affairs of that period, we are led to date the birth of Independence still further back.

The design of great Britain to reduce the English colonies to the unlimited authority of parliament may be dated as far back as 1759. General Amherst had reduced Montreal, and consequently the power of France in America. This increase of territory and strength created in the ministry some fears for the loyalty of a country so extensive. They were already, by the charters which they held from the crown, in almost every respect, independent and sovereign in their government. Whether to allow this independence to go on unquestioned, at the hazard of loyalty, or to crush it by apparently feeble yet sure means, became a serious question with the ministry; and unfortunately for them, they resolved upon the latter.

The first movement to this effect, was the act of giving instructions to Mr. Paxton, collector of customs for the port of Boston, to carry into effect the "*Acts of Trade*"—certain parliamentary statutes which had been procured to be passed nearly a century before, by a combination of West India planters and North American royal governors. These acts never had been executed, and there never had been a time when they would have been, or could have been obeyed.

Mr. Paxton was instructed to apply to the civil authority for *Writs of Assistance*, to enable the custom-house officers, tide waiters, land waiters, and all, to command all sheriffs and constables, to attend and aid them in breaking open houses, stores, shops, cellars, ships, &c., to search for goods, wares, and merchandize, which had been imported against the prohibitions, or without paying the taxes imposed by the same "*Acts of Trade*." Boston was not thought by this collector, a proper place to commence these operations. He therefore instructed his deputy collector, at Salem, to apply to the superior court in November 1760, for the above-named Writs of Assistance. Stephen Sewall, an incorruptible whig, was then chief justice of the court. He expressed great doubts of the legality of such writs, and not one of his associates on the bench spoke in favour of it: but it was an application on the part of the crown, and the court ordered the question to be argued at the next term, which was to be held in Boston, in the following February, to wit, 1761.

At this court term INDEPENDENCE WAS BORN! Justice Sewall had died, and Hutchinson, a great tory had been appointed to fill his place on the bench, as was believed, for the express purpose of forwarding the plan. Jeremiah Gridley, a man whose fame is not only associated with the purest virtues, but whose memory will find a safe depositary in the heart of every mason, was counsel for the crown. He argued with his characteristic learning, ingenuity, and dignity; and said all that could be said in favour of the petition for the writs:—but it was all founded on the ever doubtful "*If the parliament of Great Britain be sovereign legislature of the whole British empire.*" Messrs. Oxenbridge Thatcher and James Otis were the counsel on the other side. The eloquence of Thatcher was like a river of oil: and his softness of manner, cool reasoning, and ingenuity were never more conspicuous. "*But Otis was,*" to use the words of a cotemporary, and an eye witness, "*a flame of fire.*" History, law, and prophecy were upon his lips,

and the same eye witness mentioned before, says, "*every man of an immense crowded audience, appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take up arms against Writs of Assistance.*"

Fifteen years after, the declaration which is this day to be read to millions, as one of the most sacred charters, was issued to the world. It is venerated by every American, with a devotion, like that with which the pious heart embraces the precepts of divine inspiration. But one of the hands which subscribed an imperishable name to its fearless sentences, is now warmed with the blood of earthly life. Two who have successively filled the measure of its gifts, and lived for half a century under the vine of their own planting, took their leave of its protection for the more perfect liberty of another and a better world, on the anniversary of its date. The peerless CHARLES CARROLL survives alone, like the oak, decaying by time and tempests, surrounded only by the trees which sprung from his own acorns. To no other mortal will this anniversary come as it will to him; and to us let it be, since we cannot equal, an everlasting obligation to imitate his virtues and to protect his fame.

APPEAL TO THE PUBLICK.

THE POWER OF THE PRESS, as it may be brought to bear on the moral energies of a free and enlightened people, has innumerable ways of operation, and under the united advantages of an improving taste, and a liberal patronage, has no rival in meliorating and exalting the condition of man. The day in which the publick orator was the most efficient and only organ of useful instruction, has bravely passed away; and now, the humble sheet which finds its way to every fire side, and offers its aid to the edification of every good cause, has become one of the most effectual promoters and supports of Religion, Literature and true happiness. The remark of an eminent British statesman and scholar, "*that the day has arrived when the schoolmaster, with his primer, can advance the strength and prosperity of any nation more than armies with bayonets,*" is acknowledged to be just and true in the strictest sense. Enlarging upon this idea, we may with equal justice say, that the press, by its little hebdomadal of a few pages, can do more to enlighten and temperate the minds and propensities of the people, than all the protracted and noisy debates of senates, or all the disquisition of legal questions or legal forms which occupy the labours of the bench and the bar.

The indifference of the professed advocates for a more universal extension of the labours of the Literary and Scientific press, is to be accounted for only in a mistaken notion of their utility or expense. The ordinary topics of political journals have gained perhaps more permanently on the attention of those who ought to encourage something less ephemeral, and at the same time more instructing. Of all the papers which are issued from our presses, none are so poorly supported, and none certainly deserve a more liberal patronage, than those who thrust political and local affairs entirely from their columns. This is a rather poor evidence in favour of publick taste; but thus it will be while men of good information and enlightened principles suffer these principles to stand secondary to the emergent interests of a party or a single section of the country.

The columns of the MASONICK RECORD, though primarily devoted to the interests of an order, are principally occupied by such matter as will meet with the approbation of all lovers of useful knowledge who are willing to peruse them. Freemasonry is not Religion, Literature, Science nor the Arts; but it becomes the duty of every brother to study, promulgate and support them all. Under these duties we intend to direct a large portion of our labours to the amusement and instruction of our Literary and Scientific patrons, whether brothers in our order or not. The RECORD has already circulated largely among the uninitiated; and even the ladies, from whom any thing bearing the name of the fraternity is often visited with vituperation, have so far approbated our endeavours to please, as to become not only constant readers, but subscribers. We trust that those who are not numbered with our brethren of the craft will have no reason to withdraw their patronage; and we shall continue our exertions with a hope, not only of retaining, but even of increasing the popularity of our print among them. They have our thanks for the share of favour

we have hitherto received, and our wishes that the harmony of our intercourse may ever stand the tests which it has encountered in the ranks of our enemies, and never be dissolved while our labours or our acquaintance shall last.

But to our Masonick Brethren we must make a still stronger appeal for that support which is necessary to the existence of a work of this kind. They are not ignorant of the advantages to be derived from the aid of the press, in advancing the great principles of freemasonry. The *Masonick Record* is now the only weekly publication which is nominally and professedly devoted to the interests of the order in America, and we believe in the English language. We know of none in Europe, and are inclined to believe much as the order is respected in Britain and her dominions, there is not a single masonick print of any kind. In America there are several devoted partially to freemasonry; but they do not assume the responsibility of a masonick name, and are at any time prepared to drop the task of masonick labour, whenever another topic shall offer more to their interest; while the *Masonick Record* is left to its name for its support, and must stand or fall, as the principles of the order are cherished or neglected. This has induced our opponents to denigrate it, the Organ of the Masonick Institution;—a title which it belongs to the support we receive from the brotherhood to decide, whether appropriate or not. We have no reason to complain as yet of the liberality of the craft. If the labours of our enemies are duly considered, the subscription has been as general as could be expected. It has gradually increased from its first establishment, in spite of the opposition of the uninitiated and the unfaithfulness or languor of time-serving brethren. Yet the fruits of our labour are not an adequate consideration for the expenses of such an establishment, and the labour bestowed in order that it may be worthy of the cause in which we are embarked. We have not the double advantage of an advertising and a subscribing patronage. A few personal or literary friends have been accommodated with a place in our columns, but not to that extent which would make advertising any object to the establishment.

Since the exterminating fever has passed its meridian heat, we earnestly solicit the aid of our brethren, in extending and bettering our prospects of patronage. The cause is, or ought to be worth the attention of every true brother, were it at an ordinary period in the annals of the order. But when by the meanest pretences, and the most acute intrigue, plans are daily laid, to hunt down and destroy; and men of better heads and hearts are induced to listen to the mischievous fabrications of the meanest of our opponents, it is necessary, if nothing more, that a medium should be offered, whereby the wrongfully accused may answer for themselves, and have their case treated with something in the shape of disinterested inquiry. There is no danger in all these appearances that will eventually injure the firm and immutable cause of freemasonry. On the contrary, as the guilty will inevitably be detected and punished, the present is a trial, which shall result in a thorough purification of the order. We shall know who are worthy and who are hypocrites; and we hope and trust that every unworthy partaker of the benefits, before the present storm has settled to a calm, will pass over, and arrange himself with our present enemies. But, through the diabolical stratagems of ambitious demagogues, many individuals have suffered, and by unjust accusations and highly coloured aggravations perhaps of imprudent demeanour, have been set up as marks for the shafts of public obloquy. To whom shall they turn for a medium through which to exculpate themselves in the public eye? They may meet with some commiseration from the conductors of public journals; but it would be at the hazard of their support to allow them to address the people through their columns. They must then either content themselves with silence and imputed guilt, or find some avenue to popular opinion unobstructed by selfishness or fear. All who reflect on this, and think with us that even the vilest have a right to be heard, must come to the conclusion, that this consideration is not one of the least reasons why a paper like the *Record* should meet with support from the institution, proportionate to the wants of its persecuted members.

Our readers are aware, and indeed we have been accused

of want of zeal, that we did not throw ourselves in contact with every one who has set his puny self in array against the order of our choice. It becomes us, if common masonick prudence has not already hinted our reasons, to state them clearly and candidly. Did we believe that the sneers, and outrageously blasphemous language of our opponents would materially injure either the present or future prosperity of our institution, we should have some reason to lift up our voice in its defence. But we can not. Did we think that even the most bitter and implacable vituperators themselves believe one half they utter against the institution, we should be in duty bound for their sakes to undeceive them. But they do not. Did we believe that we could enter this controversy without degrading the purposes of our masonick precepts by prostituting them to political purposes, or what is nearly the same thing, by interfering with, and exposing political leagues, we should have some grounds for taking a side. But we can not. Who is a mason, and will stoop to defend his tenets in opposition to a bar-room rabble, or a ring of railing school boys? Or who would have the meanness to stand in the public streets and defend even his own character from the brawls of a common drunkard, a madman or a courtesan? If the dictates of common prudence, or the dignity of good breeding would not teach him to retire from such a contest, we all know that the prudent duties of masonry enjoin it; and we dare not disobey them.

Finally, we call upon all who feel and are ready to express to each other and to the world their fellowship and interests with the fraternity, to stand firm to the prudent, charitable and enlightened policy of the order, as taught in the Book of Constitutions. Let them consider that the duties devolving on us are such as can be only fulfilled through the blessing of heaven and their encouragement. Let them bear always in mind and in practice the apostolic maxim,—*as we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, and especially unto them who are of the household of faith.*

NEWS AND TABLE TALK.

Elegant Extract. The Ontario Phoenix, after copying a column or more from the *Escritoir* of November 25, 1826, under the caption of "the Batavia Row—again!" in which is introduced an extract from the New-York Evening Post, winds off his subject with the following exquisite mark of attention to ourselves:—

"'Child of mortality,' what did you mean by such a nonsensical insult?—Had all your better wit been exhausted in taking affidavits for the innumerable insolvent notices, which render the Argus such a valuable paper? or had you become giddy watching Croswell, who watched Butler, who watched Dudley, who watched Van Buren, who watched the presidential chair? Frankly, sir, meaner stuff than this, could not be skimmed out of the pot of iniquity. And then, to tincture it with Coleman's rum jelly, is beneath the dregs of human depravity. As to the sanction of the two resolves, 'it is a base bird that fouls its own nest.' [Don Sancho Panza, hem!] Ontario Lodge must have been thinly attended, or else those members who 'plead guilty, in relation to Morgan's abduction withdrew when the vote was taken. Think of that Child! Verily, masons murdered Morgan, and the institution possesses no art of sufficient efficacy to wash out the blood.—Think of that too, Child!"

[Shade of Longinus! Verily a Phoenix hath arisen from the ashes of Greece!]—*Longevity.* There are seventeen men living in the town of New-Haven, whose united ages amount to 1413 years. The average is eighty-three years. In addition to these, there are twenty-seven men, whose united ages amount to 1871 years, and whose average age is seventy-three years. The average of the whole is about seventy-seven years.—*Mail by Water.* The arrival of the mail on some day a few weeks ago being announced in the *Arkansas Gazette*, it is added that the post rider on his previous trip had to swim no less than twelve creeks or bays in one day.—*Froftable Cow.* A cow belonging to J. H. Powell, near Philadelphia, of the Durham short horned breed, gives daily, twenty-six quarts of milk which produces 20½ pounds of butter per week.—*Independence.*

The Greek Committee of New-York, have resolved to send out another vessel with supplies for the Greeks, on the fourth of July.—Mr. Cooper, the celebrated author of the Pilot, the Prairie, the Red Rover, &c. is said to have in press a work of an entirely new character. It is to be

called "Notions of the Americans, picked up by a travelling Bachelor."—*Another Beautiful Extract.* We find in the first number of the *Anti-masonick Free Press*, a new paper, just started in Boston, the following very genteel and classic language, under the caption of *Slow Work*. We have rummaged over our files, and closely inspected every corner of our lucubatory department in quest of the passage thus honourably mentioned, but we are forced to give it up, with the conclusion that we never saw it before: did you, sir?

"*Slow Work.* The Albany Masonick Record says 'three thousand years have gone down the rapid tide of time since masonry began her glorious march.' Shade of O'Botherem what a tramp! It certainly has taken masonry a prodigious time to crawl up to its present elevation, but its descent will be more rapid. It will go down like Lucifer—'Nine days he fell.'"

[There is some justice in this murdered quotation from Milton, if it is intended to apply to the Quixotical chimera that threaten 'fire and tow,' or *hemp* to the stiff-necked adherents of masonry. Honest men always believed it to be a 'nine-days wonder.' What his motives are for this noble and red hot puff of his zeal at us, it is not difficult to guess. It is sufficient for us to declare that no such passage has ever appeared in the columns of the Masonick Record, before the present number. We furthermore protest that no such passage has ever come from the pen of the editor of the Masonick Record, nor from the pen of any person who has for a moment performed any part of an editor's duties for it. For all the ghostly display of skulls and marrow bones, and for all the saintly professions of disinterested piety he deals so boldly in, the readers of the Masonick Record will think of the Boston Anti-masonick Free Press as it deserves, and of the cause it advocates as standing in urgent need of the talents which its editor shows for hypocrisy and falsehood! Talents which, by the bye, are fully equal to the cause.]

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDOBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARNELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bando-box Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the public. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for Bristles. June 28. 1826.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 230, corner of North Market and Stephen streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to No. 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1828. 156f

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners at 62 1-2 cents a volume. Dec 22 471f

HARTWICK SEMINARY.—This Seminary has been established about thirteen years, in the pleasant valley of the Susquehanna, county of Otsego, situated four and a half miles from the village of Cooperstown, and seventy miles west from the city of Albany. Young gentlemen from various parts of the United States, have there received a preparatory education for entering college in this and the neighbouring states. And the subscriber believes that most of his pupils have hitherto sustained a favourable character at college, both in relation to their moral conduct, and their proficiency in the several branches of sciences in which they have been instructed.

The branches taught are the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; French and German; Natural Philosophy; History; Mathematics in general, and particularly Surveying, both theoretical and practical; Geography; English Grammar; exercises in English composition; Arithmetic, Writing, &c.

The Rev. George B. Miller, who for a number of years past has been successfully engaged in the tuition of youth, both in this state and the state of New-Jersey, has been appointed assistant teacher in the seminary. The present term commenced on Monday the 19th of May, to continue to the last Wednesday in August.

For further particulars and reference as to the character of the institution, the subscriber would refer the public to the Rev. F. G. Mayer, of Albany; the Rev. Dr. Wackerhagen, of Clermont; the Rev. Dr. Quitman, of Rhinebeck; the Rev. Dr. Nott, President of Union College; the Rev. Mr. Shaffer, and the Rev. Dr. Geisenbainer, of New-York; to the clergy of the Lutheran Church in this and the neighbouring states in general, and to the trustees of Hartwick Seminary in particular.

Good boarding may be had in the neighbourhood of the seminary, at the moderate price of 12 or 14 shillings per week.

ERNEST L. HAZELIUS,
Principal of Hartwick Seminary.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

SHOWER AT NIGHT.

'Tis darker,— and the mountain's brow
Rears up a black cloud to our sky
And o'er its sable borders now
The living lightnings fly
More fiercely as the rousing storm
Uplifts its terrifying form
To the beholder's eye.
Then like the earthquake's troubled roll
The voice of thunder shakes the pole!

And where now is that death-like cast—
That silence one might almost feel?
The spell that bound the waves hath passed,
And the torn clouds reveal
The habitations of the wind
That rouses from its sleep behind!
And all united reel,
Like spirit armies who would show
Their vengeance on the world below!

A God of terror makes his seat
On that dark summit.—Who can stand
Where he hath set his burning feet,
Or laid his crushing hand?
Wind, hail, and thunder wait his beck
To make all human things a wreck,
And lay the teeming land,
One mighty waste whereon to rear
The ruins of a hemisphere!

A God of mercy stays his arm
Lest he pursue his works to death!
And now in streams as soft and warm
As sleeping infants' breath,
The rains descend;—and earth lifts up
Her parching lips to kiss the cup
Which seemed uncharged with wrath,
And boiling with destruction's birth,
When it was filled with joy to earth.

June 26, 1828.

FLORENCE.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

MY PARTNER.

At Cheltenham, where one drinks owes fill
Of folly and cold water,
I danced, last year, my first quadrille,
With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
When summer's rose is new;
Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
When autumn's sky is blue;
And well my heart might deem her one
Of life's most precious flowers,
For half her thoughts were of its sun,
And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels:—Vivian Grey
Was positively charming,
And Almack's infinitely gay,
And Frankenstein alarming;
I said, De Vere was chastely told,
Thought well of Herbert Lacy,
Called Mr. Banim's sketches bold,
And Lady Morgan's racy:
I vowed that last new thing of Hook's
Was vastly entertaining;
And Laura said,—“I dote on books,
Because it's always raining!”

I talked of music's gorgeous fane;
I raved about Rossini,
Hoped Ronzi would come back again,
And criticised Paeini;
I wished the chorus-singers dumb,
The trumpets more pacifick,
And eulogized Brocard's a plomb,
And voted Paul terrific.
What cared she for Medea's pride

Or Desdemona's sorrow?
“Alas!” my beautiful listener sighed,
“We must have storms tomorrow!”

I told her tales of other lands;
Of ever-boiling fountains,
Of poisonous lakes, and barren sands,
Vast forests, trackless mountains:
I painted bright Italian skies,
I lauded Persian roses,
Coined similes for Spanish eyes,
And jests for Indian noses:
I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,
And Vienna's dread of treason;
And Laura asked me where the glass
Stood at Madrid last season.

I broached what'er had gone the rounds,
The week before, of scandal:
What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds,
And Jane take up her Handel;
Why Julia walked upon the heath,
With the pale moon above her;
Where Flora lost her false front teeth,
And Anne her false lover;
How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
Had crossed the sea together;
My shuddering partner cried—“Oh Ciel!
How could they, in such weather?”

Was she a blue?—I put my trust
In strata, petals, gases;
A boudoir-pendant? I discussed
The toga and the fasces;
A cockney muse? I mouthed a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A saint? I praised the pious zeal
Of Messieurs Way and Simeon;
A politician? It was vain
To quote the morning paper;
The horrid phantoms came again,
Rain, hail, and snow, and vapour.

Flat Flattery was my only chance:
I acted deep devotion,
Found magick in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a stripling's love,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling;
And wildly looked upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling;
I envied gloves upon her arm,
And shawls upon her shoulder;
And when my worship was most warm,
She “never found it colder.”

I don't object to wealth or land;
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday schools,
And sits a horse divinely:
But to be linked for life to her!—
The desperate man who tried it,
Might marry a barometer,
And hang himself beside it!

THE POET'S REVEL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Celestial rapture seizes me,
Your inspiration merely;
It lifts me to the winking stars,
I seem to touch them nearly:
Yet would I rather stay below,
I can declare sincerely,
My song to sing, my glass to ring
With those I love so dearly.

The wonder not to see me here
To prop a cause so rightful;
Of all loved things on this loved earth
To me 'tis most delightful.
I vowed I would among ye be
In scorn of fortune spiteful;
So here I came, and here I am,
To make the table quite full.

When thus we should together meet,
Not quickly to be sundered,

I hoped at other poets' songs
My joy, too, should be thundered.
To join such brothers who would grudge
To travel miles a hundred!
So eager some this day to come,
Through very haste they blundered.

Long life to him who guards our lives!
My destiny's not learned newly;
We'll first do honour to our king,
And drink to him most duly.
May he his foes without o'ercome,
Within quell all unruly:
And grant support of every sort,
As we shall serve him truly!

Thence next I give—thou only one,
Who all thy sex defeatest!
Each lover deems right gallantly.
His mistress the completest.
I therefore drink to her I love;
Thou, who some other gullest,
Ne'er drink alone—still think of thine own,
As I do mine—the sweetest!

The third glass to old friends is due,
Who aid us when we need it.
How quickly flew each joyous day
With such kind hearts to speed it!
When fortune's storm was gathering dark,
We had less cause to heed it:
Then fill the glass—the bottle pass—
A bumper!—we've agreed it!

Since bolder, fuller swells the tide
Of friends as life advances,
Let's drink to every lesser stream,
The greater that enhances.
With strength united thus we meet,
And brave the worst mischances;
Since oft the tide must darkly glide
Thathin the sunlight dances.

Once more we meet together here,
Once more in love united:
We trust that others' toils like ours,
Like ours will be requited.
Upon the self-same stream we see
Full many a mill is sited!
May we the weal of all men feel,
And with it be delighted!

SONG.

BY MRS. NIEMANS.

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted,
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted;
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee;
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave shall bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath healing,
And its clusters yet may grow,
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught filled—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth
To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee,
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scattered;
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords
So soon for ever shattered!

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MASONIC RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1828.

NO. 23.

MASONICK RECORD.

For the American Masonick Record.

RELIGION AND FREEMASONRY.

(Concluded from our last.)

I have thus far proceeded upon the supposition that all the Elder says respecting the masonick secrets is true; and for the sake of argument, shall continue so to do. The freemason, in defending the secrets of his order, engages in an unequal contest; inasmuch as he is under obligations never to expose those secrets. "Like the lion in the fable, he must suppose the picture such as is represented by his antagonist."

The first objection made to masonick oaths, is, that the candidate is required by them to keep things secret, before they are revealed to him. This, as well as the other objections to masonick oaths, is amply refuted in the article above alluded to, and from it we shall extract the few remarks we have to make on this subject. If the secret were revealed to the candidate before any security to preserve it were given, the purposes of the obligation would be disappointed, and it would then become optional to grant it, or not. The common practice of the world refutes this objection — "Oaths of secrecy have become one of the necessary hinges of government: they have been adopted by every civil state, and every branch of administration requires them."

"But," says the Elder, "if the promissory part of the obligations are inconsistent with christian character and christian duty, how much more criminal must be those awful imprecations which constitute their penalty. Answer,—"The nature of an oath, particularly of a *promissory* oath, comprehends a solemn invocation of the name of God, the Supreme and Omniscient Being, the Searcher of the hearts and the Trier of the reins of the children of men, not only as an impartial witness (Jer. xliii. 5.) of what is promised, but likewise as the judge and certain avenger of perjury, falsehood, and deceit. The performance of the oath becomes thereby cognoscible by the omniscience of the divine tribunal; (Jer. xxix. 23.) and his justice and omnipotence will not fail to pour out the vial of his threatened vengeance upon that execrated head, which has dared to invoke the name of the Lord in vain. (Zech. v. 4, Pet. lib. II c. de Reb. cred. et jur. jun.) Such are the conclusions of sound reason warranted by the scripture."

By attending to the nature of an oath, it will appear, that the obtesting God as a witness, and avenger, necessarily implies an implication of his wrath; which if the doctrine of providence, is believed, must imply all temporal, as well as eternal punishment. It matters not whether any penalty is expressed; nor does the doing so in any degree alter the nature of this obligation. (Saunderson de oblig. juram. præl. sect. x.) Oaths have almost universally had some rite or ceremony annexed, which were originally expressive of something that tended to increase the awe and respect due to that solemn act. The casuists all agree, that though the oath is equally obligatory without them, the perjury is however increased by the solemnity. All nations have adopted them; the Hebrews by putting their hand below the thigh of the person to whom they swore; (Gen. xxvi. 2 xlvii. 29) The pagans by taking hold of the altar, and both pretending their hands to heaven; (Gen. xiv. 22.) in which last they have been followed by all christian nations, some of whom, when they take an

oath, touch or kiss the gospel: and not only so but every private society, every court of justice, have forms of administering oaths peculiar to themselves. Shall not then the society of freemasons be allowed that privilege without the imputation of superstition and idolatry?"

"The third reason," says the Elder, "is the sacrilegious nature of masonick ceremonies." In proof hereof, he adduces the fact that in the Royal Arch degree, contain passages from scripture are recited, in which the words of the Almighty to Moses when he saw the burning bush, are given. (Exod. iii.) The Elder says, "Here a frail mortal is made to represent the immortal Jehovah!" I had intended to have used no harsh words in these remarks, but truth compels me to call this a *misrepresentation*; and would to heaven, I could consistently call another statement of the Elder on this point by no harsher term; viz: when he insinuates that the R. A. mason pays "adoration to a pretended deity, who shows his *naked back* through a burning bush." If the Elder be a Royal Arch mason, he *knows* that he asserts an untruth: and if he be not a Royal Arch mason, he has been shamefully imposed upon by some unprincipled member of the fraternity. We do not deny that the scriptural passages in question are recited in a Royal Arch Chapter; but in the name of common sense, cannot this be done without personifying the Almighty?"

The Elder's fourth reason for denouncing freemasonry, is, "its assumption of titles to which it has no claim!" He says "the annals of sacred and profane history do not furnish a case where the title of 'Worshipful' was assumed, except in freemasonry." His knowledge of history must be limited indeed, not to know that this title which he deems so *wonderfully sacrilegious*, is applied to many of the nobility in Great Britain. The chief magistrate of a city, is called "your worship," or "worshipful." If the Elder, moreover, will have the goodness to look in any English dictionary, he will find that the word "worship" signifies among other things, "a character of honour." Surely "lord" when applied to a nobleman, is a *much more objectionable* term; yet we have for it the *warrant of scripture*. The translators of the received version of the Bible, noted, that when the term "Lord" used, was designed for the Almighty, it was written in capitals, to distinguish it from the same term when applied to man. See Gen. xviii. 12. Isa. xxvi. 13. 1 Cor. viii. 5. The next *sacrilegious* term that the Elder gives us, is "Most Excellent." If he had represented these titles as *anti-republican*, instead of anti-christian, his argument would have been more specious. But as it is, (the Elder being judge) their *Excellencies* the governours of every state in the Union, must renounce their titles, or be deemed guilty of the crime of *sacrilege*!!

That masons pretend to have *revived* the Jewish priesthood, (as the Elder insinuates) is untrue; and it is absurd as well as untrue, because the Jewish High Priesthood still obtains among the Israelites of the present day. Who does not, as well as the Elder, know that the priesthood, before the advent of the Messiah, was only a type of our ascended High Priest, who was offered a sacrifice on Calvary? and who does not know that this priesthood, for all religious purposes, was abolished when the Divine High Priest himself appeared!

As the presiding officer of a lodge represents Solomon, so does the presiding officer of a chapter represent an ancient Jewish High Priest; yet no one

pretends that he is a Jewish High Priest, much less that he exercises the religious functions of one. The duties and ceremonies he performs, although calculated to inspire serious contemplation, must be *twisted* from their plain and obvious intent by the person who would represent them as ecclesiastical or religious.

The next charge brought against freemasonry, is that it confounds knight errantry with christianity. How far this charge is true, as respects christianity, we shall presently consider. I am willing that the enemies of freemasonry may make the most of the connexion there may exist between freemasonry and chivalry. Any researches on this point, cannot but redound to the *credit* of the institution.

The Elder's fifth reason for denouncing freemasonry, is, that it is considered as a *saving* institution, and makes a *religion* of the performance of outward duties. To prove that freemasonry is regarded as a saving institution, the Elder asserts, that "no where in the whole catalogue of duties enjoined, or doctrines inculcated, is there the least reference to any thing but the observance of masonick rules as necessary to a preparation for eternal glory; nor is there any other way or any other hope of salvation set forth to the trembling sinner, but that which leads through the lodge." &c. I challenge the Elder to point to a *single* candid mason that ever considered freemasonry as a *substitute* for religion, or who thought that his being a mason, would save his soul. As there are some who believe, or pretend to believe, their *morality* will save them without a change of heart, so there may be masons (though I have never seen one of the many hundreds I have had intercourse with) who believe, or pretend to believe, that a strict performance of the moral duties enjoined in a lodge, will in like manner, save them; yet if there be any masons who believe thus, and make this an excuse for not attending to the duties of religion, this does not prove the Elder's assertion. All the ceremonies of masonry, it is true, impressively inculcate the observance of virtue, yet masonry was not instituted for the express purpose of teaching morals, much less religion.

I also challenge the Elder to show that the observance of masonick rules is any where laid down as the *way of salvation*, or that the lodge is considered as a passport to heaven. A good christian who is a mason, will necessarily be a good mason; yet a good mason is not necessarily a good christian, for he may be a Jew, or only a moral man. Further, a man may be a good man without being a mason, and yet if he be a *good mason*, he *must* be a good man. In the charge to the candidate on his admission to the first degree, so far from masonry being represented as the way of salvation, he is required to "consider the *holy writings* as the unerring standard of truth and justice, and to regulate his life and actions by *their* divine precepts." The Elder says, "masonry makes a religion of the performance of outward duties. It is already shown that it is regarded as a means of salvation, and hence the inference is plain that it makes a religion of something." &c. But on the contrary I maintain and have endeavoured to show that masonry is not regarded as a means of salvation; and if this be true, then the Elder's inference falls to the ground.

I may here as well as elsewhere notice the objection brought by the Elder against freemasonry; viz: that its benefits and privileges are sordid and selfish. Freemasonry teaches and requires its vo-

tries to do good unto all men but more especially to those who are within the pale of the fraternity. So does christianity. "As we have therefore opportunity," says the apostle, "let us do good unto all men, particularly unto those who are of the household of faith—it is not right that the children of darkness should eat the bread of the children of light." This alleged selfishness then, is as much a part of christianity, as of freemasonry! I cannot do better in this place than to quote a few passages from the writings of the Rev. Dr. Dalcho, published in 1822. "*Universal benevolence, the greatest of all moral attainments, is the polar star of masonry. Sectarian influence and disputes might lessen that general, that lively sympathy for the whole human family, which it is the design of our order to cultivate and promote. The universal principles of the art unite in one indissoluble bond of affection, men of the most opposite tems, of the most distant countries, and of the most contradictory opinions, so that in every nation, a freemason will find a friend, and in every climate a home. As God is the same beneficent being everywhere, should not men be so likewise!*" "Freemasonry is admirably calculated to spread a moral influence over a considerable portion of the civilized world, and to interest or to influence many of the younger part of the community, whom religion can but seldom reach, or at least control. It is a powerful auxiliary to the labours of the christian minister—much however depends upon the initiated. While we remain united in the zealous support of the order, and render a cheerful obedience to its admirable precepts, we have nothing to fear from the animadversions of uninformed or prejudiced men."

The sixth and last reason why the Elder denounces freemasonry, is that it is blasphemous. This is an exceedingly serious charge, and should therefore be met with the utmost seriousness. In proof the Elder gives a copy of a diploma, which was new to me, and is so doubtless to a vast majority of our masonick brethren. Being certified that this diploma was an anomaly in masonry, and had no real connexion therewith, or with knighthood, I was at a great loss to ascertain its origin. If it had reference to any degree purporting to be masonick, I knew it did not belong to any regular system, ancient or modern, and I concluded that if such a document actually existed, it must have reference to some new, detached or irregular degree, which owed its existence to the inventive faculties of some imprudent (though perhaps well-meaning) zealot in the masonick cause. I speak thus boldly on this point, because I profess to have received and to be acquainted with all the masonick degrees and orders, ancient and modern, regular and detached, which are conferred in this country, and I had never before heard of this "Order of the Holy Cross," until I saw a copy of the aforesaid diploma. Shortly, after, however, I saw a gentleman who had received this order, and upon my remarking that I had seen the diploma severely animadverted upon, and as I thought with some degree of justice, he replied in justification, that the word "Trinity" had no allusion whatever to the true God, but to the common "tria in uno," with which every freemason is familiar—and that the word "Christian" in said diploma, was used only in contradistinction to Mahometan, Jew, &c. No man of candour thinks of making the pure religion of Christ accountable for all the enormities and absurdities fathered upon it by the ignorant, malicious and designing. And why then should freemasonry be accountable for all the unmeaning and useless appendages, "unseemly spots, and distorted figures" that the nominal mason possessed of zeal without knowledge, and often influenced by selfish and sinister motives, attempts to plaster upon the walls and apartments of the masonick edifice. Weishaupt, the founder of the Illuminati, attempted to impress the publick with a belief that his degrees were a part of freemasonry. But we trust that in this enlightened day and with the mass of evidence we have upon this subject, no person who has the least pretensions to intelligence or research, believes there was any real connexion between freemasonry and Illuminism. So neither will the man of candour believe, that the many visionary speculations and all the nonsensical stuff misnamed "detached degrees of freema-

sonry," have any thing to do with true masonry. The reputation of the craft is not affected by them.

I believe I have now noticed all the objections urged by the Elder against the principles of freemasonry. I am not aware of having in a single instance transgressed the bounds of truth, and I leave it to the christian candour of those to whom the Elder's appeal is made, whether the truth is not here given.

Before dismissing the subject, however, as I have no inclination to notice any of the anti-masonick publications again, I beg to call the attention of the reader to a circumstance which has had considerable influence in prejudicing the minds of the uninitiated against our institution. I allude to the manner in which the masonick obligations are misrepresented. It is well known to every Royal Arch mason that the Grand Royal Arch chapter of this state (and I have no proof that it is different in any other state) do not recognize any such obligation as the following. "I will support the cause of a R.A. mason right or wrong." There is another misrepresentation also which was evidently designed for electioneering purposes. It also purports to be a part of the R.A. obligation, and is as follows, "I will vote for office a R.A. brother in preference to another man of the same ability." I most solemnly declare, that I have never heard any obligation of this kind administered in any R.A. chapter although I have seen as many as a hundred exalted to that degree, and have conversed with many R.A. masons from other states and from Europe, and never learnt that any such obligation was in use. I repeat that this course has been resorted to by the anti-masons for electioneering purposes, and saving a few honourable exceptions where we have the charity to suppose men were conscientious in their prejudices against freemasonry, the whole anti-masonick excitement has been fostered for the same purposes. Permit me in conclusion to give an anecdote connected with this subject. A respectable clergyman living in the vicinity of the excitement, who has made a publick renunciation (in the anti-masonick papers) of freemasonry, stated to some friends who spoke to him on the subject, that he did not renounce the institution because he believed there was any thing bad in it. He deemed it necessary to do so, in order to preserve his influence in society. I know of others, who have been influenced by similar motives, particularly among the Baptists, who are more intolerant in the persecution of masons than any other religious sect. Wanting decision of character, and fearing to lose their stations in the church and in society, upon which in some cases they depended for their livelihood, they have suffered themselves to be led along by the popular current, which is at present against masonry. Others, as subsequent events have proved, have left the institution and joined the anti-masons, to share with them the loaves and fishes of office. Until worthier motives than these are presented, and more plausible arguments than those given by the Elder are advanced to induce me to turn traitor to freemasonry, I shall endeavour, as heretofore, to deserve the name of a worthy freemason and humble christian, being firmly convinced that both titles are strictly compatible. Y.

CONNECTICUT.

Officers of *Village Lodge*, in Canton, Connecticut, elected January 1, 1828:—

Ansel Humphries, Master; Herman Chapin, Senior Warden; Frederick Humphries, jr. Junior Warden; Isaac Mills, Treasurer; Jarvis Case, Secretary; William Winship, Senior Deacon; Pitts Humphries, Junior Deacon; Zenas Dyer and Daniel Morgan, Stewards.

Officers of *St. John's Lodge*, No. 7 in Norwalk, Connecticut, elected in November, 1827:

Philo Price, Master; Edwin Hoyt, Senior Warden; — Smith, Junior Warden; Moses Gregory, Treasurer; Benjamin Isaacs, Secretary; Henry W. Smith, Junior Deacon; James Griffith, Steward.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Officers of *Morning Star Lodge*, in Worcester, Massachusetts, for the present year:—

Christopher C. Baldwin, Master; Alpheus Mer-

rifield, Senior Warden; Ephraim Mower, Junior Warden; Otis Corbett, Secretary; Enoch Flagg, Treasurer; Oliver Wetherby, Senior Deacon; Edward Babbit, Junior Deacon; Rev. Jonathan Geising, Chaplain; Samuel B. Thomas, Marshal.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

CULTURE AND USES OF POTATOES.

From a late London paper.

At the weekly Breakfast given by the President of the Royal Society in London, on the 1st of May, 1828, Sir John Sinclair requested permission to lay before the meeting, a statement of the objects he had in view, in wishing that attention should be more steadily directed than heretofore it had been to the culture and use of Potatoes; and having produced specimens of potato meal, and of the farina of potatoes, he proceeded shortly to explain how these two substances were prepared, and to what purpose they were respectively applicable.

POTATO MEAL.

In preparing Potato Meal, no material part of the root is lost. The whole, after being merely scraped or peeled, is cut into very thin slices, then carefully dried in any kiln or stove, and afterwards ground into meal in a common mill.

The advantages of this process are—

1. *Security for subsistence.* As potatoes are a very precarious crop, and can not be preserved in their natural state, beyond a few months after they are dug, any country in which they form the chief sustenance of the people must, according to the present system, be extremely liable to scarcity. But when dried and converted into meal, potatoes may be preserved for a long period of time, and the abundant crop of one season may thus be made to compensate for the scanty produce of another.

2. *Increase of food from the same quantity of land.* Where a family depends entirely on their potato garden for food, such dependence necessarily leads to great waste. The potato is seldom ready for consumption before the month of October, and frequently becomes unfit for food before the month of June or July. The family, however, being obliged to live on their potatoes throughout the whole year, have no recourse but to consume one part of the crop, after it has lost much of its nutritious properties, and another part before it is thoroughly ripe. In this way, probably, one sixth of the whole crop is wasted. But as the potatoes may always be converted into meal, when in their greatest perfection, this waste may be prevented, and the same quantity of land will thus produce one-sixth part more of wholesome nourishment, at all times ready for consumption.

3. *Prevention for Diseases.* The unwholesome diet to which a population dependent wholly on potatoes is obliged to have recourse, during the months intervening between the decay of the old crop and the thorough ripening of the new, causes typhus and other diseases of a most infectious and fatal kind; but these diseases would in a great measure disappear, were the necessity for using the unwholesome food, which principally occasions them, no longer to exist.

The low rate at which potato meal can be supplied, when compared with other articles of human food deprived from grain, appears, from the following result of the experiments made by General Disom, in Dumfries-shire, to ascertain their relative proportions:—

Wheat	21-4	} Per pound.
Oatmeal	11-2	
Barley Meal	11-4	
Potato Meal	1d	

POTATO FARINA.

The mode of extracting farina from the potato is, to separate by grating, straining, and repeated washing, the mealy from the coarse and fibrous part of the root. The former, which contains the most nourishing portion of the root, is then dried, and becomes exactly in appearance like wheaten flour. The fibrous part may be employed for making household bread or other useful purposes.

The advantages of this process are—

1. *Improvement in Bread made from inferior Wheaten Flour.* Flour produced from inferior soils, or exposed to unfavourable seasons, is defi-

cient in that important article, "the gluten;" but by a mixture of the jelly of the potato, made from the farina, bread as light in texture, and nearly as nutritious in quality, may be produced, as from flour of the finest quality, the gluten, in which inferior wheat is defective, being supplied by the farina.

2. *Greater quantity of nourishment from the same extent of soil.* An acre of land in potatoes will produce about 2,700 lbs. weight of farina; whereas an acre of land in wheat will not produce more than 1350 lbs. weight of flour. It is evident, therefore, that in proportion as farina is used instead of wheat in the composition of bread, the country will become capable of supporting a greater population, and be rendered more independent of foreign relations for subsistence.

Sir John proceeded to mention many other valuable uses to which potatoes may be applied, as the rearing and fattening domestick animals—the manufacture of spirits—the dressing of weaver's webs—the preparation of various dyes, &c.; adding, however, that the points he had already dwelt upon were those which it seemed to him most important to illustrate.

EXTRAORDINARY CABINET.

In the museum of the Petersburg Academy of Sciences, there is a very extraordinary cabinet, which was presented to it by the Empress Catherine. On opening it, in front, there appears a beautiful group of bas reliefs in bronze, superbly varnished, which, by the slightest pressure on a spring, vanishes away, giving place to a magnificent writing-flat, inlaid with gems. The space above this flat is devoted to the keeping of valuable papers, or money. The bold hand that should dare to venture to this spot would immediately be its own betrayer; for at the least touch of the table part, the most charming strains of soft and plaintive musick instantly begin to play on the ear; the organ from whence it proceeds occupying the lower part of the cabinet behind. Several small drawers for holding the materials for writing likewise start forward, by the pressure of their springs, and shut up again as quickly, without leaving behind a trace of their existence. If one would change the table part of the cabinet into a reading-desk, from the upper part a board springs forward, from which, with incredible velocity, all the parts of a commodious and well contrived reading-desk expand, and take their proper places. But the mechanism of this performance of art, as well as its outward appearance, should be seen, as nothing can be more difficult to describe. The inventor offered this rare and astonishing piece to the Empress Catherine II. for twenty thousand roubles; but she generously thought that this sum would be barely sufficient to pay for the workmanship; she therefore recompensed his talents with a further present of five thousand roubles. His name was Roentgen, and he belonged to the sect of Moravian brethren.

PURPLE, ROSE, AND BLACK COLOURS.

It is stated in the "Annales de Chimie," that the bitter substance of aloes, dissolved in 800 parts of water, at 59 degs. F. or in a smaller quantity of the boiling point, produce a superb purple colour: silk boiled in it acquires the same hue, and neither soap nor any acid, the nitric excepted, effects the least change upon it. Although the nitric acid, too, changes the purple to a yellow, the purple is restored by simply washing in water. All shades may be given to this colour by proper mordants. Wool is dyed black in a peculiarly beautiful manner by the same process, and light has no influence on the colour. Leather acquires a purple colour; cotton a rose colour; but the latter will not resist soap. Dr. Liebig thinks that this is the only substance from which a permanent rose dye for silk may be expected.

NITRE FROM PLANTS.

Some beet leaves were tied together, and hung up in a warm and slightly humid place, where there was but little light to dry. Being examined at the end of several months by M. Braconnot, he found them penetrated with, and covered by an immense number of minute crystals of

nitre. The oxalick and malick acids, which the beet contains, had been replaced by nitrick acid, but whether from animalized matter naturally in the leaves of the plant, or from the action of the air, has not been ascertained.

THE GATHERER.

HOSPITALITY ABUSED.

Mr. David Williamson, a Hill preacher, or Cameronian, in the days of Charles the Second, being closely pursued one night, took refuge in the house of a lady of fashion, which he had no sooner entered, than the dragoons came up. The lady was in great perplexity on this trying occasion; but as the sex often possess astonishing presence of mind, she immediately resolved to put him to bed with her daughter, a young lady of great beauty. She thought that the place which would be least suspected; and could not imagine that a man of his cloth and character, surrounded with bloody executioners, who instantly murdered their unfortunate victims, could be capable of any thing injurious to her daughter's innocence. Master David was accordingly put to bed to the young lady, booted and spurred, and clothed as he was, with the addition only of a woman's night cap. The troopers having searched every corner of the house, at last went towards the young Lady's bed-chamber. The mother, with admirable spirit and address told them, that her daughters were in bed, and that she hoped as they were soldiers and gentlemen, they would offer no rudeness to the unprotected females. She then, with an air of freedom, opened the door. They went in, searched a little about the room, and then softly opening the curtains, they were satisfied, by the appearance of the head-clothes, that their prey was not there, and so, very modestly retired. But, as they were to lodge in the neighbourhood, she was obliged to leave Master David in quiet possession of his concealment for the rest of the night. Thus she saved her preacher;—but she was so far mistaken in her judgement of his gifts, that she was compelled, a short time after, to give her daughter to him in marriage, to save them both from publick scandal and ruin. Mr. and Mrs. W. were afterwards presented to Charles the Second, who frankly declared his own fright, when in the oak, to be so great, that all the beauty in the world would have been unnoticed by him. [Columbus Enquirer.]

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF A STEAM ENGINE.

The steam engine may be justly regarded as the fourth estate of the realm, and fairly worth the other three. It is the vivifying principle of taxation, which is the great end of all civilized governments. It is a more powerful conservator of the peace than a regiment of constables, or than a whole vice suppressing association; for the instant it stops working, the people immediately become turbulent and discontented. What is the grand counterpoise to the duke of Wellington and his tory colleagues!—the steam engine. What feeds the noble army of placemen and sinecurists?—again, I say, the steam engine. Even the people themselves for whom alone wrongheaded radicals presume government exclusively to exist, may become too numerous, but there is nothing exigent in the character of the steam engine. If it cannot work, it does not jacobinically insist upon eating; and like a good christian machine as it is, it takes no thought wherewith it shall be clothed. If pressed too hard, it may sometimes make a "blow up" but so will those living steam engines—the mob. There is, however, this essential difference between the two, that, the burst once over, the machine becomes as tame and harmless as a child, or a rattling whig lawyer with a place under government; whereas, the people, when duly roused, go on thundering at the door of the legislature with an increasing force;—so that if you once indulge their importunity, by reforming the most inveterate abuse, you must go on till "social order" is cut into ribbons, and nothing remains for a tax eater to subsist upon. But if steam engines are better subjects than the people, they have likewise many advantages over the aristocracy. They never combine, for example, to make corn dear;

they never tax the publick to the amount of thousands, to make places by which they gain only hundreds; nor waste whole provinces by their arbitrary caprice and ignorance of all sound principles of administration. A steam engine is never a Jesuit, like Charles; it never sets itself against learning, like Francis; nor is absurdly tyrannical, like Ferdinand. It may be as coldly indifferent to human suffering as a Nero, or a Henry VIII.; and it will certainly chop off the best head that ventures to thrust its nose across its movements; but then, on the other hand, it never goes out of its way to do mischief, but is contented to leave those alone who let it alone; and, as things in general go, that is no trifling advantage.

[Liverpool Albion.]

PISCATORIA.

Lucan, the Roman poet, makes a beautiful digression to paint the happy life of a fisherman. In plain prose it will read in this manner:—

News (says he) was brought to Cæsar, at a late hour, that Pompey was up in arms in Calabria, ready to dispute with him the sovereignty of the world; perplexed in mind, he knew not for a while what steps best to pursue, when, stealing from the arms of his Calphornia, he cast his mantle about him, and through the gloom of midnight hastened alone to the mouth of the Tiber, and coming to the cabin of Amilcas the fisherman, struck thrice with his arm upon the door of the slumberer. "Arise, Amilcas," said Cæsar, in a subdued tone. The fisherman and his family, without care, were reposing on their beds of sheepskins. Amilcas knew the voice of Cæsar, and threw open his wicket to receive his master. "Come away, Amilcas," cried the emperor, "launch your boat with all speed, and bear me to Calabria; Pompey is there in arms against me while I am absent, hasten then, and ask what thou wilt of Cæsar." The night was dark, and the elements were at war with each other; but by the strength, courage, and judgement of the boatman, Cæsar was soon landed on the shore of Calabria. "And now, Amilcas," rejoined the mighty chief, "make thy demand." "Grant me then," replied the fisherman, "that I may return the way I came to my peaceful family; for at day-break should they not see me spreading my nets upon the beach, as they are wont, their faithful bosoms will be rent with sorrow." "Go," replied the Roman chief, "thou humble, modest man, and never let it be forgotten that Cæsar is thy friend."

FATHER AND SON.

"Happy is the son whose father is gone to the devil," is an old saying. It is not grounded on the supposition, that such a father by his iniquitous dealings must have accumulated wealth; but is a satirical hint on the times when popery prevailed here so much, that the priests and monks had engrossed the three professions of law, physic, and divinity; when, therefore, by the procurement either of the confessor, the physician, or the lawyer, a good part of the father's effects were pretty sure to go to the church; and when, if nothing of that kind happened, these agents were certain to defame him, and adjudge that such a man must undoubtedly be damned.

ENTERTAINING JOURNEY.

Dodd the comedian was very fond of a long story? Being in company one night, he began at twelve o'clock to relate a journey he had taken to Bath, and at six o'clock in the morning, he had proceeded no further than the Devises! The company then rose to separate; when Dodd, who could not hear to be curtailed in his narrative, cried,— "Don't go yet; stay and hear it out, and upon my soul I'll make it entertaining!"

KNIGHTHOOD.

When Lord Sandwich was to present Admiral Campbell, he told him that probably the king would knight him. The admiral did not much relish the honour. "Well, but," said his lordship, "perhaps Mrs. Campbell will like it." Then let the king knight her,—answered the rough seaman.

POPULAR TALES.

HATEM TAI.

An Arabian Tale.—From the New Monthly Magazine.

Hatem Tai, the greatest warrior, and the keenest hunter that ever drew a sword or wound a horn in Arabia, had gone down into the wilderness, with his horses, hounds, and a party of his friends, to enjoy the pleasures of the chase; but he had no sooner pitched his tents, than one of those thick mists which sometimes spread themselves over the sultry plains of the Desert, giving it the appearance of an extended lake, surrounded him on all sides, and utterly prevented his stirring forth to seek the sport he had anticipated. To beguile the tedious time, he sipped coffee every half-hour, arranged his turban fifty different ways in the mirror of his bright Damascus scimitar, went to the back of the tent to pat his favourite barb, or conversed with his friend Shafay Ben Idris, as they both reclined upon cushions, bewailing the unlucky chance that consigned him to such an unwelcome inactivity. "It is always lamentable to lose time," said the grave and sententious Shafay, "for man is but the phantom of a night; life is a sleep of threescore and ten years—death bids us wake, and hail the light; wherefore we do well to term a burial-ground the house of the living. The little insect that flutters but an hour—"

"Talking of little insect," interposed Hatem Tai, "yonder comes the diminutive Hassan Alasady: when I see his little feet running obsequiously after his long beard, methinks I see a father followed by a son. Perchance he cherishes his beard in hopes of hiding himself behind it; but I must not let him hear me, for, little as he is, Hassan is fierce and choleric."

"But his anger is short-lived," said Shafay; "it is like one of our Arabian rivulets, no sooner doth it wax warm than it vanisheth away, and is forgotten. It is not thus with the overflowing tide of his benevolence, which, even when it ceases, leaves its benignant effects behind, as the verdure of the plains attests the influence of the Nile, long after its stream has ceased to be visible. Since life is so short, why should our angry passions—"

"I could listen to you for the whole remainder of the afternoon," cried Hatem Tai; "but hark, hark! methought I caught the more welcome baying of a hound." His keen ear was not mistaken, for suddenly the whole welkin echoed with the noise of bugles, the tramp of horses, the baying of dogs, and the gallant cheers and halloes of the huntsmen, all sounding as if they were rushing past the skirts of his encampment. At the same moment his own courser neighed loudly and impatiently, and his deep-mouthed dogs howled and raved as if they would break their chains in their eagerness to join the chase. "Follow me, Shafay!" cried Hatem Tai; "I will join these bold hunters, even though the mist should prevent my seeing beyond my horse's ears." So saying, he grasped his bow, with the finger-stalls and the ring for drawing it, vaulted upon his steed, and in an instant was hidden by the white fog, into the midst of which he galloped.

As he plunged rapidly forward, the same jocund cries and sounds continually accompanied him; they seemed to be close to his ear, and yet he could see neither hunters nor bugle-blowers,—a circumstance at which he marvelled the more, because as he advanced he could perceive that the Desert whirlwind had arisen, and immense columns of sand, whirling round and round upon their own axes, rushed forward out of the white mist, the setting sun shining through some of them, and throwing a lurid glare upon others which were still partially shrouded in the vapour. Nothing could be more ominous, ghastly, and terrific, than the appearance of these spectral monsters, now advancing, and now receding with a frightful impetuosity; some wrapped in a winding-sheet of mist, from which only their heads emerged; others kindled by the bright ray, showing like pillars of fire; not coming, however, as did that which was sent to guide and to save the Israelites, but more like avenging angels, commissioned to overwhelm and to destroy. They seemed to say, "We are the giant guardians of the Desert—invade not our pre-

cincts, or you die!" In the midst of these appalling apparitions, the noise, cheers, and cries of the gallant hunt continued unabated; and as Hatem Tai could distinguish no living creature, he began to imagine that he himself was the object of the chase, and that these menacing columns were the Spirits of the Desert, pursuing him to hunt him down. His fleet barb seemed to form the same conclusion—he snorted, he panted, his dilated eyes flashed, his wide, sanguine nostril seemed to be on fire, the madness of fear inspired him with a preternatural vigour, he galloped forward until the sun disappeared, and the rising moon placed a crown of silver upon the head of every sand-horn phantom, as it still swept fiercely on. Black darkness quickly succeeded, the moon was buried in clouds, the tempest increased, and though Hatem Tai could not discover a single object, he could sometimes feel these moving masses of sand rushing past him with a tremendous roar, and threatening by their wind alone to overthrow both him and his horse. Still the ungovernable steed galloped furiously and blindly on; but after awhile the sound of his footsteps was no longer heard: his rider could still feel himself to be in rapid motion, but he seemed to be passing through a new and different element, and he now heard the perpetual flapping of wings. As the shrill echoing of bugles, and the cry of dogs and men still rung in his ears, he had nothing to do but to cling the faster to his barb, and to wait patiently for the day-break, which, he trusted, would reveal to him the meaning of the mysterious chase in which he bore so perilous a part.

Who shall describe the amazement and the consternation of Hatem Tai, when as the morning dawned, he found himself moving rapidly through the dizzy sky upon a winged steed, the dim, round earth floating in space far, far beneath him, its ocean gleaming like a small mirror in the first rays of sunrise, and the rest of the globe wearing the semblance of an insignificant opaque mass. Nimrod, the Orion of the Assyrians, the Gibbor Tzid, the great hunter, who loved him because, like himself, he was devoted to the pleasures of the chase, had, in a frolic, mounted him upon Pegasus, and rapt him up into the sky, to show him a day's sport in the Emyrean. As soon as he saw that there was sufficient light, and that Hatem Tai was in a condition to follow the game, Nimrod snatched the horn of Amalthæa, and blew so lusty a blast, that the blue vault echoed the shrill clarion from pole to pole, and the stars and constellations started from their spheres at the summons. Hercules and Perseus, Bacchus and the Centaur, Andromeda and the Charioteer, were quickly by the side of Nimrod, the greater and the lesser Dog broke with fierce bayings from their stations, and the timid Hare was seen scudding from the sound; but the celestial hunters disdained such ignoble game; they would chase nothing less than the Dragon and the Great Bear. As they rushed like meteors through the sky with this intention, Cassiopeia sat up in her chair to gaze at them; Lyra saluted them as they passed with a hunting tune upon her harp, the Eagle flew screaming after them, the Bull and the Lion fled from the Zodiack in terror, but the Virgin, the Waterman, and the Archer gladly joined the chase, and Hatem Tai, who now felt secure of his seat, began to enjoy the sport as he beheld all the various monsters rushing and roaring athwart the interminable fields of the sky.

But a much more magnificent spectacle awaited him, as he was borne with the speed of lightning into the illimitable depths of space. The glorious and stupendous machinery of the universe became gradually developed to his awe-stricken eyes. Planets and their satellites moving majestically in their spheres, performed their mysterious and unerring evolutions around the Sun, in obedience to the fiat of the mighty Invisible, who sat enthroned "far in the unapparent," guiding the innumerable worlds that he had launched from his hand. Utterly lost in the immensity of the wonders displayed before him, Hatem Tai could contemplate at once the whole moving scheme of the creation, and catch at times the delicious harmony of the spheres, now pealing round him in solemn and sonorous grandeur, anon dying away into a symphonious melody so ravishingly sweet, so dulcet and

mellifluous, that notwithstanding his ardent in the chase, he would have checked his courser that his ears might still drink in a portion of that intoxicating music. But the winged animal pressed forward with that unabating speed, sometimes bearing his rider so close to floating worlds, of which he knew not the name, that he could not only distinguish their seas and mountains, but even the palaces and temples of the inhabitants. His delight at this sublime chase was, however, quickly converted into apprehension, as they approached the orbit of a blazing comet, which, while it irradiated the circumjacent fields of space with a flood of light, threatened by its intolerable heat to scorch up the whole field of sportsmen, if they presumptuously held on in their career. The Dragon they were pursuing, scared by the dazzling effulgence, darted towards another quarter of the heavens; and Hatem Tai, the velocity of whose progress remained undiminished, found that the clamour of the chase, the noise of horses, hounds, and trumpets gradually died away, while one by one, the sportsmen became invisible, until he could no longer hear a sound of any sort, nor discern a single moving object, and he now discovered that he was enveloped in the same thick mist which had surrounded him when he first started. Too keen a lover of the sport to relish the idea of being thrown out, he would have checked his horse that he might endeavour to rejoin his late companions, but the impetuous steed only rushed the faster through the increasing denseness of the mist, until at length he alighted upon some solid substance with a shock that threw his rider to the ground. Upon recovering his senses, for he had been stunned by the fall, Hatem Tai found himself lying in his own tent, with Shafay Ben Idris by his side, who instantly began to moralize upon the danger of riding wild horses, especially if they have any run-away tendencies, a sermonizing strain which he pursued with equal gravity and tediousness,—until he observed that the person he was addressing, fatigued with his long and perilous chase gave no other reply to his admonitions than occasionally by a long and heavy snore.

MISCELLANY.

WALLACE AND SIR THOMAS DE LONGUEVILLE.

From Scott's new series of the "Chronicles of the Canongate," called "Valentine's day, or the Fair Maid of Perth."

During the brief career of the celebrated patriot Sir William Wallace, and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence (for he was respected through all countries for his prowess) might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail appeared in the distance, which the mariners regarded with doubt and apprehension and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm. The captain of the ship informed him, that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body and successful piracies. It was commanded by a gentleman named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who call themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all who sailed upon that element. He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse sea kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added, that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the bark he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance, and tears in his eyes described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to

De Longueville, because he usually displayed the blood-red flag which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers, Boyd, Kerlie, Seaton and others, to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was as the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves, and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions upon pain of death so to steer, as that, while the vessel had an appearance of attempting to fly, he should in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst. Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which could intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran on board that of the Champion, and the Red Rover casting out grappling irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armour, followed by his men who gave a terrible shout, as if the victory had been already secured. But the armed Scots started up at once, and the rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began betwixt them with such fury, that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the fate of the combat between the two chiefs. The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the rover's hand, and placed him in such peril, that to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish Champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the grapple. In this he was also foiled. They fell on the deck, locked in each other's arms, but the Frenchman fell undermost; and Wallace, fixing his grasp on his gorget compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest of steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs. His men threw down their weapons and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader so severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel and detained them prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbour, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the rover's colours, as if De Longueville was coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung backward; horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms when the scene changed. The Scottish Lion on his shield of gold was raised above the piratical flag, and announced that the Champion of Scotland was approaching, like the falcon with his prey in his clutch. He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where, at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the king even conferred the honour of Knighthood on Sir Thomas de Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the rover had contracted such a friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, with whom he returned to Scotland, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir Thomas de Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of none, save of his heroic conqueror. His fate also was more fortunate than that of his patron. Being distinguished by the beauty as well as strength of his person, he rendered himself so acceptable to a young lady, heiress of the ancient family of Charteris, that she chose him for her husband, bestowing on him with her hand the fair baronial castle of Kinfauns and the domains annexed to it. Their descendants took the name of Charteris, as connecting themselves with their maternal ancestors, the ancient proprietors of the property, though the name of Thomas de Longueville was equally honoured amongst them; and the large two handed sword with which he mowed the ranks of war, was, and is still preserved among the family muniments. Another account is, that the family name of De Longueville himself, was Charteris. The estate afterwar is passed to a family of Blairs, and is now the property of Lord Grey.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

From the New-York Courier.

The day of thy doom is recorded on high—
The storm of thy ruin envelopes the sky!
For the voices of thousands unite,
The spirits of thousands combine,
To dash thee in dust from thy towering height,
And thy glory to darkness consign!
There are murmurs prophetic and loud,
There are gatherings of nations from far—
Behold from the North the tumultuous crowd!
And hark to their clumors of war!

Founded by the sword, and sealed in blood, this mighty fabric is about to fall by the same means which established it. The descendant of victors must be prostrated by a mightier victor—the powerful crescent must be lowered before the more powerful cross. Humbled as Turkey is about to be, she has one consolation that does not always attend the fallen—she has been great. For nearly five hundred years, from the time of Othman, their annals tell of conquest gained, and power upheld. In the first century of their national existence, they extended their empire from the banks of the Euphrates to those of the Danube; checked, for awhile, in their impetuous career, by the strong arm of Tamerlane, defeat only served to inspire them with new resolution, and their fortunes were soon re-established. In 1453, the intrepid Mahomet II. planted his standard on the walls of Byzantium; he extended his conquests to Bosnia, and the Crimea, and his navies ravaged the coast of Italy. In the beginning of the 16th century, Syria, Egypt, and the Sultanat of the Mamelukes, yielded to this restless power, and the knightly valour of the brethren of Saint John was no protection for their favourite Rhodes. Soon after, we see Soliman II. assaulting the walls of Vienna, but here the Ottoman March was again checked. The conquest of Candia and of Bagdad, belong to the subsequent history of the empire. The decline of the Ottoman power may be dated from the year 1793, when Austria and Russia were both forced to make a treaty which disgraced them, and which redounded to the advantage of the Turk. From this time, Turkey has been the loser in the contests with her neighbours, and now, unless there be some unexpected and extraordinary interference, the whirlwind must pass over this colossal nation, and the long-triumphant and long-upheld standard of Mahomet must lie prostrate in the dust.

It is but a few years since Malte-Brun published the following view of Russian policy; its applicability to the present state of things is very striking:—

"Great Britain may wish to interpose her power to check the extension of an empire so threatening in its aspect towards herself as Russia. But the Russian power is too close on Turkey, and has in other respects too little to dread from any other nation to allow such distant considerations to shackle her movements. Or, if she wishes to avoid a contest with the maritime prowess of that country, she may purchase her peace by a division of the spoil, allowing the British, what she cannot prevent, the occupation of the numerous islands of the Mediterranean, now in the hands of the Turks. Such is the morality dictated by the sword, the law of emperors and domineering courts, the execution of which may be postponed by convenience or a sense of decency, while the occurrence of future pretexes and opportunities is wished for and expected. It is well for mankind when this looseness of international principle is in some degree expiated by the establishment of just institutions, and the protection of civil liberty in the countries subjected to these mutually tolerated and occasionally confederated powers. We have not yet reached the period when a plurality of them have shown any willingness to adjust their relative interests by a conjoint relinquishment of conquests which they have long held, in favour of home-born governments, suited to the original character and the cherished pride of ancient national communities. But, taking men as they are, and considering the ready intercourse now maintained among the most distant parts of our planet, it becomes a matter of doubt whether extensive governments are not better suited to the repose of the world than a frittering down of the inhabited

earth into small nations, where the prejudices and the inclinations of one ferocious tribe might disturb the transactions of all who come in contact with them. The ravages attending the wars of great nations are, while they last, evils of proportional magnitude. But they are open; they attract attention; they give warning to the peaceful to prepare for avoiding the scene, or to choose the part which their inclination or principles may lead them to take in the contest; and, when these are terminated, they leave mankind in a condition to prosecute the business of life without the perpetual dread of lawless attacks."

PRODIGES OF THE ROMANS.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The ingenious illustrator of the popular superstitions of Ireland will find here the prototypes of all his Phocas, Banshees, and Cluricaunes—stories told with the most consummate gravity by personages of the highest condition and accomplishment, nay, attested in many instances, with the most solemn appeals to personal character and trustworthiness—of ghosts, witches, Hyperborean and Libyan charms, brooms animated at the touch of a wand, assuming the likeness of clever lackeys and abigails, performing the becoming functions during any space of time required, and on its termination, forthwith re-broomed; bloody skeletons drawing men's curtains at the dead of night, and pointing the way to cellars in which their bones lay unblest and restless; a serpent-bitten vine dresser cured by the spell of a Babylonian, who tied around the wounded toe a bandage enclosing a chip of the tombstone of a recently buried virgin; a small bib of clay formed into a Cupid, told to fly to a distant damsel and deliver a tender message, and obeying; of astonishing results from the wearing of the ring made out of the iron work of a gibbet; of a statue of Pelichus, that used to come down every night from its pedestal in the mansion where the conversation is held, and walk about the house, and which appeared crowned with wreaths newly gilt in honour of a cure it had recently effected on the person of the proprietor; of an African groom in the narrator's service, who stole some oboli that had been deposited as offerings at the feet of this Pelichus, and who, after running, as he supposed, all night away from the scene of his felony, found himself at day break within a few yards thereof, re-entered the house, confessed his guilt, restored the oboli, was whipt regularly every night afterwards by an invisible scourge wielded by an invisible hand, and at last died of terror; of a bronze Hippocrates two spans high in the possession of another of the company, the family physician of the great man, who, whenever the oil in the lamp before him was burnt out, was sure to skip down from the shelf, jump all over the house, make a sad clatter among the dishes, and jumble the contents of the doctor's gallipots; of a tall female spectre, an ancestress, no question, of major Weir's sister, who came sailing out of a wood with her cap on a level with the highest trees; of another lady, who appeared to her husband some weeks after death, to tell him that she felt uncomfortable in the other world in consequence of his having omitted one slipper when he was burning her wearing apparel, and pointed out the place in which the slipper would be found, namely behind her clothes-press; of a pestle which being, after the mumbling of three syllables, desired to fetch water, immediately seized a pitcher and set to work—too diligently—for the person who used the spell was unacquainted with the counter-charm, and could not make the pestle stop again,—and how his taking an axe and cleaving the pestle in two only made matters worse, for then there were two pestles and two pitchers, all employed with the like persistence of zeal, &c.

MEDICAL FEES.

From Wadd's Memoirs.

The Chinese method of remunerating medical men for their time and skill is founded upon the principle of 'no cure, no pay;' so that the termination of the case decides the fee. It is different, however, in court practice, where a very effectual plan is adopted for stimulating professional skill, by stopping the salary during a royal indisposi-

tion. These sagacious and cunning people know enough of human nature to induce them to make interest and duty go hand in hand. We wish our Worshipful Company would take a lesson from them.

In Portugal, it is no uncommon thing to pay the doctor by presenting him his own portrait. Mr. T. an English surgeon, who cured a servant of the royal family of a dangerous wound in the abdomen, was rewarded by having his picture hung up in Lapa church, standing by the patient's bed, with the Virgin Mary above, who had enabled him to perform the cure. Occasionally, however, the faculty have met with rougher treatment: thus Austrigilda, wife of Gowtram, King of Burgundy, had, in compliance with her dying request, her two physicians slain, and buried with her. These were probably the only two medical gentlemen who were ever privileged to lie in the tombs of kings. We believe that few would be anxious to repeat that privilege upon similar conditions. They would rather be paid in the same way as Pope Adrian's chief physician, who on the night of his master's decease, had his door ornamented with garlands, with the inscription: 'To the deliverer of his country.'

Erasistratus had sixty thousand crowns from Seleucus for discovering the disorder of his son.

Alcon, celebrated by Martial for his dexterity in curing hernias by incision, was no less nobly remunerated by the publick, who repaid him, in the course of a few years' practice, ten millions of sesterces, which he had lost by a law suit.

Aruntius, Calpetanus, Rubrius, and Albutius, for their attendance on the Emperor Augustus, and his two immediate successors, had each an annual salary of two hundred and fifty thousand sesterces, equal to two thousand pounds of English money.

Petrus Aponensis, a physician of Padua, in the thirteenth century, refused to go out of the town to see a patient under one hundred and fifty francs a day. When sent for to Pope Honorarius IV. he demanded four hundred ducats a day.

FLOOD AT ST. PETERSBURGH.

The following account of the flood of St. Petersburg, in 1824, is given by Mr. Wilson in his "Travels in Russia," &c.:—"On the night of the 24th of November the signal lamps were hung round the top of the steeple, in consequence of a strong westerly wind impeding the rapid current from Lake Ladoga, and thereby causing a tremendous swell in the Feva and all the canals. By twelve o'clock the following day, nearly the whole city was laid under water, and a scene of horror ensued that absolutely baffles description; for sentry boxes, timber, furniture, and all kinds of provision might be seen floating in enormous masses along the streets, while dark rolling clouds added to the frightful spectacle, and the water dashed over the roofs of the highest houses. In one quarter of the town, that called the Smolensky, the very mansions of the dead were invaded, graves torn open, and the coffins every where floated about. The water was now seven feet above the pavement in all parts of the city. Many persons, never supposing it would attain such a height, had left their houses to witness the increase of the Neva; but alas! on attempting to return to them, perished in the flood. All the bridges were swept away, and the broken barges, rafts of wood, galliots, and vessels of various descriptions carried along with them the lamp-posts, smashed the windows, were hurling to and fro, and some of the streets were choked up by them. In another quarter, the Vissilli Ostrov, where most of the houses are of wood, the destruction was tremendous; for these buildings were torn up from their very foundations, and entirely swept away, with the dead bodies of their inmates. Amidst these scenes of horror, many instances of truly wonderful, and almost providential rescue from destruction occurred, among which the following deserved to be noticed:—In one house that was surrounded with water; there were several children, who, as the flood increased, first had recourse to a chair, and when it reached the top of that, they mounted a table. In this situation, perilous as it was, they fell asleep, and on awaking, found that their float-

ed couch nearly touched the ceiling; by this means, however, they were miraculously saved. The second instance is that of a cradle being carried away by the flood, with a male child in it, who like another Moses, was wonderfully preserved. A wooden house having been lifted from its foundation, was set afloat and washed into the Admiralty yard, and on searching this, it was found to contain much property. On the water subsiding, the dead body of a female was found kneeling, in the act of supplicating to the image of a saint affixed to the wall. Throughout the city all was terror, despair, and dismay; for the terrified inhabitants imagined a general deluge was about to take place."

DESCRIPTION OF CALCUTTA.

From Bishop Heber.

Calcutta, when seen from the south, on which side it is built, round two sides of a great open plain, with the Ganges on the west, is a very noble city; with tall and stately houses, ornamented with Grecian pillars, and each for the most part surrounded by a little apology for a garden. The churches are not large, but very neat and even elegant buildings, and the government house is, to say the least of it, a more showy palace than London has to produce. These are however, the *front lines*: behind them ranges the native town, deep black and dingy, with narrow, crooked streets, huts of earth baked in the sun, or of twisted bamboos, interspersed here and there with ruinous brick bazars, pools of dirty water, cocoa trees, and little gardens and a few very large, very fine, and generally very dirty houses of Grecian architecture, the residence of wealthy natives. There are some mosques of pretty architecture, and very neatly kept, and some pagodas, but mostly ruinous and decayed; the religion of the people being chiefly conspicuous in their worship of the Ganges, and in some ugly painted wooden or plaster idols, with all manner of heads and arms, which are set up in different parts of the city. Fill up this outline with a crowd of people in the streets beyond any thing to be seen even in London, some dressed in tawdry silk and brocades, more in white cotton garments, and most of all black and naked, except a scanty covering round the waist; besides figures of religious mendicants, with no clothing but their long hair and beards in elf locks, their faces painted white or yellow, their beads in one ghastly lean hand, and the other stretched out like a bird's claw, to receive donations; marriage processions, with the bride in a covered chair and the bridegroom on horseback, so swathed round with garlands as hardly to be seen; tradesmen sitting on the ground in the midst of their different commodities; and old men, lookers on, perched naked as monkeys, on the flat roofs of the houses; carts drawn by oxen, and driven by wild looking men with sticks, so unmercifully used as to undeceive perfectly all our notions of braminical humanity: attendants with silver maces, pressing through the crowd before the carriage of some great man or other; no women seen except of the lowest class, and even these with heavy silver ornaments on their dusky arms and ankles; while coaches, covered up close with red cloth, are seen conveying the inmates of the neighbouring seraglios to take what is called "the air;" a constant creaking of cart-wheels, which are never greased in India, a constant clamour of voices, and an almost constant thumping and jingling of drums, cymbals &c. in honour of some of their deities; and add to all this a villainous smell of garlick, rancid cocoa nut oil, sour butter, and stagnant ditches; and you will understand the sounds, sights and smells of what is called the "Black Town" of Calcutta. The singularity of this spectacle is best and least offensively enjoyed on a noble quay, which Lord Hastings built along the shore of the river, where the vessels of all forms and sizes, Arab, Indian, Malay, American, English, the crowds of Bramins and other Hindoos washing and saying their prayers, the lighted tapers, which towards sunset they throw in, and the broad bright stream which sweeps by them, guiltless of their impiety, and unconscious of their homage, afford a scene such as no European, and few Asiatick cities, can at all parallel in interest and singularity.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1828.

Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

July 5. Saint Peter of Luxemburg; Saint Modwena; and Saint Edana.—1685, the battle of Sedgemoor was fought between the duke of Monmouth and James II. The battle, though at first extremely against the king, was finally a victory through an error in Monmouth, together with the cowardice of earl Gray.—1814, the memorable battle of Chippewa was fought, in which the Americans under general Brown defeated the British under general Riall, and forced them to retire to fort George. The Americans had 60 killed, 229 wounded, and 19 missing. The British had 148 killed, 320 wounded, and 46 missing.—1779, New-Haven, and East Haven, Connecticut, taken and plundered by the British under Sir George Collier. Several houses were burned at East Haven. A few days after, Fairfield was plundered and burned; and afterwards Norwalk shared the same fate.

July 6. Saint Palladius; Saint Julian, the anchorite; Saint Sexburgh; Saint Goar; and Saint Moninna.—1776, the congress of the American colonies published a declaration setting forth the cause and necessity of their taking up arms against the mother country.—1809, the Austrians were defeated at Wagram, after two days' futile resistance, by the French.—1777, Ticonderoga was evacuated by the American troops.

July 7. Saint Paulenus; Saint Thomas a Becket; Saint Willebald; Saint Hedda; Saint Edelburga; Saint Felix, of Nantes; and Saint Benedict XI.—1777, was fought the battle of Skenesborough.—1816, died Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the poet, dramatist, statesman, and orator. His exquisite talents, and the abortive use too often made of them, are so well known as to preclude the necessity of repetition. With the most acute invention and ready expression of his ideas, his company was courted even by the present reigning sovereign of Great Britain. He had also been politically a benefactor of that prince; and so long as he could give his usual share of amusement to his table, he was ever welcome; but this was all. On his death bed, suffering for the want of the common necessities of life, this penurious or ungratefully neglectful prince suffered him to die unaided by his bounty, except by a stinted sum which any man would look upon as an insult rather than a charity.

July 8. Saint Elizabeth of Portugal; Saint Procopius; Saints Kilian, Colman, and Tatnam; Saint Withburge; and Saint Grimbald. 1533, died at Ferrara, the celebrated Italian poet, Ariosto.—1778, count d'Estaing arrived in the Delaware with twelve French ships of the line. Same day, the American frigate Hancock, of 32 guns, captain Manly, was captured by the British frigate Rainbow, of 42 guns, Sir George Collier, commander.—1810, the Isle of Bourbon, in the Indian ocean surrendered to the British.

July 9. Saint Ephraim of Edessa; and Saint Everilda.—1754, general Braddock, with a British army, was defeated by the French and Indians, within a few miles of fort du Quesne. In this battle, George Washington, who served as a volunteer aid de camp, discovered talents which were much to his honour as an officer. Had his advice been taken, this disaster had not befallen the ill-fated Braddock.—1798, warlike measures were authorized against France by the government of the United States.—1810, the kingdom of Holland was annexed to the crown of France.—1815, the congress at Vienna closed their sessions.

July 10. Saint Felicitas and her seven sons, martyrs; Saint Rufina; and Saint Secunda, V. On the tenth of July 1740, died Charles Crispe, baronet. He was the first Englishman who settled a trade on the coast of Africa.

July 11. Saint James of Nisibus; Saint Hidulphus; Saint Pius I.; and Saint Drostan.—1804, the much lamented general Alexander Hamilton fell mortally wounded, in a duel with Aaron Burr, vice president of the United States. Thus for the contemptible gratification of a pique originating in a political quarrel, the country was deprived of one of her best men, and branded with the disgrace that the second of her rulers should stoop for.

usefulness and trust into the character of a cool and pre-meditated assassin. General Hamilton was about forty-seven years of age.—1813, the British attacked and captured Black Rock, and destroyed the barracks, block-houses, &c.—1814, Eastport in the state of Maine was captured by the British. Same day, the United States' brig Rattlesnake, of fourteen guns, lieutenant Renshaw, was captured by the British Ship Leander, of sixty-four guns, after a chase of four hours. Thus the 11th day of July has ever proved a disastrous day to the United States.

THE FESTIVAL. The nativity of Saint John the Baptist was celebrated in almost every part of our country, with the usual spirit, regardless of the scoffs of the enemies of Masonry; and it is our intention to lay our numerous returns before our readers, as soon as possible. It must be very galling to those who confidently assert, not that masonry will utterly fall, but that it *has already* fallen, to see so much talent and respectability warmly engaged in its duties, even in the very centre of the infected district itself. We shall first offer the returns from such places as our brazen opponents have represented as the last of all places for a popular celebration. They will then see that so far from being deserted by the talented and respectable of their order, masons have in fact lost only a portion of their *chaff*, who have gone over to the ranks of their hypocritical calumniators. Enough, and all who are worthy of the name or privileges of masonry, are yet unshaken by the scoffs of the ignorant or obloquy of the malicious.

We presume that these celebrations were attended by many for no other intent than to seek an opportunity to rail; but their mouths have been shut by that solemnity which sacred things impose even upon the most daring and blasphemous. They will not however confess so much, when once more with their companions in mischief; but we are prepared to hear their boasts, what they *would* have done, and what they *would* have said, if it had not been—just as it was.

The following communication, from a source of the highest respectability, is here inserted by way of proof to the foregoing remarks. It is from the very hot-bed of the present anti-masonick labour, where they boast of daily converts to the principles of proscription and extermination. It is a fair sample of their triumphs, and such will their pretensions ever be proved, groundless and vain.

"Almond, Allegany co., June 25th. 1823.

"The anniversary of Saint John the Baptist was celebrated by Almond Union Lodge, No. 405, at the Masonick Hall in Almond, in a spirited and becoming manner. An address was delivered by Companion Larrabe, Master of the Lodge; and although it was court week for Allegany county, and many of the members of the lodge were called to court, as jurors and witnesses, and although many fanatics in the vicinity of the lodge have proclaimed destruction to the institution, and are exerting their vanity in persecuting masons, yet the brethren went forth in their duty, and met undismayed the shafts of malignant persecution, amidst the gaze of those who had imbibed a belief, that the work of proscription had not left one to speak of. But the day will long be remembered, as portraying the genuine principles of moral virtue, convincing all "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The truly masonick conduct of the brethren exhibited such proofs of benevolent design—such steadfast union in the bonds of charity—and such obedience to the laws of God and the government of our country, that the hope of those who met for the purpose of ridicule became shaken, and finally acknowledged the sentiments they had imbibed against the institution to be unjust, uncharitable, and unchristian."

CLASSICKS AND TACTICKS. A fine corps of cadets, composed of a part of the students of Union college, arrived in this city on Tuesday afternoon, and after passing through the principal streets to the Academy Park, took up their quarters in the large room of the academy. They were on their way to the Catskill Mountain House, where they were to pass the Fourth. The corps was commanded by major Jackson. Their appearance is such as would do honour to any place, and their exactness of discipline is seldom outdone by veteran troops.

The anti-masonick celebration at Le Roy on the fourth, we think will be well attended; for the zealots have advertised that they intend to entertain all the *seceding* masons

free of expense. All the vagabonds in the vicinity who have ever read Morgan's book will of course go there to recant. If this had been published a few weeks sooner, it would have operated strongly on the sale of that valuable book, provided it could be bought for a shilling, or sixpence, as it can here. By that means, any old bruiser might turn the value to advantage, by studying Morgan, recanting, &c. in season for the day. He might for that one shilling, get a dinner worth a half a dollar, and decently drunk to boot. Cheap enough!

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have now before us the first number of the *Masonick Souvenir and Pittsburgh Gazette*, a weekly print, devoted to Freemasonry, Literature, Science, and the Arts. It is a quarto, of a very genteel appearance, and the contents, both select and original, give strong testimony in favour of the talents of its conductors. It is published at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, by L. F. W. Andrews & B. Hutchinson, for three dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription received for a less term than a year. All letters and communications must be addressed to L. F. W. Andrews, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. We heartily greet this addition to the public advocates of masonick principles. We stated in our last that the *Masonick Record* was the only hebdomadal whose design and name were jointly devoted to the cause of the mystick brotherhood. We are happy in so soon recognizing a colleague so promising as the *Masonick Souvenir*.

The improvements recently made in the appearance of the *Philadelphia Ariel*, are really worthy of notice. This little semi-monthly quarto is conducted by Mr. E. MORRIS, and is particularly designed for the amusement of the literary, and ladies especially will find its columns filled with such matter as will be sure to please, if their taste has kept a suitable pace with modern improvement, without becoming vitiated by modern innovation. We cannot find room for the entire prospectus of the *Ariel*; yet we can recommend it to our friends as well worthy an extensive and liberal support. An elegant quarto engraving accompanies every third number. It is published in Philadelphia, for \$1 50 per annum, making a volume of 208 pages, and eight quarto engravings.

The *Manuscript*, numbers nine to twelve inclusive, have been received. The contents are,—The Providential Release; Indian Eloquence; Defamation of character; The Rival Lovers; Immortality of the Soul; and the Faithful Greek. We have been agreeably disappointed in finding that this talented work is not to be relinquished. It certainly does honour to the taste of both publisher and editor. We hope that a liberal patronage will do equal honour to the good sense of the publick. It is published by G. & C. Carvill & Elam Bliss, Broadway, New-York.

Contents of the sixth number of Mrs. Hale's *Ladies' Magazine*:—ORIGINAL MISCELLANY: Dress; Sketches of American Character, No. 6, The Poor Scholar; Female Influence; Catherine Talbot; The Good Match. LITERARY NOTICES: The Legendary; "Coming Out," and "The Field of Forty Foot-steps. Sketches of the Wallington Family. ORIGINAL POETRY: Burial of a Motherless Infant; To Ellen; Remembered Words; Filial Tribute on a Birth Day; The Aged Christian's Death Bed; Ascendency.

Contents of the *Western Medical and Physical Journal* for May:—ORIGINAL ESSAYS AND CASES: Cardialgia of four years standing cured by Iodine; An Essay on Charcoal as a valuable Cathartic. SELECTED ESSAYS AND CASES: On the deleterious effects of Tart. Emetic, in the Autumnal Fevers in Alabama; Convulsive Affections, and the use of Opium; Safety of Mercurial Inhalations: On the use of Sanguinary Canadensis in Bronchitis, Croup, and Catarrh: Purpura Hemorrhagica: Notes on the above Case. SELECTED REVIEW: Observations on the Origin and Latent Period of Fever: Barras on Gastrick Affections: SELECTED INTELLIGENCE: Influence of Mercury in the production of Hepatic Affections: Structure of the Nerves: Respiration of cool Air in Pulmonary diseases: Scrophula: Tinct. of Cantharides in Gonorrhoea, Gleet, and dropsy: New Test of Soundness of the Lungs: WESTERN EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY: Ear Cases: Eye Cases. ORIGINAL INTELLIGENCE, &c.: Extra-Uterine Conception of a Sheep: Calomel in deep seated Ulcers: Exchange Journals: To Correspondents.

Contents of the *Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences*, for May:—ESSAYS AND CASES: Conclusion of Doctor Drake's Discourse on the Causes, Effects, and Preventatives of Intemperance: Appendix on Alcohol. REVIEWS AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES: Formulary for the

Preparation and Employment of the New Medicines, Veratris, Hydrocyanick Acid, Delphinia, and Iodine: Appendix of Tables of French and English Weights and Measures: Observations and Experiments on Cupping Glasses, and Pressure in Poisoned Wounds. MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE: *Analectick*.—Permanent Evidence of Successful Vaccination: Ununited Fracture cured by Pressure. *Analytical*.—Poisoning with Sulphuric Acid,—Death of Ledyard. *Original*.—Conclusion of the Winter Quarterly Report on the Diseases of Cincinnati,—Treatment of Bronchitis: To Subscribers, Correspondents, and Editors.

We have received the first number of the *Tioga Patriot*, a new paper established at Havana, (Catherine Landing) Tioga county, in this state.

SONG.

FROM MANSIE WAUCHS

Oh wad my time were ower but,
Wi' this wintry sleet an' snaw,
That I might see our house again
I' the bonny birken shaw!—
For this is no my ain life,
And I peak and pine away,
Wi' the thochts o' hame, and the young flowers,
I' the glad green month o' May.

I used to wauk in the morning
Wi' the loud sang o' the lark,
And the whistling o' the ploughmen lads,
As they gaed to their work:
I used to weir in the young lambs
Frae the tod and the roaring stream;
But the world is changed, and a' things no.
To me seem like a dream.

There are busy crowds around me
On ilka lang dull street;
Yet, though sae mony surround me,
I kenna ane I meet.
And I think on kind kent faces,
And o' blithe and cheery days,
When I wandered out, wi' our ain folk,
Out-owre the simmer braes.

Wae's me, for my heart is breaking!
I think on my brithers sma',
And on my sisters greeting,
When I came frae my hame awa';
And oh! how my mither sobbit,
As she shook me by the hand,
When I left the door o' our auld house,
To come to this stranger land!

There's nae place like our ain hame
Oh, I wish that I was there!
There's nae hame like our ain hame
To be met wi' ony where!
And oh! that I were back again
To our farm and fields sae green;
And heard the tongues o' my ain folk,
And was what I hae been!

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bandbox Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the publick. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for Bristles. June 28th.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign, Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1823. JOHN F. PORTER.



JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the publick that he has removed to No. 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Books, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspapers and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Publick Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5 1823. 15th

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22 47th

POETRY.

DRAMATICK SCENE.

BY MISS L. E. LANDON.

Agnes. Oh, never, never!

I am vowed to the grave;—I have loved once,
A woman's heart cannot again expand
Like flowers that close at eve, but to each sun
Unfold their charms

Julian [disguised.] Oh, thou wilt break thy vow:
Thou art too young, too beautiful, to nurse
Memory's pale phantoms! Hope will suit thee better,
Trust me, fair girl, hope is the sun of spring

Agnes. I do hope—hope most fondly, fervidly,
One last and only hope, that I shall die!

For there are starry homes, where faithful hearts
Shall mingle in their glory and their love.
I have oft roamed in the blue summer night,
And wept with joy to look upon the stars;
And as they shed their light upon me, felt
My Julian watched over his earthly love:
His voice has seemed to float upon the winds,
Summoning me to the immortal sky.—
And I have sought my pillow, and been happy
In the sweet dreams that visited my sleep.

Julian. These are sick fancies:—love has power to make
This earth as fair a paradise as ever
Was fashioned yet in slumber. I have brought
From afar, treasures that a king would own.
That simple lute shall be new strung with gold,
And gems shall glisten on it; delicate pearls,
Like those that ruby lip conceals, shall braid
Those raven tresses; and the diamond,
Pure bright as thou art, all shall grace my queen.

Agnes. Thy offerings are but offerings to the tomb;
A fruitless pomp, an empty vanity.
Why do I listen?—I can never feel
As I have felt before; yet still a spell
Is in thy voice that soothes: it has a tone
Like music long remembered—like a sound
Mine ear hath treasured up most faithfully.

Julian [aside.] How true love's memory is!—
[*To her.*] The hunter turns not

Despairing from the chase because the deer
Flies from his pursuit, every obstacle
Becomes a pleasure. I will win thee yet,
If truest love can win; I'll watch each step
As the young mother watches her first child:
Your feet shall tread o'er roses, from whose stems
The thorns are cleared away; the air around
Shall be so sweet, that every breath you draw
Will be enjoyment; all your waking hours
Shall glide away like music; you shall sleep
To the soft lulling of the harp, your pillow
Upon a heart whose every beat is yours.
This is your native village; is it dear?

Agnes. Oh, very, very dear! I know no more
Of the wide world than what we now can see,
Bounded by the blue sky; my heart has yet
Some things to cling to here: I do not feel
Quite desolate amid the many ties
Affection here has sanctified. Look where
The silent city of the dead arises,
Its sole inhabitants the cypresses,
Bending their weeping leaves to the black yews,
And one huge cedar rearing gloomily
His giant height, the monarch of the shades;
The venerable church stands in the midst—
The solemn temple where the dead and living
Together meet; you cannot see the tombs,
So close the trees spread their green canopy;
But there my mother by my father's side
Sleeps quietly—oh, most sweetly—for they died
Each in the other's arms! They never knew
That agony of soul which prays for death
But yet lives on. Oh, that my Julian's grave
Had been by theirs, our ashes would have mixed!
But now—

Julian. I will not let thee dwell upon thy grief.
Look to yon vine-clad hill: the setting sun
Streams in full glory on the radiant leaves
And topaz clusters,—the rill that at noon day
Is bright and colourless like the crystal, now
Flows red with crimson light; just by that group
Of those old chestnuts will I build a bower—
A magic bower, my fairy for thy home.

Agnes. Oh, no; oh, no—not there! My Julian said
If ever he returned to claim his bride,
Our nest of love and happiness should be
Beneath that shade.

Julian [aside.] Ah why suspect her truth!
But one proof more, and I will lay aside
Disguise, and pray forgiveness for my doubts,—
How sweet will be my pardon!

[*To her.*] I am come
From India, and I doubt if 't is the grave
That holds you: Julian from your arms.

Agnes. Oh, say
That he but lives, and I will worship you!
Julian. If he but lives! And have you then no fears?
In absence lovers' vows are fragile things,
In India there are rich and lovely brides;—
He may not have your own fond constancy.

Agnes. I'll tell you what our love has been, and then
Ask if I should doubt it: Julian and I
Grew up together, and our love was hallowed
By our fond parents' blessing. I do count
Not on a lover's passionate vow at parting,
But on the gathered ties of many years:
Each tender and each honourable feeling
Will guard his heart. Oh, jealousy is but
A shadow cast from vanity, which vain
Would take the shape of love, to hide its own
Selfish deformity!

Julian. Your confidence
Is most misplaced, for I was present when
Your Julian wedded.

Agnes. Gracious heaven, he lives!
I never will be yours, then why traduce
The innocent—the absent. I confide
Securely in his faith.

Julian. I would have spared
This pang, but I must vindicate my truth;
He has sent back by me your farewell gifts—
Know you this silken curl—this emerald ring?

Agnes. It is my ring! The braid of hair I gave!—
All else but this, oh God! I could have borne.

Julian [discovering himself.]
Oh my own Agnes, pardon me!—look up,
It is thy Julian calls!—He has not swerved
Even in thought from thee—thou hast still been
His hope, his solace. Lie not thus, my love,
Motionless on my bosom; but one look—
One word—to say you can forgive
A moment's doubt!

Agnes. Julian, I can die happy.
Julian. How pale she is! My life! my soul! revive!
Why did I try a faith I should have known
Spotless as the white dove! I cannot feel
The beating of her heart. I'll kiss the colour
Back to her cheek. Oh God! her lip is ice—
There is no breath upon it!
Agnes, thy Julian is thy murderer!

From a late English Magazine.

THE SIBYL'S WARNING.

The stars were out, the moon was high,
And bright and cloudless was the sky—
At midnight's still and witching hour
The maiden sought the sibyl's bower.
Beneath yon elm I saw them stand—
The gipsy held the maiden's hand;
And as its lines she paused to trace,
She gazed upon her anxious face;
And while she listened in the shade,
The sibyl thus addressed the maid.

'On this soft palm, now placed in mine,
I'll read for thee each secret line—
Each secret joy—each stern decree
That hovers o'er thy destiny.
'T is a fair hand—a fairer one
These aged eyes ne'er gazed upon:
But then these signs too well betray
That clouds will cross thy summer day!

This is the line of hope—and this
Should be the mark of love and bliss,
But that it ends abruptly here!
Oh, maiden! thou hast much to fear.
A dark-eyed man will cross thy way,
Thy guileless bosom to betray;

And he will use his honeyed tongue
To win thee—beautiful and young!

Maiden! what means that deep drawn sigh?
Thou hast already met his eye:
Thy ear hath drunk his accents sweet,
Unconscious of their deep deceit.
I see 'tis so—thy cheek is pale—
Thou dost not like to hear my tale;
But thou his heartless love must spurn;
Or thine will meet a base return.

Thou hast a smooth and polished brow,
'Tis lovely in the moonlight now;
Thou hast an eye, beneath whose lid
The softest light of love is hid.
So much the worse—for I can trace,
Upon that calm unwrinkled face,
Whose whiteness shames the falling snow,
Ere yet it touches earth below,
Impassioned thoughts—fond hopes and feelings—
A soul awake to love's revealings—
A heart that doted and believed—
Is ruined, wretched and deceived!

Nay, weep not—weep not—steel thy soul
Against deceitful love's control!
For its wild dream will soon be o'er,
When thou shalt feel its pangs no more—
And thou shalt sleep, in thy young bloom,
In death's cold bridal bed, the tomb!

Maiden! my skill can only see
Thus far into thy destiny:
The rest is hidden from my view
Beyond yon canopy of blue.

THE ANNOYER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes unbidden every where,
Like thought's mysterious birth.
The moonlight sea and the sunset sky
Are written with Love's words,
And you hear his voice unceasingly,
Like song in the time of birds.

He peeps into the warrior's heart
From the tip of a stooping plume,
And the serried spears, and the many mad,
May not deny him room.
He'll come to his tent in the weary night,
And be busy in his dream;
And he'll float to his eye in morning light,
Like a fay on a silver beam.

He hears the sound of the hunter's gun,
And rides on the echo back,
And sighs in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And flits in his woodland track.
The shade of the wood, and the sheen of the river,
The cloud, and the open sky—
He will haunt them all with his subtle quiver,
Like the light of your very eye.

The fisher hangs over the leaning boat,
And ponders the silver sea,
For Love is under the surface hid,
And a spell of thought has he.
He heaves the wave like a bosom sweet,
And speaks in the ripple low,
Till the bait is gone from the crafty line,
And the hook hangs bare below.

He blurs the print of the scholars book,
And intrudes in the maidens prayer,
And profanes the cell of the holy man,
In the shape of a lady fair.
In the darkest night, and the bright daylight,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
In every home of human thought,
Will Love be lurking nigh.

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1828.

NO. 27

MASONICK RECORD.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

From every region of the country, from New-England to Louisiana, and from Maryland to Missouri, we hear of the meeting together of the brethren, to celebrate the nativity of their patron, St. JOHN THE BAPTIST, on the 24th ult. It is impossible to give them a full description in our columns, consistent with our economy of room. We shall however devote a paragraph, or two, to each distinct celebration, continuing our sketches until we have treated every one with its due share of attention. Many returns have not yet come to hand; but such as we have received afford us the cheering assurance, that there is yet a spirit identified with the destinies of the craft, far above the selfishness of time-serving members, or the calumnies of interested enemies of the masonick compact. We had feared that the energies of the fraternity would be damped by the continued obloquy of office-hunting mischief-makers; but our fears were perfectly groundless. True philanthropy can never be awed from its purposes, even if the whole physical force of united nations were arrayed against it; much less, when the ignorant and the selfish alone are to be found among its opponents. The returns from the different masonick bodies which we have already received, show that not only the talented and respectable portion of the fraternity are at all times ready to publish their feelings toward the institution to the world, but that none of the native energy of freemasonry can be, even for a moment, paralyzed by the insidious machinations of any set of men, whose sole aim is to build for themselves a monopoly, on the ruins of one of the oldest and most efficient compacts ever instituted for the melioration of human evil.

The day was celebrated by Solon Lodge, at Athens, in the county of Greene, together with the brethren of the neighbouring lodges. An address was delivered by the Rev. Brother Prentiss, which is spoken of in the most approving terms by those who heard it. Having ourselves listened more than once to the masonick eloquence of this worthy divine, we have to regret the diffidence on his part which has ever been so averse to the repeated solicitations of the brethren for their publication. The Catskill Recorder, speaking of this address, pronounces it "replete with useful and encouraging instruction to the brethren."

The day was set apart for the interesting ceremony of laying the corner stone of a new masonick hall, in the village of Monticello, county of Sullivan, on which occasion an address was delivered by Brother William Soper, jr. The address was well received by a respectable audience, an unusual portion of which were females. The Rev. Mr. McJimsey, and the Rev. Mr. Fish assisted in the exercises of the day.

In Poughkeepsie, in the county of Dutchess, the day was observed with the usual spirit. An appropriate and impressive discourse was delivered in the Episcopal church, by the Rev. Brother Brown, of Newburgh. The ceremonies were honoured with the presence of men whose talents are not to be put on a parallel, in point of respectability, with the most gifted of the anti-masonick junto, and whose characters may be yet more advantageously contrasted with the rotten reputation of the veriest champion for masonick proscription. The Poughkeepsie Encampment of Knights Templars, together with Lafayette Encampment from Hudson, united in the festivities of the day.

The brethren of Clinton Lodge, in Plattsburgh, and its vicinity in the county of Clinton, celebrated the day in the usual style. An oration was pronounced by the Rev. Brother Boyington, of Chazy.

Richmond Lodge, in Tompkinsville, Staten Island, observed the day in a simple and becoming manner, at the Pavilion of Brother Davis, Mount Tompkins.

Mount Ararat Lodge, together with the brethren from the neighbouring and distant towns, united in the commemoration of the nativity of our ancient patron, in Petersham, Worcester county, Massachusetts. Appropriate religious ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Brother Thomson, of Barre, and an oration was pronounced by William Lincoln, esq. of Worcester. Speaking of the ceremonies, the National Ægis observes that the procession was composed of "pious and reverend clergymen, worthy and valuable citizens, and men whose characters in society are pledges of the value and utility of any object in which they unite." Anthems and appropriate selections of masonick poetry were sung with great taste. The same paper observes that,—

"The numerous collection of the members of the masonick association, the splendid but simple dresses and decorations of the order, and the union of the matrons and fair sisters, gave an imposing appearance to the interesting ceremonies of the association.

The festive board was enlivened with excellent sentiments and numerous toasts. Among them were the following:—

The day we celebrate. Consecrated to the communion of kindred spirits.

The first christian patron of our order. A ladder was seen in a vision ascending from earth to heaven.

The Memory of DE WITT CLINTON. Let the enemies of masonry show a better man.

The citizens of the state of New-York. May they be too wise to league with the King of Spain in persecuting her freemasons.

The Temple of masonry. Based upon the rock of ages and sustained by the unmouldering columns of Virtue, Morality, and Religion.

The brethren of the white apron. The lamb is the emblem of innocence,—wolves in sheep's clothing are unknown among them.

Anti-Masonick Newspapers. None can digest their contents except they have taken the degrees of dissimulation, dissipation, and Morganation.

The Masonick Association. The virtues of its members, the best testimonials of its usefulness—the memories of Washington, Franklin, and Clinton, the brightest pledges of its purity."

The corner stone of St. John's Church, in Wilkinsonville, (Sutton, Worcester county, Massachusetts,) was laid on the same day, by Sutton Royal Arch Chapter, assisted by Olive Branch Lodge, and members of the neighbouring Lodges; M. E. Jonas L. Sibley, esq. presiding.

"To witness the interesting scene," says the National Ægis, "in a village so recently risen into notice, through the exertions of a single individual, and to join in the celebration of the birth day of the great patron of masonry, St. John the Baptist, called together an unusually large concourse of people. The address, on the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. George Taft, rector of St. Paul's Church, Pawtucket, Rhode-Island, and was such as might be expected from that eloquent and faithful preacher."

After the ceremonies were closed, about three hundred sat down to an excellent dinner prepared for the occasion. Many highly respectable guests were present, among whom were M. W. John Carlile, Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode-Island, and M. W. William Wilkinson, P. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Rhode-Island.

The day was celebrated at Norristown, Pennsylvania, by a very large number of brethren from Philadelphia and the country, together with the members of the lodge in that borough—among whom were the R. W. Brother Kittera, Grand Master, W. Brother Thomas, Grand Secretary, M. E. Companion Riley, Grand High Priest, and other distinguished officers. At twelve o'clock, a procession was formed at the lodge room, and proceeded to a church, where a very highly finished and instructive address was delivered by the Rev. and R. W. Brother Bedell, of Philadelphia, Grand Chaplain: after which the craft partook of a dinner prepared for the occasion.

"The whole celebration," says the United States Gazette, "was conducted with that propriety and harmony that should ever distinguish the order, and will tend to increase its claims on public respect."

The anniversary was observed in the city of Raleigh, North-Carolina, by the members of Hiram Lodge, and other individual brethren. The procession moved from Masonick Hall to the Baptist Church, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Brother Freeman.

Lodges No 1, and 56, united in the celebration of the day at Baltimore, Maryland. The procession moved at ten o'clock from Mason's Hall to the New Baptist Church in Cumberland Street, where a masonick discourse was delivered by the Rev. Brother Howell. Many visiting brethren from the neighbouring lodges, No. 16, 100, St.

Tammany's Lodge in Hampton, and Comfort Lodge at Old Point.

At Milledgeville, Georgia, Brother Samuel Rockwell, late of this city, pronounced an Eulogy on our deceased brother and fellow citizen, DE WITT CLINTON, which was attentively listened to by the brethren of the several masonick bodies in that city.

The members of Abraham Lodge and Clark Lodge, in the city of Louisville, Kentucky, met as usual on that day to elect their officers for the ensuing six months. After transacting their business, a procession was formed, by the two bodies, and proceeded to the Presbyterian Church, where an address was delivered by a reverend brother.

At Winchester, Virginia, the procession was formed agreeably to order, of which the number of masons was about one hundred, embracing the neighbouring lodges of Martinsburgh, Brucetown, and Shepherdstown, and other visiting brethren. The new Presbyterian church having been politely offered for the occasion, a discourse was delivered therein, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, of Leesburgh, accompanied with the usual exercises. The procession then repaired to the foundation of the new Episcopal church, at the corner of Boscowen and Washington streets, where the corner stone was laid with the usual forms.

The celebration at Franklin, Pendleton county, Virginia, was a novelty for that region. We quote the Winchester Republican of July 4.

"The lodge had recently obtained a dispensation, and this being the first celebration of the kind in that section of the country, it attracted a large concourse of spectators. About forty masons were present, principally from Harrisonburgh, Moorefield and Bath county. The procession formed at 11 o'clock, preceded by the Harrisonburgh band, and on approaching the court house, where the exercises were to be conducted, was joined by the ladies, to the number of about two hundred, who as may readily be conceived threw the jewelled and otherwise artificially ornamented fraternity completely into the shade. On arriving at the court house, and opening to the right and left, the fair visitors passed through the lines, and were conducted to seats by the presiding officers. In the exercises of the day, the delivery of the discourse had been assigned to the Rev. Brother Pendleton, which sudden indisposition having prevented him from performing, a selected sermon was read by Brother J. H. Cravens, of Franklin, and was followed by an address by Brother Samuel H. Davis, of Winchester.

"The exercises in the court house being concluded, the brethren partook of an elegant and abundant dinner, prepared by Brother Cravens, at the Franklin Hotel. Here again the ladies to the number of twenty, united in the more substantial and no less agreeable exercises of the festival. Grace, wit, and beauty, were the presiding deities; and those pleasurable feelings which the influence of these deities ever produce upon the mind of man."

At Niagara, Upper Canada, the brethren met as usual. An excellent sermon was preached in the Episcopal church by the Rev. Brother Handcock. After the service, the brethren of Lodge No. 4, a number of visitors, and several of the most respectable gentlemen of the town, sat down to an elegant dinner at the Angel Inn. The day passed off in harmony and good feeling, and the brethren and friends separated at an early hour, highly satisfied.

In Franklin, Missouri, the brethren of Franklin Union Lodge, together with Brownville Lodge, and some few transient brethren from the vicinity, met to celebrate the day with the usual festive rites

and honours. The officers of Howard Chapter, the second organized in the state, were duly installed at the same meeting. A sermon was pronounced on the occasion, and a numerous and respectable party sat down to the dinner prepared by Brother Means.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

LUMINOUS APPEARANCE OF THE OCEAN.

From the Transactions of the Albany Institute. Read March 23.

This beautiful phenomenon, which once bore the poetical title of "phosphorescence of the ocean," has more recently I believe rested between two solutions; that it is caused by animalculæ, or by the ovula of fishes. A writer in a recent foreign periodical, inclines to the former opinion—viz. that the luminous appearance of the ocean is caused by animalculæ. As I have been for some time inclined to the opposite view of the subject, I am induced to submit an account of some observations made a few years since in the humble pursuit of science.

In the practice of sea bathing at night, in a southern latitude, I had of course noticed and admired the beautiful sparkling of the water when agitated or resisted—but the myriads of bodies of whatever sort which emitted these corruscations, were alike invisible and impalpable. On one occasion however I struck my arm against a small soft mass, which immediately emitted a flash of two or three inches in diameter. But the mass eluded my attempts to secure it, as it was invisible the moment it parted from its accidental contact with my arm. This occurred several times afterwards, and I began to think I perceived a sensation of warmth whenever I struck one of these bodies, though aware how liable I was to be deceived by the almost irresistible association of light and heat in the mind. A very large one ultimately convinced me that I was not deceived; the sensation being on this occasion perfectly distinct—grateful—and continuing for a minute or two after the touch.

The masses of marine ovula, left by the tide to heat and hatch on the beach, I had long before observed through the whole process of vivification. First, a transparent mass of jelly—next, marked by a white opaque speck, a little distance from the centre—third, this spot fringed with a red border, of the colour of arterial blood; next, a kind of irregular pulsation, accompanied by the development of certain white contractile fibres, and the extension of several large red lines, in radial directions from the focal opaque speck—the appearance of a black speck, ultimately a defined head—and finally, I have seen the rising tide shake out the perfect animal, apparently in the full possession of life; certainly exercising the important function of apprehension of danger.

The identity of this ovulum with the luminous bodies I encountered in the water, appeared probable from their size, consistency, and abounding in the same regions. It was soon after ascertained; for on a night when the sea was somewhat agitated, I observed the same corruscations in the waves breaking on the beach, and succeeded in obtaining several of the illuminating bodies, by the light of their own flashes. They appeared, as I expected, identical.

When examined by candle light, to overcome the glare of their brilliancy, and at the same time observe their action more clearly, the power of illumination appeared to reside in a similar focal point to that described as the place of the first phenomena of vivification; and the flashes which could be procured by irritating the mass with the end of a pencil, diverged from this point in lines similar in magnitude and direction, to the large red ones mentioned in that process. I regret that it did not occur to me, to electrically insulate one of these bodies, and endeavour to obtain shocks; but I was too much occupied with the question above stated, to avail myself of the means in my hands of making some interesting experiments on the theory of life.

The existence of those large corruscating bodies in the ocean, has been before recorded, and there

is, I believe, a paper on this subject, by Doctor Mitchill, published ten or twelve years ago; but it is thought some parts of the observations are not on record, and they are now submitted in the hope of being in some degree useful—or pardoned if superfluous.

The conclusions I formed on this subject were, that in this instance a luminous appearance in the ocean was produced by marine ovula; and by a rule of philosophizing, all such appearances not proved to proceed from another source, and not inconsistent with this cause, are fairly assignable to the same origin.

Waterliet Arsenal.

VOLCANOES.

Abstract of a paper on the Phenomena of Volcanoes, by Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart. F.R.S. read at the meeting of the Royal Society, in London, March 21, 1838.

In an article on the decomposition of the earths, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1812, the author offered it as a conjecture, that the metals of the alkalis and earths might exist in the interior of the globe, and on being exposed to the action of air and water, give rise to volcanick fires, and to the production of lavas, by the slow cooling of which, basaltic, and other crystalline rocks, might subsequently be formed. Vesuvius, from local circumstances, presents particular advantages for investigating the truth of this hypothesis; and of these the author availed himself, during his residence at Naples, in the months of December 1819, and of January and February 1820. A small eruption had taken place a few months before he visited the mountain, and a stream of lava was then flowing with considerable activity from an aperture in the mountain a little below the crater, which was throwing up a shower of red hot stones every two or three minutes. On its issuing from the mountain it was perfectly fluid and nearly white hot; its surface appeared to be in violent agitation, from the bursting of numerous bubbles, which emitted clouds of white smoke. There was no appearance of more vivid ignition in the lava when it was exposed to the air, nor did it glow with more intensity when it was raised and poured out by an iron ladle. A portion was thrown into a glass bottle, which was then closed with a ground stopper, and on examining the air in the bottle, some time afterwards, it was found not to have lost any of its oxygen.

Nitre, thrown upon the surface of the lava, did not produce such an increase of ignition as would have attended the presence of combustible matter. The gas disengaged from the lava proved, on examination, to be common air. When the white vapours were condensed on a cold tin plate, the deposit was found to consist of a very pure common salt; and the vapours themselves contained nine per cent. of oxygen, the rest being azote, without any notable proportion of carbonic acid or sulphureous acid gases; although the fumes of this latter gas were exceedingly pungent in smoke from the crater of the volcano. On another occasion, the author examined the saline incrustations on the rocks near the ancient bocca of Vesuvius; and found them to consist principally of common salt, with some chloride of iron, a little sulphate of soda, a still smaller quantity of sulphate or muriate of potassa, and a minute portion of oxide of copper. In one instance, in which the crystals had a purplish tint, a trace of muriate of cobalt was detected. From the observations made by the author, at different periods, he concludes that the dense white smoke which rose in immense columns from the stream of lava, and which reflected the morning and evening light of the purest tints of red and orange, was produced by the salts which were sublimated with the steam; it presented a striking contrast to the black smoke arising from the crater, which was loaded with earthy particles, and formed black clouds, which in the night were highly luminous at the moment of the explosion.

The phenomena observed by the author afford a sufficient refutation of all the ancient hypotheses, in which volcanick fires were ascribed to such chemical causes as the combustion of mineral coal, or the action of sulphur upon iron; and they are perfectly consistent with the supposition of their depending upon the oxidation of the metals of the earth on an extensive scale, in immense subterranean cavities, to which water or atmospheric

air may occasionally have access. The subterranean thunder, heard at great distances under Vesuvius prior to an eruption, indicates the vast extent of these cavities; and the existence of a subterranean communication between the Solfatara and Vesuvius, is established by the fact, that whenever the latter is in an active state, the former is comparatively tranquil. In confirmation of these views, the author remarks, that almost all the volcanoes of considerable magnitude in the old world are in the vicinity of the sea; and in those where the sea is more distant, as in the volcanoes of South America, the water may be supplied from great subterranean lakes; for Humboldt states that some of them throw up quantities of fish. The author acknowledges, however, that the hypothesis of the nucleus of the globe being composed of matter liquified by heat, offers a still more simple solution of the phenomena of volcanick fires.

VEGETABLE REMAINS.

Col. E. M. Bartlett and Mr. Ansel Bartlett have recently erected dwelling houses in Northampton meadow, on the north side of Mill river, and near the road leading from Pleasant-street to Hockanum ferry. In digging a well a few days since, they found, 16 feet below the surface, a bed of fine bluish loam or mud resembling the loamy sediment recently deposited by the river on the low meadows. This bed was penetrated four feet, to the bottom of the well, 20 feet from the surface, and it probably continues still further. Intermixed with the blue alluvion were a great many leaves, branches and roots of trees, in a decayed state; a hemlock knot, a perfect butternut, a button ball, &c. One of the relics was a piece of wood evidently charred—burnt to coal, on the outside. How many centuries ago these vegetables were deposited here by the river or lake, is a question we shall not undertake to determine. This part of the meadow has been seldom overflowed since the settlement of the town 174 years ago, and the surface has been raised but little (if any) by tiepositions from the river during that time. Similar vegetable relics have been discovered in the alluvion on the south side of Mill river, 10 or 12 feet below the surface.

[Hampshire Gazette.]

RESTORATIVE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

M. Masurer, a French chymist, has discovered that the acetate of ammonia is an effectual restorative from a state of intoxication. From 20 to 30 drops in a glass of water or capillaire, will, in most cases relieve the patient from a sense of giddiness and oppression of the brain; or, if that quantity should be insufficient, half the same quantity may be again given in eight or ten minutes after. In some cases the remedy will occasion nausea, or vomiting, which, however, will be salutary to the patient, as the state of the brain is much aggravated by the load on the stomach, and the subsequent indigestion.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

It has been ascertained that iron, by acquiring polarity, loses a portion of its power as a conductor of electricity: and all lightning rods placed in vertical directions are liable to acquire a considerable degree of polarity, it may be inferred, that in all such cases their protective properties are reduced. Dr. Fisher mentions an instance in which an iron conductor, in connexion with a powder magazine, so far lost its powers, as to allow of the powder exploding by a flash of lightning; and on examination the rod was found to be strongly magnetick. Copper is the best metal for a lightning rod, though considerably more expensive than iron.

NEW CLOCK.

Mr. Pipert, a clockmaker, of Memmingen, has announced for sale in the Commercial Courier of Dantzick, a newly invented clock, upon which he has been employed for thirteen years. It is made of wood, and has nothing metalick in its composition. It requires to be wound up only once in three months, and a report as loud as that of a twelve pounder gives notice of the time when it has stopped; the price demanded for it is 6,000 ducats. The Grand Duke of Hesse has offered 5,000, which has been refused.

THE GATHERER.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

"While we look from the deep, for the good is near,
For the good is in each corner of the world;
It is hidden, but not lost; and angels are here
To lead us from our sin and sorrow to the light."

All eyes are now turned to this lofty city in anxious expectation of her fate. Sir Robert Wilson, who is a good judge of such matters, says that she will not fall an easy prey to the greedy Czar. We hope that his words may be verified by events—if she must fall, let the northern savages (for such they are) have a little hard fighting, ere they revel in the palaces of Mahmud. The Turk has as good a right to the domains won by his valorous ancestors, as the English king and the Russian autocrat have to their empires. If he must be driven into Asia, we would prefer seeing his throne occupied by any other power than hypocritical, inordinate, insatiate Russia. Her cry to the world has ever been that of the daughter of the horse-leech—"Give! give!" Has not the world given her enough!—will not one third of the earth satisfy her fierce rapacity? Must she still put on the white robes of religion, and under that guise spread desolation and death around her, till her vast flag overshadows the whole earth? Who puts any faith in the honesty of her appeals to heaven—in her profane and impious invocations to the God of Battles to bless the sword of the plunderer. It is not the Cross of Christ that she means to plant on the turrets of Sophia, it is the Black Eagle of Russia. It is not against the followers of the Koran that she sends forth her legions, it is against the rich owners of the finest land on earth. She means not to convert, but to conquer the Turk. The saintly Suwarrow raised his bloody hands to heaven, as he stood on the ruins of Ismael, and thanked God for the favour he had shown to his faithful servants! In the same spirit of audacious and insulting impiety will Nicholas chaunt *Te Deum* upon the wall of Byzantium. The time is passed for spreading Christianity by spear and flame. She walks abroad in the spirit of peace, and makes proselytes in the language of love and good will to man. She bears the sacred Bible, and not the murderous sword. Her paths are paths of peace. Her name may go with the ambitious Czar—her spirit never will.

We can not join in the general outcry against the proscribed Turk—we would rather consider it his misfortune than his crime that he is ignorant of the true faith. We would rather attempt to enlighten that ignorance, than to cut him off in his darkness from the hope of life and the possibility of improvement. We would not destroy body and soul together. And never, as Christians, would we sanction the deep and flagitious hypocrisy which makes religion a cloak for political ambition. Such is the hypocrisy of Russia. [N. Y. Courier.]

LORD BYRON'S SKULL DRINKING CUP.

In a cabinet at the end of the room (the refectory at Newstead Abbey,) carefully preserved and concealed in a sliding case, is kept the celebrated skull cup, upon which are inscribed those splendid verses,—

"Start not—nor deem my spirit fled." &c.

People often suppose, from the name, that the cup retains all the terrible appearances of a death's head, and imagine that they could

"Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit."

Not at all. There is nothing whatever startling in it; nothing can be cleaner or less offensive—in fact, nobody would know, were he not told, that it was not a common bone bowl. It is made of the crown of the head cut straight off, so that all the disgusting portion of a skull is avoided; it is well polished; its edge is bound by a broad rim of silver; and it is set in a neat stand of the same metal, which serves as a handle, and upon the four sides of which, and not on the skull itself, the verses are engraved. It is, in short, in appearance, a very handsome utensil, and one from which the most fastidious person might drink without scruple. It was always produced after dinner, when Byron had company at the abbey, and a bottle of claret poured into it. It was wrought by a man at Nottingham, who was severely reproved by a worthy divine not far

from Newstead, for this profanation of the dead. The reply of the workman, that he should be happy to make a similar one out of his head after death, upon being equally paid for the trouble, so alarmed the Reverend gentleman, that he was taken seriously ill, and confined for a considerable time to his house.

ROMAN BATHS.

The baths were supplied from the stupendous aqueducts. The walls of their lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaicks, that imitated the art of the pencil in the elegance of design; and the variety of colours. The Egyptian granite was beautifully incrustured with the precious green marble of Numidia; the perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the spacious basins, through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase, with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury, which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces, issued a swarm of dirty and ragged plebeians, without shoes, and without a mantle; who loitered away whole days in the street or Forum, to hear news and to hold disputes, who dissipated, in extravagant gaming, the miserable pittance of their wives and children; and spent the hours of the night in obscure taverns and brothels, in the indulgence of gross and vulgar sensuality.

Seneca compares the baths of Scipio Africanus, at his villa of Liturnum, with the increasing magnificence of the publick baths of Rome long before the stately baths of Antoninus and Diocletian were erected. The quadrans paid for admission was about one-eighth of an English penny.

STAMP ACT.

When Dr. Franklin was agent in England for the province of Pennsylvania, he was frequently applied to by the ministry, for his opinion respecting the operation of the Stamp Act; but his answer was uniformly the same, "that the people of America would never submit to it." After the news of the destruction of the stamped papers had arrived in England, the ministry again sent for the Doctor to consult with; and in conclusion offered this proposal:—"That if the Americans would engage to pay for the damage done in the destruction of the stamped paper, &c. the parliament would then repeal the act." The Doctor having paused upon this question for some time, at last answered it as follows:—"This puts me in mind of a Frenchman, who, having heated a poker red-hot, ran furiously into the street, and addressing the first Englishman he met there, 'Hah! Monsieur, voulez vous give me de plaisir, de satisfaction, to let me run this poker only one foot into your body?' 'My body,' replied the Englishman: 'What do you mean?'—'Vel den, only so far,' marking about six inches! 'Are you mad?' returned the other; 'I tell you, if you don't go about your business, I'll knock you down.' 'Vel den,' said the Frenchman, softening his voice and manner; 'Vil you, my good Sir, only be so obliging as to pay me for the trouble and expense of heating this poker!'"

LARGE TREE.

The largest tree in the world is said to be the *Adansonia digitata*, which is found in Senegal, Egypt, and Abyssinia. The trunk is from 20 to 30 feet in diameter, and divides into branches of great size, which spread out drooping at the extremities and form a mass of verdure 150 feet in diameter, and 70 feet in height. The wood is light and soft, and the negroes sometimes hollow out chambers in the trunk and deposit their dead within them, where they become mummies, perfectly dry and well preserved.

UNHAPPY MATCHES.

Dr. Watts, in his poem called "Few Happy Matches," supposes that souls come forth in pairs, male and female; and that the reason why there are so many unhappy matches is, that souls lose their partners in the way to this lower world. The happy matches, he says, take place when souls arrive safely, and meeting again instinctively, impel the bodies they animate towards each other, so as to produce a hymeneal union! The pious Doctor's philosophy is vastly profound, whatever may be thought of his theology.

POPULAR TALES.

From "The Living and the Dead."

LOVE MATCHES.

"Love—we paint him as a child,—
When he should sit a giant on his clouds,
The great disturbing spirit of the world!"

Crotty.

Unfeeling and unjust in no slight degree, are the observations which not unfrequently escape the lips of the worldly, the heartless, and the dissipated, upon those unions in early life which are designated by the term—LOVE MATCHES. Now, no man in his senses, would venture to defend "love at first sight," or to justify such preposterous unions as that of a peer with a flower girl, a baronet with a bar maid or a member of parliament with a mantua-maker. Such jokes have however been cracked in Worcestershire and Westmoreland before now, and have been crowned with the happiest results. I merely content myself with joining in the cry of a hearty and hospitable old friend of mine, "a match of affection against the world." To be sure the advantages of a contrary course are many and lasting. There is a comfort in escaping the horrors of a jail by marrying age and infirmity; and then, being unable to look the woman in the face ever afterward. There is a consolation in being bribed to take disease and insanity to your bosom, and then having cause to say of matrimony during the rest of your life, that "its two days of happiness were the first and the last." There is a transport in marrying a woman to whose person you are utterly indifferent and for whose heart and understanding you have a thorough contempt, solely to please your father and serve your party; to unite two most improvable estates and strengthen your political influence: all which are easily and cheaply attained by the mere sacrifice of your own comfort and happiness for life. These are a few of the heart-stirring delights, which so often attend "a very prudent marriage."

There is nothing, I trust, bitter in those reflections. They are the fruits of an unexpected meeting with two old school fellows, senior in standing and superiour in station to myself, and of a merry recurrence to scenes, and times and persons, and adventures, in which we were all most deeply interested. There is something inexpressibly delightful in such a meeting. It is like snatching the hour-glass of time, inverting it, and rolling back again the sands that marked the lapse of years. Who is there that does not linger, fondly linger around those scenes which were once the haunt of his boyhood; and dwell with unabated affection upon those early friends who twined themselves around his heart and mingled in all his enjoyments, at that spring time of life when mere existence was happiness, when hope was certainty, and the world a paradise?

They had also both been guilty of—a love match. Having wealth, and rank, and influence themselves, they had each married the object of their affections who had neither! and what is more melancholy still, after a union of many years they have never had cause to regret it!—Let me sketch the outline and incidents of so preposterous an occurrence.

The duties of the day discharged, and the casualties of to-morrow anticipated, the conductress of Cumberland house was blessing her stars for the prospect of an evening undisturbed by any professional engagement, when the current of her ejaculations was unexpectedly deranged by a summons to the parlour. She found there a gentleman, young, but brave and dignified in his appearance, accompanied by a still younger and certainly most lovely female. His age was apparently about thirty, hers might be guessed at seventeen. He stated himself to be her guardian. Her education had been neglected. It was his wish as well as that of the young lady herself, to whom he had the honour of standing in so responsible a relation, it should now be completed. He was anxious that she should have the first masters; and that every grace and every accomplishment which art could bestow, should be added to the gifts of nature. Expense was in no instance to be regarded. Her comfort, her improvement, her interests alone were to be consulted.

The lady conductress smiled, showed her house,

grounds, ran over with inimitable complacency and singular glibness a long list of young nobility, who had entered and adorned the fashionable world on leaving her establishment, and concluded an elaborate, all things considered, a very prettily turned harrangue, by a modest and rather hesitating inquiry of "Whom have I the honour of addressing?"

"That is foreign to the purpose. I can neither give you my name, my address, nor a reference of any kind. The name of this young lady will probably be sufficient on the one hand; and this note, by way of security, on the other." He laid down as he spoke, a bank bill of very considerable amount, and turned to the window.

Madame La Roche stood amazed. "How very extraordinary! Here's a mystery. Oh! there's something wrong, beyond a doubt!"—and she glanced from one to the other. Yet, as her eye caught the noble and commanding figure of the stranger,—scanned that calm unruffled brow,—and then reverted to the confiding and ingenuous expression of his youthful companion, she felt ashamed of the supposition.

"You hesitate! I have no wish of surprising you into assent. Deliberate an hour if you please. I will await your decision. My bankers I omitted to state, are Fry and Chapman, on whom your drafts will be punctually honoured." And he resumed his station at the windows.

The conductress paused and hesitated, and for the first time in her life, was dumb! "He's monstrous young to be a guardian," but he's certainly somebody:—and she looks purity itself. Yet to come alone! to be accompanied by no female friend! I do not know really what to say!"—She began. "I—" She looked at the bank note, which lay so temptingly upon the table, cast another glance at the well appointed equipage at the door, and concluded—"I shall be most happy to receive Miss—Miss—the lady in question."

"I will not return," said she, speaking for the first time. "Whatever I may require more than the carriage contains, can be forwarded to-morrow." There was a tone of melancholy in her voice which touched even the selfish heart of Madame La Roche. She fancied she could discover a sob with difficulty suppressed. "You can probably receive Miss Hamilton to night!" said the stranger. "To night!" echoed Madame, evidently disconcerted at the promptitude which characterised the measures of her new acquaintance. "To night!" An expression of the most comick distress passed over her face. A shrug succeeded; then a smile. "Oh, certainly. C'en'est que le premier pas qui coute," she murmured, in an under tone, —and carefully deposited the note in her reticule.

The young lady was indefatigable. In the attainment of her object no labour appeared excessive, no confinement irksome. The rays of early morning found her actively engaged in the pursuit of improvement. The dews of the evening witnessed her weariness, but she was still employed. She avoided society; she courted solitude. Yet there were times when traces of tears appeared on her cheek and a sigh deep and unbroken, would steal from her bosom—and an expression of uncontrollable anguish would chequer a countenance fair as the poet's dream.

The only indulgence which she allowed herself was the care of a little orphan of five years old, who had been sent over to the conductress from India by a dying mother. For this little wayward, capricious, but engaging being, she would throw aside her favourite pursuit, enter into the whim of the moment, caress and romp, and play with her, by the hour together. It seemed as if not only all the affections of her nature had fastened upon her lively companion, but that some dear and secret association was connected with her; for on more than one occasion the youthful beauty was discovered caressing her little plaything with all the affection of a mother and mingling with her caresses, tears.

All this was "sadly perplexing" to Madame La Roche. There was no want of wealth, that was very clear, or of propriety; for her life was purity itself—or of self respect for she would have the most presuming. But there was "an unpardonable want of information!" The young lady

was herself as silent as the grave. Not a syllable could be extorted from her by innuendo, by inquiry, flattery, or surmise, as to her guardian or herself, as to the past or the future. All she would speak of, all she would refer to, was the present. This air of impenetrable mystery—this "absence of all authentick intelligence," had cost Madame La Roche many a sleepless hour; had made her tremble many a night for "the character of the establishment." "If—" she used to say to herself, till her brains were almost addled—"if there should be any thing improper! if any unexpected disclosure should take place! if all should not be 'quite correct!' I am ruined! utterly and irretrievably ruined!"—and her head grew dizzy at the bare idea of it.

Her day of trial was not far distant. Whether from intense application or feelings which preyed upon themselves, Ellen Hamilton became suddenly and alarmingly ill. The stranger's bankers were immediately apprized of the circumstance, and he himself was entreated to appear; but before he arrived his ward was insensible. His agitation, on learning the particulars bordered on frenzy. The first medical practitioners which the metropolis could afford were ranged round her bed; but her disease bade defiance to their skill. Delirium came on; and she raved in tones that would have melted the hardest heart, for her husband and child, implored him to come to her! entreated him not to banish her from her boy; and assured him, over and over again, that she would be all and every thing that he could wish.

Madame La Roche was half crazy. Her worst fears were confirmed. A mother, and perhaps no wife, sheltered beneath her roof! "Oh! if I keep my senses, it is more than I anticipate." Meanwhile the unconscious Ellen, after a long and severe conflict with disease, slowly rallied; and as soon as she was pronounced out of danger, her guardian, at Madame's urgent and reiterated request, took his leave.

The first object which poor Ellen recognized, on the return of reason, was Madame La Roche musing by her side. "I fear I have given you all much trouble, and said many foolish things! Tell me! pray tell me, has—has any thing particular!—that is—I mean—any thing very unaccountable, escaped me?" "Oh, no! nothing at all. You have only raved incessantly for your husband and your child." "How odd! Mere delirium, my dear Madame La Roche, mere delirium. My husband and my child! ha, ha, ha!" said she, with a faint laugh. "How strange!" "It is all strange, very!" exclaimed Madame La Roche, and marched from the apartment.

It was about a fortnight after this conversation, that the little orphan, to whom Ellen was so attached, begged and obtained leave to visit her "dear mamma." Half frantick with joy, for after all her caprice, and passion, and self-will, the little Indian had a most affectionate heart. She clung round the neck of her pallid friend; laughed, talked, and cried, all in a breath; kissed her again and again; and in the warmth of her caresses, disengaged a locket, which fell with some violence on the floor. "I will get it; I will get it. Let me have it; let me have it!" said the little wayward being, struggling with her governess. And in the contest, the spring opened, and Madame beheld a portrait of the stranger and a wedding ring!

It is credibly affirmed, that this paragon of French women neither scolded, nor screamed, nor fainted. She looked at the ring and said, "thank God!" The next morning brought Ellen the following note:—

"I wish for no disclosure from you. I ask for none. But I can bear it no longer. This mystery, this concealment, this air of indiscretion, this perpetual double entendre, has all but worn me to my grave. I have sent for your guardian. I suppose some dreadful disclosure awaits me. May I be able to sustain it?"

On the receipt of this alarming document, Ellen, it pains me to relate, laughed long and loudly. "Poor Madame! she need be afraid of 'no dreadful disclosures!' A rich treat is in store for her. Her appetite for the romantick is about to be gratified. To be sure her curiosity and impatience have somewhat accelerated matters. But perhaps it is all well."

The stranger arrived, and Ellen saw him alone. Their conference was short, but apparently conclusive; for she entered the room leaning on her guardian's arm, in some little degree of agitation, though her face was radiant with smiles, and triumph beamed from her eye.

"Madame La Roche," the stranger said, "you must not charge me with dissimulation, or accuse me of want of candour, if I have hitherto delayed putting you in full possession of all the circumstances relative to my lovely Ellen." The governess started. Screwed up as she was for the worst, "my lovely Ellen" came upon her ears like a thunder clap. "Till now it has been impossible. Listen, and acquit me. I met with this treasure in an obscure and humble cottage in the country. I obtained her affections, and she blessed me with her hand. Truly, it was an unequal match. For my paltry acres, she had innocence and beauty; for my title, she had sincerity and worth; instead of a long line of ancestry, she had a father who adored her, a brother who would have died for her; and in lieu of fashion and influence, a heart overflowing with the noblest feelings of our nature, and a character untainted even by the mildest of slander. I doubted not that the dutiful and devoted daughter, the self-denying and affectionate sister, would become the attached and invaluable wife. Nor have I been deceived. But my Ellen was not long in discovering that an education, carried on at intervals, and at best incongruous and incomplete, but ill qualified her for the station she now held in society, or for scenes and conversations in which she would be required, as my wife, to bear her part. She feared,—such was the phantom which perpetually pursued her,—that she would disgrace my choice. She importuned me, for a while to conceal my marriage, and to allow her to complete her education. At her own request,—mark me, Madame La Roche!—at her own urgent and repeated request, I consented to the separation: and was silent on my happiness. Upon you little or no imposition has been practised. I declared myself her guardian. Am I not? and for life. It now remains for me to thank you for the manner in which you have fulfilled our wishes, and present to you the Countess of Irchester."

MISCELLANY.

DESTRUCTION OF THE BASTILLE.

From Hazlitt's Life of Napoleon.

An alarm had been spread in the night that the regiment quartered at St. Denis was on its way to Paris, and that the cannon of the Bastille had been pointed in the direction of the street of St. Antoine. This information, the dread which this fortress inspired, the recollection of the horrors which had been perpetrated there, its very name, appalled all hearts and made the blood run cold, the necessity of wresting it from the hands of its old and feeble possessors, drew the attention of the multitude to this hated spot. From nine in the morning of the memorable 14th of July, till two, Paris from one end to the other, rang with the same watchword:—"To the Bastille! To the Bastille!" The inhabitants poured there in throngs from all quarters, armed with different weapons; the crowd that already surrounded it was considerable; the sentinels were at their posts, and the drawbridges raised as in war time.

A deputy from the district of St. Louis de la Culture, Thuriot de la Rosiere, then asked to speak with the governor, M. Delaunay. Being admitted into his presence, he required that the direction of the cannon should be changed. Three guns were pointed against the entrance, though the governor pretended that every thing remained in the state in which it had always been. About forty Swiss and eighty invalids garrisoned the place, from whom he obtained a promise not to fire on the people, unless they were themselves attacked. His companions began to be uneasy, and called loudly for him. To satisfy them, he showed himself on the ramparts, from whence he could see an immense multitude flocking from all parts and the Faubourg St. Antoine, advancing as it were in a mass. He then returned to his friends, and gave them what tidings he had collected.

But the crowd, not satisfied, demanded the surrender of the fortress. From time to time the angry cry was repeated: "Down with the Bastille!" Two men, more determined than the rest, pressed forward, attacked a guard house, and attempted to break down the chains of the bridge, with the blows of an axe. The soldiers called out to them to fall back, threatening to fire if they did not. But they repeated their blows, shattered the chains, and lowered the drawbridge, over which they rushed with the crowd. They threw themselves upon the second bridge, in hopes of making themselves masters of it in the same manner, when the garrison fired and dispersed them for a few minutes. They soon, however, returned to the charge; and for several hours, during a murderous discharge of musquetry, and amidst heaps of the wounded and dying, renewed the attack with unabated courage and obstinacy, led on by two brave men, Elie and Hulin, their rage and desperation being inflamed to a pitch of madness by the scene of havoc around them. Several deputations arrived from the Hotel-de-Ville to offer terms of accommodation: but in the noise and fury of the moment they could not make themselves heard, and the storming continued as before."

The assault had been carried on in this manner with inextinguishable rage and great loss of blood to the besiegers, though with the little progress made for above four hours, when the arrival of the French Guards with cannon, altered the face of things. The garrison urged the governor to surrender. The wretched Delaunay, dreading the fate which awaited him, wanted to blow up the place, and bury himself in the ruins, and was advancing for this purpose with a lighted match in his hand towards the powder magazine, but was prevented by the soldiers, who planted the white flag on the platform, and reversed their arms in token of submission. This was not enough for those without. They demanded with loud and reiterated cries to have the drawbridges let down; and on assurance being given that no harm was intended, the bridges were lowered, and the assailants tumultuously rushed in. The endeavours of their leaders could not save the governor, or a number of the soldiers, who were seized on by the infuriated multitude, and put to death for having fired on their fellow citizens. Thus fell the Bastille; and the shout that accompanied its downfall, was echoed through Europe, and men rejoiced that "the grass grew where the Bastille stood!" Earth was lightened of a load that oppressed it, nor did this ghastly object any longer startle the sight, like an ugly spider lying in wait for its accustomed prey, and brooding in sullen silence over the wrongs which it had the will, though not the power to inflict.*

The stormers of the Bastille arrived at the place de Greve, rending the air with shouts of victory. They marched on to the great hall of the Hotel-de-Ville in all the terrific and unusual pomp of a popular triumph. Such of them as had displayed most courage and ardour were borne on the shoulders of the rest, crowned with laurel. They were escorted up the hall by near two thousand of the populace, their eyes flaming, their hair in wild disorder, variously accoutered, pressing tumultuously on each other, and making the heavy floors almost crack beneath their footsteps. One bore the keys and flag of the Bastille, another the regulations of the prison, brandished on the point of a bayonet; a third (a thing horrible to relate!) held in his bloody fingers the buckle of the governor's stock. In this order it was that they entered the Hotel-de-Ville to announce their victory to the Committee, and to decide on the fate of their remaining prisoners, who, in spite of the impatient cries to give no quarter, were rescued by the exertions of the commandant La Salle, Moreau de St. Mery, and the intrepid Elie.

* It has been said (I know not how truly) that Thomas Clarkson, the author of the abolition of the slave trade, was one of those most actively employed on this occasion.

* The Bastille was taken about a quarter before six o'clock in the evening (Tuesday, the 14th of July) after a four hours' attack. Only one cannon was fired from the fortress, and only one person was killed among the besieged. The garrison consisted of eighty-two invalids, two cannoniers, and thirty-two Swiss. Of the assailants, eighty-three were killed, and the rest were wounded, of whom fifteen died of their wounds, and thirteen were disabled. A great many barrels of gunpowder had been conveyed here from the arsenal, in the night between the 12th and 13th. Delaunay, the governor, was killed on the

steps of the Hotel-de-Ville, as also De-casse, the mayor. Only seven prisoners were found in the Bastille; four of these, Fugade, Bechade, La Roche, and La Caze, were for forgery. M. de Solages was put in in 1782, at the desire of his father, since which time every communication from without was carefully withheld from him. He did not know the smallest event that had taken place in all that time, and was told by the turnkey when he heard the firing of the cannon, that it was owing to a riot about the price of bread. M. Tavernier, a bastard son of Paris Duverney, had been confined ever since the 4th of August, 1759. The last prisoner was a Mr. White, who went mad, and it could never be discovered who or what he was; by the name he must have been English. When Lord Albermarle was ambassador at Paris, in the year 1753, he by mere accident caught a sight of the list of persons confined in the Bastille, lying on the table of the French minister, with the name of Gordon at their head. Being struck with the circumstance, he inquired into the meaning of it; but the French minister could give no account of it; and on the prisoner himself being released and sent for, he could only state that he had been confined there thirty years, but had not the slightest knowledge or suspicion of the cause for which he had been arrested. Nor is this wonderful, when we consider that *lettres de cachet* were sold with blanks left for the names to be filled up at the pleasure or malice of the purchasers. When the crowd gained possession of this loathsome spot, they eagerly poured into every corner and turning of it, went down into the lowest dungeons with a breathless curiosity and horror, kneeling with sledge-hammers at their triple portals, and breaking down and destroying every thing in their way. The stones and devices on the battlements were torn off and thrown into the ditch, and the papers and documents were at the same time unfortunately destroyed. A low range of dungeons was discovered under ground, close to the moat; and so contrived, that if those within had forced a passage through, they would have let in the water of the ditch and been suffocated. In one of these a skeleton was found hanging to an iron cramp in the wall. In reading the accounts of the demolition of this building, one feels that indignation should have melted the stone walls like wax, and that the dungeons should have given up their dead to assist the living! The Bastille was begun in 1370, in Charles the Fifth's time, by one Hugh Abriot, provost of the city, who was afterwards shut up in it in 1531. It at first consisted only of two towers: two more were added by Charles VI. and four more in 1588. Two days after it was taken, it was ordered by the National Assembly to be razed to the ground, and in May, 1770 not a trace of it was left.

A ROMAN AND PIRATE CONFLICT.

The following picture of a conflict between pirates and a Roman squadron, is a diversified example of style and graphic power, taken from a new and popular work from which we have recently made several extracts, called "*Salathiel, a Story of the Past, Present and Future.*"

The Roman squadron, with that precaution which was the essential principle of their matchless discipline, were drawn up in order of battle, though they could have had no expectation of being attacked on such a night. But the roar of the wind buried every other sound, and we stole round the promontory unheard. The short period of this silent navigation was one of the keenest anxiety. All but those necessary for the working of the vessel were lying on their faces; we feared lest the very drawing of our breath might give the alarm; not a limb was moved, and, like a galley of the dead, we floated on filed with destruction. We were yet at some distance from the twinkling lights that showed the Prefect's trireme; when, on glancing round, I perceived a dark object on the water, and pointed it out to the captain. He looked, but looked in vain. "Some lurking spy," said he, "that was born to pay for his knowledge." With a sailor's promptitude, he caught up a lamp, and swung it overboard. It fell beside the object, a small boat as black as the waves themselves. "Now for the sentinel," were his words as he plunged into the sea. The act was rapid as thought. I heard a struggle, a groan, and the boat floated empty beside me on the next billow. But there was no time for search. We were within an ear's length of the anchorage. To communicate the loss of their captain, (and what could human struggle do among the mountain waves of that sea?) might be to dispirit the crew, and ruin the enterprise. I took the command upon myself, and gave the word to fall on. A storm of fire, as strange to the enemy as if it had risen from the bottom of the sea, was instantly poured on the advanced ships. The surprise was total. The crews, exhausted by the night, were chiefly asleep. The troops on board were helpless, on decks covered with the spray, and among shrouds and sails falling down in burning fragments on their heads. Our shouts gave them the idea of being attacked by overwhelming numbers; and, after a short dispute, we cleared the whole outer line of every sailor and soldier. The whole was soon a pile of flame, a sea volcano, that lighted sky, sea, and shore. Yet only half our work was done. The enemy were now fully awake, and no man could despise Roman preparation. I ordered a fire galley to be run in between the leading ships; but she was caught half way by a chain, and turned round scattering flame among ourselves. The boats were then lowered, and our most desperate fellows sent to cut out, or board. But the crowded decks drove

them back, and the Roman pike was an over-match for our short falchions. For a while we were forced to content ourselves with the distant exchange of pances and arrows. The affair became critical; the enemy were still three times our force; they were unmooring; and our only chance of destroying them was at anchor. I called the crew forward, and proposed that we should run the galley close on the prefect's ship, set them both on fire, and, in the confusion, carry the remaining vessels. But sailors, if as bold, are as capricious as their element. Our partial repulse had already disheartened them. I was met by murmurs and clamours for the captain. The clamours rose into open charges that I had, to get the command, thrown him overboard. I was alone. Jubal, worn out with fatigue and illness, was lying at my feet, more requiring defence than able to afford it. The crowd were growing furious against the stranger. I felt that all depended on the moment, and leaped from the poop into the midst of the mutineers. "Fools!" I exclaimed, "what could I get by making away with your captain? I have no wish for your command. I have no want of your help. I disdain you:—bold as lions over the table; tame as sheep, on the deck; I leave you to be butchered by the Romans. Let the brave follow me, if such there be among you." A shallop that had returned with the defeated boarders lay by the galley's side. I seized a torch. Eight or ten, roused by my taunts, followed me into the boat. We pulled right for the Roman centre. Every man had a torch in one hand, and an oar in the other. We shot along the waters, a flying mass of flame; and while both fleets were gazing on us in astonishment, rushed under the poop of the commander's trireme. The fire soon rolled up her tarry sides, and ran along the cordage. But the defence was desperate, and lances rained upon us. Half of us were disabled in the first discharge; the shallop was battered with huge stones; and I felt that she was sinking. "One trial more, brave comrades, one glorious attempt more! The boat must go down; and unless we would go along with it, we must board." I leaped forward, and clung to the chains. My example was followed. The boat went down; and this sight, which was just discoverable by the livid flame of the vessel, raised a roar of triumph among the enemy. But to climb up the tall sides of the trireme was beyond our skill; and we remained dashed by the heavy waves as she rose and fell. Our only alternatives now were to be piked, drowned, or burned. The flame was already rapidly advancing. Showers of sparkles fell upon our heads; the clamps and iron-work were growing hot to the touch; the smoke was rolling over us in suffocating volumes. I was giving up all for lost, when a mountainous billow swept the vessel's stern round, and I saw a blaze burst out from the shore. The Roman tents were on flame! Consternation seized the crews thus attacked on all sides, and, uncertain of the number of the assailants, they began to desert the ships, and, by boats or swimming, make for various points of the land. The sight re-animated me. I climbed up the side of the trireme, torch in hand, and with my haggard countenance, made still wilder by the wild work of the night, looked a formidable apparition to men already harassed out of all courage. They plunged overboard, and I was monarch of the finest war galley on the coast of Syria. But my kingdom was without subjects. None of my own crew had followed me. I saw the pirate vessels bearing down to complete the destruction of the fleet; and hailed them, but they all swept far wide of the trireme. The fire had taken too fast hold of her to make approach safe. I now began to feel my situation. The first triumph was past, and I found myself deserted. The deed of devastation was in the mean while rapidly going on. I saw the Roman ships successively bearded, almost without resistance, and in a blaze. The conflagration rose in sheets and spires to the heavens, and coloured the waters to an immeasurable extent with the deepest dye of gore. I heard the victorious shouts, and mine rose spontaneously along with them. In every vessel burned, in every torch flung, I rejoiced in a new blow to the tyrants of Judea. But my thoughts were soon fearfully brought home. The fire reached the cables; the trireme, plunging and tossing like a living crea-

ture in its last agony, hurst away from her anchors; the wind was off the shore; a gust, strong as the blow of a battering-ram, struck her; and, on the back of a huge reflux wave, she shot out to sea, a flying pyramid of fire.

ALBANY: SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1828.

By Mr. Elisha Wilson, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

EDITORIAL DIARY.

July 12. Saint John Gualbert; Saint Nabor, and Saint Felix.—1536, Erasmus, the celebrated Dutch scholar, died. He was the most correct and elegant Latin writer among the moderns, and nothing has contributed so much to make the city of Rotterdam famous, as the fact of its being the birth place of this great man. He occasionally resided in other countries; Italy, Switzerland, France, and England; and was much pleased with his residence in the latter, where he drew the marked attention of the king, Henry VIII., and all the learned Englishmen of the day.—1814, the United States' schooner Syren, of sixteen guns, lieutenant Nicholson, was captured by the British ship Medway, of 74 guns, after a chase of eleven hours.

July 13. Saint Eugenius; Saint Anacletus; and Saint Turiaf.—1191, the city of Ptolemais surrendered to the crusaders, with the consent of Saladin; but refusing to comply after the surrender, with some of the conditions, Richard Cœur de Lion, king of England, ordered seven thousand Turkish prisoners to be put to death. Saladin, in revenge, put as many of the English prisoners to death. It was in this battle that the English cast down the ensign of Leopold, duke of Austria, which he had reared on a principal tower in the city; an indignity for which Leopold made Richard pay heavily for.—1585, captains Amidas and Barlow, with 107 passengers, took possession of the country around the river Roanoke, and in honour of queen Elizabeth, they called it VIRGINIA.—1691, was born at Stratton, Cornwall, Anthony Payne, the Falstaff of the sixteenth century. At the age of twenty, he measured seven feet two inches in height, with limbs and body in proportion, and strength equal to his bulk and stature. At his death the floor of his apartment was taken up in order to remove his enormous remains.—1787, the territory north-west of Ohio, now comprising the states of Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, was first created into a territorial form of government. The population which was then limited to a few thousands, has in forty-one years increased to upwards of a million.—1813, general Hull erected the American standard in Canada.

July 14. Saint Bonaventure; Saint Camillus de Lellis; and Saint Iaus.—1766, the Grand Junction canal, connecting the channel of St. George with the British channel, was commenced, under the superintendence of Mr. Brindley.—1789, the Bastille was destroyed, an account of which may be found in this day's Record, extracted from Hazlitt's new work, just published in New-York.—1790, the Grand Confederation of France was held in the Champ de Mars. On this day, Lafayette was appointed general in chief of the National Guards of France. The same day, dreadful riots broke out in several parts of England, the insurgents no doubt hoping to make the anniversary of the commencement of the French revolution, an era of the same nature in the British nation.—1813, the United States' schooner Asp, of twenty men and one or two guns, was attacked by five barges in the Chesapeake, and after a gallant resistance, in which she lost ten of her crew, including her commander, midshipman Sigourney, she was abandoned to the enemy.—1814, the British schooner Balaaboo, of six guns, was captured by the American privateer schooner Perry, of five guns, after a running fight of fifty, and a close action of ten minutes.

July 15. Saint Swithin; Saint Plechelm; and Saint Henry II. Saint Swithin, Swithun, or Swithum, was of noble parentage, and was appointed sub-deacon of Winchester, lord chancellor, and principal adviser to king Ethelwolf, in the year 838. In 852, he was appointed bishop of that see, which office he ably filled till his death, in 862. Saint Swithin was a great patron of masons, and

at the same time so highly esteemed by his prince, that for his sake, perpetual tithes were granted to the church. This is the origin of that system which lasts in England till this day.

—1099, the city of Jerusalem, after a siege of some days, in which the duke Godfrey of Geneva and his brother Eustace gained immortal fame, surrendered to their arms. From Fuller's "*Historie of the Holy Warre*," printed in 1640, we quote the following particulars. "The day following Duke Godfrey fired much combustible matter, the smoke whereof, (the light cause of an heave effect,) driven with the wind, blinded the Turks eyes; and under the protection thereof the Christians entered the citie; Godfrey himself first footing the walls, and then his brother Eustace. The Turks retired to Solomons temple (so called because built in the same place) there to take the farewell of their lives. In a desperate conflict there, the foremost of the Christians were miserably slain, thrust upon the weapons of their enemies by their fellows that followed them. The pavement so swam, that none could go but either through a rivulet of blood, or over a bridge of dead bodies. Valour was not wanting to the Turks, but superlatively abundant in the Christians, till night made them leave off. Next morning mercy was proclaimed to all those that would lay down their weapons: For though blood be the best sauce for victorie, yet must it not be more than the meat. Thus was Jerusalem wonne by the Christians, and twenty thousand Turks therein slain, on the fifteenth day of July, being Friday, about three of the clock in the afternoon." "Three days after, it was concluded as a necessary piece of severity for their defense, to put all the Turks in Jerusalem to death; which was accordingly performed without favour to age or sex. The pretense was for fear of treason in them, if the Emperour of Persia should besiege the citie. And some slew them with the same zeal wherewith Saul slew the Gibeonites." —1743, on this day died, in earnest, the wife of one Kerkew, who was twice at Dublin ready to be buried, but came to life, to her loving husband's great disappointment. He, fearing the like a third time, put her into a coffin, had it immediately nailed up, and buried her the next day.—1779, general Wayne with the choicest troops in the American army, attacked Stony point, and carried the whole fortifications at the point of the bayonet. By this brilliant enterprise, two flags, two standards, fifteen pieces of ordnance, 543 prisoners, and a large quantity of military stores fell into the hands of the Americans. General Wayne lost 93 killed and wounded, and the British 63, among whom were several of their bravest and most meritorious officers.—1812, the United States' brig Nautilus, of sixteen guns, was captured by the British squadron.

July 16. Saint Eustathius, and Saint Elier.—1546, the lady Ann Askew; daughter of Sir William Askew of Kelsey, in Lincolnshire, after enduring the rack in the tower with amazing firmness and constancy, was burned at Smithfield, for her religious principles.

July 17. Saint Alexius; Saint Speratus; Saint Marcellina; Saint Ennodius; Saint Leo, IV.; and Saint Turninus.—1203, Constantinople was taken by the Papal forces from the usurper, Alexius Angelus, and the throne restored to Isaac Angelus, brother to the usurper, and his son Alexius, who were rightful heirs. It was however but a short time in their hands; for Alexius Ducas, otherwise called Mourzouk, from his heavy brows, strangled young Angelus, and caused himself to be proclaimed emperor by the soldiers.—1793, the crown revenue of Poland was sequestered by order of the Russian ambassador.—1812, Fort Michilimackinack surrendered to the British forces.—1826, a man was obliged to make publick confession of the crime of incest, and undergo penance in the parish church at Bolton, England, for marrying the sister of his deceased wife.

July 18. Saint Symphorosa; Saint Philastrius; Saint Arnoul; Saint Frederick; Saint Odulph; and Saint Bruno.—1814, died, after a few days' illness, Miles Peter Andrews, a dramatick writer of some consideration; also a member of the British Parliament for Bewdley.

By The new Masonick Hall, Broadway, New-York, has recently been taken by Mr. E. Maynard, and is now fitted up in superior style, for the reception of permanent and transient boarders. Such of our country friends as visit the city, we advise to call and try.

TABLE TALK.

The Danger of a Word. Richelieu one day vaunted among his courtiers, that out of any four different words he could extract matter to send any man to a dungeon. One of his attendants immediately wrote upon a card, "One and Two make Three." "Three make only One," exclaimed the cardinal; "It is blasphemy against our Holy Trinity: to the Bastille with him."—*Andrews' Anecdotes.*—*Calamities incident to Corpulency.* It is upon record, that the fat of a French lady caught fire. The Margarine of Barenth also notices a fat French princess who melted after she was embalmed. I have since discovered in the chronicles of Cromwell's time, that these combustible materials in man were turned to good account in those days, and that a woman who kept a tallow-chandler's shop in Dublin, made all her best candles from the fat of Englishmen, and when one of her customers complained of their not being so good as usual, she apologized by saying, "Why, Ma'am, I am sorry to inform you, that for this month past, I have been short of Englishmen."—*Wadd on Corpulency.*—*Taking up Arms for Greece.* Married, in Montpelier, Vermont, on the 26th inst. by the Rev. Chester Wright, Mr. J. P. Miller, late agent of the New-York Greek Committee, at Greece, to Miss Sarah Arms, daughter of captain Jonathan Arms.—*Be particular.* In the letter bag of a vessel which arrived at Boston a few days since, a letter was found with this superscription—

"G. R. Draper
for is st street oldtown
near the old hayskeals A tobacconess
Baltimore."

—*Law Points extra.* The Niagara (Anti-Masonick) Courier asks:—"Why do you not investigate the Smyrna story?"—is, we opine, rather a strange interrogatory to come from the accused!—and we would therefore ask, When was it ever laid down as a rule, that it is incumbent upon him who accuses his fellow of a crime, to furnish the proofs of his innocence."—*Wonderful Coincidence.* One of our exchange papers contains an original article of poetry, over the signature "Julius," which is (accidentally, no doubt,) exactly, line for line, in sentiment, rhyme, and language, like a poem we used to read when we went to school, in Murray's English Reader, and written by Carter. It commences,—

"The midnight moon softly smiles
O'er nature's soft repose," &c.

—*Love, Law, and Physick.* Two physicians and two justices of peace have been convicted in one of the courts of the city of Washington, of an assault and battery. The plaintiff was a young lady—damages awarded, two thousand dollars. Some of the papers call this a case "of a singular nature"—we should think it rather plural.—*A Bushel of good Fellows.* The editor of the New-York Commercial in a recent excursion from the city skimmed over the East river in a steam-boat belonging to one Mr. Peck, landed on the wharf of another Mr. Peck, hired a barouche and pair (think of that! an editor in a barouche!) of another Mr. Peck, and dined at a hotel of another Mr. Peck.—*Elegant Extract.* The Ontario Phoenix of July 2d contains the following exquisite sentence, embedded in a column of similar gems. We never copy from our cotemporaries without scruple, but from such classic sources as the Ontario Phoenix, we cannot refrain from drawing now and then, even at the risk of promoting its popularity to the prejudice of our own. Here it goes. "Every man who says there is beauty, wisdom, worth or religion in masonry—is a nincompoop, and ought to be nibbled to powder post by grub worms."—*Raising Chickens.* A writer in the Charleston Courier says: "I have read, in some collection of voyages, of a very brave but diminutive man, who commanded an armed vessel belonging to Bristol. He was taken by an Algerine, and not being able-bodied enough for field-work, was made to hatch eggs. He relates the thing with great indignation, in his own narrative of his capture and condemnation." The writer (says the New-York Courier) has forgotten to add the most important part of the story, that the complaisant Algerine actually compelled the horror-stricken gentleman to put on a pair of leather breeches for the purpose. What an occupation for the commander of a man of war.—*Population and Generation.* Father Peters, the Jesuit, calculated that in 260 years, four men

might have 268,719,000,000 of descendants. Enough to people many such worlds as ours. Sir W. Blackstone shows that in twenty generations, every man actually has 1,048,676 ancestors.—*The Horn Snake.* This beautifully spotted reptile is rarely to be found. One of extraordinary dimensions (upwards of five feet in length and as thick as a man's arm) was killed not long ago, at the Union forge, near Woodstock, Virginia. A gentleman who saw the animal, describes the horn not as a blunt protuberance from the tail, but a flint-hard substance, encased in a shield, and as sharp as a needle, which, when attacked, the creature draws from the scabbard, and inflicts a wound which would destroy any thing which it encounters. Naturalists have universally described the weapon of this snake differently; we have now a correct account of it.—*Departed Joy.* A man named Francis Joy fell down and expired in the street, in Norwich, Connecticut, on Monday morning. He had been addicted to habits of intemperate drinking; and it is probable died of apoplexy.—*Irish Hydrophobia.* "What did you kill that dog for?" "Bekase he 'd the Hydrophobia." "How do you know that?" "Didn't you see him standing up yonder gateway, out of the rain? If he hadn't hated water, he 'd never done that; so I thought I had better just knock his brains out."—*Anti-Masonick Bulletin.* We understand from good authority, that the (H- Honourable) Solomon Southwick will not suffer his name to be continued as a candidate for governor at the ensuing election.—*All for Love.*

"Oh Love! what may thine emblem be?"
A skein of yarn across a tree!

Two young ladies recently divided a skein of yarn and hung themselves on a tree near Palmyra, Ohio, and "all for love." Before life became extinct they were discovered and restored.—*Bon Prize.* An alligator, eleven feet long, was caught at Little Rock, Arkansas, on the 13th ult. after firing nine rifle balls into his eyes and other parts of his head.—*Commendable Act.* Dr. Macartney, the anatomical professor in Dublin, with about fifty other surgeons, have begun the patriotic work of surrendering up their bodies for dissection, by signing an order to their respective executors to that effect.—[This may seem to be averse to the genuine law of humanity; but it is necessary to the living that those who heal should know something of them more certain than can possibly be taught by books. It is far more becoming and humane in those who know and have at heart the interests of the surgical faculty to volunteer their frail forms, when they have no farther need of them, than to violate the cemetery and the tomb. It was said by a surgeon of the present day, distinguished by his genius and eccentricity, that "Surgeons must mangle either dead bodies or living ones."—*Singular Providence.* Mr. Dyer, a cooper hearing the cry of a child, about eight years old, which had fallen overboard at Eastport, jumped into the water and was bringing it to the shore, when a boat from the English brig Nimrod came to him when he was nearly exhausted, and relieved him of his burden. He returned to his work, and when the lad was brought to life, soon after, he was informed that it was his own son.—*Lymington, England; May 18.* A sealed bottle, containing the following memorandum, was picked up to day: "Struck on a rock, the 14th April, lat. 50, lon. 4, the Lady Jane Grey, from New-York to Portsmouth; all hands expected to go down."—*Value of a Shell.* Grant & Sagers, says the Philadelphia Aurora, sold yesterday at their auction room, a large collection of pictures and shells. Among the latter, one small *bulia* brought eleven dollars. If our seamen would devote a little attention to the science of conchology, sufficient to distinguish the rare species from the common kinds, they could frequently bring home a valuable cargo in a small space. Shells continue to be much sought after by amateurs in this city.—*The Dumb Cured.* A boy three years of age, was particularly backward in his tongue, and his parents feared that he would never talk: "Send him to a girl's school," said a friend. The hint was adopted, and succeeded beyond expectation.—*Petticoat Government.* The good people of the town of Ormston, England, being persuaded of the superiority of the "petticoat form of government" to all others, have, for two successive years, made choice of a female constable, as a "terroure to evil doers," within the bounds of the township. Last year the lot fell upon Miss Clementina Trafford, who in person, or by deputy, discharged the office to the high satisfaction of the inhabitants: and the appointment of Miss Catharine Newton, as constable for the ensuing year, was last week duly confirmed by the court and jury at the Salford lect.—*Commendable Brevity.* An English paper gives the following report of the Recorder's speech at

the opening of the Leicestershire court: "Gentlemen of the Grand Jury, in looking over the Calendar, I do not find any thing that calls for any observation from me; therefore, you may go about your work as soon as you can." The late judge Foster, of England, has left on record a similar example of brevity. A short time before his death he attended the Oxford court, on a day that was unusually hot and sultry, and gave the following charge to the Grand Jury: "Gentlemen, the weather is extremely hot: I am very old, and you are very well acquainted with what is your duty. I have no doubt but you will practice it."—The countess of Nelson, buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, on the 23d of April, is said to be the first female entombed within the walls of that edifice, since its erection by Sir Christopher Wren.—*A Batch of Puns.* Mr. Dough paying his addresses to a Miss Baker, Dick Peak observed, that if it should prove a match, he hoped the lady would not knead to repent, nor the gentleman prove a crusty husband. [No necessity for such apprehensions—their path through life would undoubtedly be a *floury* one.]—*Make her Sweet.* Married on the 15th inst., at Little Falls, Mr. Moses P. Swett to Miss Jane Tillman.—*Praise to the Lord.* The clerk of a church in England, lately gave notice of a parish rate in the following manner. "I am desired to give notice that the third levy is assessed five pence in the pound," and without pausing added, "let us sing to the praise and glory of God."

"Lord, what a wretched land this is.
That yields us no supplies."

From the Nantucket Inquirer.

INTOLERANCE. It is stated that a convention of delegates from nineteen Baptist churches, lately assembled at Le Roy, N. Y., have resolved to request all freemasons belonging to their churches, to renounce publicly all communion with the order; and to excommunicate such as do not comply in a reasonable time! Had we not seen the above in one of the most respectable papers in the Union, (the Palladium) and had we never seen any thing of the persecuting spirit of "graceless bigots," it would be extremely difficult to believe it. What! exclude men from the church because they are freemasons? Adopt this Ferdinand policy, and half the churches in New-England would be without pastors, and many of the parsons would lose a very considerable and respectable portion of their hearers. A fine way truly to make Christians! to drive men from the pews of the sanctuary for cultivating the best feelings of the heart, benevolence and philanthropy! for being members of an institution the tenets of which are in perfect accordance with the precepts of Christianity! What a pure and an enlightened Delegation that must have been, who would gladly brand all the Freemasons thus—*Ab ecclesia abdicatus.*

TO PATRONS. Such of our subscribers as are in arrears for one or more years' subscription, will confer an especial favour at this time by forwarding the amount by mail.



JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to No 451, South Market street, three doors north, of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders, Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1838.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND HANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL, has removed his Brush, Trunk and Handbox Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the public. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for Bristles. June 28, 1838.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1838. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Book Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship. An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the American Masonick Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 22 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22 473

POETRY.

From the New-York Evening Post.

THE DEAD.

"Wherefore, I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive." Eccles. iv. 2.

Sure are the wasting dead,
At least of silence, and her partner, night.
For to their chamber nothing mortal comes,
Save mortal relics;—and the watchful sprite,
Assigned to guard the bed
Of peace, dark and profound, where friend his friend inhumes.

The living are not blest:—
"There's none that doeth good, oh, no, not one."
And none are happy else. But what is good?
His logick ne'er yet soared to morning sun,
Whose searching found the test
Of hoarded truth, where nought but ill is understood.

Where Ganges' billows wend,
And the pale Hindoo bows to Bramin power,
'Tis good they teach, to build the sandal pyre—
Youth, age, impose—and beauty's ill-starred dower,
Then wield the torch, and send
The shrieking spirit home on wings of perfumed fire!

With Ali's turbaned son,
All good is merged in gross inglorious ease;—
To court his opiate couch—dream life away—
Of gentle *Houris* waiting his embrace
Where diamond streamlets run,
Mid sparkling sands, green bowers, and pleasure's fadeless ray.

Why Nature's forest child
Should good and pious deem the reeking hour,
That brings his blade with innocence acquaint—
Knows none, save he who lent the savage power
To stain life's arid wild
With guiltless blood new born—or traveller's wan and faint.

Good then is undefined;—
Else would not wily men in humblest mood,
Day's eye deceive;—at midnight prostrate pray;—
Grief's tears dende:—insult with tauntings rude
The proud, yet suffering mind;—
Eat orphan's, widows bread;—and "mint and cummin pay!"

Death is the good man's friend—
But if none such where sullenly he stalks
Be found, how then! His *chalice* all shall drink!
He none denies:—while down his cypress walks,
He spreads each grave—their end,
But wise, his blessing holds, till they shall pass its brink.

Then praised be the dead!
And soonest so, most blest. Their taper out,
They neither fear, nor know, nor suffer ill.
All good with them is sleep—and thenceforth nought
Steals to th' uncurtained bed
Where souls indignant rest, and broken hearts are still.

Yet covet none their state,
Blest though it be—for here are life and light—
Joy's busy pulse—clear skies and every trust—
Wealth were not fain to go; the world, of right
Is his; nor e'en the wretch,
Whose gall drop sorrows drench his stunted evening crust!

The wasting dead are sure,
No spectred wraiths shall walk about their rest,
'Neath folly's yellow veil, or errors snare:
If to be with them, is to be blest,
Known is my bosom's cure.
I shall be there anon—and all that blessing share.

MONTGARNIER.

THE YOUNG SERENADER.

BY W. N. NASHE.

His sweet strains were heard over valley and mountain,
In the deep forest shade by the side of the fountain,
Where the winds wander free o'er the waves of the ocean,
He twined with their music his songs of devotion.
Oh light was his soul, where the roses had feasted,
Till a blight from the desert their fragrance wasted,
And the many sweet visions his bosom had cherished
Before the wild swoop of the thunder-cloud perished;
But one star still illumined the wreck of his feeling,
The bright eye of Eva o'er memory stealing—
A ray in the wilderness fitfully gleaming,

To light the deep gloom of his desolate dreaming.
Oh! gay was his soul, when he knelt down before her,
And the pride of his life was to love and adore her:
And the chords of his harp rang the tones of his gladness,
Alas! they were soon but the echoes of sadness;
For grandeur came courting in colours so radiant,
That the heart of the maid stole away with the pageant:
But the gaudiest tombstone from shame cannot shade her,
For breaking her plight with the Young Serenader.
The minstrel's fond heart was a wreck ere the morrow,
Lit her rich bridal couch, and his lone bed of sorrow;
His harp for a season in solitude slumbered,
And his heart with the cold chain of grief lay encumbered.
Ah! little he dreamed it was his to inherit
A suffering heart and sorrowing spirit,
Or the strings which in joy he was wont to awaken,
Should ever lament o'er an altar forsaken;
But their sad notes were heard, as he gloomily haunted
The desolate bower, where he once stood enchanted
In the smiles of a being who now was departed,
With the gay throng of fashion, and left him deserted.
He died in his sorrow, and 'neath the dark willow.
His head gently rests on a cold painless pillow.
There came to his grave, when the sun was declining,
A lady whose eyes left her jewels scarce shining;
And she gazed on the marble that covered it over,
And there read the name of her heart broken lover;
'Twas Eva! she fled from a world that betrayed her,
To die on the grave of the Young Serenader.

LOST FEELINGS.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Weep not because our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of Time,
And age contracts the brow with cares
That once was raised sublime!

Weep not because the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak:
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin-trace
Of wasting Time is seen
Around the form, and in the face,
Where beauty's bloom has been.

But weep the inward wreck we feel,
As hoary years depart;
And Time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart!

Those joyous thoughts that rise and spring
From out the buoyant mind,
Like summer bees upon the wing,
Or echoes on the wind.

The hopes that waken every hour,
Like blossoms from a soul,
Where sorrow sheds no blighting power,
And care has no control.

And all the rich enchantment thrown
On life's fair scene around,
As if the world within a zone
Of happiness were bound.

Oh! these endure a mournful doom,
As day by day they die—
Till age becomes a barren tomb,
Where withered feelings lie!

THE DYING SPANIARD'S CHARGE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

My gasping breath, I feel thee fail:
My gallant boy, draw near—
Brush off the dew that dims thy mail;
For shame, it is a tear!

Here, take my sword; as yet the brand
Has never missed its blow:
God prosper it in thy young hand
Against the Moslem foe!

Lift up my head—my parting gaze
On yonder vale would be;
Facing the red sun's fading rays,
I speak my last to thee.

Look thou upon the plain below,
With field and vineyard spread;
And glory, like the morning's glow,
Around yon city's head.

A thousand shrubs in blossom wreath
Round fountains bright and clear;—
I almost fancy I can breathe
Their gushing fragrance here.

Then mark the rock on which we lie;
The eagle's rough domain;
Its barren earth, its sullen sky,—
Then look below again.

That valley is thy heritage!
Could Eden be more fair?—
Although an exile in my age,
I spent my boyhood there.

Ours was the shame, and ours the loss;
Carnage and conquest spread:
The Crescent triumphed o'er the Cross,—
Well may thy cheek grow red.

Still have a few in warfare stood
Around the mountain brow;—
I have not spared my strength and blood—
And I am dying now!

But other; better days are thine:—
My hopes are proud and high,
And clearly does the future shine
Before death's closing eye.

I see the gallant red Cross wave,
I see the Moslems yield;
I hear the war-cry of the brave—
Haste, boy, and join the field!

Here make my grave; and haunting here,
My spirit will remain,
Till, vanquished by the Christian spear,
The Moors have fled from Spain.

THE CHILD AND FLOWERS.

Hast thou been in the woods with the honey bee?
Hast thou been with the lamb in the pastures free?
With the hare through the copses and dingles wild?
With the butterfly o'er the heath, fair child?
Yes, the light fall of thy bounding feet
Hath not startled the wren from her mossy seat;
Yet hast thou ranged the green forest dells,
And brought back a treasure of buds and bells.

Thou knowest not the sweetness, by antique song
Breathed o'er the ~~times~~ of that flowery throng;
The woodbine, the primrose, the violet dim,
The lily that gleams by the fountain's brim:
These are old words, that have made each grove
A dreamy haunt for romance and love;
Each sunny bank, where faint odours lie,
A place for the gushing of poetry.

Thou knowest not the light wherewith fairy lore
Sprinkles the turf and the daisies o'er.
Enough for thee are the dews that sleep
Like hidden gems in the flower urns deep;
Enough the rich crimson spots that dwell
Midst the gold of the cowslip's perfumed cell;
And the scent by the blossoming sweet briar shed,
And the beauty that bows the wood hyacinth's head.

Oh! happy child in thy fawn like glee!
What is remembrance or thought to thee?
Fill thy bright locks with those gifts of spring,
O'er thy green pathway their colours bring,
Bind them in chaplet and wild festoon—
What if to drop and to perish soon?
Nature hath mines of such wealth—and thou
Never wilt prize its delights as now.

For a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one!
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care,
Under the gloss of its clustering hair:
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
Into the stillness of autumn skies;
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part
Midst the hidden things of each human heart!

Yet shall we mourn, gentle child, for this?
Life hath enough of yet holier bliss!
Such be thy portion! the bliss to look,
With a reverent spirit, through Nature's book:
By fount, by forest, by river's line,
To track the paths of a love divine;
To read its deep meaning—to see and hear
God in earth's garden—and not to fear.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1828.

NO. 25.

MASONICK RECORD.

To the Editor of the American Masonick Record.

Sir, I perceive that the editor of the *Orleans Advocate* has made some very curious remarks on my communication respecting the Genesee Baptist Convention, which I shall briefly notice:

And, first, with regard to my statement that "I was never connected with the fraternity." He says,—"If those who are intimately acquainted with the *signs and grips* of the fraternity do not recognize him as one of the brotherhood, they will differ in opinion with *one* at least, who has been, respecting him." But Mr. Strong is as much mistaken here as "if he had no shirt." I profess to have experienced the love of God shed abroad in my heart, and while I write this, do feel the influence of his spirit in my soul; and if the editor discovers in me the "*signs and grips*" of masonry, I must draw one of the two following conclusions;—for I do again say, and my God is my witness, that I never was initiated into the masonick fraternity, neither know I any thing of its mysteries,—the editor himself must either have been initiated into some mock lodge, and there have learned some *peculiar* "*signs and grips*," unknown to free-masons, or masonry must be so intimately connected with religion that the christian who illustrates the principles of the latter, unwittingly discovers to the world the "*signs and grips*" of masonry.

The editor further says, that I have undertaken "to impugn the motives of the Baptist Convention, for attempting to show the danger to be feared from the masonick institution," and that I am "more anxious to sustain the tottering fabric of masonry, whether right or wrong, than to have its dangerous traits discovered." Whether masonry totters, I know not; I care not. But this I know;—when designing men, to effect their malicious purposes, flee to the sanctuary of the Most High, and lay held on our holy religion to screen their base and infamous designs, my voice will and shall be raised in defence of the truth; and if that be attempting "to impugn the motives of the Baptist Convention,"—then I plead guilty to the charge.

Of the gentleman's next remark I shall take but little notice. He plumply agrees with me in saying that the statement of the convention is untrue, which says that the murder of Morgan is "justified by masons generally;" but afterwards, by a sort of quibble much used in his vicinity, endeavours to prove to the contrary. Such quibbling and such twisting serve the more clearly to prove that the ostensible object is rather to excite and distract the publick mind, and destroy the peace of neighbourhoods and society, than to purify the church.

The editor next inquires how I became "so well versed in the Constitution of ancient masonry, and in possession of such incontestible proof that it is not an evil, but on the contrary less exceptionable than any other body who are professedly established in the gospel." By this again it is evident that he means to mislead the publick mind. The editor very well knows the constitution of masonry is publicly given to the world, that who ever is disposed may read and examine it, and he further knows that in this way I became acquainted with it. But still he raises the query, that they who do not know it to be a publick thing, might suppose it to be one of the secrets of the institution, and therefore conclude that if any one has a knowledge of it, he must be a mason,—positive evidence to the contrary notwithstanding.

With regard to the idea that this institution is less exceptionable, &c., this should perhaps have been illustrated, that its meaning might have been fully understood, and then I think ever candid person would give their full assent to the statement. I allude to the visible order, union, and discipline of the institution. How often, when discord arises between different denominations of christians, or even of individual professors of the same tenets, is it the case that the whole neighbourhood, society, or town, is thrown into confusion, and those matters which concern only professors of religion, and should be examined and settled only by them, are spread before the openly vicious and profane, and exposed to the cant and jests of those who are openly opposed to the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom. Even volumes are written, and the columns of publick journals are filled with acrid contention, the which, after all has been said, will not conduce in the least to the salvation of one soul! It is again the case with some orders of professed christians, that even in celebrating the dying love of our blessed Saviour, they say to their brother (of whose piety or christian character they have no doubt,) "stand thou there, you cannot partake of these greatest of blessings, because you do not exactly agree with us on speculative points of doctrine," when at the same time these speculative points have no more relation to that ordinance, or with the salvation of souls, than light has, with darkness. But what is still more to be mourned over is this,—when God is pleased to pour out his spirit, and sinners are flocking to his standard, there arises a contention between churches on points which are very far from being essential to the promotion of religion; perhaps even the childish notion of some particular form of administering an outward ordinance, "which is to perish with the using," and thereby the Holy Spirit is grieved and departs, the work ceases, while professors have gone down to "the villages of Ono," to contend not with "Sanballat and Tobiah," but with one another, and many who are anxiously inquiring the way to Zion, are left to "return like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." Thus the Redeemer receives a deep and lasting wound in the house of his friends. Now I ask,—is not the masonick institution far less exceptionable in its visible order, union, and discipline, than the orders above described? When masons have difficulty, do they settle it among themselves, or do they publish it to the world? Is not a mason who is free and irreproachable in one lodge, admitted to the privileges of all lodges? Do masons quarrel with one another about the work they are all professedly engaged in, and thus destroy it? In making these remarks, I speak not to bring any disgrace on religion; but to show the extreme folly of many professors of it, in making the visible church more exceptionable than an institution which they denounce as "sensual and devilish."

But says the editor,—"to show his ardent desire for the advancement of pure and undefiled religion, he says of the Baptist convention,—'if you had your deserts, would you not be swept with the besom of destruction, both laity and clergy?' Here" continues the editor, "is pure religion with a vengeance." Be it so. I still ask the question, and appeal to the apostle. Will it not be acknowledged that these same men do hold and follow practices, which hinder far more the cause of religion, and tend to produce greater disunion among christians than does the institution they so eagerly condemn?

In reference then to these practices the apostle says,—"Every man's work shall be made manifest: for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is.—If any man's work be burned he shall suffer loss." Is not this then being swept by the besom of destruction? And will not every candid mind say that this convention do indeed "strain at a gnat, but swallow a camel," and that too in meddling with a matter calculated in itself to rend and divide the church of God.

This soothing editor says that I am an *infidel*. He would have made the people believe also that that I was a mason, and therein impose upon them a falsehood. So also in his charge of infidelity is the same spirit of deception. But says my Saviour,—"If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more shall they call them of his household." But the editor accuses me of being "spell-bound." I acknowledge myself bound by a spell of divine truth, and as sincerely wish that he was under the same bonds.

But he says that "in the days of Washington and Franklin, the masonick institution might have been in some respects useful." Yet he undertakes to force upon my remarks a construction by which it would appear that I argued, if they were good men it would follow of course that the institution must be good. My communication however contains not the least shadow of any such idea; and I would just caution the Advocate man to bind up his fingers which he has wounded by the acknowledgement he makes in the above remark,—viz: that the masonick institution was useful in the day of Washington, &c. but at the present day it is dangerous to the government, to the church, and finally it is entirely useless. Yet he pretends no change to have taken place since those days either in church, state, or the institution. Now my friend, have the goodness to point out some alteration in the construction of one of these, or acknowledge masonry to be as useful now as then.

Concerning my remarks on the political intention of the convention, the man says I am "deceived." When truth is set home upon him, his conscience seals his lips, and he can only cry out "deception."

Again he says,—"Naked Truth need not fear that any other force will be employed in America against the institution which he boasts the Spanish Inquisition has exerted its power in vain to destroy, except the PRESS and the BALLOT BOXES." Precious confession!—*Ballot Boxes!* "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word!" Here this wise editor inadvertently opens the sack, and out pops the honest intention of the bigotted leaders of the anti-masonick insurrection, viz: to purify the "ballot boxes," instead of "the Zion of God!" Here I think every candid person must discover the imposition that has been played upon the publick under the pretence of religion. Doubtless there are many honest men drawn into the snare, and who act conscientiously, supposing themselves to be defending religion. But let every man seriously reflect, that whoever endeavours to introduce this excitement into matters of religion, does actually raise his hands and exert his influence to dismember and rend in sunder the church of the living God.

We cannot but be convinced of the anti-masonick object, when we look for a moment at the disposition manifested; as a specimen of which, I will mention the following, which I am informed lately occurred in Danville, Vermont.—

At the close of a day of military exercise, after the company was disbanded, several of the soldiers, in the full exercise of the true anti-masonick spirit, patrolled the street at the dusk of the evening, declaring they would shoot the masons!—and did actually fire upon some of them, but without injury. This occurred at the seat of the only anti-masonick paper in this state, whose editor, in company with some few others, not entitled to a greater degree of respect than the most respectable, has succeeded by means of religious scruples, in raising a breeze, into which many respectable men have been drawn. But the editor of the Star, although not over-stocked with abilities, would probably have succeeded far better, had he adhered to the truth, or even been willing to correct the many false statements he has palmed upon the publick. But he has forgotten his great zeal for the church, and in his anti-masonick convention at Randolph, entirely overlooked the "purity of Zion," and set up the "ballot boxes," like his brethren of the west, as the prize for which he contends. But the people of this region have too much good sense (a few excepted) to permit a matter of this kind to prejudice their minds, either in politics or religion; and an editor in order to exert an influence over them, must be a man of temperance and truth.

NAKED TRUTH.

Caledonia co., Vermont, July 4.

MASONICK ANNIVERSARIES.

In the village of Buffalo, in the county of Erie, the lodges of Buffalo and Black Rock, with a very respectable number of brethren from Batavia, and the other neighbouring towns, as well as from Canada, united in celebrating the day. The procession moved to the Presbyterian meeting house at twelve o'clock, where an address, characterized by mildness and sound argument was delivered by brother Henry Brown of Batavia. We understand that the address is to be published. If true, we shall probably give it to our readers as soon as convenient. It may afford some gratification to the curiosity of all our readers, and to our masonick readers especially, to know how the merits of the order are treated in the very hot-bed of the present persecution. The brethren after the services were concluded in the church, sat down to a sumptuous dinner prepared by brother James. The following were among the toasts offered after the cloth was removed.

1. The day we celebrate.
2. St John the Baptist—One of the earliest, most pious, and distinguished patrons of our order.
3. The memory of our late most excellent grand master, DE WITT CLINTON—The brethren mourn his loss as a great publick calamity. In the death of no one man, has our order sustained a loss of so much worth.
4. The memory of our worthy departed brethren, Washington, Franklin, Warren and Jefferson—

"Though brass and marble during time shall waste,
Yet doubt like theirs will endless ages last."

5. Our worthy brother, general Lafayette—If a consciousness of rectitude of life, and if expansive benevolence ever imparts to its possessor any thing like happiness, his joy must be more than full.
 6. Our unfortunate and distressed brethren wheresoever dispersed around the globe—May the benign influence of our order relieve the worthy and the faithful.
 7. The grand lodge of the state of New-York—Like the mother of the Gracchi, may she not be ashamed to present her sons as her most precious jewels.
 8. Adams and Jackson—Worthy brethren, mounted upon their political steeds, contending for supremacy.
 9. The American Fair—With every charm that endears the domestick circle, and every virtue that adds lustre to dignity.
- By Dr. Chapin. Our Canadian brethren—Welcome guests.
- By D. M. Day. The Orator of the day—His

Address breathes the true spirit of masonry in every line.

By J. Smith, of St. Catharine's. The Freemasons of Buffalo, Black Rock, and vicinity—May we remember their brotherly attentions, and ever reciprocate them.

By J. Fitzgerald. May those inimical to masonry, all over the world, be inspired from above with the beauties of the institution.

By E. Mix, of Batavia. The honest but misguided opponents of our order—May they on their road to Damascus, hear a voice and see a light shining as at noon day.

By O. Follet. Reason and Common Sense—Excellent antidotes for the poison of corruption and fanaticism.

By H. Brown. The Masonick Fraternity—May they let their light so shine before men, that their opponents seeing their good works, may glorify their Father who is in heaven.

By R. B. Heacock. The opposers of our order—May the "Ebony" of their misguided minds, be enlightened by the "Topaz" of Freemasonry.

By Benjamin Cayrl. Free and Accepted Masons—May they never swerve from the faithful union discharge of their obligations to the Supreme Architect of the universe, to their country, and their brethren.

The following sentiment was proposed by a Canadian brother, and received with marked applause.

Brethren—Hands which were recently raised against each other in the cause of country, are now employed in the kindest offices of brotherly affection—Bosoms fraught with passions incident to war and national animosity, are now illuminated with the warmest glow of fraternal feeling, and here concentrate and mingle in one delightful Thus may the tenets which we profess extend, until all nations, kindred and tongues, shall have but one interest—one altar—and one God.

The anniversary was celebrated at Middleburgh, Schoharie county, by the brethren of Middleburgh Lodge. An appropriate address was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Rensselaerville, a good dinner provided by Mr. Tyler, and the day passed passed off much to the satisfaction of those who attended.

It was celebrated in the village of Owego, Tioga county, in a suitable and becoming manner. A procession formed at 11 o'clock, A. M., composed of the members of Friendship Lodge, the brethren from the neighbouring lodges, most respectable citizens, and a few strangers. Preceded by a band of musick, the procession then moved to the Presbyterian meeting house, where the religious exercises were introduced by an invocation to the throne of grace by the Rev. Mr. Fairchild,—an Oration by the Rev. Mr. Castle, and a benediction by the Rev Mr. Putnam, the whole interspersed with appropriate musick. After the exercises at church, the company partook of an excellent dinner, prepared in Goodman's best style. Every thing was conducted with a propriety becoming the occasion, and the company departed at an early hour highly gratified with the entertainments of the day.

In Zanesville, Ohio, the members of Amity and Lafayette Lodges, together with a number of visiting brethren, amounting in all to above ninety, convened at the lodge room at an early hour, and formed a procession which moved to the Presbyterian meeting house, accompanied with an excellent band of musick, the whole under the direction of brother D. Convers, Marshal. The service was commenced with appropriate prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, and sacred musick by a choir of ladies and gentlemen, after which an excellent oration was delivered by Br. D. Spangler. The brethren then proceeded to M'Caddon's hotel,

where they sat down to a plentiful dinner served up in the best style. After the cloth was removed a number of truly masonick sentiments were drank. The procession, was the largest of the kind that ever convened at that place, and a great number of spectators assembled to hear the oration, among whom were a considerable portion of the beauty and fashion of the town.

In Claiborne, Alabama, the day was celebrated, and the new masonick hall erected in that place was dedicated to the service of the mystick brotherhood, with the usual ceremonies on such occasions. The members of the fraternity to a respectable amount, together with the clergy, and other honourable classes of citizens, made an assemblage of no little credit to the taste and sentiments of the inhabitants of that vicinity.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

ASTRONOMY.

From the "Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science."

The size, and motions, and distances of the heavenly bodies are such as to exceed the power of ordinary imagination, from any comparison with the smaller things we see around us. The earth's diameter is nearly 8,000 miles in length; but the sun's is above 880,000 miles, and the bulk of the sun is above 1,360,000 times greater than that of the earth. The planet Jupiter, which looks like a mere speck, from his vast distance, is nearly 1,300 times larger than the earth. Our distance from the sun is above 95 millions of miles; but Jupiter is 490 millions, and Saturn 900 millions of miles distant from the sun. The rate at which the earth moves round the sun is 68,000 miles an hour, or 140 times swifter than the motion of a cannon ball; and the planet Mercury, the nearest to the sun, moves still quicker, nearly 110,000 miles an hour. We, upon the earth's surface, beside being carried round the sun, move round the earth's axis by the rotatory or spinning motion which it has; so that every 24 hours we move in this manner near 14,000 miles, beside moving round the sun above 1,600,000 miles. These motions and distances, however, prodigious as they are, seem nothing compared to those of the comets, one of which, when furthest from the sun, is 11,200 millions of miles from him; and when nearest the sun, flies at the amazing rate of 880,000 miles an hour. Sir I. Newton calculated its heat at 2,000 times that of red-hot iron; and that it would take thousands of years to cool. But the distance of the fixed stars is yet more vast: they have been supposed to be 400,000 times further from us than we are from the sun, that is 38 millions of millions of miles: so that a cannon-ball would take between four and five millions of years to reach one of them, supposing there was nothing to hinder it from pursuing its course thither.

COMPARATIVE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

From the same.

How wonderful are the laws that regulate the motions of fluids! Is there anything in all the idle books of tales and horrors more truly astonishing than the fact, that a few pounds of water may, by mere pressure, without any machinery, by merely being placed in a particular way, produce an irresistible force? What can be more strange, than that an ounce weight should balance hundreds of pounds, by the intervention of a few bars of thin iron? Observe the extraordinary truths which Optical Science disclose. Can anything surprise us more, than to find that the colour of white is a mixture of all others—that red, and blue, and green, and all the rest, merely by being blended in certain proportions, form what we had fancied rather to be no colour at all, than all colours together! Chymistry is not behind in its wonders. That the diamond should be made of the same material with coal; that water should be chiefly composed of an inflammable substance; that acids should be almost all formed of different kinds of air, and that one of

those acids, whose strength can dissolve almost any of the metals, should be made of the self-same ingredients with the common air we breathe; that salts should be of a metallic nature and composed, in great part, of metals, fluid like quicksilver, but lighter than water, and which, without any heating, take fire upon being exposed to the air, and, by burning, form the substance so abounding in saltpetre and in the ashes of burnt wood: these, surely, are things to excite the wonder of any reflecting mind—nay, of any one but little accustomed to reflect. And yet these are trilling when compared to the prodigies which Astronomy opens to our view: the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies; their immense distances; their countless numbers, and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

Electricity, the light which is seen on the back of a cat when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, is the very same matter with the lightning of the clouds;—plants breathe like ourselves, but differently by day and by night;—the air which burns in our lamps enables a balloon to mount, and causes the globules of the dus of plants to rise, float through the air, and continue their race;—in a word, is the immediate cause of vegetation. Nothing can at first view appear less like, or less likely to be caused by the same thing, than the processes of burning and of breathing;—the rust of metals and burning, and acid and rust, the influence of a plant on the air it grows in by night, and of an animal on the same air at any time, nay, and of a body burning in that air; and yet all these are the same operation. It is an undeniable fact, that the very same thing which makes the fire burn, makes metals rust, forms acids, and causes plants and animals to breathe; that these operations, so unlike to common eyes, when examined by the light of science, are the same,—the rusting of metals,—the formation of acids,—the burning of inflammable bodies,—the breathing of animals,—and the growth of plants by night. To know this is a positive gratification. Is it not pleasing to find the same substance in various situations extremely unlike each other;—to meet with fixed air as the produce of burning,—of breathing,—and of vegetation;—to find that it is the choak-damp of mines,—the bad air in the grotto at Naples,—the cause of death in neglected brewers' vats,—and of the brisk and acid flavour of Seltzer and other mineral springs? Nothing can be less like than the working of a vast steam-engine, and the crawling of a fly upon the window. We find that these two operations are performed by the same means, the weight of the atmosphere, and that a sea-horse climbs the ice hills by no other power. Can any thing be more strange to contemplate? Is there in all the fairy tales that ever were fancied, anything more calculated to arrest the attention and to occupy and to gratify the mind, than this most unexpected resemblance between things so unlike to the eyes of ordinary beholders!

THE ATMOSPHERE.

From the same.

Experiments of a simple and decisive nature show the amount of the pressure of the air to be between 14 and 15 lbs. on every square inch; but, like all other fluids, it presses equally in every direction; so that, though on our hand there is a pressure downwards of above 250 lbs., yet this is exactly balanced by an equal pressure upwards, from the air pressing round and getting below. If, however, the air be removed below, the whole pressure from above acts unbalanced: hence the ascent of water in pumps, which suck out the air from a barrel, and allow the pressure upon the water to force it up 32 or 33 feet, that body of water being equal to the weight of the atmosphere; hence the ascent of the mercury in the barometer, but only 29 or 29 inches, mercury being between 13 and 14 times heavier than water. Hence, too, the motion of the steam-engine; the piston of which, until the direct force of steam was applied, used to be pressed downwards by the weight of the atmosphere from above, all air being removed below it by first filling it with steam, and then suddenly cooling and converting that steam into water. Hence, too, the power which some animals possess of walking along the perpendicular sur-

faces of walls, and even the ceilings of rooms, by squeezing out the air between the inside of their feet and the surface of the wall, and thus being supported by the pressure of the air against the outside of their feet.

EYES OF BIRDS.

From the same.

Birds flying in the air, and meeting with many obstacles, as branches and leaves of trees, require to have their eyes sometimes as flat as possible for protection; but sometimes as round as possible, that they may see the small objects, flies and other insects, which they are chasing through the air, and which they pursue with the most unerring certainty. This could only be accomplished by giving them a power of suddenly changing the form of their eyes. Accordingly, there is a set of hard scales placed on the outer coat of their eye, round the place where the light enters; and over these scales are drawn the muscles or fibres by which motion is communicated; so that, by acting with these muscles, the bird can press the scales, and squeeze the natural magnifier of the eye into a round shape when it wishes to follow an insect through the air, and can relax the scales, in order to flatten the eye again when it would see a distant object, or move safely through leaves and twigs. This power of altering the shape of the eye is possessed by birds of prey in a very remarkable degree. They can see the smallest objects close to them, and can yet discern larger bodies at vast distances, as a carcass stretched upon the plain, or a dying fish afloat on the water.

A singular provision is made for keeping the surface of the bird's eye clean, for wiping the glass of the instrument, as it were, and also for protecting it, while rapidly flying through the air and through thickets, without hindering the sight. Birds are, for these purposes, furnished with a third eyelid, a fine membrane or skin, which is constantly moved very rapidly over the eyeball by two muscles placed in the back of the eye. One of the muscles ends in a loop, the other in a string which goes through the loop, and is fixed in the corner of the membrane, to pull it backward and forward.

THE GATHERER.

THE SCOTCH BAILIES AND THE CIGARS.

In the course of the evening his Lordship whispered to one of the flunkies to bring in some things, they could not tell what, as the company might like them. The wise ones thought within themselves that the best aye come hindmost; so in brushed a powdered valet, with three dishes on his arm of twisted black things, just like sticks of Gibraltar rock, but different in the colour. Bailie Bowie helped himself to a jargonelle, and Deacon Purvis to a wheen raisins, and my uncle, to show that he was not frightened, and kent what he was about, helped himself to one of the long black things, which, without much ceremony, he shoved into his mouth, and began to chew. Two or three more, seeing that my uncle was up to trap, followed his example, and chewed away like nine-year olds. Instead of this curious looking black thing being sweet as honey, for so they expected, they soon found they had caught a Tartar, for it had a confounding bitter tobacco taste. Manners, however, forbade their laying them down again, more especially as his lordship like a man dumfounded, was aye keeping his eye on them.

So away they chewed, and better chewed, and whammelled them round in their mouths, first in one cheek, and then in the other, taking now and then a mouthful of drink to wash the trash down, then chewing away again, and syne another whammel from one cheek to the other, and syne another mouthful, while the whole time their een were starting in their heads like mad, and the faces they made may be imagined, but cannot be described. His lordship gave his eyes a rub, and thought he was dreaming; but no, they were bodily, chewing, whammelling, and making faces, so no wonder, that in keeping in his laugh, he sprung a button from his waistcoat, and was like to drop down from his chair, through the floor in an ecstasy of astonishment, seeing they were all growing seasick, and pale as stucco images.

Frightened out of his wits at last, that he would be the death of the whole council, and that more of them would push on themselves, he took up one of the cigars, every one knows cigars now, for they are fashionable among the sweeps, which he lighted at the candle, and commenced puffing like a tobacco pipe. My uncle and the rest, if they were ill before, were worse now; so when they got to the open air, instead of growing better, they grew sicker and sicker, till they were waggling from side to side, like a ship in a storm, and, no kenning whether their heels or their heads were uppermost, went spinning round about like pieries.

[Autobiography of Mansie Wauch.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote was the other day related to us by one of the parties. Somewhere in the interior of South America, at an obscure village, where news from any quarter was as rare as the appearance of a comet, and the presence of a stranger formed an epoch in their annals, there dwelt a little Frenchman whose credulity was only equalled by his curiosity. Our informant's business or pleasure led him to this isolated spot, where he formed an acquaintance with one well versed in the biography of the inhabitants, and who was considered the quizz of the settlement. The Frenchman's character of course formed a prominent topic of their conversation, and it so happened that in the evening of the day of his arrival most of the village were assembled at a party given in honour of the stranger. The Frenchman was eager to ascertain the name, the pursuits and the nation of the guest. Our wag gave the information, and among other things, stated that he was just from France. Here was a field opened for the inquiries of so curious an emigrant, who had been absent from his country twenty-five years. He therefore sought our informant, and lighting his countenance with all the complacency for which his nation is so distinguished, addressed him.

"Sare, I understand you have just come from France—ha! ma patrie—you can tell me somting—you have seen Paris—what a city—the Palais Royal—superb and Versailles—did you see the garden?" The necessary replies were given, when the Frenchman abruptly demanded if he understood French. "Why sir?" said the gentleman, "I understand modern French, but I perceive from some of your phrases that you speak what is now called the dead language, and although I can make out your meaning, yet I should not be able to hold a continuous conversation with you. "Ze moderne French, my dear sare, vat you call ze moderne French, I speak ze real French—ze only French. "You may think so, my friend, but I can assure you, you do not speak the Paris French." "Ze Paris French—mon dieu—there is but one French, and dat is ze Paris French—and dat I speak." "Ah, now I am aware that you have not heard of all the changes that have been wrought by Buonaparte—you know his detestation of the Bourbons—his determination to revolutionize all their policy, and indeed to leave not a remnant of manner, custom, costume, or any thing else that might call up a recollection of their ever having existed in France. Of course, among other things, it was particularly necessary to change the language, and to do him justice, I think he has made a beautiful substitute. Perhaps it may not be so copious, nor in idiom so naive and badinant, but its additional strength and harmony amply compensate for these defects." "Oh! mon dieu, est il possible to change that belle language. Will you, sare, speak for me some of dis new language? "Well, sir, what shall I say?" "Ask me, sare, how you do, comment vous portez vous, as we shall use to sry it." "Oh! chowany wahoney he ho he!" exclaimed the gentleman with a strong Indian enunciation. This electrified the poor Frenchman—"Sacre non de dieu," cries he, applying both his hands to his ears, "vy, sare, dis is a savage langue—oh, la belle perdue langue Francoise—I shall go to Paris, and cut his throat;" and in the most extravagant rage he left the room apparently to commence his project of revenge.

[Savannah Republican.

When articles rise, the consumer is the first that suffers, and when they fall, he is the last that gair.

POPULAR TALES.

THE ORDEAL.

"Vendico—A vengeance throttle him!
Confess thou murderous and unhallowed man!"
The *Revenge's Tragedy*.
"Diu nonlatens scelera."

"Cheer up, wench, cheer up, Winifred, thou lookest woe-begone; never sit moping like Madge Howlet, when all around thee are blithe and merry."

This speech was addressed by Andrew Littlewood, (as stout a yeoman as ever drew yew bow, or carried sword and buckler) to his daughter Winifred, the one sole pledge of affection bequeathed him by his departed dame. The maiden sat at her spinning-wheel absorbed in thought, heedless of her father's endeavours to rouse her. Wilfred, the youth she loved, was absent, he had joined the English army at the commencement of the preceding year; but the army had now returned, and no tidings had yet been heard of him whom her heart adored. Winifred could not doubt his love, she feared he had fallen on the battle field, and this thought drove her almost to despair.

Master Andrew stood watching his daughter, as he leaned on his quarter-staff; but finding his words had no effect on her, he continued, "By my manhood, Win, thou art a silly dotterel; for a truth, but I believe some one has bewitched thee; never grieve thus, girl, Wilfred will be here soon, I'll warrant thee;" then turning on his heel, he said "look ye to the house, wench," and passed out.

Master Littlewood's back was no sooner turned, than Winifred, leaving the cottage, tripped across their small orchard, and, crossing the stile, made towards the dwelling of her gossip, Kate, which stood on the other side of a coppice adjoining the orchard. A broad path divided the coppice, and Winifred entering it saw the cottage of her friend and neighbour through the trees; she had proceeded about half way along the path, when a sudden rustling of the leaves and branches startled the maiden, and at the same moment a stag bounded into the pathway, and fell: during its attempt to rise, a man jumped from the thicket, and throwing down the cross-bow which he had discharged at the animal, drew his coteau de chasse, and soon released it from all pain. Winifred was about to turn back, when the man, who had been so intent upon his sport, espied her; "Whither away so fast, mistress Winifred," cried he, "by my troth, one would think thou hast seen an hobgoblin, rather than honest Frank Nickols." Winifred shuddered at meeting with this man in such a place; she well knew him as the underkeeper of a neighbouring gentleman's forest, and often had he plagued her with avowals of love; but she never gave ear to his protestations; on the contrary, the sinister character which he had got amongst the neighbouring yeomen, alone rendered him an object of abhorrence; in fact, they had given him the name of wild Frank, from his restless and turbulent habits; while his hardy accomplishment were equally the theme of admiration and dread, no man in Somersetshire could contend with him at sword and buckler, or quarter-staff, and his superior skill as a marksman was acknowledged by all. Leaving the carcass of the deer, he advanced towards Winifred, who shuddered at his approach; "Nay, my pretty mistress," said he, "why lookest thou so pale, trust me, sweet, none shall harm thee while I am here; by my holidame I am sore weary with giving chase to this truant, I have tracked him ever since the bell rang for matins. Wilt thou sit down on this bank, fair mistress, 'tis a cool spot, and the birds are singing blithely!" with these words he took her hand; but Winifred abruptly disengaged it, said, "Master Francis prithee let me begone, it becomes not a maiden to hold converse with thee in such a place as this. Give you good day, Master Nickols." "Stay, my pretty Winifred," cried the ruffian, grasping her arm tightly, "you leave me not thus, methinks thou wouldst not hesitate to sit in this same place with the absent boy, Wilfred; by this light, thou must needs be mad to waste a thought on such a stripling, a fellow with a chin as smooth as thy own, lass," and he drew his hand across it; alarm-

ed at this conduct, the poor girl knew not how to act, when Frank, throwing his arm around her waist, attempted to force her to sit down on the bank. She shrieked aloud, and called on Wilfred and her father to help her. Her cry for protection was not in vain, for, darting through the thicket, a champion instantly stood by her side, and in that champion she beheld her long lost Wilfred. Throwing down a small wallet which he carried, the young soldier, without delay, called on the ruffian to defend himself. Frank obeyed the call, and drawing his long wood-knife, advanced towards him. The combatants were not well matched in their weapons. The sword of Wilfred was too long for the ruffian, who nevertheless displayed great skill, and it required Wilfred's utmost caution to keep Frank off. Winifred saw the fight, and fainted, while each of the champions tried to foil his adversary, by calling to mind every dexterous pass or guard; both fought with determined obstinacy, when, in the midst of the fray, Master Andrew arrived, flourishing his quarter-staff, he cried, "Hold, Nickols! hold, Wilfred! what! tilting already? hold! or, by my holidame, I will play a tune on your shoulders shall bring ye to your senses!" This speech was enforced by Master Andrew's raising his quarter-staff in a threatening manner; it had the effect of separating the combatants, who desisted, but without sheathing their swords, continued to eye each other fiercely. "Put up your tools," cried Master Andrew, "the first who strikes another blow, shall feel the weight of my quarter-staff;" then, raising his daughter, who had just recovered her senses, he continued, "Why, what ails thee, wench, what has happened?" "That I can best tell," said Wilfred, who explained the cause of the fight. "Oh thou incarnate villain!" cried the yeoman, clutching his quarter-staff, "I would fain belabour thy ribs heartily; but I will first see the master, and if he should deny me redress, look to thy villainous carcass!" "I'll bide the trial, come when it may," replied the other, "thou knowest, neighbour Andrew, I can twirl quarter-staff as well as thyself: as to that chicken by thy side, may the fiend rive me, if I spoil him not ere another week be out." "Thou vauntest highly," returned the yeoman, "but, by my manhood, thou hadst enough to do to save thy cockcomb; get thee gone!" "I shall take my own time for that," replied the ruffian, sheathing his sword, then raising the carcass of the slain deer, he dragged it after him, growing a curse on the yeoman, his daughter, and her lover, who proceeded towards the cottage. "This comes of gadding," said Master Andrew to his daughter, "beshrew me, if thou art not an arrant jade! did I not tell thee to look to the house, thou baggage!" Wilfred here interposed in behalf of his beloved, and entering the cottage, the yeoman placed a black-jack of ale before the young soldier, who gave him in return an account of the various battles and skirmishes he had been engaged in during his absence. The black-jack was often replenished that evening, and Winifred sat watching every look of her lover, and listened to the relation of his adventures with a greedy ear. Night came, and the deep draughts of ale which he had taken, began to render the honest yeoman incapable of paying attention to his guest, which was not regretted by Wilfred, as it allowed him an opportunity of enjoying an endearing *tele-a-tele* with his sweetheart. The deep snoring of Master Andrew, at length gave good assurance to the lover that they need not fear any unpleasant interruption of their transports. The strong light of the rising moon had already begun to illumine the horn windows of the cottage, and her rays fell on the tiled floor; the door stood open, and the beauty of the evening tempted the lovers to leave the cottage. They passed down the little garden, at the bottom of which was an arbour formed by Master Andrew during his leisure hours. Here they sat locked in each others arms, totally unconscious of the presence of their deadly foe; but his face was however, fixed upon them, his tongue, unheard and unthought of, muttered a curse against them; the ruffian Frank was in ambush by their side. Having learned that Wilfred rested at the cottage that evening, he had come with the intention of destroying his rival, if possible, in his sleep; for he had no wish to again encounter openly the active

young soldier. He arrived at the cottage just at the moment that Winifred and her lover had left it. Ensnaring himself behind a tall hedge which skirted the garden, he watched the lovers as they proceeded to the arbour. "Now," thought he, as he ground his teeth in savage exultation, "He can not escape me," and he clutched his cross bow which he had brought with him—he knelt, and having charged it with a bolt, took aim at Wilfred, who sat with his arm thrown round the waist of his lovely companion. "The devil speed the bolt," muttered the ruffian as he loosened his bow; the bolt flew, a groan was heard, and Wilfred clasped the lifeless form of his Winifred in speechless agony. The bolt had missed him and struck the innocent girl, but of this the ruffian Frank was ignorant; he flew from the spot, forcing his way through hedges, and leaping over fences and ditches, he halted not till he had reached his hut, which stood on the verge of his master's park; lifting the latch he entered, and securing the door, he threw himself on his straw pallet. "Never was buck slain fairer," cried he, exultingly; "by my holidame 'twas well aimed, and the hand that sent it was unseen, ha! ha! ha! what will the wench say, now she has lost her lover! Frank, Frank, thou art a lucky dog; don't thy best gear, and go comfort her to-morrow, man; I'll warrant she grieves little when thou showest thyself." Thus did the ruffian soliloquize as he lay on his miserable pallet; sleep fled from him that night; but remorse touched him not: in the mean time the little village was in a wild uproar, the bleeding body of the unfortunate girl was borne into her father's cottage, while her lover, almost frantick, was incapable of devising any plan to secure the murderer. Several young men volunteered their services, and strewed themselves over the neighbourhood; but returned without discovering traces of the assassin. Master Andrew stood gazing on the pale corpse of his child in silent agony, the horrid scene had awakened him from his stupor, and the tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks. One of the monks from the neighbouring Abbey of Glastonbury had arrived and extracted the bolt, but life was extinct, and the father and lover passed the night in the most agonizing misery. Morning came, and several of the neighbours, at an early hour, sought the cottage; the bolt was examined closely by each, who all equally hoped to find some mark by which the owner of it might be discovered, but in vain; at length a young man entered the cottage, who, on its being shown him, instantly pronounced it to be the ruffian Frank's. "It was fashioned by that devil's hand, Frank Nickols," said he, "or mine eyes deceive me; I know it by the shape, for he is a shrewd hand at making such gear." This was no sooner uttered, than a dozen voices exclaimed, "Then let's hasten to his hut and unkenel him, he has been long marked for the gallows—forward! my boys!" There was a simultaneous movement at this moment amongst the villagers, and more than half a score of them, first running to their cottages, and arming themselves with such weapons as they could most easily come at, betook themselves in a body to the ruffian's hotel, headed by young Wilfred, whose sorrow was for the moment subdued by the thirst for revenge.

Father Ignatius, the fat prior of Glastonbury Abbey, sat at his morning's meal, though the hour was yet early. On the table before him was placed a cold haunch of venison, a goodly round of beef, and the remains of a gammon of bacon, well seasoned with cloves, a flask, or two of the best stood at his right hand, together with a goblet of Hippocras. A missal lay open by the side of his trencher, and the good abbot took care to wipe well his fingers on the napkin which he had tucked under his chin, ere he turned over the beautifully illuminated pages. He was a man verging on fifty, and, spite of his nose, which savoured of the rubicund in no slight degree, there was a vivacity and intelligence in his look which gave his countenance a pleasing appearance. His figure was, as we before stated, somewhat corpulent. This proceeded not from good living alone, but rather from a want of sufficient exercise; for our abbot's walks had been for many years restricted to the garden of the abbey, except now and then when

he deigned to visit any of the neighbouring gentlemen, which was but seldom, for his reverence was a studious man, and, though a great friend to the trencher and flagon, he neglected not his mental food. He was thus sitting that morning, by turns reading his missal and helping himself to the good things before him, which he dispatched with much avidity, when an unusual noise in the abbey abstracted the worthy abbot's attention from his double repast. Setting down the goblet which he had just raised to his lips, his reverence looked round him in alarm: he was about to call, for the purpose of learning the cause of the noise, when the door of the room opened, and one of the brothers of the abbey entered.

"How now, brother Joseph," cried the superior, "what is the meaning of that strange uproar?"

"Sir Ralph Westwood's keeper hath fled to the abbey, and claims sanctuary—he has a grievous wound i' th' neck, and says he has been hunted by a score of the villagers, like one of his master's bucks."

"What, has he stabbed one of his comrades?" inquired the abbot.

"I know not; he says he is wrongly suspected, and that he has narrowly escaped with his life, for Andrew Littlewood hath gotten together his friends, and is in pursuit of him."

"I will question them myself," said the abbot; "but do thou first see that his wound be dressed, and keep close the gates, or we shall have bloody work of it if they enter the abbey and find him: trust me, these men in their thirst for revenge will forget the respect due to the church and our holy order. See to this straightway, brother Joseph, and I will come to ye anon." As the abbot concluded this speech, he took a sip of Ippocras, and the monk quitted the room and left him to finish his morning's meal. In a short time the superior rose, and proceeded to the room whither the murderer had been conveyed. He found his brethren paying the wounded ruffian every attention; bandages had been applied to his hurts, and he lay extended, pale and exhausted, on a straw pallet. "Wretched man," said the abbot, walking up to the ruffian, who regarded him with a fixed stare, "what comrade's blood hast thou spilt in thy brutal passion?" Frank made no reply. "Who hast thou slain?" repeated the abbot. "Trifle not with our holy order; know that we have the power to deliver thee over to the law."

"'Twould be a sorry exchange, methinks," said the ruffian, speaking for the first time.

"'Tis such as thou shalt make, or my brethren for thee, if I hear not why thou hast fled hither—tell me—I charge thee, whom thou hast murdered!"

"I slew a buck of my master's yesterday, and that's all the murder I have done, by St. Thomas and our lady to boot."

"Speak more respectful of the church, sirrah," said the abbot, sternly. "If thou swearest by the saints, (here he crossed himself) do it reverently."

"I cry your reverence's pardon, I would not wittingly speak lightly of them, though my patron, St. Thomas, has, I think, been winking, or he would not have suffered me to get into such a cursed hobble."

"The Blessed Virgin shield us," ejaculated the abbot, crossing himself again, and turning up his eyes till nought but the whites of the eye could be seen; then lowering them, and bending a stern look on the ruffian, he continued, "Sirrah, I will see that thou goest not hence till inquiry be made." and, turning to the monk who stood by him, he said, "Brother Joseph, let us leave this sinner, I can not listen to his blasphemies;" he passed out, followed by the monk, and left Frank to reflect on his dangerous situation.

It will be necessary to state, that two of the party which went in pursuit, of the ruffian, were sent forward to his hut to endeavour, by stratagem, to deprive him of his arms, thereby making his capture less dangerous. But Frank was on his guard, and saw through their intention: a desperate struggle ensued, in which the ruffian received a deep wound in the neck; nevertheless, he disabled one of his adversaries by a wound in the

arm, and struck the second to the ground—then, rushing from the hut, he fled to the abbey before the rest of the party came up. Well knowing that it would be in vain to pursue him, Wilfred returned to Master Andrew's cottage, where the body of his beloved Winifred was already laid out and decked for the burial. He gazed on her features, beautiful in death, and his grief, which had just before given way to revenge, now returned with double force. He beheld all his earthly hopes blasted—she, for whom he had quitted his native land in the hope of acquiring wealth, now lay cold and lifeless before him—he sat at the head of the corpse, his hands covering his face, and his whole frame convulsed with agony.

At length the body was conveyed to the abbey: six maidens followed the corpse, and Master Andrew and the young soldier mournfully traced their steps towards the venerable pile. The sad procession moved up the aisle, and the bearers sat down the corpse before the altar. There was a solemn pause, not a sound was heard, save the suppressed sobs of the female spectators, as they viewed the body of the unfortunate girl, whose countenance showed no signs of the sudden death she died. There was no change in that countenance, save that it lacked its wonted bloom; but the marble paleness of her cheek, served to contrast more strikingly with the jetty blackness of those long lashes which fringed the sunken lids that now, alas! concealed for ever, eyes, which would so lately have outshone those of the proudest dames of England. Her right hand, as it lay on her breast, held a small oaken crucifix, and in her left were placed a few sprigs of the cypress. In addition, there were a few roses scattered over her funeral gear.

Meanwhile the Abbot Ignatius, who had been informed of the arrival of the sorrowing train, repaired to the room where the ruffian Frank had been placed: he entered, and addressing the murderer, said, "Wretched man, thy falsehoods will no longer avail thee, thou hast dipped thy hand in innocent blood; the corpse of thy victim is beneath this roof."

"I am no murderer," said the ruffian, nothing daunted.

"Wretch!" cried the superior, "dost thou still deny it, does not all the country round accuse thee—does not the bolt bear the mark of thine own hand—and wilt thou still hope to escape by uttering such foul falsehoods? The corpse is in the aisle, wilt thou deny it before witnesses, and wilt thou, laying thy hand upon the body, swear by the cross that thou art innocent?"

The ruffian seemed completely staggered by this question, which he had not anticipated; his cheek, which was before pale, assumed a livid hue, and he replied, in a faltering tone—

"Your reverence hath put the question somewhat sudden, prythee leave me awhile, for I feel somewhat faint"—here his eye glanced at the window, which he hoped to escape by if the abbot should leave him; but this was observed by the superior, who urged the necessity of his appearing before the villagers. A monk entered at this moment, saying that the presence of the abbot was required. Frank was again pressed to go through the ordeal, by touching the body of his victim; finding no alternative, the ruffian rose from his pallet, and leaning on the arm of the monk, and supported by the abbot, he arrived with them in the aisle. On entering it the murderer closed his eyes and averted his head, first catching an indistinct glimpse of the melancholy group which surrounded the bier on which he supposed the body of his rival lay. "Why dost thou shudder," inquired the abbot, "if thou art not guilty of this heinous crime?" The ruffian spoke not, but was led forward—he arrived at the foot of the bier, his head being still averted, when Wilfred, who had been kneeling by the side of the corpse, beheld him. "Villain!" shrieked the youth, starting on his feet; but Master Andrew, throwing his arms around him, prevented him from pouncing on the destroyer of his happiness. The voice startled the guilty wretch: he thought it proceeded from the spirit of his victim: he suddenly raised his head, and his first glance rested on the corpse of the murdered maiden. The horrid truth instantly flashed

across his mind, his lips quivered, his whole frame became convulsed: one deep groan of mental agony burst from him, and he fell heavily on his face. The aisle echoed with the sound of his fall, and the villagers crowded round him.

"Lift him up," said the abbot, "he hath swooned, see his hands are clenched." The monks stooped to raise him, but he was motionless: his countenance had assumed a horrible appearance, and a cloak was spread over the corpse, for none could look upon it without shuddering. Need we add the sequel—need we dwell upon Wilfred's sorrow—ere a year had expired he became a monk of the abbey where his true love slept in peace; and Master Andrew, bowed down with grief, soon followed his amiable and unfortunate Winifred to the silent grave.

MISCELLANY.

A JEWISH FUNERAL.

From Sophia de Lissau, or a Portraiture of the Jews of the Nineteenth Century.

A messenger was first sent to the synagogue of which the departed was a member, and where are deposited the bier and copper vessels invariably used in cleansing and preparing the body for interment. As dissolution had taken place at six in the evening, four the next afternoon was the time appointed for the burial. In the mean time, the corpse was removed from the bed, and placed on the floor of the same chamber, with its feet towards the door—a black cloth thrown over it—lighted candles placed at the head—and the two men placed in charge of it until the time of preparing it for the grave. During this interval the relatives ate no meat, nor tasted wine or spirits; all the water in the cisterns or other vessels was thrown away; and in the movements of the household the stillness of death seemed to prevail unbroken.

Next day, about noon, the bier and copper vessels already alluded to, arrived, and soon after a coach drew up to the door filled with respectable Jews, who came to perform the last kind offices, which they immediately proceeded to do. Laying the body on the bier, which was placed in a sloping position on a long table, they carefully washed it with warm water, handed to them in the copper pots, and finished their ablution, by pouring water on the head three times, which from the inclined position of the corpse, flowed all over it; they next dried the body with peculiar care, and combed the beard and hair with a silver comb appropriated to that use. The burial dress of the deceased was then delivered to them; it consisted of fine linen, curiously worked at the collar and hands, and a robe, girdle, and turban, which had been constantly worn on the day of atonement and festival of the new year by the departed in the synagogue worship. When clothed in these long prepared habiliments, the garment of fringes was placed in its due form about him, and its ends twisted into certain mystick forms, a winding sheet of fine linen enclosed the whole, and the corpse was lifted into the plain deal shell prepared for its reception; beneath the head and arms were placed small pillows stuffed with saw dust, and the lid of the shell immediately fastened, after which it was removed to a lower apartment, and the near relatives led in to perform the ceremony of rending their garments over the deceased. An aged Jew, whose province it was, then advanced, and in audible accents renounced, in the name of his relatives, friends, and, lastly, of all Israel, any further connexion with the departed, either here or hereafter. The body was then lifted into the hearse, and followed by various friends, and by the religious societies he had formerly belonged to; and lowered into a grave which his nearest relatives first assisted to fill, and which was then closed to open no more, as more than one corpse is never laid in the same grave. When the procession returned, a meal of eggs boiled hard, and salt was laid before the mourners, who kindled a light of pure olive oil, which was kept burning during the seven days of close mourning, and which was lighted up on the anniversary day of death, as long as the departed had a near relative living. These seven days are observed by the family sitting on the

ground, with rent garments and dishevelled hair, while their friends come to condole with them on their loss; ten Jews regularly attend morning and evening to recite prayers. The bereaved relatives wear their beards unshaved thirty complete days; and the sons of a departed Jew attend morning worship eleven months, with scrupulous exactness, to recite certain prayers deemed requisite to facilitate the entrance of the soul into final happiness.

JEWISH MARRIAGE.

From the same.

The marriage ceremony is always celebrated with splendour and show by the Jews, nor are the poorest among them exempt from this custom. As every guest brings a present, chiefly consisting of plate, according to ability, the lower orders, especially, are anxious to invite as many as possible on that account; for which purpose they generally hire a public room, to accommodate such a large assemblage; and not unfrequently, when the wedded pair are very poor, these gifts are disposed of immediately, to defray the expense of the feast, and assist the young couple in housekeeping. A friend, on whom dependence can be placed, is stationed near the entrance of the apartment to receive the presents of the guests as they arrive; another writes down each person's name and their gift, which is instantly deposited in a chest; and after all invited have arrived, it is locked and put in a place of safety. If any person invited is prevented attending, this circumstance does not prevent their gifts from being regularly sent in their names; but those who are merely invited to tea and dance, are not expected to bring any present. It may here be observed, that the Jews consider it a highly meritorious act to promote marriage; or in any way assist in its celebration; but those who are in their year of mourning for a near relative may not attend a wedding feast, nor be seen where music or cards form any part of the entertainment. Wednesday is the day on which the Jews celebrate their marriages, and a second hall on Thursday evening concludes the feast; but if either of the party have been previously married, Sunday is the day chosen, and music and dancing form no part of the entertainment. The choice of Wednesday for the above purpose still continues among the Jews; but like many other of their observances, the original cause for selecting that day has long ceased to exist, and had its origin simply because, as the Sanhedrim held its sitting on Thursday, the newly married man could immediately bring his wife before them, if he had any ground of complaint.

The nuptial canopy is composed, in general of crimson velvet; it is square, and supported at each corner by four of the persons present; a piece of carpet is spread beneath it, and the bridegroom and bride, the rabbi, and all concerned in the ceremony, stand under it, while the contract is read, &c. It is deposited at the synagogue, and is brought to the house, where the wedding is celebrated, by the servants of the synagogue, and carried back as soon as the ceremony is over.

THE RULING PASSION.

Translated by T. Barricre.—From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Cardinal Mazarin, four or five days before his death, had his beard shaved, and his mustachios curled with irons; rouge was put on his cheeks and his lips, and he was painted so well with ceruse and whitening, that he had probably never in his life looked so fair and rosy. Getting into his sedan-chair, which was open in front, he proceeded in this fine equipage to take a turn round the garden, to bury, as he said himself, the synagogue honourably. I was never more surprised in my life than I was at this rapid and complete metamorphosis, this sudden change of scene, from the bed of death, where I had just left him, to a renewal of youth, in appearance more real than that of Æson. Notwithstanding, he was then, it may be said, on the very brink of the grave; and I am persuaded that the violent effort which this cost him, hastened his death by several days. If he had not thus attempted to cheat nature, he would not have fallen so soon; but this folly, great in the sight of God, was still greater in the presence of men, who, like

myself, were quite aware of his state, and looked upon this scene as a dream or a vision, which only served to throw greater odium on this dying politician, and made the courtiers, who are always unmerciful, say of him, "A knave he lived, a knave he resolved to die."

The count de Nogent, a wicked wit, meeting him in this equipage, said to him, "The air is good for you; it has already produced a great change. Your eminence should take it often." Whether he grew red or pale at this compliment, which discovered his knavery, is not known; it is certain that he was struck with it, as might be perceived from the change in his eyes, if none could be seen in his countenance. The cardinal said "turn back; I find myself ill." Nogent, urging his point with unparalleled cruelty, said to him, "I believe it, for your eminence looks very red." This stroke went like a dagger to the heart of the cardinal. I followed him, and saw him carried back to his bed, on which he fell like a man in a fit. They gave him some reviving cordial which recovered him. Bernouin, his valet de chambre, then said to him, "I knew well what would happen, and I told you so. What is the use of this foolery?" The cardinal replied not a word, and every one was dismissed from the apartment.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1828.

Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

The reader will perceive that our "Diary" is this week omitted.

A Defence of Freemasonry, in a Series of Letters addressed to Solomon Southwick, &c. By LUTHER PRATT, Editor of the *American Masonick Register, &c.*, recently published in New-York. 15mo. pp. 216. F. Adancourt, Troy, 1828.

This work, which has so long been announced, has appeared at last, and it becomes us, as the medium between the author and the masonick publick, to advise them of its claims to their patronage. The author is one who has long ago entered on the duties of defending the principles of the masonick institution, and if an extensive and liberal patronage is ever a fair criterion of the real worth of a publick journal, that of the *Masonick Register* was peculiarly favourable to the reputation of its editor, as a scholar and a true mason. That useful publication was abandoned some four or five years ago solely on account of the severe sickness of its editor; and from the state of independence in which its liberal patronage placed him, Mr. Pratt was reduced to the double extremity of pain and want. His situation was not however disregarded by the fraternity, and the timely aid he received from those of his mystick associates, is acknowledged by him in his present work, with that delicacy of expression, and pure masonick feeling, which has ever appeared in his works. Mr. Pratt, though far recovered, is yet in a measure a cripple. His broken constitution and disordered nerves have left him hardly able to walk the streets, and it is no small solace to the afflictive situation to which he has been reduced that his infirmities have not been the consequence of an irregular or intemperate life. He is now engaged in the laudable but humble avocation of an instructor to youth in this city.

If there can be any objection brought against the work which he now presents to the publick, it is, that he has brought into the field of controversy that candour and sound argument which the enemies of our order are always so careful to avoid. Theirs are the weapons of all designing factions; misrepresentations, calumny, and appeals to all the bad passions which ever actuate the ignorant and selfish. His are the more humble, but faithful arguments of honest truth, and enlightened charity. If it can be said that reason addressed to a reasoning people, (as we believe the people of this country are,) is "casting pearls before swine," then the letters of Mr. Pratt are indeed uncalled for, and absurd. But since there are to be found among our opponents men

of honest hearts and reasoning heads, we have a confidence in their penetration, and are willing to hope that, through a fair disposition of the truth, even the mind which is alienated from reason may be made ashamed of its alienation, and shrink from the contemplation of the infamous path they are now treading.

Mr. Pratt, in his letters, is free from that didactic despotism which is too fashionable at the present day, among all writers, but more especially among the champions of anti-masonry. He submits his positions with the diffidence of a pupil, rather than the air of a professor, and asks no man to believe his conclusions, until he has arrived at them by the same studious process which he has gone through himself.

As a specimen of the spirit of the work, with the permission of the author, we shall make one extract, from Letter III., page 62. After giving some correspondence between Washington, the father of his country, and the grand lodge of Massachusetts, Mr. Pratt proceeds:—

"You will observe, Mr. Southwick, by the above that Washington held the institution of masonry in the highest estimation; that he considered its principles 'founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice,' notwithstanding all your labours and falsehoods to induce a belief to the contrary, and that he had the hypocrisy to act and to write contrary to the dictates of his conscience. You may depend, sir, that you are not possessed of sufficient art to induce the people of the United States, or those of any part of the world, to believe Washington to have been a vile hypocrite, or that duplicity is a virtue; and you certainly have no other way to support your position.

"Again, you have the effrontery to assert, that Washington warns us in his farewell address to 'BEWARE OF SECRET ASSOCIATIONS under whatever plausible character.' This, sir, is a downright forgery, and I challenge you to find one word, throughout the pages of that invaluable legacy, conveying the most distant idea of what you wish to have understood by the pretended quotation; which in your usual modesty, you have inserted in glaring capitals. Had you the vanity to think, at the time you made the assertion, that the publick placed such implicit confidence in your veracity, that none could be found who would examine the address for themselves? Or did you take it second hand from a certain Morristown editor,† who, you say, 'deserves well of his country,' for abusing the institution of freemasonry? In charity, I should hope for the latter; as it may not appear quite so barefaced. This forgery, sir, places you in a very awkward situation, and is sufficient to invalidate all you have written, or all that you can write on the subject, excepting it is accompanied by the most indubitable proof.

"It is true that Washington in his farewell address speaks of the danger of associations and combinations formed for political purposes, many of which did exist at that day, and for a long time previous. Witness the combinations against the war of independence, against the establishment of the Federal Constitution, and the societies formed in the time of citizen Genet, with the design of drawing us into a close alliance with France; and on the other hand, the exertions made to bring us into a like connection with Great Britain; but he particularly alludes to associations; or combinations which might arise to obstruct the execution of the laws of our country. After enforcing in very strong and energetic language the importance of preserving the national union, as the palladium of our political safety and prosperity, 'and the main prop of liberty,' he says, 'All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, controul, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force—to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the publick administration the mirror of the ill-conceited and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

"However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion."

"The above quotation contains all he says in his farewell address respecting associations and combinations; which, alludes no more to masonry than it does to the 'men in the moon,' which the good sense of every reader will readily perceive."

* No other is the word meant to be found in the whole.
† Palladium of Liberty, Morristown, New-Jersey.

TABLE TALK.

Hot! Hot!—all Hot!! Among all the complaints of the intolerable heat, we have witnessed, heard, seen, nor read of a single one half so full of pathos, as the following, from the Boston Statesman, under the head of "July." Any editor who can read it, mewed up, as we usually are, with about as much cool air in the reach of our respiratory attraction as may be found in the extreme depth of a heating baker's oven,—we say, what editor can read it without casting an eye on his file of unread papers and his thoughts into an ice house. Buried in contemplation and cobwebs,—under the influence of a lively imagination and a hot slate roof,—he must be driven by the apprehension of suffocating and the call of the devil for copy, almost to distraction. But to conceive would be to suffer. We abandon the hope of describing fully the miseries of a roasting editor.

Oh Saratoga, Lebanon, Niagara, and Ballston!
The heart that doesn't sigh for you this weather, must be all stone—
The fashionable girls are off, and so are all my fellows,
And I am puffing like a pair of apple-tree blossoms.

The pavements are all hissing hot, the sky above is brimmed,
And every head 's as good as dead the sun can lay low rays on;
The market smells most horribly—It's death to go to dinner,
And I expect to melt away—I do—us I'm a sinner.

The linn, like walking skeletons, go stalking pale and gloomy,
And the fat, like red hot iron, goes scorching through me;
I wake from dreams of pleasure, on which I was a slider,
Like fishes dreaming of the sea and waking in the spider.

Ye steam boats on the Hudson river, fifteen, twenty millers,
It makes my fancy cool to hear the hissing of your boilers,
Your hundred fifty passengers, a cool as Holland skutters,
And the punches iced so tantalizingly by your white aproned waiters.

I sigh to think of all these things, I wish that I was able
To "eat" the thousand manuscripts that lie upon my table—
If I could coin the flesh I've lost, or make a horse of sorrow,
I'd be upon the road to Saratoga Springs to-morrow.

—A Parish added to the Town's End. Married, Mr. Peter Townsend jr. to Miss Caroline Parish. —A Widow transformed to a Maiden. Mr. John Maiden to Mrs. Mary McCabe. —An Irish Hoist. An honest Hibernian, while engaged lately in blasting rocks at Jack's Rift, on the Seneca river, was raised from the mother earth some fifteen or twenty feet, by the sudden explosion of a charge, which, after being primed, and combustible materials placed over it, he was deliberately trying to ignite by blowing with his mouth. He was thrown a considerable distance, and on alighting, was found without having received any serious injury, exclaiming to those who had listened to him, that he "had no idea she would go off so quick—rally!" —Elegant Extract. The following is one of those *petit morceaux* which abound in the columns of the Ontario Phoenix. "Masons and anti-masons seem to agree in the respectability of the celebration at Le Roy—there were men there, second to none in the United States. We have heard but one aspersion thrown out against it—and that was made by a DANDY JACK, calling the seceding masons of Le Roy *meaks*. Such language, however, befits such animals,—and ought to be registered like that of Baalam's Ass—with the sublime command of Jehovah, when he said 'let there be light, and there was light.'" The same Ontario Phoenix speaks of the great paragraph we noticed some time ago in the Boston Free Press, and says,—"You will find it extracted from the *Escritoir*, vol. I. no. 44, page 1, and paragraph 1. Men of mystery! of a truth Child lies?" We stated before that the sentence as quoted in the Free Press never appeared in the *Masonick Record*, nor ever came from the pen of its editor, nor any person who ever for a moment performed the duties of an editor for the *Record*. We now say that it never appeared in the columns of the *Escritoir*, nor was ever penned by any one who contributed in any shape to the columns of the *Escritoir*. Do we lie now? —Going the whole Hog. A gentleman of this city, by way of specimen, puts all doubts of the liberality of anti-masons to rest. Mr. Pratt's Defence of Freemasonry being offered to him, he gave as his solemn opinion "that the books ought to be collected and burned, and the author on the top of them." Truly this man may cry to the ghost of the tyrant Philip.

—cur dextere jungens dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?"
Literally rendered,—
You happy dog, what hidden treasure
Forbids such friends to shake our paws?
In life, to meet, and hear, and answer
The merits of your glorious plan, sir,—
A plan so very like my own,

One would have sworn that we had known
Each other,—and by way of increment
Had burned a thousand for experiment.

—Air of Ireland. Lady Carterit, wife of the lord lieutenant of Ireland in Swift's time, said to him one day, "The air in this country is very good." "Swift fell on his knees and said, 'For God's sake, madam, don't say so in England; they'll most certainly tax it!'" —Intolerable Heat. Passing a tavern a day or two since, says the Berkshire American, we saw mine host busily engaged in pumping cold water on a large lump of ice. On inquiring what could be his object, he replied: "I am trying to cool my ice." —Bashaw of two Tails. A man by the name of Bashaw has been found guilty at Nashville, Tennessee, of marrying two wives.

—Something New. We were credibly informed the other day, says the Rochester Microscope, by a candid sort of a gentleman, that it was rumoured that one William Morgan had been *cat nipped* by the masons. —Another Elegant Extract. The Boston Free Press, that wonderful dealer in classic lore, contains the following delightful scrap, which well deserves to be written in letters of—brass. "Let us no longer be told that CLINTON, and LAFAYETTE, and WASHINGTON were Masons. Merciful God! shall the living be dragged from their retirement and the dead from their graves—shall the fireside and the sepulchre be profaned to pollute the name and the memory of the illustrious living and the mighty dead, with the foul stigma of masonry! Shall their undying fame be doomed like subjects of Mezentius, to be tied face to face to the fated corpse of masonry, lingering and festering in a loathsome immortality!—Forbid it justice! Forbid it patriotism! Forbid it heaven!" —And yet another Elegant Extract.

We grow giddy when we find ourselves lifted to the sublime height to which we are raised when we read such passages as the following from the same paper. We should judge by the spirit of the strain that the author was *born* to astonish the world;—and what is still more, we should hardly be brought to believe he had *been born many years* either. Read, read and wonder! "They say that *sometimes* masonry is a good thing."—Now, I am against such "good things," although I am generally very fond of "good things"—They seem to *repent* of their "good thing" likewise.—If the publick will suffer such private associations in their dominions, they will find themselves at once in the hands of the masons; Then what a glorious country this will be! Masonry, is a thing which ought not to be allowed in the United States, or even on the Eastern Continent.—If the people of every town or county do not do something towards moving the foundation of this masonic institution, what will our country be?—I will tell you, sir, it will be like the Turks (in one respect) we shall have to bow ourselves down to these notorious Masons and *subject to their laws or rules*; and which is *worse* than slavery—it cannot be compared to any thing reasonable—but that is out of their course, reason, what do they care about reason—every one that joins their Lodge must pay their fee and then *subject to a few horrid rules and regulations, oaths, scare-crows, &c. &c.*" Now who can doubt that all the talents and moral worth of the community are to be found in the anti-masonick ranks?

FOREIGN. By the latest arrivals at New-York, London and Liverpool dates have been received to June 9, Paris to June 3, the official Russian Bulletin of May 15, and accounts from Portugal to the 17th of May. The British Ministry is once more dissolved by the resignation of several of its members. The Duke of Wellington has no little difficulty in his political campaigns. The London Courier of June 7, speaks of an alarm excited by a rumour that a coolness had taken place between England and France,—that the French king had resolved to act by himself and for himself, to deliver, organize, and occupy Greece,—and that the army collected in the vicinity of Toulon was intended for the Morea.

Thus poor Johnny has always been jockeyed by his brother legitimates. When there is any boxing to be done, and Johnny is ready and willing, (as he always is,) to 'off coat and let have,' there is none so good as Johnny. But when a few of Johnny's hard knocks have floored their antagonist, *a la mode de Navarino*, they very ceremoniously tell him, "ave de goddeness, mon bon ami, to rest yourself lillibit; I be ver sorry to trouble you so long. Ave de complaisance to accept mon ver great respects; I sal do ver well visout you!"

In Portugal, the prospects of Don Miguel, and his treachery have received a check. The military, unlike most similar

cases, have been an obstacle to his usurpation. The officers of several regiments have assembled and published a proclamation, in which Don Miguel is described as a disgrace to Portugal, a creature without talent and without decency—devoid of honour and virtue—cruel by nature, false, hypocritical, and dissembling; in short, the proclamation speaks the language of the whole enlightened world.

By the brig Samos, we have news from Smyrna as late as to the early part of May. The brig Delos was at Constantinople the 20th of April, being the first American merchantman bearing the flag of the United States, that ever visited that port. Very great excitement was caused by the arrival of this vessel in sight of the seraglio. She was immediately visited by many Turks of distinction, some of them even carrying away pieces of rope, as memorials of the event.

It is stated that the Divan has determined to burn Constantinople, after the manner of Moscow, if in danger of falling into the hands of the Russians. [Extremely doubtful in our opinion.]

EIGHT DAYS LATER.

By the ship New-York, arrived from Liverpool on Thursday, the New-York prints have received London papers to the 15th, and Liverpool to the 10th of June inclusive. There is no truth in the report of a great battle between the Russians and Turks. The Catholic question has been rejected. Don Miguel is said to have absconded.

DOMESTICK. By an advertisement in some of the New-Jersey and New-York papers, we perceive that a strange fellow intends, for the fourth time, to throw himself from the high rock at the Passaic Falls into the water below. He is mortally offended at the liberty which some papers have taken to charge him with insanity. The perpendicular measurement of this leap is more than ninety feet!

The celebration of the fourth at New-York was highly improved in interest, by a 'voluntary' on the steps of the City-Hall, from the celebrated Orator Emmons. In the very height of his fomenting eloquence, he was interrupted by sundry police officers, and informed that no arrangements had been made by the corporation for such a display of talent. He was at length prevailed upon to suppress the remainder of his eloquence.

Contents of the June number, being the first of the second volume of Flint's *Western Monthly Review*:—Editor's Address; Writers of the Western Country; Lines on April; Memento of the Astronomy of the Year. Review: History of the Spanish Inquisition; Cooke's Pathology and Therapeutics; Florida Lexingtoniensis; Southern Agriculturalist; Popular Education; Hunt's Eulogy on Clinton; Lindsley's Address; Revue Encyclopedique; Growth and Manufacture of Silk; Things in general.



JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the publick that he has removed to No 451, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1828. 151f

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bandbox Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at prices, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the publick. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for Bricks. June 28. 151f

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 229, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Taper, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22. 47d

POETRY.

From the Legendary.

THE NUN.

BY EMMA C. MANLY.

She was very fair
And intellect had poured its richest light
Upon her nature; but, alas for her!
She had a woman's heart, and Love too soon
Twined his light fetters round her spirit's wing,
Binding it down to earth. Her life had been
Like a calm summer's day, and she had dreamed
Its hours away 'mid those sweet fantasies
That youthful feeling loves. No threatening cloud
Had darkened her pure heaven of sinless thought.
She looked on all things with the loving eye
Of happy innocence, and her sweet voice
Was like the carol of young birds in spring,
The echo of a glad and joyous heart.
Alas! alas! that grief should enter here!
But never yet was gentle woman led
By intellect to happiness. The light
Of genius serves but to illumine the waste
Of blighted hope, and she who rashly fans
The sacred flame, like the poor Hindoo wife,
Lights her own funeral pyre. Ay, Aline loved
As the heart loves in youth—as women love
In every season. Genius, beauty, all
That man can prize, or woman boast, were given
As offerings to one deity. She lived
But in his presence. Absence was to her
The soul's deep midnight; for he was the sun
Of her bright world of dreams, and her young heart,
Like Memnon's heart, beneath his eyes alone
Gave out its hidden music. It was deep,
Intense devotion, pure as infancy,
Yet strong as death, which dwelt within her breast.
A life of tenderness could scarce repay
Such self-forgetting love. But, ah! the lot
Of woman was upon her, and she met
A woman's recompense.

The time had come
For their first parting now, and days passed on;
Yet bright anticipations filled her heart,
And she was happy. ~~Not~~ long weeks and months
Rolled by, and yet he came not. Then the rose
Faded from Aline's cheek; yet she was calm;
And, though her lip grew paler, it still wore
Its quiet smile; but, oh! what eye could trace
The daily withering of her heart, the slow
Protracted martyrdom of hope! At length
They told her he was married. No reproach
Broke from her lips, but meekly, like a flower,
She sunk beneath the blow. The heavy hand
Of sickness fell upon her, and she prayed
To leave a scene of suffering and of sin.
But death came not; and, when the healthful flow
Of life's pure current came again, she turned
From all her former joys, and found her home
Within a convent's walls.

When I first saw her, five long years had past,
And peace once more dwelt in her heart. Her cheek
Was pale as marble, and her features wore
The settled calmness of a spirit schooled
By early suffering. The fierce storm had past,
But left its trace of desolation. Time
Had done his kindly work, and she could smile
Once more with cheerfulness; but when she spoke
Of earlier days, a soft and dewy light
Shone in her dovelike eyes, as if a tear
Had burst from its sealed fountain.

BONNETS OF BONNIE DUNDEE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Clavers who spoke,
Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
So each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my men;
Come open the West-port, and let me gae free,
And its room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backwards, the drums they are beat;

But the provost, douse man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The town is weel quit of that de'il of Dundee."
Come, fill up, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
Each carline was flying and shaking her pow;
But some young plants of grace—they looked couthie and slee,
Thinking—luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up, &c.

With sour-featured saints the grass market was panged,
As if half the west had set tryste to be hanged;
There was spite in each face, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up, &c.

These cowl of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And long-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;
But they shrunk to close heads, and the causeway left free,
At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up, &c.

He spurred to the foot of the high castle rock,
And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke—
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows three volleys let flee,
For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee."
Come, fill up, &c.

The Gordon has asked of him whither he goes—
"Wheresoever shall guide me the spirit of Montrose;
Your grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee."
Come, fill up, &c.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild dunnie-wassels, three thousand times three,
Will cry *hoigh!* for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up, &c.

"Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."
Come, fill up, &c.

He waved his proud arm and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston crags and on Clermiston lee
Died away the wild war note of bonnie Dundee.
Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horse, and call up my men;
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

From Death's Doings.

THE WARRIOUR'S FAREWELL.

The warrior's soul is kindling now
With wildly blending fires,
He fondly breathes each raptured vow
That faithful love inspires:
But not those whispered words alone
Arrest the maiden's ear,
A prouder strain—a loftier tone,
Awakes the throb of fear!

They hear the war notes on the gale,
Before the tent they stand,
His form is clad in glittering mail,
The sword is in his hand;
Her scarf around his arm is twined,
For love's remembering spell
Ah! would that kindred skill could bind
The links of life as well!

The battle steed is waiting nigh,
Nor brooks his lord's delay;
And eager troops are trampling by,
And wave their banners gay.
Nor boding dream, nor bitter care,
In that proud host are found,
While echoing through the startled air
The cheerful trumpets sound.

The maid, with mingled pride and grief,
Faint hopes, and withering fears,
Still gazes on the gallant chief
Through dim impassioned tears.
He sees but victory's golden wreath,
And love's unfading flame,
Nor thinks how soon the form of Death
May cross the path of fame!

"A last farewell—a last embrace,
And now for glory's plain!"
Those parting accents left a trace
Of phresny on her brain.
And when the warrior's helm was brought
To crown his forehead fair,
Alas! the shuddering maiden thought
'Twas Death that placed it there!

From the Connecticut Courant.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG WIFE.

Why are those green clods broken? The tall grass
Which in its ripeness wooed the mower's hand,
And the wild rose whose young buds faintly bloomed,
Why are their roots upturned? Go ask of him
Who in his lonely chamber weeps so long
At morning's dawn, and evening's pensive hour,
Whose freshly planted hopes could scarcely boast
Less brief duration than yon flower of grass.
Yet Memory hath her stores whereon to feed
Though Joy's bright harvest fail, as clings the bée
To the sweet calyx of some fallen flower.
—The tender smile of fond, confiding Love,
Its self devotion, its delight to seek
Another's good—its thousand winning arts
To soothe the hour of weariness and pain,—
Such thoughts, perchance, may stir the source of tears,
Making resemblance grief; but the meek faith
Which all distrustful of its holiest deeds
So firmly clasped a Saviour's feet, when Death
Rang the rest heart strings like a broken harp.
The hope which shed its seraph benison
On all who wept around—the smile that left
A heavenly lustre on the pallid clay,—
These are the gems that memory lends the soul,
Priceless and pure, to light its pilgrim way
To deathless union with its parted bride. H.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LOVERS' PRESENTS.

"Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind." *Hawkt.*

Take back thy gifts, thou noble dame,
Gifts that might courtly homage claim:
This ring is circled by diamonds bright,
This chain is flashing with ruby light,
This emerald wreath once bound thy curls,
And thy waist was clasped by this zone of pearls.
Lady, such gifts were unwished by me,
And I loved them but as bestowed by thee.

Pledges so splendid I could not impart,
My poor return was a faithful heart;
But now that our gifts we each resign,
Lady, how sad an exchange is mine?
Thy glittering gems are still gay and bright,
And may charm a high born lover's sight,
But the humblest mind will spurn a token
Like the heart thy treachery has broken!

FAME AND LOVE.

BY MRS. HALE.

The memory of the mighty dead,
The marble hold in trust;
While low beneath the grass green turf
Reposes humble dust.

To trace the sculptured eulogy,
The wondering crowd repair;
One mourner to the green grave comes,
And weeps in silence there.

The minstrel's harp in lofty halls,
The glorious name pours forth—
With sighs the cherished name is breathed
Beside the lonely hearth.

Wonder and song to fame belong,
Sighs, tears by love are given;
The lowly grave, tear of love,
Grant me when ripe for heaven.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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ALBANY, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1828.

NO. 26.

MASONICK RECORD.

EXTRACTS

From an address, delivered at Buffalo, in the county of Erie, on the anniversary of St John the Baptist, June 24, 5828.

BY BR. HENRY BROWN,

Grand Commander of Genesee Encampment of Knights Templars and the Appendant Orders, in Batavia, New-York.

Masonick tradition informs us that John the Baptist was an eminent patron of our order. To him, and to St. John the Evangelist, all Christian lodges have for ages been dedicated. The propriety, then, of assembling on this occasion, to contemplate the character and commemorate the virtues of this illustrious Saint, cannot, my brethren, for a moment be questioned. And while assembled, permit me to indulge the fond, though perhaps the delusive hope, that the character and object, the past, the present, and the future prospects of the Masonick Institution, will not be regarded as a forbidden theme.

The institution, my brethren, to which we belong, notwithstanding the splendid talents, the exalted characters and fervent piety, of so many distinguished men, who have, in all ages of the world, enrolled their names among its members, and testified by their conduct and in their deaths to its mystick beauties, has so long, and, of late, so successfully, been decried, that its purity would in all probability be questioned by many, were it proclaimed from the summit of Sinai by the trump of God, and the hosts of heaven. There is, however, we are told in the sacred volume, a time for all things, and the present age seems to afford an illustration of its truth.

The existence of publick excitement is no phenomenon. History is replete with examples. During the reign of Nero, Rome was set on fire by direction of that blood-thirsty tyrant; the crime, however, was charged upon the christians then resident in that metropolis, and as they were an unpopular sect it obtained extensive currency, and multitudes were persecuted even unto death, for an offence of which they were as innocent as the babe in its cradle.

The crusades rank foremost in the history of excitements. Europe was, for a time, convulsed, and the whole christian world boiled like Aetna's crater. Its priests and its princes, its nobles and its peasants, in armies and in multitudes, were for years precipitated on Asia, to redeem the Holy Sepulchre from the hostile tread of proud and naughty infidels. After wasting their lives and spending their treasures; after performing prodigies of valour which would have done honour to Europe's chivalry in its proudest days, and exhibiting acts of cruelty and of meanness which would have disgraced the savage or the Turk, the Holy Sepulchre remained as it was; and the solitary pilgrim, under a guard of Janissaries, now offers his adoration at its sacred shrine.

The persecution of protestants in France, is another instance, where thousands of innocent victims, on the eve of St. Bartholomew's day, fell a sacrifice to papal fury. The persecution of protestants first, and of papists afterwards, in England, shows that our ancestors were not exempt from its influence.

All human institutions, my brethren, are prone

to decay. The proud monuments of antiquity, which for centuries successfully defied the attacks of time, have at last mouldered into ruins. Our institution, "reared on the basis of truth, honour, and justice," has survived them all. It has sustained the assaults of ignorance, of bigotry, and of tyranny, in every age, and while others have fallen beneath their accumulated weight, ours has gathered strength amid the ruin of empires, and extorted the applause of an admiring world.

It has, however, like every thing human, appeared sometimes with less, and sometimes with greater splendour. This is the lot of every thing below the stars. Even yonder bright orb of day is sometimes eclipsed—its brightness is sometimes obscured by clouds, and sometimes by vapours arising from the earth's polluted surface. The difficulty, however, exists only in our limited vision; the sun itself pursues his course, diffuses light and heat around him, and is regardless of the clouds, the vapours, and the planets which obstruct his rays. He has, to be sure, his spots, but they are lost amid surrounding splendour. Just so with the greatest and best of men that ever lived. Abuse is too frequently the lot of virtue: even Washington, than whom a more pure and ardent patriot never enlightened by his wisdom, or adorned by his achievements, any portion of the globe, was sometimes its victim. His companion in arms, the gallant Lafayette, was for years the tenant of a dungeon; he rose, however, at last, from its gloomy recesses, to a height, which the most splendid monarch can never hope to attain. If then, my brethren, the most brilliant object with which we are acquainted sometimes appears with diminished lustre; if the brightest characters which adorn the historick page are sometimes involved in clouds and darkness, why should the present condition of the masonick fraternity excite a moment's wonder, or create the least alarm. So long as benevolence retains a place in the human bosom, so long will it exist; and so long as the conduct of masons corresponds with their profession, so long will it flourish. Nor is it desirable that it should flourish for a moment longer.

It is not my intention, brethren, on this occasion, to waste your time by an unprofitable discussion concerning the origin of our institution. Even its enemies acknowledge its existence, anterior to the Golden Fleece, or the Roman Eagle. Its antiquity, however, can be of no further use than as it affords evidence of that purity which has marked its progress through every clime. During its long and continued existence, through good report and through evil report, amid peace and war, rebellions and revolutions, it has never mantled the cheek of its humblest follower with a solitary blush. Not, my brethren, but that many of its members have in every age disgraced the name, and dishonoured the profession of masons; for that, however, the institution itself is no more responsible, than patriotism is for the treachery of Arnold, or christianity for the vile apostacy of Judas.

The names of the several grand masters who have presided over the grand lodge of England, from which ours originally derived its charter, are preserved, from Austin the Monk, in 597, long anterior to the reign of Alfred, down to the present reigning monarch—a period of more than twelve hundred years; and, during that time, the most illustrious princes who have filled her throne, the most distinguished men who have figured in the pulpit, the senate and the field, are included

among their number. The same remarks will apply with equal force, to the masonick institution in this country during the short period of our national existence. The youthful patriot who poured forth his blood in the commencement of our revolutionary struggle on Bunker's Hill, the gallant Warren, was the first grand master of our order. The father of his country succeeded to that distinguished post, and was master of the lodge in his vicinity, when the grim king of terrors,

Closed his bright eye, and curbed his high career.

Clinton, recently translated to another, and, I hope, to a better world, was the last to preside over an institution, venerable from its high antiquity, and illustrious from the multitudes of all ranks and conditions who have sought solace beneath its banners. Although, my brethren, there is a charm in celebrated names, they will not, in an age like this, and I hope not in any other, preserve an institution containing in itself the elements of corruption, from ruin and decay.

Let us then for a moment pause. Let us inquire of our hearts, whether there is any thing foolish, or corrupt, or depraved, in the institution itself; and if there is, let us reform or abandon it without delay.

It is said that our ceremonies are childish. Were the inhabitant of another planet to be transported to this earth, and were he to witness the ceremonies of our Holy Religion without regard to the thing signified, would he probably be filled with that solemn awe with which they inspire the humble follower of the cross? Would the administration of the sacrament fill his bosom with pious enthusiasm? Would the sprinkling of an infant babe, or the immersion of an aged convert, at once unfold to his astonished vision the meaning thereby intended? and would he return to his native seat with a mind enlightened, and a heart expanded, by such a scene?—Still, my brethren, experience and observation teach us, that there is something in the performance of religious rites which the most hardened infidel can not witness, without emotion. Suppose, however, that the charge be true, it must be sustained against the lives and practices of such men as Alfred the Great of England, Frederick of Prussia, and Napoleon Buonaparte, such men as Locke and Newton, and in our own country such men as Washington and Franklin, Lafayette and Hamilton, Madison and Monroe, the venerable Jefferson and our late illustrious Grand Master, together with a host of others almost equally distinguished on the rolls of fame, who have assembled in lodges, and indulged in folly, at the risk of exciting the scoffs and sneers of an inquiring and censorious world. Every brother, however, knows perfectly well, that there is not a single point or secret in masonry, which does not illustrate some valuable truth, or recommend some moral or religious principle. The very furniture of our lodge, the garb we wear, plainly intimates that the object of our researches is the glory of God, and the end of all our illustrations, happiness in a future world. The lambskin white apron, of late the subject of so much ridicule, "reminds us of that purity of life and conduct so essentially necessary to our gaining admission into that celestial lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides." The square teaches us to square our actions by the rule of virtue; and the compass to circumscribe our desires and keep our passions in due bounds with all marking the plummet admonishes us to walk uprightly in our

several stations, before God and man; and the level reminds us that we are travelling on the level of time, to

That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns:

white the blazing star, emblematic of the Star of Bethlehem, which directed the wise men of the east to the spot where our Saviour was born, is intended as a guide to our footsteps on our journey through life, till we shall have passed the Jordan of death, and landed on the shores of a blissful immortality, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. I need not, however, my brethren, multiply instances of this nature, as the time which I had prescribed to myself is wasting rapidly away, and I must hasten to the consideration of more important charges.

It is said that masonic principles are at war with morality and religion, and dangerous to the liberties of our country. This, my brethren, if true, is an important charge, and deserves the consideration of every christian and of every patriot. Before, however, sentence of condemnation is pronounced upon so many distinguished worthies of other times; before the whole masonic fraternity are branded as traitors to their country, and as enemies to its religion and its laws, will it not be well to pause for a moment, and endeavour, if possible, to ascertain what their principles are. I know of none other than what are contained in the different masonic charges and lectures. Permit me, then, to introduce on this occasion, an extract from the charge delivered to an entered apprentice on his initiation to the first degree. "There are three great duties which as a mason you are charged to inculcate, to God, to your neighbour, and to yourself—to God, in never mentioning his name but with that reverential awe, which is due from the creature to his Creator, to implore his aid in all lawful undertakings, and to esteem him as your chief good,—to your neighbour, in acting upon the square, and doing unto him as you wish he should do unto you,—and to yourself, in avoiding all irregularity and intemperance which may impair your faculties and debase the dignity of your profession. In the state you are to be a quiet and peaceable subject, true to your government and just to your country: you are not to countenance disloyalty or rebellion, but patiently submit to legal authority, and conform with cheerfulness to the government in which you live." Such are the principles taught in masonic lodges, and I defy the world to prove, in a single instance, that the reverse are taught.

It is said, however, that masons are bound to punish even with death, those who violate their secrets—that they are bound to sustain each other in law suits, and to support a brother in preference to any other, for office. Before implicit credit is given to this slanderous tale, it may perhaps be well to pursue and inquire from whence it originates.

The depravity or folly of a few misguided men, has lately brought the masonic fraternity into scandal and disgrace. A number of brethren, who connected themselves with the institution when it was "in the full tide of successful experiment," and could discover nothing in it wrong so long as it was popular, without reflecting, that, like the purgation of a precious metal, it has risen from each successive ordeal with renewed claims to admiration from its augmented brilliancy and worth, have recently withdrawn; and not being content with having done so, have of late become its most bitter persecutors. Charity to all mankind is a part of the masonic creed; it does not therefore become us, and especially on this occasion, to censure or condemn. The world will do them justice—their motives will shortly be developed—and the seal of approbation, or of infamy, will ere long be stamped upon each of their foreheads. If their motives be pure, they will be regarded as patriots—if events shall hereafter bring their motives into jeopardy, and it shall finally appear that mercenary objects induced them in the first place to solicit admission, which object not having been attained, have led them at last to prove recreant to a cause which they had espoused for years, and whose principles have uniformly been the same, then they will bere-

garded by an impartial world as traitors to their trust.

The disciples of our blessed Lord adhered to his cause, so long as the miracles which he wrought gathered an admiring multitude around him; but, no sooner did that multitude cease to listen with rapture to the honied accents which flowed from his lips, and armed men pursued him into the Mount of Olives, to arrest and bring him before the chief priests and elders, than those very disciples "forsook him and fled." Peter, being a little bolder, or having perhaps a little more curiosity than the rest, followed him afar off. As soon, however as he found his Lord and Master in disgrace, he promptly denied all knowledge of his Saviour. And on being charged a second time with having been with Jesus of Nazareth, he denied it with an oath; and on being charged a third time he began to curse and swear, saying, I know not the man. Thus you perceive, how natural it is, even for the best of men, to desert their friends in the hour of peril:

The man whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known.

Whether the charges alluded to have originated with recreant masons or not, is of little or no importance. Every mason, and every man who will take the trouble to inquire with a view to ascertain the truth, must be convinced of their falsehood. Who ever heard of a lodge sitting in judgement on guilty offenders, and imposing any other penalty than that of expulsion?—If any, when or where? The most inveterate adversaries of our order do not, I believe, pretend it. But it is said that masons are bound to sustain each other in law suits. The experience of the whole world triumphantly refutes the charge, and, amid all the slanders which have been uttered, not a single case has been adduced which affords the slightest presumption of its truth. And lastly, it is said, that a mason is bound by oath to vote for a brother in preference to a stranger, where he is a candidate for office. That masons, by associating with each other in lodges, and by thus acquiring a knowledge of each other's character, have in particular cases, been induced to give each other a preference, is not improbable. The same thing occurs, day after day, among members of the same church; but that masons are bound by oath to support each other, is as false as the Alcoran. The only evidence, I believe, in support of this charge, is a pretended obligation recently published on the authority of some recreant brethren in a neighbouring village, and which has lately, for the first time, met my ear. The authors of this publication have seen proper themselves to insert it in a note. The experience of ages concur in pronouncing it a calumny, for masons have always been found in opposing ranks in the field of politics, and of war, and the brother who should inquire whether the candidate whose cause he espoused was a mason or not, would be violating as well his duty to the masonic institution, as to the country which cherished him within her bosom. It is unquestionably true, that individual masons have at times permitted considerations like these, to influence their conduct. Their examples, I trust, will never be imitated by men who regard their duty, their consciences, or their oaths.

An attempt, my brethren, has often been made to compare the Masonick societies with those of the Illuminati in Germany and France, which paved the way for that revolution which afterwards deluged Europe in blood. An attempt has also been made to extract from the farewell address of the immortal Washington, a caution to beware of the institution over which he had presided for years, and which he never ceased to cherish, even on his dying pillow. The attempts, however, in both cases, have proved so entirely abortive, and been so triumphantly refuted, that any efforts of mine to refute them again, would be like burning tapers at noon day to assist the sun in enlightening the world.

The conclusion, therefore, my brethren, seems to be irresistible, that the institution itself is well enough. The period allotted by common consent to its existence, and the character of its illustrious members through a long succession of ages, at once repel the idea of corruption at the fountain-

It is, however, admitted, and that too, without hesitation, because such is the fact, that many unworthy members have found admission within its walls.

Fortunately, however, for the institution, as their selfish purposes could not be gratified by continuing as members, a number have recently withdrawn and sought their gratification by aid of its enemies, who have, thus far, received them with open arms. As the chaff driven before a mighty wind, after fluttering a moment in the air, descends to the ground at last and is seen no more; so when the gale which now sustains them shall cease to blow, they will sink into some unfrequented slough, and be forgotten. Some of them, like the meteors generated in a summer eve, by the effervescence of putrefying matter, may rise again into temporary notice, and for a while attract the gaze, and perhaps mislead the unwary from their course; but, at last, having neither worth or character to sustain them, they will descend from their fancied elevation, to their proper level; and as the descending body acquires momentum, in proportion to the distance through which it falls, will eventually sink deeper than before into the mire from which they had just emerged.

Having endeavoured, my brethren, to obviate the tendency of masonic societies to evil, permit me in conclusion, to say a word or two in their favour. I am aware of the golden rule adopted by masons, "never to speak of it among its enemies." Still, I am not without hope that my humble efforts, being wafted to some friendly ear, if they do not allay the storm now raging in his bosom, may tend perhaps for a moment to assuage its fury. In either case, my ambition will be satisfied.

The doctrine of man's depravity, were it not revealed in the sacred volume, is too obvious to require a moment's elucidation. Situated, then, as the human family were in a world involved in guilt, and destined, had it not been for the aid of redeeming love, to eternal ruin, a resort to different expedients was perfectly natural with a view to soften the woes of human life. Hence religion spread its treasures before them—hence a multitude of charitable, of missionary, of literary, and other societies, expended their themes, soliciting "aid, succour and protection"—and hence, too, originated the masonic institution, inferior and subordinate to religion, but inferior and subordinate to that alone.

Time is the most infallible test of human excellence. The constant dropping of water wears out the solid rock. Good men unite—bad men combine—but never did men in great numbers combine for an unlawful purpose, without speedy detection, and never did such a combination exist for centuries after its objects were developed, and its acts exposed. Masonry, however, though constantly assailed, and frequently drenched in the blood of her followers—though chains and dungeons have been their doom, and the rack and the wheel have responded to their groans, have remained unhurt by the demons of ignorance; and, having dispelled the gloom which hung on the brow of learning, by the aid of an enlightened philanthropy, an undefiled religion, and a pure and ardent patriotism, she has soared aloft, dipped her broad pencil in the clouds of Heaven, and "spread the cement of brotherly love and affection" through earth's remotest realms. She has shed her rays on every portion of the habitable globe, and extended her salutary influence to the distressed of every clime. She has scattered the brands, extinguished the flames, and unbound the victim—she has unnerved the warrior's arm, and converted the sanguinary blow into a fraternal embrace.

I am aware it will be urged that masonry is selfish, because its charities are limited. Is it true that the indulgent father, the affectionate husband, the kind and obliging neighbour, is less charitable to the rest of his species, because nearer and dearer objects engross his care?—How can it then with propriety be urged, because masonry imposes a duty on its followers, to aid "the afflicted brother, his widow and orphans wherever dispersed around the globe," that masons of course are less inclined to assist a fellow mortal in distress. The reverse of this is true. The indulgence of one kind benevolent affection, like any other indulgence, in-

crease its ardour. So the benevolence taught and practised in Masonick Lodges, expands the heart with that enlarged philanthropy, which overlooks the distinctions of rank, of country, and of sect.

'Tis not true, however, that Masonick benevolence is confined to those within its pale. It embraces the whole family of man. The "mountains interposed," which "make enemies of nations," sink into plains. The wandering Tartar, the American Savage, and the polished Briton, "like kindred drops are mingled into one."

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

FECONDATION OF VEGETABLES.

From the "Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science."

The lightness of inflammable gas is well known. When bladders, of any size, are filled with it, they rise upwards, and float in the air. Now, it is a most curious fact, ascertained by Mr. Knight, that the fine dust, by means of which plants are impregnated one from another, is composed of very small globules, filled with this gas—in a word, of small air balloons. These globules thus float from the male plant through the air, and striking against the females, are detained by a glue prepared on purpose to stop them, which no sooner moistens the globules than they explode, and their substance remains, the gas flying off, which enabled them to float. A provision of a very simple kind is also, in some cases, made to prevent the male and female blossoms of the same plant from breeding together, this being found to injure the breed of vegetables, just as breeding in and in does the breed of animals. It is contrived that the dust shall be shed by the male blossom before the female is ready to be affected by it, so that the impregnation must be performed by the dust of some other plant, and in this way the breed be crossed. The light gas with which the globules are filled is most essential to the operation, as it conveys them to great distances. A plantation of yew trees has been known, in this way, to impregnate another several hundred yards off.

SINGULAR ORGANICK RELICK.

From Silliman's Journal.

A workman recently broke a mass of very firm conglomerate rock, quarried for the new State House now building at New Haven, and found, lodged in a cavity, so completely enclosed as to exclude the possibility of external introduction—a piece of wood, the small limb of a tree, apparently of the pine family—with the bark entire—the wood not mineralized—but fresh, and in perfect preservation, and not even attached to the walls of the cavity (except slightly at one end,) but lying in it as in a case. The piece of wood was not larger than a finger, and the cavity but two or three inches in diameter: it was lined with soft and feebly coherent matter, resembling the substance of the rock in a state of rather minute division.

The conclusion from this interesting fact appears irresistible, that this piece of wood was floating in the waters, which were charged with the materials of this rock, and became enclosed, during their consolidation; thus proving, that this rock had never been ignited; and that a tree or shrub was in existence when it was formed. That it is a very ancient rock of this class is evident from its composition, presenting quartz—fresh and brilliant red felspar and mica—along with entire fragments of granite, gneiss, mica slate, argillite, &c. being evidently an early offset, from the destruction of primitive formation. It passes from a fine sandstone into a coarse pudding stone. The rock has been usually referred by our geologists, to the red sandstone formation; it is in many places covered by ridges of greenstone trap. In the same rock formation, but fifty miles from New-Haven, were found the bones of a large animal. See Vol. II. p. 147, and Vol. III. p. 247, of Silliman's Journal, to which we refer for more particular geological details.

THE ROYAL GLASS MANUFACTORY AT PARIS.

The art of manufacturing mirrors was introduced into France in the year 1634. The under-

taking was at first merely considered as a financial speculation, till Colbert established it, and erected the spacious premises which it at present occupies in the Faubourg Saint Antoine. The glass is chiefly cast at St. Gobin, in Picardy, and brought to Paris to be finished. Each plate at first has the appearance of a sheet of ice. It is laid upon a bed of wet sand, and made fast to it by a sort of putty, then sprinkled with water, and a very fine powder of red pumice stone; after this it is rubbed smooth by means of a large and very thick flat piece of glass fixed at the bottom of a great weight, which is moved by a wheel, and kept in constant motion, till the plate underneath is become perfectly smooth; then it is polished on both sides, which is done by rubbing it with a piece of wollen carpet, with a little fine powder of another sort of stone somewhat like the pumice, but much softer. The plate of glass is then again fixed, and rubbed gently with this till it becomes quite bright and transparent. The plates that are for looking glasses are then taken to another manufactory to be silvered, which is done thus. A very thin sheet of lead, the same size as the glass plate, is laid on a very smooth surface; a small quantity of quicksilver is poured on it, which soon spreads all over the lead, and is brushed off after it has lain about a minute. Then a much greater quantity is poured on, and the plate of glass is gently pushed over it, so close, that it drives the quicksilver sufficiently off to leave the plate of glass a clear mirror. It remains in the same spot for four and twenty hours, in which time it becomes hard enough to be removed, and is then set against a wall in a cool stove for about a fortnight. It is now considered as finished and may be framed.

Formerly the plate glass of Venice was the largest; but it is now rivalled by this manufactory in the Faubourg St. Antoine, at Paris. When the manufacture was confined to blown glass, the greatest size was far inferior to the present. Since the method of casting the plates has been invented, they are now produced ten feet in length, and six and a half in width, and are each valued at least at £300.

CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

The public are indebted to the politeness of captain Partridge, principal of the Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy, at Middletown, Connecticut, for the following statement of the altitude of Pine Orchard above the Hudson.

	feet.
Altitude of Mountain House at the Pine Orchard, above the surface of the Hudson at Catskill.	2,214
Do. of the same, above the site of Lawrence's tavern, seven miles from Catskill.	1,892
Do. of the same, above the turnpike Gate, at the foot of the mountain.	1,574
Do. of the same, above Green's bridge.	917

The foregoing results are derived from a series of barometrical and thermometrical observations made on the 17th day of July, 1828. The altitude of the Mountain House, as above stated, is the result of two distinct series of observations made in going from Catskill Village to the House, and returning from the latter to the Village. The ascending series gives an altitude of 2,225 feet, and the descending series an altitude of 2,203 feet. The mean of these two extremes gives 2,214 feet. This result I consider as a very near approximation to the true altitude. At a time of more leisure, I will revise the calculation, and perhaps introduce one or two slight corrections, which want of time now prevents, but which will not vary the results materially. I also made a series of observations, which will enable me to make a profile of the country from Catskill Village to the Mountain House. The barometer used was made by Mr. Charles Pool, of New-York, and graduated to the 1-500th part of an inch. It appeared to be a very excellent instrument. The thermometer was also made by Mr. Pool.

PETRIFIED TREE.

From the Litt & Falls People's Friend.

Near Van Horne's Mills, in the new town of Stark, may be seen 20 or 30 feet of the trunk of

what appears to have been an Elm, of 2 or 3 feet diameter, completely changed to stone. It stood, at some remote period, on the brow of a deep ravine, across which it fell, and broke; and the water of springs coming out from the hill above it, and running over that portion of the trunk, is supposed to have caused the petrification; as the top of the tree, falling on the side of the gulf unexposed to the action of the water, has long since mouldered away in the usual manner. Numbers who pass that way go out of their road to examine this bulky petrification, and carry of a chip.

PREVENTATIVE AGAINST MOTHS.

The destruction to clothing and other articles of value, the use of which is usually suspended during the summer months, is not only extremely vexatious, but often of serious loss. We are therefore pleased to have it in our power to state, upon the authority of a respectable medical friend, who has often attested its efficacy in this particular, that the *Calamus*, or *Sweetflag Root*, which abounds in our vicinity, being cut in thin slices and scattered among woollens of any kind, will effectually repel the assault of this destructive insect.

THE GATHERER.

ELECTION BRIBERY.

The first instance that occurs of this practice was so early as 13 Eliz., when one Thomas Longe, being a simple man of small capacity to serve in parliament, acknowledged that he had given the returning officer and others of the borough for which he was chosen, £4, to be returned member, and was for that premium elected. But for this offence the borough was amerced, the member was removed, and the officer was fined and imprisoned [Hone's Table Book.

A rich banker of Paris happened to be present some time ago at the representation of Hamlet, in which Talma, as usual, by the fidelity and force of his delineation, drew tears from the whole of his numerous audience. Being questioned by a person sitting near him, who was astonished to perceive that he alone remained unaffected during the most pathetic scene, the banker coolly replied, "I do not cry, because, in the first place, none of this is true; and secondly, supposing it to be true, what business is it of mine?" [La Fure.

ADOPTION.

There is a singular system in France relative to the adoption of children. A family who has none, adopts as their own a fine child belonging to a friend, or more generally to some poor person, (for the laws of population in the poor differ from those in the rich;) the adoption is regularly enregistered by the civil authorities, and the child becomes heir-at-law to the property of its new parents, and can not be disinherited by any subsequent caprice of the parties; they are bound to support it suitably to their rank, and do every thing due to their offspring.

NATURE AND ART.

Wilkes one morning called upon a friend who resided in a close and retired situation in the city, but who had a small opening before the house, of a few yards square, and two plants, which once looked like lilacs, in large tubs, adorned his windows. Men were employed in painting the outside of the house. "Brother," said Wilkes to his friend; "suffer me to plead in behalf of these two poor lilacs in the tubs; pray let them be painted too."

HAPPINESS.

A captain in the navy meeting a friend as he landed at Portsmouth Point, boasted that he had left his whole ship's company the happiest fellows in the world. "How so?" asked his friend. "Why, I have just flogged seventeen, and they are happy it is over; and all the rest are happy that they have escaped."

Pride either finds a desert, or makes one; submission can not tame its ferocity, nor satiety fill its voracity, and it requires very costly food—its keeper's happiness.

POPULAR TALES.

GAGLIUSO.

From "Fairy Mythology"—a new work.

There was one time, in the city of Naples, an old man, miserably miserably poor. He was so wretched, so wrinkled, so big, so light, and without a single rag to cover his carcass, that he went as naked as a flea.

Being now about to shake out the bags of life, he called to him his sons Oratiello and Pippo, and said to them, "I am now called upon by the tenor of my bill to pay the debt I owe to nature; and, believe me, if you are christians, that I should feel great pleasure at leaving this den of misery—this heap of woes, but that I leave you here behind me, a pair of miserable fellows, as big as St. Clara on the five roads of Melito, without a single stitch on you, as clean as a barber's basin—as smooth as the face of a spring-well—as dry as a plum-stone; that you have not as much as would trip a fly; and were you to run a hundred miles, not an atom would drop from you, since my ill luck placed me where nothing good was to be got, and that, just as I am, they may put me down in their books; for I have all along, as you well know, made shifts and struggles, and gone to bed without a candle. Yet, for all that, I will, now that I am dying, leave you some token of my love. So do you, Oratiello, who are my first born, take that sieve that is hanging against the wall, with which you can earn your bread; and do you, who are the youngest, take the cat, and remember your daddy." So saying, he began to whimper, and a little after said, "God be with you; 'tis night."

Oratiello had his father buried by charity, and then took the sieve, and went riddling here and there, and every where, to gain a livelihood, and the more he riddled the more he earned. Pippo, taking his cat, said, "Only see now what a pretty legacy my father has left me! I am not able to get what will support myself; and now I must shift for two. What is the good of this wretched inheritance? I am sure I should have been far better without it."

The cat, who was listening to this soliloquy, replied, "You are grieving without any need; and you have more luck than sense: but you don't know your luck, for I am able to make you rich, if I set about it." When Pippo heard this, he thanked his cat, and stroked her three or four times on the back, and warmly commended himself to her.

The cat then took compassion on the unfortunate Gagliuso, and every morning, when the sun, with the bait of light put on his golden hook, fished for the shades of night, she betook herself, either to the shore of Chiaja or to the Fish-rock (Preta de lo Pesce,) and catching a goodly turbot or a fine dory, she bagged it, and carried it to the king, and said, "My Lord Gagliuso, your highness's most humble slave, sends you this fish with all reverence, and says, 'To a great lord a small present.'"

The king, with a joyful countenance, as he always shows to those who bring him any thing, said to the cat, "Tell this lord, whom I do not know, that I thank him most heartily."

The cat would, another time, run to where they were fowling in the marshes or fields, and when the fowlers had brought down a partridge or a quail, she caught it up and presented it to the king with the same message; and she practised this artifice, until one morning he said to her, "I feel myself so much obliged to this Lord Gagliuso, that I am desirous to be acquainted with him, that I may make him an adequate return for the civilities he has shown me." To this the cat replied, "The desire of Lord Gagliuso is, to risk his life and blood for your highness's crown; and to-morrow morning, without fail, as soon as the sun has set fire to the stubble of the fields of air, he will come and pay his respects to you."

When the morning came, the cat set off to the king's, and said to him, "Sire, my Lord Gagliuso sends to excuse himself for not coming; for this very night certain of his chamberlains are run away, and have not left him so much as a shirt." When the king heard this, he instantly made them take out of his wardrobe a quantity of clothes

and linen, and sent them to Gagliuso; and before two hours were gone he came to the palace, conducted by the cat, where he received a thousand compliments from the king, who made him sit beside him, and made a banquet for him that would amaze you.

While they were eating, Gagliuso used from time to time to turn to the cat and say to her, "My pet, let these four fingers be commended to you, that they may not go astray." The cat used to answer, "Be quiet, be quiet; don't be talking of these beggarly things." The king wishing to know what it was, the cat made answer, that he was wishing for a small lemon, and the king instantly sent out to the garden for a basketful. But Gagliuso returned to the same tune, and the cat again told him to shut his mouth; and the king once more asked what was the matter, and the cat had another excuse ready to obviate the ignorance of Gagliuso.

At last, when they had eaten and had chatted for some time of one thing or other, Gagliuso took leave, and the cat stayed with the king, describing the worth, and the genius, and the judgement of Gagliuso, and, above all, the great wealth he had in the plains of Rome and Lombardy, which well entitled him to marry into the family of a crowned king. The king asked what might be the amount of his fortune; and the cat replied, that no one could ever count the moveables, the immoveables, and the household furniture of this immensely rich man, who did not know what he had; and if the king wished to be informed of it, he had only to send people with him out of the kingdom, and he would prove to him that there was no wealth in the world equal to his.

The king called for some trusty persons, and directed them to inform themselves minutely of this affair; and they followed the cat, who, as soon as they had passed the frontier of the kingdom, used, from time to time, under the pretext of providing refreshments for them on the road, to run on before them; and when she met a flock of sheep, a herd of cows, a troop of horses, a drove of pigs, she used to cry to the herdsmen and keepers, "Ho! have a care! there's a troop of robbers coming to carry off every thing in the country. So if you wish to escape their fury, and to have your things respected, say they belong to Lord Gagliuso, and there will not a hair be touched."

She said the same at all the farm-houses that she met on the road; so that wherever the king's people came, they found the pipe tuned; for every thing they came across they were told belonged to Lord Gagliuso. So at last they were tired asking, and they went back to the king, telling him seas and mountains of the riches of Lord Gagliuso. The king, hearing this report, promised the cat a good drink if she would manage to bring the match about; and the cat, playing the shuttle between them, at last concluded the marriage. So Gagliuso came, and the king gave him his daughter and a large portion.

At the end of a month of festivities Gagliuso said he wished to take his bride to his estates. The king accompanied them as far as the frontiers, and he went to Lombardy, where, by the cat's advice, he purchased a number of lands and territories, and became a baron.

Gagliuso, now seeing himself so extremely rich, thanked the cat more than one can express, saying, "that he owed his life and his greatness to her good offices; and that the ingenuity of a cat had done more for him than the skill of his father, and that she might dispose of his life and property as she pleased, and spend it as she liked; and he gave her his word that when she died, which he prayed would not be for a hundred years, he would have her embalmed and put into a golden coffin, and set in his own chamber, that her memory might be always before his eyes."

The cat listened to these lavish professions, and before three days she pretended to be dead, and stretched herself at her full length in the garden. Gagliuso's wife saw her, and cried out, "O husband, what a sad misfortune! the cat is dead!"—"Devil die with her!" said Gagliuso, "it is better it should be her than us!" "What shall we do with her," replied the wife. "Take her by the leg," said he, "and fling her out of the window."

The cat, who heard this ill return when she least expected it, began then to say, "This is the fine return you make for my taking the fleas off you! this is the thanks I get for freeing you from the rags, that you might have hung distaffs from! this is my reward for having put good clothes on your back, and got you food when you were a poor starved, miserable, tatter-breeched blackguard."

"This is the fate of any one who washes an ass's head. Go! a curse upon all I have done for you! you are not worth spitting in the face. A fine golden coffin you had prepared for me! A fine funeral you were going to give me! Go now! serve, labour, toil, sweat, to get this fine reward! Unhappy is he who does a good deed in hopes of a return! Well was it said by the philosopher, 'he who lies down an ass, an ass he finds himself.' Finally who does most should expect least. But good words and ill deeds deceive alike both wise and fools."

So saying, she threw her cloak about her, and took to the road; and all that Gagliuso with the utmost humility could do to soothe her was to no purpose: she would not return, but ran on still without ever turning her head about, and saying,

"God protect you from a rich man grown poor, And from a beggar who of wealth has got store."

BIOGRAPHY.

JOSEPH BUONAPARTE.

The last number of the American Quarterly Review contains an interesting notice of Joseph Napoleon Buonaparte, ex-king of Spain, now resident at Bordentown, New-Jersey. The Boston Commercial Gazette abstracts from this article the principal events of his life. He was born at Corte, in the island of Corsica, in the year 1768. At an early age he was taken by his father to the continent, and placed at the College of Autun, in Burgundy, where he acquired great distinction as a scholar. Although predisposed in favour of a military life, he abandoned his wishes in obedience to his father, and returned in 1785 to his native country, where he became in 1792 a member of the Departmental Administration, under the presidency of the celebrated Paoli. When Corsica was taken possession of by the English, he retired to the continent, and in 1794 married one of the daughters of M. Clari, one of the richest capitalists of Marseilles. In the campaign to Italy he accompanied his brother Napoleon. He was afterwards appointed envoy extraordinary to the court of Rome, where during the troubles between the Austrians and French, his privilege of sanctuary was disregarded, and one of the French generals in his suite was killed at his side. On his return to Paris, he was offered the embassy to Prussia, which he declined, and entered as a member of the council of five hundred, where he was afterwards appointed secretary to that body. Under the consulate he was a member of the council of state, and was nominated with two others to discuss and terminate the differences between France and the United States, which resulted in the treaty of the 30th of September, 1800, signed at his estate. He subsequently negotiated the treaty between France and Austria, and the treaty of Amiens of 1802, was conducted under his management. In 1803 he was elected a senator and member of the grand council of the legion of honour. In the expedition at Bologna in 1804, at the invitation of his brother, he accepted the command of the fourth regiment. When Napoleon was called to the empire, the senate and people of France declared Joseph and his children heirs to the throne, on the failure of the issue of Napoleon. The crown of Lombardy was offered to him the same year, and refused, as he declined renouncing the political bonds which attached him to France. After the battle of Austerlitz, he relinquished the direction of affairs at Paris, proceeded to Italy, and assumed the command of the army destined to invade the kingdom of Naples, whose sovereign had violated the French treaty. At the head of the corps of the centre, he arrived before Capua, which after a show of resistance, opened its gates, and eight thousand men were made prisoners of war. On the 15th of February, 1806, Joseph entered Naples, and was received by the people as their deliverer. Having retained in public stations

the greater part of those who then occupied them and organized a provisional government in the capital, he proceeded to make a personal examination into the state of the kingdom, with a view in part to satisfy himself by actual inspection on the spot of the feasibility of an attempt upon Sicily. The impoverished condition of the country favoured his design. An entire population, worn down by poverty and starvation, beneath the most enchanting sky, in the shade of the orange and the myrtle, were found covered with rags, prostrated on a soil where moderate industry might live with ease, and supplicating for charity. Such had been the success of former rulers in desolating and destroying the fair work of nature. The expedition however against Sicily was afterwards abandoned, as the enemy had concentrated his forces there, and carried off with him all means of transportation. By direction of Joseph a portion of the *lazzaroni* were embodied as a corps of labourers, clothed, fed, and paid and employed in the publick works. The consequence was that individual crime ceased as soon as a paternal administration took charge of this unhappy race. Joseph made a formal visit to the house in which Tasso was born, at Sorrento, a tour which can only be reached on horseback along the brink of a precipice; and directed a collection to be made of all the editions of the poet, to be deposited in the house under the care of his nearest lineal descendant, to whom he granted suitable apartments. To facilitate visits to this shrine of genius he directed a convenient opening to be made to the spot.

Yielding to the wishes of Napoleon, Joseph left the throne of Naples and ascended that of Spain. It is said that duty, not ambition, conducted him there, and that he would not leave the throne, without obtaining a pledge that his institutions should be preserved, and that the Neapolitans should enjoy the benefits of a constitution which was in a great measure a summary of his own important laws, adapted to the existing wants and circumstances of the people. These were the only conditions on which he would enter Spain. On his entry into Madrid he found the people greatly exasperated at the events of the 2nd May, 1808. A stranger to all that had passed, he convened on the morrow, at the palace, the *grandees*, chiefs of the religious orders, and the representatives of the different classes of society in the kingdom; he entered into free conversation with them, expressed himself with candour on the events which had brought him to Spain, on his motives and future intentions.

The fearless confidence of his manner, disarmed the enmity of persons inimical to him and secured their affections. But all these gleams of popular favour were overcast by the disastrous intelligence from Baden, which arrived six days after this entertainment. The retreat on Burgos was effected, and the king found himself in the midst of marshal Bessieres' army—he quitted Madrid, and left his ministers with instructions to sound the chiefs of the Spanish army recently victorious at Baden. On the departure of Napoleon he was left in command of the forces that remained in Spain. The subsequent events which led to his abandonment of the crown are well known—he returned to Paris, where his brother, the emperor, again left him with the title of his lieutenant, when he departed to put himself at the head of that army, which, after assailing all the armies of Europe, in their respective countries, was at last reduced to defend itself on its own soil. Joseph had the honours of the military command, and acted in conjunction with Cambaceres as counsellor of the empress, who was left regent of the empire. She had instructions to follow the advice of these counsellors. In case the events of war should intercept all communication with the imperial head quarters and the capital, and the enemy make his way to Paris, Joseph had verbal instructions from the emperor, and after his departure a written order to remove the king of Rome and the empress, to proceed with them to the Loire, and cause them to be accompanied by the grand dignitaries, officers of the senate, the legislative body, and the council of state. The foresight and judgement which dictated these precautions were acknowledged by Joseph, who watched the spirit of approaching disaffection. Finally, reserve was thrown aside, and many senators no longer dissembled their opinions

in favour of proclaiming Napoleon the second, or the regency of the empress, and the lieutenantcy of Joseph under an infant emperor. It was then that Joseph made known to his brother the necessity of concluding peace on any terms; and when the slender corps of marshal Marmont and Mortier were brought under the walls of Paris, when they declared that they were pursued by an enemy vastly superior, that all communication between the emperor and his capital was cut off—the case provided for in the verbal and written instruction of Napoleon was admitted to have arrived; and it was unanimously decided to remove the government to Chartres and thence to the Loire.

The council did not leave Paris till four o'clock the next morning, when Joseph, passing through Versailles, ordered the cavalry at the depots in that city to follow him, and proceeded to Chartres, where he found the empress, and thence to Blois. The abdication of Fontainebleau left Joseph no choice but a retirement to Switzerland, where he remained until the nineteenth, 1815, the day on which he learned the arrival of Napoleon at Grenoble. After the loss of the battle of Waterloo, Joseph embarked for the United States, where he originally expected to join Napoleon, whom he left at the Isle d'Aix making arrangements for his departure to the new world. He was received in New-Jersey with the greatest kindness and respect, and a law was enacted expressly for his case, which was addressed to him with expressions of benevolent courtesy by the governor of that state in 1817. By this act he was enabled to purchase and hold real estate *without becoming an American citizen*. The mansion which he erected on his grounds fell a prey to the flames, some years since; an occasion on which he received from the inhabitants of Jersey the most touching proofs of affectionate interest. Separated from his family and from his country, by almost insurmountable obstacles, it is believed that a rich store of enjoyment for the residue of life is secured to Joseph—a conscience void of offence—possessed of which, no upright man can fear solitude. The length of this sketch leaves us barely to add our impression that Joseph Buonaparte is worthy of the commendation bestowed upon him—and that while men like himself, driven by fate from the old world, seek an asylum on our shores, we have little to apprehend from the spirit of emigration, or for the stability of our institutions.

MISCELLANY.

THE HIGHLANDS AND ANTONY'S NOSE.

From the "New Mirror for Travellers."

We now approach the Highlands, and advise the reader to shut himself up in the cabin and peruse the following pages attentively, as it is our intention to give a sketch of this fine scenery, so infinitely superior to the reality, that Nature will not be able to recognise herself in our picture.

Genius of the picturesque sublime, or the sublime picturesque, inspire us! Thou that did animate the soul of John Bull, insomuch that if report says true, he did once get up from dinner, before it was half dissipated, to admire the sublime projection of Antony's nose. Thou that ere while didst allure a first rate belle and beauty from adjusting her curls at the looking glass, to gaze for more than half a minute, at beauties almost equal to her own. Thou that dost sometimes actually imprint that last best work of the ninth part of a man—the dandy—actually yawn with delight at the Crow's Nest, and pull up his breeches at sight of Fort Putnam. Thou genius of travellers, and tutelary goddess of book-making, grant us a pen of fire, ink of lightning, and words of thunder, to do justice to the mighty theme!

First comes the gigantick Dunderback, all mountains are called gigantick, because the ancient race of giants was turned into mountains, which accounts for the race being extinct—first comes the mighty Dunderback, president of hills—we allow of no king mountains in our book—whose head is hid in the clouds, whenever the clouds come down low enough; at whose foot dwells in all the feudal majesty (only a great deal better) of a Rhoderick Dhu, the famous highland

chieftian, Caldwell, lord of Dunderback, and all the little hills that grow out of his ample sides like warts on a giant's nose. To this mighty chieftian, all the steam-boats do homage by ringing of bells, stopping their machinery, and sending their boats ashore to carry him the customary tribute, to wit, store of visitors, whom it is his delight to entertain at his hospitable castle. This stately pile is of great antiquity; its history being lost in the dark ages of the last century, when the Indian prowled about these hills, and shot his deer, ere the rolling wave of the white man swept him away forever. Above as the prize poet sings—

"High on the cliffs the towering eagles soar—
But hush my muse—for poetry's a bore."

Turning the base of Dunderback, the nose of all noses, Antony's Nose, gradually displays itself to the enraptured eye, which must be kept steadily fixed on these our glowing pages. Such a noise is not seen every day. Not the famous hero of Slawkenbergius, whose proboscis emulated the steeple of Strasburg, ever had such a nose to his face. Taliacotius himself never made such a nose in his life. It is worth while to go ten miles to hear it blow—you would mistake it for a trumpet. The most curious thing about it is, that it looks no more like a nose than a foot. But now we think of it, there is still something more curious connected with this nose. There is not a soul born within five miles of it, but has a nose of most jolly dimensions—not quite as large as the mountain, but pretty well. Nay what is still more remarkable, more than one person has recovered his nose, by regularly blowing the place where it ought to be, with a white pocket-handkerchief, three times a day, at the foot of the mountain, in honour of St. Anthony. In memory of these miraculous restorations, it is the custom for the passengers in steam-boats, to salute it in passing, with a universal blow of the nose; after which, they shake their kerchiefs at it, and put them carefully in their pockets. No young lady ever climbs to the top of this stately nose, without affixing her white cambric handkerchief to a stick, placing it upright in the ground, and leaving it waving there, in hopes that all her posterity may be blessed with goodly noses.

Immediately on passing the Nose the Sugar Loaf appears; keep your eye on the book for your life—you will be changed to a loaf of sugar if you don't. This has happened to several of the followers of Lot's wife, who thereby became even sweeter than they were before. Remember poor Eurydice, whose fate was sung in burlesque by an infamous outcast bachelor, who it is said was afterwards punished, by marrying a shrew who made him mix the mustard every day for dinner.

LEGISLATION.

From the same.

Albany is the capital of the state of New-York, having been the seat of government for almost half a century. Formerly the legislature met in New-York; but in process of time, it was found that the members, being seduced into huge feeding, by the attractions of oysters, turtles, and calves-head soup, did incontinently fall asleep at the afternoon session, and enact divers mischievous laws, to the great detriment of the community. Thereupon they resolved to remove to Albany; but alas! luxury and dissipation followed in their train, so that in process of time they fell asleep oftener than ever, and passed other laws, which nothing but their being fast asleep could excuse. In my opinion, it would tend greatly to the happiness of the community, and go far to prevent this practice of legislating with the eyes shut, if these bodies were to meet in council like the Indians, under the trees in the open air, and be obliged to legislate standing. This would prevent one man from talking all the rest to sleep, unless they slept like geese standing on one leg, and thereby arrest the passage of many mischievous laws for mending rivers, mending manners, mending charters, mending codes, making roads, making beasts of burden of the people and fools of themselves. Truly said the wise man, "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing;" and too much legislation is a species of sly, insidious oppression, the more mischievous as coming in the disguise of powers exercised by

the servants, instead of the masters of the people. Commend me to King Log, rather than King Stork. Every legislative body in my opinion, should have a majority of good honest, sleepy, patriotic members, whose pleasure it is to do nothing a good portion of the time during the session. Your active men are highly mischievous in a government; they must always be doing something; meddling with every one's concerns, and so busy in keeping the wheels of government going, that they don't care how many people they run over. They are millstones in motion, and when they have no grist to grind, will set one another on fire. In my opinion the most useful member that ever sat in Congress, was one who never in his life made any motion except for an adjournment, which he repeated every day just before dinner time. Truly the energy and activity of a blockhead is awful.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1828.

Mr. Elisha Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

We are indebted to the politeness of T. Snowden, esq. of the New-York National Advocate, for copies of the London Sun, and Standard, Liverpool Courier, and Macclesfield Courier and Herald, to the 31st of May last.

We lately saw the following correspondence in the Democratic Press, a paper which has entered so far into the merits of the presidential question as to render its own merits rather questionable. By the introduction it is evidently intended to warp the feelings of those who are easily prejudiced, by proclaiming the fact that general Jackson is a mason, and at the same time throwing out an insinuation that he or his friends are anxious to conceal the fact. This Binns knows to be false. Neither general Jackson nor Mr. Clay are at all ashamed of their fraternal ties to the masonic order. Mr. Clay, at the time of the late ceremonies at Washington in honour of the illustrious Clinton, very politely invited his brethren, the officers and members of the grand lodge of Maryland, to spend the evening at his house.

But Binns has laid a straw or two in his own way, if he did but know it, in mentioning this matter at this time, if he wishes to make people believe that the Jacksonians are the masonic party, and the Adams men their opponents. William G. Hunt, one of the signers of the following letter to general Jackson, is now Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Tennessee. He is also editor of the most efficient and best conducted administration paper in that state, viz: the National Banner. He is however a man above the meanness of experimenting upon the evil dispositions of his readers by base insinuations or inflammatory handbills. Judge Tannehill, another of the signers of the same letter, is at the head of the administration electoral ticket for Tennessee. This ought to put any man to the blush, who like Binns, will stab a dozen friends to reach one enemy. Honesty is the best policy, friend Binns. In making these remarks, we hope we have said nothing that a strict political impartiality would not warrant, in the defence of masonic principles from the aspersions of any party.

It is often inquired, whether general Jackson is a member of any Masonick Lodge, and it has as often been denied. To put the matter beyond dispute and convince the most doubting we publish the correspondence between the committee of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee and the general himself, whereby it will be seen he held the rank of Grand Master.

Nashville, October 9th, 1824.

Most Worshipful Sir and brother,—Previous to the adjournment of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee at its last meeting in this town, the undersigned were appointed a committee to carry into effect the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted—

"Resolved, that a committee be appointed to communicate to our late M. W. Grand Master, General Andrew Jackson, the thanks of this Grand Lodge, for the zeal he has manifested for the good of the craft, and for the impartiality, judgement, and ability with which he has presided over the deliberations

of this body—and that the said committee be directed to assure him of the respect which is felt by the Grand Lodge for his character as a man and a mason, and of the fraternal regard towards him which is entertained by us, individually and collectively."

In compliance with the above resolution, we take this early opportunity to transmit you a copy, and in so doing we beg leave to assure you, that it affords us peculiar pleasure to act as agents for communicating sentiments which are so justly and sincerely entertained towards one who has rendered himself eminent in every situation in which he has been placed, and who in the army, in the state, in the domestic circle, and in the peaceful recess of the Masonick Temple, is alike useful, distinguished, and esteemed.

Permit us to add assurances of the respect and regard which we individually entertain towards you as a fellow citizen and a member of our order—Yours fraternally,

W. G. HUNT,
G. WILSON,
W. TANNEHILL,

Committee of the G. L. of Tennessee.

M. W. ANDREW JACKSON, late Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee.

Hermitage, October 10th, 1824.

Gentlemen—Your communication in behalf of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee is received. For the kind expression of opinion, which, individually, and on the part of the Lodge, you have been pleased to express towards me, I pray you to accept my acknowledgements and thanks.

During the period I have been called upon to officiate as Grand Master, as far as time and other duties have enabled me, I have sought to discharge with proper fidelity the duties assigned me; to know that the members of the craft associated with me entertain the friendly and flattering opinion which you, as their organ, have expressed, and which their resolution discloses, is more than remuneration for the labour which any duty discharged by me has imposed.

Be pleased in return to accept for yourselves my best wishes, and to tender me in brotherly love and friendship to the members of the Lodge. With great regard and friendship, I am yours fraternally,
ANDREW JACKSON.

Brothers W. G. Hunt, G. Wilson, W. Tannehill.

TABLE-TALK

Ancient Coins. Eight hundred ancient coins, collected in Greece, Rome, Asia Minor, &c., some of them 3000 years old, are offered for sale at Providence, by Mr. Stoddard.

Peas at a Price. Green peas, in London on the 15th of May last, had fallen to the moderate price of two guineas a quart, which, to a tolerably numerous dinner party would afford a teaspoon full to each of the guests.—**An Adams Toast,** drank in Reading, Pennsylvania, on the 4th of July, by George Till.

The Rev. Dr. Ely, may he, with all his adherents in favour of a union of Church and State (as preached in his 4th of July sermon, 1827), undergo servitude in sight of the tread mill, for a no longer term than life, and let all the people say Amen.

A Jackson Toast. A Pittsburgh paper contains an account of a dinner on the 4th, at which the following toast was drunk:—

By Martin Fearris—Here's wishing that an Adamsite's head was a drum head, and me to beat it, till I would beat it in.

Another Jackson Toast, drank at Bellefont, on the 4th instant.

By Jacob Lashalls—The sentiments of my mind—

I hope that America's foes may be trepanned,
And that trade may flourish in our land,
And all Americans friendly stand,
Like gallant Andrew Jackson:
Hannibal's foes and cut off their toes.—
ha! ha! ha! ha!

A High Sentiment. By Henry High. Beer, portor, and ale.

Another Adams Toast. By Captain Prescott. The Jackson party—composed of disappointed desperadoes of America, and runaway filthy Irishmen.

Triumphant Power of Matrimony. Married at Jamaica, New-York, John Winslow Whitman, editor of the Bachelors' Journal, of Boston, to Sarah Helen Power, of Providence, Rhode-Island.—**Taking Physick for Love** At Philadelphia, captain David Conner, of the United States navy, to Miss Susan D. Physick, daughter of P. S. Physick, M. D. of Philadelphia.—**Waking Thoughts.** Jerry Snow, whose pecuniary concerns were always uppermost in his mind, was once travelling in company, and very early in the morning was waked by his companion, who said,

"Come, Snow, day's breaking." "Well," says Snow, "let it break, it don't owe me any thing."—**Corporal Punishment.** In a new raised corps, a soldier observed that "a corporal was to be dismissed from the regiment."

"Then I hope," said an Irishman "it is corporal punishment."—**An unspoken Speech.** Lord Mountmorris, says Barrington, sent a florid speech, which he intended to have spoken in the Irish House of Lords, to the press—the debate on which the speech was to be spoken, did not ensue; but his lordship having neglected to countermand the publication, his studied harrangue appeared next day in the Dublin newspapers, with all the supposititious cheerings, &c. duly interspersed! I believe, he adds, a similar *faux pas* has been committed by some English legislator. A like *faux pas*, says the Boston Evening Bulletin, has occurred in the United States, except that there was no cheerings and hear-hims interspersed.—**Amazing Flight of a Hawk.** Among the toasts given at a fourth of July dinner at Reading, Pennsylvania, appears the following enigmatical effusion. As the rebus makers say, "a solution is requested."

By P. H. Hawk. The fair sex—brilliant decorations that luminous in the diadem of familiarizing intercourse, whose placid salutes are more luscious than nectar, vocalness harmoniously enchanting as the melodies of Arion, optics more admirable than the diamond that glares upon their ornaments; saluters as attractive as attraction of magnetism. Their presence casts around existence a charmingness that revives it in its irksome pilgrimage; their virile in the causation of suffering virtue, wards off calamity's vehement darts.

"Of all the beauties polished nations boast,
You, lovely fair, shall ever be my toast."

Long Text. A clergyman was once going to preach on the text of the Samaritan woman; and after reading it, he said, "Do not wonder, my beloved, that the text is so long, for it is a woman that speaks."—**Boston Morality.** Mr. Charles Vining, a shoemaker in Boston, was recently fined five dollars for a breach of the law respecting the Sabbath. He had sold shoes on a Sunday to some sailors, who had just returned from sea.—**Elegant Extract.** The Ontario Phoenix has furnished us with another superlatively beautiful paragraph, which we cannot help copying.

"Let our children be taught the horrid secrets of 'murder and treason not excepted,' and instead of their becoming statesmen, or ornaments to society, they would grow to gallows-birds and jail worms; more terrible than cannibals, and not less dreadful than the poison of the Bohon Upas."

Elegant Toast. The following toast was offered at the famous Le Roy celebration;—

"By David C. Miller, esq. The three great lights in Masonry, the Sun, Moon, and Master of a Lodge. The Sun is darkened, the Moon is turned to blood, and the Master is, or ought to be, black in the face."

Another. The following by Trumbull Cary, esq. at present a member of the assembly from the county of Genesee, if not as comprehensive is equal for beauty.

"Masonry. May it be put 'where it will stay put.'"

A Pun. An elderly gentleman whose gayety of living during his widowhood had made sad inroads into his constitution, at length persuaded a buxom widow to become his better half. An old boon companion congratulated him by saying—"I am glad you are going to church to be repaired."—**Another.** Lord Norbury was walking some time ago with a relation—on passing a carpenter's yard where they were lowering a deal board, Lord N's friend said,—"take care, or that will be on my head;"—upon which lord Norbury observed, "in that case, Frank, you'll have a deal on your head, but a d—d little in it."

Compendious Toast. Among the toasts given on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Tremont hotel, in Boston, was the following:—

"The publick places in Tremont-street—a Hotel, a Theatre, two churches, and a burying ground. May we live with temperance in the first, enjoy rational amusement in the second, and be devoutly prepared in the third for the repose which awaits us in the latter."

The Vile of Hell. The elector of Bavaria in the year 1702, requested the brave Villars to join him by crossing the Black Mountains; the general replied, "the valley of Neustadt which you propose to me, is that which is called the Val-d'Enfer—may your highness pardon the expression, but I am no devil to pass there."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Contents of No. 3, of the *Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences*:—ESSAYS AND CASES.—Cases Illustrative of the Effects of Iodine; An Account of

a Rapture of the Pylorus, with the Appearances after Death; Essay on Spontaneous Human Combustion; Notices of the Principal Mineral Springs of Kentucky and Ohio; Harrodsburg Springs; Rochester Spring; Olympian Springs; Blue Licks; Big Bone Lick; Yellow Spring. MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.—*Analectick*. Peculiar Disease of the Heart; Intestinal Invaginations; Endermick Medications. *Original*. Report on the Weather and Diseases of Cincinnati, in the Spring of 1828; Pulmonary Inflammations, Measles, Mumps.

Contents of the July number of Mrs. Hale's "*Ladies' Magazine*," published in Boston:—*Original Miscellany*. Female Influence; Sketches of American Character—No. 7. The Belle and the Bleu; Mrs. Hannah Adams; Reminiscence; Letters from a Mother; Journal of a Day; Letter from a Brother. *Original Poetry*.—The Blind Man's Lay; Gems; Association; "It Shall be Well;" Song; Zama; Dirge; Memory and Fancy. *Literary Notices*.—The Tales of Peter Parley about Europe—The Young Pilgrim, or Alfred Campbell's Return from the East—Juvenile Miscellany—The World of Fashion.

In a notice of the present number of this popular magazine, the Boston Statesman says, "We are pleased to witness the prosperity of this periodical, because its success speaks well for the taste of the females in our community, by whose subscriptions it is principally supported. In saying this we intend a compliment to Mrs. Hale, as well as to those for whom she caters. Her own taste is pure, her imagination chastened, and her judgement good,—better than that of lady authors in general."

We occupy a considerable space in our columns to-day, with copious extracts from the able address of Mr. Brown, delivered in this village at the masonic celebration, on the 24th ult. to which we invite the attention of our readers. The address was solicited for publication by the committee of arrangements on that occasion, and our apology for publishing it, contrary to our usual practice, must be sought in the peculiar state of the times. The style and character of the production can offend no one, and it may be productive of much good in removing the errors of prejudice existing against the fraternity, in this part of the state. Thus far the excitement has been borne with patience and fortitude by masons, without any attempt to stay it. We hope the same course will still be pursued, not forgetting that the expression of opinions is every man's right, and resolving in our own minds the full exercise of it, on every proper and fitting occasion. [Buffalo Journal.]

From the New-York Daily Advertiser.

Washington's Letter to Arnold, on the departure of the Expedition for Quebec.

COPY.

To Colonel Benedict Arnold, Commander of the Detachment of the Continental Army destined against Quebec.

Sir:—You are intrusted with a Command of the utmost consequence to the Interest and Liberties of America. Upon your Conduct and Courage and that of the Officers and Soldiers detached on this Expedition, not only the Success of the present Enterprize and your own Honour, but the Safety and Welfare of the whole Continent may depend. I charge you therefore, and the Officers & Soldiers under your Command, as you value your own Safety and Honour, and the Favour and Esteem of your Country, that you consider yourselves as marching, not through an Enemies' Country, but that of our Friends and Brethren, for such the Inhabitants of Canada and the Indian Nations have proved themselves in this unhappy Contest between Great Britain and America.

That you check by every Motive of Duty and Fear of Punishment, every attempt to plunder or insult any of the Inhabitants of Canada. Should any American Soldier be so base and infamous as to injure any Canadian or Indian in his Person or Property, I do most earnestly enjoin you to bring him to such severe and exemplary Punishment as the Enmity of the Crime may require.—Should it extend to Death itself, it will not be disproportionate to its Guilt at such a Time and in such a Cause. But I hope that the Brave Men who have voluntarily engaged in this Expedition will be governed by different Views—that Order, Discipline, and Regularity of Behaviour will be as Conspicuous as their Courage and Valour. I also give it in Charge to you to avoid all Disrespect or Contempt of the Religion of the Country and its Ceremonies. Prudence, Policy, and true Christian Spirit will lead us to look with Compassion upon their Errors, without insulting them. While we are contending for our Liberty, we should be very cautious of violating the Rights of Conscience in others; ever considering that God alone is the Judge of the hearts of Men, and to Him alone in this Case they are answerable.

Upon the whole, Sir, I beg you to inculcate upon the Officers, the Necessity of preserving the Strictest Order during their March through Canada, to represent to them the Shame, Disgrace and Ruin to themselves and Country if they should turn the Hearts of our Brethren in Canada against us. And on the other Hand, the Honour and Rewards which await them, if by their prudence and good Behaviour they conciliate the Affections of the Canadians and Indians to the great Interests of America, and convert those favorable dispositions they have shewn, into a lasting Union and Affection.

Thus wishing you and all Officers and Soldiers under your Command all Honour, Safety and Success,
I remain, Sir, your most
Obedient Humble Servant,
(Signed) GEO. WASHINGTON.
Cambridge, Head Quarters,
September 14, 1775.

From the Salina (Onondaga co.) Herald.

This Western excitement may now very justly be compared, as an elegant writer compared one in France, to the effect of the wind on the sea, where "the depth, rage and madness of the billow could be told by the scum, foam and froth on the crest of the wave." Whatever it was in the commencement, it now assumes the features and character of anti-social, anti-justice, anti-moral, anti-fairness, anti-judicial, anti almost every thing dear and valuable to man in well regulated society: while its pretences still are, that it is innocently and mildly anti-masonic, only. The motives of those who began it, were no doubt in the first instance, correct. And while the object was only the purport and the punishment of the guilty, was praise worthy. So far, too, as the object was a fair and candid examination and exposure of the errors and vain pretences of the institution, it was meritorious. But can this hue-and-cry of cruelty, crucify—this ferocious, indiscriminate crusade and proscription against all men as masons, in any way be justified?

It can, it is believed, with safety be asserted, and as an act of justice due to the good sense of the community around us, we with pleasure notice it, that not a feature of that persecuting, vindictive, all exterminating spirit, characterizing that excitement, has entered into this vicinity, or into the northern towns of this county. Its depth, rage and madness, discovered by the scum, foam and froth, on its surge, has as yet only been seen at a distance—seen, and its approaches dreaded, like that of a mastiff infected with hydrophobia, frothing at its teeth in proportion to the extent of its madness. We have never heard of a man in this part of the county, whether mason or not mason, whether for Jackson or Adams, who did not detest and abhor it. Yet there is probably not a man amongst us, who does not ardently wish the guilty, whoever they may be, might be brought to a fair trial and speedy punishment. "We are glad," said one of their leading papers to the west, last week, "we are glad to see a FIRE KINDLED in Boston!" on announcing that a paper of their stamp had been started there. Yes, and what is much to be feared is, that this spirit will soon lead them to wish to see not only a fire kindled in every place in the Union, but every mason roasted by it, who will not renounce and denounce the institution, and with them, curse those that will not curse it.

And which sect of christians would next have to take the fiery ordeal, should they thus succeed in their wishes against the sect of Masons?

From Lang's New-York Gazette,

The extent to which the Morgan excitement is carried in the West is totally unworthy a civilized, thinking community. Friendships of long-standing have been destroyed, the ties of affection sundered, and discord and animosity sown in families that would otherwise have remained in amity and peace. The course pursued by the "Morgan-men" betrays a recklessness and a want of principle and honour almost unexampled. The week before last the body of an unknown man was found drowned in a creek near the village of Tonawanda. The coroner's jury who sat over the body "agreed that there was no appearance of the man's having been killed by design." But this was not satisfactory to the worshippers at the shrine of Morgan—(can they find none more worthy than such as he, of an apotheosis?)—and the report was industriously circulated that it was the body of a Mr. Hamilton who had been delivering "anti-masonic lectures," and that he had probably fallen by the hands of the Masons. So prevalent was this belief that a subscription was proposed to defray the expense of raising and examining the body, as it was said there could be no doubt that "another victim had been sacrificed." Unfortunately for all these probabilities, and no doubt to the great chagrin of the anti-masonic gentlemen, Mr. Hamilton has made his appearance in Buffalo alive, and in perfect health. It appears besides that this is not the first time Mr. Hamilton has been reported dead. He was alleged to have been poisoned by the Masons at Avon, last fall. Really, one would think this Mr. Hamilton belonged to the feline tribe, which is said must be killed nine times before they are dead, To be poisoned and drowned and yet survive—outrageous! Well may the Morgan-men be enraged at such unjustifiable perverseness and obstinacy.

From Noah's New-York Enquirer.

The Morgan Excitement in Portugal. The anti-masonic fury is not confined exclusively to the western part of the state of New-York. The same enlightened feeling pervades the kingdom of Portugal. The journals of that polished and well regulated nation declaim against masons, and demand that they should be put to death. One of the journals states "that there will be no repose in Portugal as long as a single freemason is left alive!" Can Solomon Southwick beat this?

From the New-England Weekly Review.

YANKEE LYRICS.

NO. 1.

There is, in famous Yankee land,
A class of men, yelped tin pedlars,
A shrewd, sarcastick band
Of busy meddlers—
They scour the country through and through,
Vending their wares, tin pots, tin pans,
Tin ovens, dippers, wash bowls, cans,
Tin whistles, kettles, or to boil or stew,
Tin colanders, tin nutmeg graters,
Tin warming platters for your fish and 'taters'
In short,
If you will look within
His cart,
And gaze upon the tin
Which glitter there,
So bright and fair,
There is no danger in defying
You to go off without buying.
One of these cunning, keen eyed gentry
Stopped at a tavern in the country,
Just before night,
And called for bitters for himself, of course,
And fodder for his horse—
This done, our worthy wight
Informed the landlord that his purse was low.
Quite empty, I assure you, sir, and so
I wish you'd take your pay
In something in my way.
Now Boniface supposed himself a wag—
And when he saw that he was sucked,
Was not dispirited, but plucked
Up courage and his trowsers too!
Quoth he to himself, "I am not apt to brag,
"Tis true,
But I can stick a feather in my cap
By making fun of this same Yankee chap."
"Well, my good friend,
That we may end
This troublesome affair,
I'll take my pay in ware,
Provided that you've got what suits
My inclination!"
"No doubt of that," the pedlar cried,
Sans hesitation.
"Well, bring us in a pair of good tin boots!"
"Tin boots?" Our Jonathan cried
His landlord's spindle shanks,
And giving his good genius thanks
For the suggestion,
Ran out, returned, and then, "By goles!
Yes, here's a pair of candle moulds!"
They'll fit you, without question!"

Commentum. Why is a carpenter more homely than the homeliest man in the world? Because he is a deal plainer.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the several Bookstores in Albany, Troy, New-York, and elsewhere.

A DEFENCE OF FREEMASONRY, in a Series of Letters addressed to Solomon Southwick, esq. and others. In which the true Principles of the Order are given, and many late Misrepresentations corrected. With an Appendix, containing explanatory Notes and Masonick Documents. By Ezzard Pratt, Editor of the American Masonick Register, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine, recently published in the city of New-York.—"Prove all things—hold fast that which is good."—St. Paul. The work is comprised in 216 pages, 12mo. in boards, at 50 cents single, and \$4 per dozen. * * Orders from a distance addressed to the author at Albany, including the money, free of postage, will be punctually attended to, and the books sent according to the directions. * * Such printers in the United States and British America as will give the above an insertion, will receive the thanks of an old brother. Albany, July 16, 1828. Editor. A few copies on sale at this office.

JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the publick that he has removed to No 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders, Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Publick Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1828. 1511

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bandbox Manufactory from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the publick. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash and for Brethren. June 28, 1828.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1829. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship. An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the American Masonick Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and covers, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22 475

POETRY.

THE GRAVE.

BY EDWARD C. PINKNEY.

"Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!" *Don Juan.*

Beneath these rankly spreading weeds,
This lowly mound, and dreary stone,
The sordid earth worm darkly feeds
On one man loved to look upon:—
Of gentle race and beauty rare,
The land delightfully she ranged,
And now she slumbers deeply here;
Ah! the heart aches to think how changed!

I saw her once in life, and said
So beautiful a thing could not
But breathe awhile, and then be made
To share in death the common lot;—
'Twas idly thought!—her form so fair
Is buried in this narrow cave;
But late she lit this upper air,
And now, I look upon her grave!

I mourn for her, though nought to me
In kindred, or indeed in heart;
Save something that I liked to see
And wished not ever to depart:
A pleasant sight—a creature I
Gazed on in no unquiet mood,
And turned from most unwillingly
To glance on things of meaner blood.

A selfish grief! she lies within
A place of solitary rest;
Where care shall never entrance win,
Nor anguish wring her lovely breast!
Light hearted girl! I would that thou
Couldst change thy state with me,
That I might sleep the tomb below,
And the sun shine again on thee!

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY LORD BYRON.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had *phor* then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, nearer, deadlier than before!

Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost, fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;

While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild, and high, the "Camerons' gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! but with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's same rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

From the Bunker Hill Aurora.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

All hail to thee! thou nicknamed thing,
Of ever changing hue and dress,
Of shapes and titles numberless.
All hail from me!—perchance alone
Thy friend I stand, but "by your leave,"
I'll be your champion, injured one.
Though thou hast erred, why have they heaped
Such endless weight of sin on thee?
Why have they loaded with a host
Of uncouth names, thy majesty?
And made e'en babes to screech with fear,
If but thy scarecrow name they hear!

The harshest words that man can say
To his most bitter enemy,
Bids him to flee, poor wretch, away
To thine and thee!

And if some stigma vile they'd fling
On some poor scapegrace abject thing,
They name thy name, and while they call
Him Devil, think they've called him all
Of worst he can be called, and then,
They call him Devil straight again.

And if in any fray,
There's mischief done, they say
Thou art to pay!

As though thou hadst no debts thyself,
And had a countless store of pelf!!

And even at their toil,
They persecute thee still,
And say that thou art in what'er

Goes wrong, or queer;
And if an awkward creature
Meets with some droll mishap,
Quick step, they call on thee,
And at thy door the roguery
Must quiet lie.

And when they do pretend to be
Quite generous, what give they thee,
But some poor miscreant, whom they call thy due?
Or some untoward accident, which they,

For the mere courtesy's sake,
Bid thee, the Devil, take.

Each place that's dark and lone
They dedicate to thee,

Each spot that's wild and drear,
Thy favourite haunt must be:

There is, I think, a "Devil's nook,"
A "Devil's den," a "Devil's brook,"
A "Devil's bridge," a "Devil's hole,"
A place where Devils nipkins roll;
A "Devil's foot," a "Devil's rock,"
A "Devil's peak," a "Devil's well,"
What more, the Devil himself may tell,

For I am weary now,
And having counted o'er
Of thy unnumbered wrongs, some few,
I say no more
At present, save, adieu!

From Death's Doings.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE STOMACH.

I fear, said the Stomach addressing the Brain,
That my efforts to serve you will soon be in vain;
For such is the weight you compel me to bear,
And such are the labours that fall to my share,
That unless in your wisdom you lighten the load,
My strength must soon fail,—I shall drop on the road:

Then the cargo of viands in flesh, fowl, and fish,
Which serve as a whet to some favourite dish,
With the compound of peppers and sauces to aid,
Or rather to force on the market a trade—
Are really too much for my delicate frame;
And to burthen me thus is an absolute shame.
But I do not complain, although hard is my case,
As many would do, were they put in my place,
Nor am I so senseless as not to perceive,
That some other members have reason to grieve;
There's your legs and your feet, that once bore you about.
Are now useless as logs, with the dropsy or gout;
And your hands are so feeble you scarcely can pass
To your neighbour the bottle, or fill him a glass.
And further the stomach had gone on to state,
When the Tongue, 'tis imagined took up the debate.
"Did you speak to the Brain?" said a low piping voice;
(It was just before dinner,) "I much should rejoice
To find such a being you wot of, my friend,
But he and his measures have long had an end;
A nondescript substance now fills up the space
In that once intellectual thought-breeding place.
By some 't'as been thought that your chymical skill
(Which now, it is known, has the power to kill,)
And your fumes have destroyed all the power of thinking.
So that no sense remains but of eating and drinking.
What is said in the Bible has long been forgot,
Of the passage which told there was 'Death in the pot.'—
But the sauce is prepared to season the fish;
When too late 'twill be found there is Death in the dish."

SERENADE.

Wake, lady, wake,—the midnight moon
Sails through the cloudless skies of June;
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream,
Which in the brightness of their beam,
One sheet of glory lies.

The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Is shining on our world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes!

Wake, lady, wake,—the nightingale
Tells to the moon her love-lorn tale!
Now doth the brook that's hushed by day,
As through the vale she winds her way,
In murmurs sweet rejoice;
The leaves, by the soft night wind stirred
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice!

Wake, lady, wake,—thy lover waits!—
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates!
Here is a garment rich and rare,
To wrap thee from the cold night air;
The appointed hour is flown,—
Danger and doubt have vanished quite,—
Our way before is clear and right,—
And all is ready for the flight,—
Save thou alone!

Wake, lady, wake,—I have a wreath,
Thy broad fair brow shall rise beneath;
I have a ring that must not shine
On any finger, love, but thine!
I've kept my plighted vow.
Beneath thy casement here I stand,
To lead thee by thy own white hand,
Far from this dall and captive strand,—
But where art thou?

THIS PAPER

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1828.

NO. 27.

MASONICK RECORD.

CEREMONIES AT BALTIMORE.

The fourth of July being set apart for the ceremonies of laying the first stone of the Rail Road from Baltimore to Ohio River, the weather being fine, and the most cordial good feeling prevailing among the different societies and classes of people who united in the ceremonies, would have made an impression at once grand and affecting to every patriotick mind, had no more than ordinary preparation been made for the occasion. But it was more. Never, we venture to say, was a publick exhibition of patriotick spirit so appropriately planned or productive of so powerful an effect, since the existence of our republick commenced.

The procession was formed at an early hour, and moved to the place of operation, more than two miles from the city. The masonick body forming in order at the Masonick Hall, and numbering about four hundred persons, proceeded with their banners waving, and arrayed in all the rich paraphernalia of the order, down Fayette street to Gay street, down Gay street to Water street, where it was joined by the escort of cavalry; thence by Water street to Bond street, up Bond street to Market street, where the right of the procession of the trades was already formed. The masonick order with the cavalry then continued up Market street, and as its rear passed the right of the trades, they wheeling to the left, took up the line of march and formed the Grand Procession.

After arriving at the ground, and the preparatory movements observed, according to the published order of the day, a prayer was offered by the Rev. Doctor Wyatt, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Maryland,—the Declaration of Independence was read by colonel Heath, and an address was delivered to the President and Directors of the company by John B. Morris.

The Grand Master of Maryland was assisted in the ceremony of laying the corner stone, by the venerable CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton, and the Grand Masters of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The ceremony of breaking ground, is thus described in the Baltimore Patriot of July 7th.

"While the corner stone, presented by the Stone Cutters, was preparing, Mr. Carroll, accompanied by the Grand Marshal of the day, and Mr. John B. Morris, and bearing in his hand the spade just presented, descended from the pavilion and advanced to the spot selected for the reception of the foundation stone, in order to strike the spade into the ground. He walked with a firm step, and used the instrument with a steady hand."

Thus we see that at the very moment when the only surviving signer of the Declaration of American Independence was yielding his countenance and assistance to the order of freemasons, for the

publick good of his country, a crazy band of demagogues in our own state were assembled at Le Roy, to work their own personal aggrandizement by sacrilegiously perverting and profaning that declaration of Independence, by the adoption of a new one! We are perfectly satisfied with the original document, confident that it will be remembered and respected, while the western humbug is reverted to in derision, or wholly forgotten. The Baltimore Patriot then goes on with the account of the ceremonies.

"After the stone was conveyed to the ground, the Grand Master of Maryland remarked that before applying the tests of his instruments to the stone, for the purpose of ascertaining its correctness, with the assistance of the Grand Masters of the states of Pennsylvania and Virginia, it might not be amiss to add one to the numerous congratulations then expressed, that Maryland had at last determined to engage in honourable competition with her sister states, in the great work of internal improvement. He hailed the presence of the Grand Masters of these states, as a propitious omen. On the one hand was Pennsylvania, the first to penetrate the defiles of her mountains with her roads, and who had been ever since employed with ceaseless assiduity, in further developing the resources of her domestick trade. On the other hand was Virginia, who had been for years studiously engaged in creating and preserving a board, with competent funds, for the promotion of the same great end; manfully struggling against those difficulties which even her energy had hitherto been insufficient to surmount, and therefore doubtless awaiting the result of our experiment, in order to avail herself of this mode of extended communication. It was only, he said, to notice the countenance of the representatives of a numerous fraternity in these two powerful and neighbouring states, and to express in the name of the body whom he represented, their thanks for the kind feelings which had prompted the acceptance of the invitation to join in the ceremonies of the day,—that he had allowed himself to interrupt the usual order with a single remark.

The Grand Master, attended by the Past Grand Chaplain of Maryland, and by the Grand Masters of Pennsylvania and Virginia, then applied his instruments to the stone, and after handing them for the same purpose to the other Grand Masters, and receiving their favourable report, pronounced it to be "well formed, true and trusty." The Grand Chaplain invoked the benediction of Heaven upon the success of the enterprise, the prosperity of the city, and the future life of the venerable man who had assisted in laying the stone. The ceremony was concluded in the usual manner, by pouring wine and oil, and scattering corn upon the stone, with a corresponding invocation and response, followed by the Grand Masonick honours.

The masons then went through their ceremonies. a national salute was fired and after the venerable signer had visited the different associations the whole procession was again formed in order and taking the Pratt street road returned to town, without one accident having occurred or the least confusion having taken place to disturb the harmony of the day. Among the strangers who moved in the procession we saw the Grand officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, the Grand Master of Virginia, representatives from the Grand Lodge of Delaware,

and several Grand officers of other Grand Lodges, who had arrived the evening before, for the sole purpose of witnessing the commencement of the 'Great Road.' "

This was a proud day for the illustrious CARROLL! It was also a demonstration of the patriotism and good feeling of the citizens of Maryland, and especially of the masonick brethren of that, and the neighbouring states. We have found it impossible to mention half the interesting incidents which demonstrated the spirit that moved the whole multitude;—even to enumerate the order of procession adopted by the several mechanick associations; of course our remarks must be confined to the masonick part of the ceremonies. The day was closed with appropriate festivity. The dinner in the evening was splendid and numerous attended, as will be seen by the following, extracted from the Baltimore Daily Advertiser.

MASONICK DINNER.

Agreeably to notice, the Encampment of Knights Templars, the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Maryland, the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and distinguished brethren of the Grand Lodges of Virginia and Pennsylvania, assembled at the Masonick Hall, in Baltimore, on Friday the fourth of July, at 5 o'clock, P. M. whence they marched in procession to the Globe Inn, and sat down to a sumptuous entertainment provided by Mr. Thomas.

The encampment was erected in the court of the inn in the form of a tent, and 110 feet in length. At the north end was a cross, the distinguishing emblem of the order, brilliantly illuminated by one hundred variegated lamps. At the south end was a beautiful transparency, representing Charity dispensing her bounties to the Child of Misfortune. In the centre of the tent, on the east side, was a full length portrait of general Lafayette, and on each side a splendid engraving of the declaration of independence, and Washington's farewell address. To the north and south of these were suspended well executed portraits of generals Smith and Stricker, colonel John E. Howard, commodore Barney, and colonel Armistead; and also paintings representing the bombardment of Fort M'Henry. In the centre, on the west side, an orchestra was erected which was occupied by captain Roundtree's band of musick. It was tastefully decorated with paintings, &c. The whole tent was ornamented with festoons of evergreen, and lighted with four hundred variegated lamps.

After the cloth was removed, the following toasts were drunk:—

1. The Masonick Cube—adjusted by the plumb, the level and the square—"it will pass."—The march is universal benevolence.
2. The Chief Corner Stone of that on which the cube rests—which was, and is, and ever shall be, heaven's first law.
3. The Tree—to contrive—to sustain—to adorn.
4. The Memory of the Widow's Son, and that of all the departed, who have followed the example which he has set before them.
5. Peace to the spirit of persecution, and to the reign of ignorance and superstition. Washington worked with us until the day of his death, and Lafayette is our fellow labourer.
6. The Craft throughout the world—"may the

rough paths be made smooth, and the crooked things be made straight," to every mason—tyrants may tremble because we are free, but the just can not be afraid.

7. The mystick Ladder—its base Faith, its ascent Hope, its end Charity.

8. The White Veil—May it ever be the glorious vestment of our sisters.

9. The heart to enjoy, and with discretion to use all the good things of this life.

The Grand Master of Maryland being called upon for a toast, remarked, that the present afforded a rare instance of an assemblage of the fraternity from different states, rare however, only because such occasions of meeting were seldom found. It must be highly gratifying to all the brethren in Maryland, to find that the Grand Officers of Pennsylvania and Virginia had encountered a fatiguing journey to manifest their friendly feeling to the Grand Lodge of Maryland, by promptly accepting the invitation to partake in the ceremonies of the day. To Pennsylvania we looked up as our foster parent, inasmuch as masonry in Maryland was established by the authority of a charter from that state and it was a source of pleasure to be able to exhibit a proof to its Grand Lodge that the tree thus planted had not been suffered to wither.

Masonry in Maryland had been rocked as an infant in the cradle by the predecessors of those with whom it was now proud to associate as an equal member in the great family of nations. With Virginia we have long maintained that brotherly intercourse peculiar to the craft; and if it were allowed to glance for a moment at the political reflections excited by the day, the honour which had been paid us by the visit of the Grand Master of that state, was certainly not lessened by his coming from a part of the country, where it had been said from high authority, "the first impulse was given to the ball of the revolution." He then gave the following toast:—

The Grand Masters and Grand Officers of the Grand lodges of the states of Pennsylvania and Virginia—May their presence with us this day draw still closer the ties which now connect them and those whom they represent, with the masonick fraternity in Maryland.

The Grand Master of Pennsylvania, then arose and said,—

"The pleasure I derive from beholding so many of my masonick brethren here assembled, on an occasion so interesting, as that in which we have to-day been engaged, fills my heart with gratitude to the Author of all Good, in thus permitting us and so many thousands of our fellow citizens in uniting in the great work, which the citizens of Baltimore have this day commenced. To you, my masonick brethren, I beg leave to state, it is a source of pleasure in me to behold here assembled men of honour and wealth, who are not ashamed to avow to the world that they are members of that fraternity whose aim is universal brotherly love and charity. The pride and pleasure I feel as the representative of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, I cannot at this moment express, for when I behold such as are here assembled, who but a few years ago looked up to the authority I represent, as one of her children, and whom we this day behold in the exercise of vigorous manhood, excites the liveliest feelings of pleasure and affectionate regard. I will not detain you any longer, my brethren, than to offer you the following sentiment:—

The Grand Lodge of Maryland, distinguished and deservedly so, in the masonick world; entire and early success to the great work she has this day commenced.

The Grand Master of Virginia then offered the following toast:—

Baltimore—The city of patriotick enterprise; the heart of Virginia's sister Maryland—she will send forth the life blood of commerce, by arteries of her own creation—may it return to the heart by copious veins of wealth, and prosperity.

By Br. William Stewart, D. G. M. of Maryland—The speedy completion of the great work which has been this day commenced. May the good ship *Union* be laid up in dry dock, until she

can be conveyed by means of the rail road and launched in the Ohio.

[In the above toast reference is had to a ship, mounted on a car, and drawn by horses, in the procession, rigged, manned, and christened the *Union*.]

By Br. Charles Howard, W. M. of Cassia Lodge. The fourth of July, 1776. The principles of liberty and equality were then first proclaimed to the world; they had been for centuries acted on and avowed by the craft.

By Br. Thomas Carroll, jr.—De Witt Clinton; his memory dear to every mason. Light be the sod, and green the grass that cover him.

By Br. Thomas Phenix, G. Sec.—The Mason's Badge. More ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman Eagle; more honourable than the Star and Garter.

By Br. Samuel Keerl, P. M. Cassia Lodge.—The Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road. Let those rail who will, we mean to rail the road.

By Br. Doct. M. S. Baer.—Gen. Lafayette. "Men resemble the gods, in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures."

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

ARCTICK CIRCLE.

The immense accumulation of ice within the Arctick Circle, forming in many places perpetual mountains on land, and perpetual islands, in straits and bays,* and filling up bays, which might be more properly called seas, with one uninterrupted mass, during most part of the year, affords to the mind a perpetual source of interest. When it is remembered that Parry was confined in his winter quarters, at Melville Island, for ten months, a hasty glance at the subject would induce us to think that the ten months of excessive frost would soon conquer the remaining two months of spring, summer, and autumn, and embrace the whole in the arms of eternal ice.†

It can, therefore, be easily understood, that a permanent congelation of the Arctick Sea, or any large portion of it, can not exist in the temperature with which we are at present acquainted. Indeed, Captain Parry says in his third voyage, he believed "Barrow's Strait was not permanently frozen during the winter." On land, in many parts of the frigid zone, however, the eternal ice holds its rigid sway. At the entrance of the Strait of the Fury and Hecla, where Captain Parry passed the second winter, on his second voyage, the ice of the preceding year was not detached from the shores, when that of the new began to form. In the morasses, at the mouth of the Obi, one of the great rivers of Siberia, the ground, at the depth of a foot, is permanently frozen, and the same thing exists, we are told by Kotzebue, on the shores of Icy Cape. This commander also mentions a mountain of pure ice, "real iceberg," in Kotzebue's Inlet, on which the party travelled some time, without knowing or suspecting its composition. Moss and grass covered it on every side but one, where cliffs of pure ice were to be seen. Upon farther investigation, they found large quantities of mammoth teeth and bones in this ice.

The icebergs, those monuments of frost and "wonders on the deep," majestically towering over the waves, and resisting the storms of the ocean, present to us an object worthy of contemplation. All navigators of the Arctick Ocean, have gazed on these great natural curiosities with amazement. These huge masses are supposed to be avalanches, generated on land, and filling up valleys and recesses of mountains, down whose sides they are brought by torrents. This may be the case with the smaller ones—the largest can only be formed by the sides of high perpendicular cliffs, whose base is washed by the sea. The accumulated mass of ages here, by its own gravity, overcoming the force of cohesion, falls with a tremendous crash into the deep, and these "thunderbolts of snow" are carried by currents, to the south.

* Two islands of ice have continued stationary for half a century, in the bay of Disco. Dutch whalers have visited them, and have given them names.—*Malte-Brun, from Olafsen's Voyage to Iceland.*

† Capt. Wafer confessed he mistook islands of ice, five hundred feet high, for real islands. *Malte-Brun.*

† Scores by calculation the dissolution of ice in the Spitzbergen Seas to be about 20,000 square leagues, annually, while the quantity formed in the same navigated by whalers, is not more, probably, than one fourth that area.

mendous crash into the deep, and these "thunderbolts of snow" are carried by currents, to the south.

It has been a matter of speculation, how large rocks, and other extraneous matter could be placed on the icebergs. "I came," says Fox, "by one piece of ice, higher than the rest, whereupon a stone was, of the contents of five or six tons weight, with divers other smaller stones, and mud thereupon." Captain Parry says, "the quantity in which these substances, (stones, shells, sand, mud, weeds, &c.) here occurred, was really surprising, puzzled us extremely to account for the manner in which they found their way upon the floes." Rocks may be placed on masses of this kind in two ways. 1st. When an avalanche takes place from the side of a naked rock, large pieces, detached by the frost, would be carried away by the ice, and remain firmly attached to it. 2d. These icebergs often remain aground for years, and when removed from their moorings, by the rising of the waters, by the effect of storms, or by the diminution of their bulk, they are launched into the current, and their centre of gravity becoming changed by the detachment of considerable portions, from abrasion, their equilibrium is destroyed, and the summit may be inverted, and become the base.

Solar heat frequently acts upon their masses, and by melting away the sides, portions fall into the sea, with a tremendous noise. This is technically called *calving*, and the crash is heard sometimes several miles. While it has this rolling motion, the mass sometimes fall to pieces "like a wreck." The Straits of Hudson and Davis, Fox's Channel, and Baffin's Bay, are prolific nurseries of icebergs. Ellis saw one 500 or 600 yards in thickness, and Frobisher describes one to be "near four score fathoms above water." Captain Ross mentions the almost incredible number of 700 being in sight at one time; some of these, too, were of an enormous size. One was a ground in 150, and several together, in 250 fathoms. An accurate calculation of the dimension of one, which was aground in 61 fathoms, was made by Lieutenant Parry, and was estimated to weigh 1,292,397,673 tons. It may be well to remark here, that the specific gravity of ice, be one-sixth less than water, one-seventh part of the whole bulk only appears above water.

TURPENTINE.

From the Boston Patriot.

We have met recently with the following description of the process of obtaining turpentine in the south of France, which we transcribe for the information of readers. The fir (tree) is generally allowed to remain untouched till it is thirty or forty years old. When it is to be worked, which is early in the spring, a small hole is first made in the ground, at the foot of the tree, the earth of which is well rammed, and serves as a receptacle for the juice. The coarse bark is then stripped off from the tree, a little above the hole, down to the smooth inner bark, after which a portion of the inner bark, together with a little of the wood, is cut out with a very sharp tool, so that there may be a wound in the tree about three inches square, and an inch deep. Immediately afterwards the turpentine begins to exude in very transparent drops, which escape chiefly from the wood immediately under the inner bark. The hotter the weather is, the greater is the supply of resin; and to facilitate the supply, the incisions are enlarged every three or four days, by cutting off thin slices, till at the end of the year it is about a foot and a half wide, and two or three inches deep. The turpentine flows from the end of February to October: during the winter it entirely ceases, but in the ensuing spring a fresh incision is begun a little above the former, and managed in the same manner. This practice is continued annually for about twelve and fifteen years in some parts, and in others a shorter time, on the same side of the tree, till the later incisions are so high as to be out of reach without the assistance of steps; after which the contrary side of the tree is begun upon, and worked in a similar manner for as many years, during which time the first incisions are grown up, and are fit to be cut afresh. In this way a healthy tree, in favourable soil, may be made to yield from six to

twelve, or more, pounds of turpentine annually, sometimes for a century; and even the timber is not soon injured by this constant drain. The flow of turpentine discontinues altogether about October, and the liquid resin collected during the year, from each tree, is put together for further purification. But a considerable quantity of the resin has concreted during that time around the incision, particularly as the heat declines; and in the winter, when it has hardened considerably, it is scraped off, and forms what is technically called *barras* or *gallipot*, which differs from the more liquid turpentine in consistence, and probably contains a less proportion of essential oil.

INSECT ARCHITECTS.

From the same

Of the wonderful instinctive power and economy of the bee, the ant, and the beaver, most of our readers are no doubt well acquainted, though they may not be aware that there is a species of insects which even excel these in wisdom and policy. These are called *Termes* in natural history, a genus of insects of the order *Aptera*: they are found in the East Indies, Africa, and South America. They build pyramidal structures, ten or twelve feet in height, and divided into appropriate apartments, magazines for provisions, arched chambers and galleries for communication. These structures are so firmly cemented, that they easily bear four men to stand upon them, and in the plains of Senegal appear at a distance like the villages of the natives. A portion only of these insects, not bigger than the larger ants, are labourers, and these build the structures, procure provisions for the males and females, and take care of the eggs. Another portion of the community act as superintendents over the labourers, or as guards to defend their habitations from intrusion or violence. When a breach is made in the dwelling, they rush forward and defend the entrance with great ferocity: some of them beating against any hard substance, as a signal to the other guards, or as encouragement to the labourers; they then retire and are succeeded by the labourers, each with a burthen of tempered mortar in his mouth, and who diligently set about to repair whatever injury has been sustained. The more domestic habits of these insects are no less remarkable than those of the bee, to which they in some degree assimilate.

THE GATHERER.

A GOOD HAND.

From the Berkshire American.

In the endless varieties of hand writing to be met with in this scribbling, scrawling world, there seems to be some difference of opinion, or of taste, as to what constitutes a good hand. When a fair lady sends a fair note and requests the pleasure of your company to tea on a given evening, that is doubtless a *fair* hand. When a man writes you most laconically, informing you that unless you pay that note he holds against you in twenty-four hours, he will immediately thereafter send you to jail, that may be called a *plain* hand. When a gentleman sends you an exceedingly polite note, only demanding the satisfaction of blowing out your brains, that is denominated an *honourable* hand. When a lady writes a billetdoux with a quill plucked from the wing of Cupid, and with such fine and delicate strokes as to be invisible except to the eyes of love, that is without doubt a *lovely* hand. The Lord's Prayer written in the compass of a half dime, is a very *fine* hand. A hand, which is very frequently placed at the bottom of a note "for value received," however coarse and vile it may appear, is a very *promising* hand. A hand, which after writing a long, lean, soporific article requests an editor to favour the publick with the sublime squeezings of an empty noddle, is, to say the least, a very *impudent* hand. The gentleman, again, who writes to this same humble servant of the publick on matters of any kind relating to a newspaper, and makes a point of forgetting the postage, by the unanimous opinion of the whole corps editorial writes a most *rascally* hand.

Then besides these, there is the close hand and

the sprawling hand, the round hand and the sharp hand, the easy hand and the cramped hand, the heavy hand and the light hand, the running hand and the halting hand, the straight hand and the crooked hand, the ascending hand and the descending hand, the copy hand and the hand which no man can copy, the business hand and the hand which has no business; then there is the counting house hand, the legal and the clerical hand, and twenty other different kinds of hands, all of which may be good, bad, or indifferent, as it happens. But when we receive a letter, post-paid, and written thus (though it be in quail tracks and pot-hooks):—"Enclosed are TWO DOLLARS, for which you will be good enough to forward your paper to PETER PAY-THE-CASH-DOWN." This we consider to be positively a *good* hand.

LAW CASES.

From the same.

One day last week we had law cases by wholesale—no less than a round half dozen at a Justice's session. The matter was this:

Jack and Gill had taken a pint of whiskey; Gill swore at Jack, and Jack assaulted Gill; or, to speak in military style, Jack with a detachment of his fists drove in the van guard of Gill's face. Whereat Gill got a warrant for Jack and brought him up for assault and battery; and Jack got a warrant for Gill and had him up for swearing ("Our army swore terribly in flanders!")—And so they had one another up like fellows of real vengeance. Then besides Jack and Gill, the principals, there were accessaries who had little or no principle; and they brought one another up in like manner. Thus the law was banded back and forth like a shuttlecock; and the matter went on swimmingly, each one getting his case, until they had—spent something like ten dollars a piece, all of which went into the pockets of justices, lawyers and sheriffs; and the parties discovered at last, that, besides being sworn at, assaulted and battered, and making themselves ridiculous by a legal exposure of their folly, they were each ten dollars the poorer for the causes they had gained.

"What a great matter" sixpence worth of liquid "fire kindleth!" Keep sober, gentle reader—or if you are not gentle, by all means keep sober—for of all business, the chance is that you will find going to law the most unprofitable. We beg the lawyers' pardon.

EXECUTION OF ANNE BOLEYN.

From Recollections of Royalty.

In Houssaie's Memoirs, a little circumstance is recorded concerning the decapitation of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, which illustrates an observation of Hume. Our historian notices that her executioner was a Frenchman of Calais, who was supposed to have uncommon skill; it is probable that the following incident might have been preserved by tradition in France, from the account of the executioner himself. Anne Boleyn being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at her execution could obtain from her was that she would shut her eyes. But as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their tender and mild glances; fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen. He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled by this artifice to strike the fatal blow without being disarmed by that pride of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the lovely Anne Boleyn.

RAMEAU.

This great musician possessed that enthusiasm without which nothing can be effected. He had one day some men of letters at his house, who laughed at him very much for making an anachronism. Rameau flew with great emotion to his harpsichord, and running rapidly over the keys of it, played a most exquisite piece of harmony.

"Now," said he, "gentlemen, it surely shows more talent to be able to compose such a piece of music as that you have just heard, than to be able to tell in what year Charlemagne or Clovis died. You only remember, I invent and pray which is most admirable, genius or erudition!"

DU CERCEAU,

In his life of the modern Roman demagogue, Rienzi, observes, that "popular talents, in general, are combined with a certain degree of insanity." The mass of mankind appear rather to be pleased with what dazzles than with that which convinces them; and are more impressed by the ardour of enterprise than by the sobriety of practicability. It is the exercised eye alone which prefers the impasto of Titian to the glaze of Barocci—solid and substantial colour to airy and diaphanous tints.

CARDINAL FLEURY.

When the Abbe de St. Pierre presented his project of a perpetual peace to this witty and experienced minister, the cardinal said, "Sir, I am very much afraid that you have forgotten the preliminary article. You have forgotten to send a troop of missionaries, to dispose the hearts and the minds of the different sovereigns towards your excellent project."

Fleury being told one day that he was responsible to his sovereign for his conduct, replied, "Say, rather, to God and my conscience."

FIGURE OF SPEECH.

At a training, in one of the northern counties of this state, several years since, the professional merits of two drummers, a certain Ben Morse, drum major to the Regiment, and a very *uncertain* Tom Burnam, a candidate for the same office, were discussed very freely by the soldiers, over a pint tumbler of blue ruin, at a cake and beer shantee, just without the sentry. Some maintained that Burnam was the best musician; others again that Morse had not his superiour "in the six counties," when a long, lantern jaw'd, freckled face chap, standing some six feet four, without either stocking or shoes, elbowed his way into the ring, with an old rusty Queen Ann's firelock in one hand, and a card of Rye Gingerbread in the other, and after picking his teeth with his bayonet, and wiping his face on something that served as an *apology* for a coat sleeve, addressed one of the company thus:—"I tell you what it is, Corporal Cowan, I grant that Morse can beat Burnam in drumming our training tunes, but then, when you come to *real sentimental*—I tell you Corporal (and he spoke words with great emphasis) Tom Burnam can drum Ben Morse's shirt tail off!"

[Schoharie Republican.

WALKING THE WORLD.

We have heard of this phrase, as used by the Irish poor, and have ever considered it as one of the most striking instances of that poetry of expression by which they are distinguished from our own lower classes. There can not be a stronger or more brief description of that state of utter destitution and abandonment, which makes all places alike, than these four words—to *walk the world*.

[London Magazine.

POPULAR LITERATURE.

Nine books out of ten (now published) are utterly worthless,—the prosings of inanity,—the miserable displays of the most miserable conceit;—reminiscences that make one curse the existence of such a faculty as memory—travels that would induce us to regard steam-boats and practical roads as the most fatal products of civilization,—novels that would almost make us cry out upon the benefits of education, and deplore the days when neither footmen nor chambermaids could write their names, much less be manufacturers of sentiment in the boudoir, and snarl wit in the dining-room.

[London Magazine.

Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes, for his body guards. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

POPULAR TALES.

THE PIRATES;

OR, ERRORS OF PUBLIC JUSTICE.

A Premium Tale—From the "Bower of Taste."

On a cold, cloudy night in November, a solitary sail-boat approached the extremity of a point of land, which stretched into the sea, near the harbour of Rochelle,—which having attained, two men leaped on shore, and secured the boat at the landing. They were pirates, and had come on shore in search of provisions, and other plunder, for their half-famished comrades. The moon, which occasionally burst from the dense clouds that darkened the scene, shone full upon their savage forms, which accorded with the wild gloom that surrounded them, and disclosed their vessel, lying at anchor in the distance.

The strictest silence had been observed by both, until they had reached a spot where they thought themselves secure, when one exclaimed:—"Mendez, think ye any one is abroad to-night?"

"Abroad? No, unless his errand be the same as ours; in which case we must hook him for a brother, or send him to sup with Davy Jones—that's all. Hark ye! the fiends are at work there!" pointing to the forest; "it's one of the devil's own tunes they are getting up! We shall have a storm to weather in ten minutes!"

"Ay, that we shall," cried the other; "and as I don't half like this job, suppose we return? I thought I heard a footstep!"

"Psha! it's only the echo of your own!"

"I can't help wishing," rejoined he, "that we could get our living in an honest way."

"Avast there! none of your preaching!" said Mendez. "I'm none of your white-livered loons, who, when they begin a bold enterprise, shrink from its completion. Why, consider, man!—We may get provisions enough to serve yon starving dogs for a fortnight, and fit us for another bout;—and who knows but we may get some of the *shiners*? It's a close-fisted old curmudgeon, they say, that we've got to call on to-night, with plenty of shot in his locker! If he has so, we'll soon lighten him of his load. So now come on—we've both got the implements," (clapping his hand upon the pistols that stuck in his belt.)

The other villain was yet young in the trade of infamy, in which vicious examples more than inclination had confirmed him; and although he often remonstrated against joining in the depredations of his brutal companions, yet in this case, as in others, he was obliged to yield obedience to superior power, or meet, at their hands, the fate which his conscience sometimes told him was his due. Sinking into a gloomy silence, he slowly followed Mendez, until they arrived in the vicinity of the house of Mons. Dumain, where we leave them for the present, and change the scene to the interior of the mansion.

Near the fire-place sat a man, apparently about 45 years of age, wrapped in an evening gown, of a morose and forbidding aspect, who from his querulous complaints, and frequent groans, seemed to be in great bodily pain. Near him, at a little table, sat a graceful female, in the bloom of youth, who, as often as she raised her eyes from the perusal of her book, fixed them on the sufferer with the deepest expressions of sorrow, which heightened the interest of her beautiful face, while, with a voice of tenderness, she proffered him those attentions which are so grateful in the hour of sickness or sorrow.

Jean St. Aubin was the son of an opulent tradesman in the neighbourhood of Rochelle. Young, susceptible and ardent, he was generous to a fault. In relieving the distressed he scarcely inquired whether the object was worthy or not. It was enough that they needed assistance. Although his wealth might have afforded him the enjoyments of the city, yet he preferred a country residence, as hunting was his favourite amusement,—sometimes pursuing the chase with his gay companions, and at others, with his dog and gun enjoying a solitary stroll in the forests. One afternoon, finding that he had widely digressed from his usual path, he was resolved to inquire his way at the first house that should appear. This hap-

pened to be the mansion of Mons. Dumain. On knocking at the door, it was opened by the lovely being whom we have just described. Astonishment at seeing such exquisite beauty in these retired shades, kept Jean for a moment silent;—blushing at his ardent gaze, she inquired his wishes. In a voice tremulous with emotion, he told her that he had lost his way; and being greatly fatigued with his walk, requested the favour of some slight refreshment, and permission to rest himself awhile. On entering, he was struck not only with the air of comfort, but of taste, which appeared in the apartment—not a single superfluous article of furniture was there, but all was neat and in the most perfect order.

"Do you live here alone, fair lady?" inquired Jean.

"My father and myself are the only occupants besides an old domestick," said she, requesting him to be seated.

Never had he beheld so interesting a creature, and while he was zealously endeavouring to advance his acquaintance, by conversing on various topics, a heavy footstep was heard on the stair. Hastening to the door, she opened it, and introduced as her father, Mons. Dumain. St. Aubin rose, and offering his hand, briefly told the accident which had procured for him the pleasure of their acquaintance; and gallantly added (glancing at Annette) that he hoped it would long continue.

"Reserve your compliments for more polished ears," said his host; "our acquaintance may be pleasing to one, and not both; time determines these things. Annette, prepare some tea."

This reception was rather a damper to the ardent spirit of our young enthusiast, who had already pictured to himself many scenes of future happiness, which he hoped to enjoy in the society of the fair Annette. In short, day after day found him a constant visiter at the cottage, and although Annette listened with the artlessness of innocence to the expressions of his love, yet her father's brow was ever darkened by a frown whenever they met. He had heard of the wealth of St. Aubin, and suspected him of dishonourable views towards his daughter, who was now his only earthly comfort; and one evening, without giving him an opportunity of exculpating himself from the charge, he accused him of these views, and rudely forbidding him the house—closed the door in his face! In the heat of passion, and wounded pride, St. Aubin swore vengeance upon his uncourteous host, as he retreated through the gate, which was closed by the old domestick, at the command of his master, with orders not to admit him again.

This event happened at that precise point of time which brought the two Pirates to the dwelling of Dumain. St. Aubin was at this instant resting against a tree, reflecting on what course to pursue in order to obtain a future interview with Annette, when these men hastily passed him, and entered the house. Alarmed by the report of a pistol,—and breathless with fear for the safety of Annette, he was rushing forward, when his arm was immediately seized with a powerful grasp and a rough voice whispered in his ear—"Speak not—stir not—or you are a dead man!" At this instant an agonized shriek from Annette burst upon his ear! Nerved with superhuman strength, he broke from the villain who held him, and ran towards the house; he was, however, pursued, and struck to the earth, just as he entered the gate, with a force which he could not resist, and again threatened with death if he attempted to escape. The other, in the mean time, had succeeded in securing Mons. Dumain and his daughter, and having pillaged their dwelling of every thing that was valuable, came forth heavily laden with the fruits of his lawless enterprise, and conferring an instant with his comrade in a low voice, he immediately struck into the path that led to the sea shore. St. Aubin expected death; but the firm gripe of the ruffian was all he suffered,—when suddenly a smothered flame burst from the window of the lower apartment:

"In the name of God!" cried Jean in a voice of agony, "release me, and I forgive you!"

Loosing his grasp, with the velocity of lightning the villain darted into the path which his companion had taken, and disappeared in an instant. On

rushing into the house, he found Dumain and his daughter confined by cords, and unable to move. While the flames were spreading around them, just as he had effected the release of Annette, the old man emerged from his hiding place to the assistance of his master, who loudly charged St. Aubin with having *plundered and fired his dwelling!* At this horrid accusation, the unfortunate youth started—then sunk, overpowered by the variety of his feelings, upon a chair.

"Well may your courage fail you now," said Dumain, "for your escape is impossible!" and springing upon him with the fury of madness, he called on the old man, who possessed a stout, athletic frame, to assist in securing him, and raising the cry of murder. In a few minutes the room was filled with persons, who, having subdued the flames, bound the ill-fated St. Aubin, and, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, hurried him to the nearest jail, where he was confined for the night. Next morning, he was carried before a magistrate, and there charged by Mons. Dumain as a robber and an incendiary. Blinded by passion, and actually believing that the young man was the perpetrator of this deed, and anxious to surrender the guilty to justice, he proceeded to swear to his identity, as the man who bound him. From his daughter no positive evidence could be drawn, she having fainted on the entrance of the robber. She could not, however, but remember, though much against her will to do so, that on quitting the house, he had "*sworn vengeance against her father!*" To this was added the stronger evidence of the old domestick and on this point the scale of "Justice" was balanced—Jean St. Aubin was condemned to die! A deep shriek of utter misery, which seemed almost to have riven her frame, burst from the lips of Annette, and gasping for breath, she sunk into a momentary forgetfulness of this appalling scene. To this state succeeded that melancholy oblivion of mind, which feels its sorrows in the deprivation of a beloved object, but is conscious of no more.

We now return to the Pirates, who, as soon as they reached their vessel, weighed anchor, and made sail; but amidst their fiendish carousals a storm arose, and after experiencing the utmost extremity of human suffering, they were wrecked on a lone and desolate shore—not very distant, however from the place where the robbery was committed. All but one perished, and that one was the companion of Mendez. Struck by the signal interposition of Heaven, with a heart softened by the perils which he had escaped, for the first time the hardened criminal bowed his knee to Deity. The dew of Heaven fell upon the withered seeds which virtue had implanted in his soul, and a sincere repentance nourished them into bloom: and he resolved in future to do right, and repair, as far as was in his power, all the ill he had done; an intent to do right is the actual dawn of virtue.

The day of St. Aubin's execution drew near. He had no hope for pardon, and therefore prepared for death! But the thought of Anette—to be thus separated from her was worse than death! Yet, conscious of innocence, he was resolved to meet his fate. The hour of execution arrived, and as he was advancing with a firm step towards the scaffold, a folded paper was thrust into his hand. It contained these words:

"Engage yourself with the priest as long as possible; and when the moment of your liberation arrives, you will see a handkerchief waved above the crowd in front of the scaffold."

The fearful hour came; and after commending himself to heaven, he cast a bewildered gaze over the vast forest of heads, while a silence as awful as that which precedes the desolating earthquake, pervaded the scene. Suddenly he caught the promised signal!—and the thrilling hope of life and liberty faintly played around his ice-circled heart. The executioner now approached; but waving him aside, he motioned to his confessor to draw near, determined to protract his existence while there was room for hope. At this instant the shrill sound of a trumpet was heard!—the sounds of "Pardon! Reprieve! Reprieve!" was re-echoed among the multitude with most lively demonstrations of joy—so much had his modest demeanour and apparent innocence interested the people in his behalf. The companion of Mendez, on his return to Rochelle, had heard of the execu-

tion that was to take place, and curiosity had prompted him to inquire the particulars,—which, when related to him, he formed the noble resolution of saving the life of the innocent St. Aubin, even at the expense of his own!

He therefore wrote, and despatched a note by a friend in whom he confided, to the place of execution, and hastening to a magistrate, he related all that had happened on that eventful night—his subsequent shipwreck—and finally his resolution to lead a life of honesty, if it should be spared him. It is hardly necessary to add, that on investigating his claims to mercy, it was accorded to him, soon after the honourable acquittal of Jean St. Aubin. To describe the feelings of this youth on so momentous an occasion would be impossible. An hour ago, scarcely a shadow rested between him and eternity—the world was now again before his view!

But where was she who was the light of his path?—in darkness, he had heard of her mental derangement, and it touched him to the soul; “Yet I will see her,” exclaimed he—“she has not—oh! no—she can not have forgotten me.”

The father of Annette, conscious of the misery which his error had occasioned Jean, kindly welcomed him to his house, and led him to the apartment of his daughter, whom he found arranging some little articles of taste, which he had given her, upon the mantel-piece. At the sound of footsteps, she turned round, and fixed her eyes full upon his face, and then upon her father's, and said in a low tone, “But it cannot be he”—and then began to sing the fragment of a song, in a voice of the most impressive melancholy—

They've laid him beneath the cold, cold sod,
And he rests in his early grave—
But his spirit hath flown to meet its God!
I've knelt at the throne of grace to save—

“his poor lost soul!” she added, with emotion, raising her clasped hands to heaven! St. Aubin gazed on the lovely maniac with the most affectionate tenderness, and advancing softly, he laid his hand on her shoulder, and gently whispered,—“Annette! my own dear Annette! it is St. Aubin! do you not know me?”

At the sound of his voice, she started, and passing her hand across her brow, as if awaking from a dream, she burst forth into a passionate flood of tears. On recovering from her emotion, the clouds which had obscured her reason, began to subside, and as he clasped her to his agitated bosom, she parted the bright hair that clustered upon his brow, and gazed long and wistfully upon his face—when a beaming smile, such as she used to wear in her days of happiness, crossed her pale cheek—and she exclaimed with joy, “Oh yes! it is he! my own St. Aubin! I knew he was guilty! Bless us, oh, my father! Bless your children, for I am irrevocably his!”

Mons. Dumain advanced, and taking her hand, placed it in that of her enraptured lover, and, as he uttered a fervent benediction on their union, he added in a low voice to Jean—“but let us hear no more of ‘revenge!’”

THE REPOSITORY.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY MR. JEFFERSON.

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgement was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance,

every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses, he was honourable, but exact: liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility; but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportionate to it. His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although, in the circle of his friends where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words. In publick, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short and embarrassed. Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in a correct style. This he had acquired by a conversation with the world: for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetick, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action, chiefly reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was in its mass, perfect, in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man, an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example. How then can it be perilous for you to take such a man on your shoulders? I am satisfied that the great body of republicans think of him as I do. We were indeed dissatisfied with him on his ratification of the British Treaty; but this was short lived. We knew his honesty, the wiles with which he was encompassed, and that age had already begun to relax the firmness of his purposes; and I am convinced that he is more deeply seated in the love and gratitude of the republicans, than in the Pharisaical homage of the federal monarchists. For he was no monarchist from preference of his judgement. The soundness of that gave him correct views of the rights of man, and his severe justice devoted him to them. He has often declared to me, that he considered our new Constitution as an experiment on the practicability of republican government, and with what dose of liberty man can be trusted for his own good; that he was determined the experiment should have a fair trial, and would lose the last drop of his blood in support of it. And these he repeated to me the oftener, and more pointedly, because he knew my suspicions of colonel Hamilton's views, and probably had heard the declarations which I had heard, to wit—“that the British constitution, with its unequal representation, corruption and other abuses, was the most perfect government which had ever been established on earth, and that a reformation of these abuses would make it an impracticable government.”

I do believe that general Washington had not a firm confidence in the durability of our government. He was naturally distrustful of men, and

inclined to gloomy apprehensions; and I was ever persuaded that a belief that we must at length end in something like a British constitution had some weight in his adoption of the ceremony of levees, birth days, pompous meetings with congress, and other forms of the same character, calculated to prepare us gradually for a change which he believed possible, and so let it come on with as little shock as might be to the publick mind. These are my opinions of general Washington, which I would vouch at the judgement seat of God, having been formed on an acquaintance of thirty years. I served with him in the Virginia legislature from 1769 to the revolutionary war, and again a short time in congress, until he left us to take command of the army. During the war, and after it, we corresponded occasionally, and in the four years of my continuance in the office of secretary of state, our intercourse was daily, confidential, and cordial. After I retired from that office, great and malignant pains were taken by our federal monarchists, and not entirely without effect, to make him view me as a theorist, holding French principles of government, which would lead infallibly to licentiousness and anarchy. And to this he listened the more easily, from my known disapprobation of the British Treaty. I never saw him afterwards, or these malignant insinuations should have been dissipated before his just judgement, as mists before the sun. I felt on his death, with my countrymen, that “verily a great man hath fallen this day in Israel.”

COLUMBUS.

The following sketch of Columbus, and of his sublime and daring adventure, is extracted from an Oration of the honourable Edward Everett, delivered on the late anniversary of American Independence, in Charlestown, Massachusetts.

About half a league from the little seaport of Palos, in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, stands a convent dedicated to St. Mary. Sometime in the year 1486, a poor way-faring stranger, accompanied by a small boy, makes his appearance, on foot, at the gate of this convent, and begs of the porter a little bread and water for his child. This friendless stranger is Columbus. Brought up in the hardy pursuit of a mariner, with no other relaxation from its toils, but that of an occasional service in the fleets of his native country, with the burden of fifty years upon his frame, the unprotected foreigner makes his suit to the haughty sovereigns of Portugal and Spain. He tells them, that the broad flat earth on which we tread, is round; he proposes, with what seems a sacrilegious hand, to lift the veil which had hung from the creation of the world over the floods of the ocean;—he promises, by a western course, to reach the eastern shores of Asia,—the region of gold, and diamonds, and spices; to extend the sovereignty of christian kings over realms and nations hitherto unapproached and unknown;—and ultimately to perform a new crusade to the holy land, and ransom the sepulchre of our Saviour, with the new found gold of the east.

Who shall believe the chimerical pretension? The learned men examine it, and pronounce it futile. The royal pilots have ascertained by their own experience, that it is groundless. The priesthood have considered it, and have pronounced that sentence so terrific where the inquisition reigns, it is a wicked heresy;—the common sense, and popular feeling of men, have been roused, first into disdainful and then indignant exercise, toward a project, which, by a strange new chimera, represented one half of mankind walking with their feet toward the other half.

Such is the reception which his proposal meets. For a long time, the great cause of humanity, depending on the discovery of these fair continents, is involved in the fortitude perseverance, and spirit of the solitary stranger, already past the time of life, when the pulse of adventure beats full and high. If he sink beneath the indifference of the great, the sneers of the wise, the enmity of the mass, and the persecution of a host of adversaries, high and low, and give up the fruitless and thankless pursuit of his noble vision, what a hope for mankind is blasted! But he does not sink. He shakes off his paltry enemies, as the lion shakes the dew drops from his mane. That consciousness

of motive and of strength which always supports the man who is worthy to be supported, sustains him in his hour of trial; and at length, after years of expectation, importunity, and hope deferred, he launches forth upon the unknown deep, to discover a new world, under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella!—Let us dwell for a moment on the auspices under which our country was brought to light. The patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella! Yes, doubtless, they have fitted out a convoy, worthy the noble temper of the man and the gallantry of his project. Convinced at length, that it is no day dream of a heated visionary, the fortunate sovereigns of Castile and Arragon, returning from their triumph over the last of the Moors, and putting a victorious close to a war of seven centuries' duration, have no doubt, prepared an expedition of well appointed magnificence, to go out upon this splendid search for other worlds. They have made ready, no doubt, their proudest galleon, to waft the heroic adventurer upon his path of glory, with a whole armada of kindred spirits, to share his toils and honours.

Alas, from his ancient resort of Palos, which he first approached as a mendicant,—in three frail barks, of which two were without decks,—the great discoverer of America sails forth on the first voyage across the unexplored waters. Such is the patronage of kings. A few years pass by; he discovers a new hemisphere; the wildest of his visions fade into insignificance, before the reality of their fulfilment; he finds a new world for Castile and Leon, and comes back to Spain, loaded with iron fetters. Republics, it is said, are ungrateful;—such are the rewards of monarchs.

With this humble instrumentality, did it please Providence to prepare the theatre for those events by which a new dispensation of liberty was to be communicated to man.

From the Quarterly Review.

DREAD OF DEATH

Is a common symptom in nervous diseases, and is here considered with its regard to influence on health. In these cases it seems rather to spoil life than to destroy it. "Not only the child, but the young man till thirty never feels that he is mortal;" but after forty a man's thoughts are much occupied by the inevitable prospect, and most of us have our little corps of consolation to protect us from the fear of it. Those of authors come out in their works. One of the most remarkable is a little Essay on Death by Lord Bacon; not that in his Essay, but towards the end of his works, near his will. The Curate of a London Parish, who has great experience of death-bed scenes, was asked how people generally met their end? And the answer was, "either they wish for it as a relief from suffering, or they are not conscious of it." Even Dr. Johnson who dreaded death so much at a distance, seems to have feared it as little on his arrival as other people; and we believe that to many persons with right views, who have had a liberal allowance of sickness and sorrow, death becomes an object not so much of apprehension as of curiosity and interest. This state of mind is not only necessary for our comfort during health, but for our safety during sickness. One of the ablest physicians alive once said that in a dangerous illness, *ceteris paribus*, a christian would have a better chance of recovery than an unbeliever; that religious resignation was a better soothing medicine than a poppy, and a better cordial than an ather; and Dr. Reid gives a similar opinion in the following expressive passage:

"The habitual horror which thus overshadows the mind, darkens the little daylight of life. An indulgence in this morbid excess of apprehension not only embitters a man's existence, but may often tend to shorten its duration. He hastens the advance of death, by the fear with which his frame is seized at its real or imaginary approach. His trembling hand involuntarily shakes the glass in which his hours are numbered."

Contradictory as it may appear, there are well attested instances of persons who have been driven even to suicide by the dread of dissolution. It

would seem as if they had run into the arms of death in order to shelter themselves from the terror of his countenance.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1828.

Mr. Elihu Wilcox, of the Canal Bookstore Encyclopedia, is our authorized agent on the line of the Erie canal.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

The London Literary Gazette and London Mirror for May, and Artists' Magazine for June, are received at this office.

PERSECUTION. Of all sickening cants and complaints, nothing is more utterly ridiculous than the constant whine which is on the lips of every worthless outcast from decent society,—Persecution—persecution! Yet there is nothing more common at the present day, and nothing more apt to take hold of the sympathy of that unhappy sort of people, who, to use Dr. Franklin's beautiful simile, are forever "looking at the ugly leg." It is never the cry of the happier class, who look with liberal and enlightened eyes on all things around them; it is never the cry of the good man who feels a pride above the little petulant accidents which cross his path in the world; it is never the cry of any one, however maltreated and abused, unless the consciousness of his own demerit, or the native cowardliness of his soul, disorder and debase the line of his purpose, and make him, as he is in the eyes of others, mean and contemptible in his own.

A host of instances have occurred in the progress of the anti-masonick fever which has spread over the western part of this state for the year past. Minds engaged in a bad cause should have fortitude; but that virtue never tarries long in the absence of its kindred. It is seldom found but where most of the other virtues have made their seat, and never tarries when all the rest have taken their flight. It may leave a substitute in the obstinacy which is strengthened by despair, that will pass for fortitude itself to the eye, but like the clay which the fire first softens and then makes ten-fold harder, can never return to its former capability of being moulded to human feelings, and remains a vessel of wrath, to be broken and to perish.

If we for once inquire what is meant by persecution, it may be well for the present, to treat it in the common acceptation among the class we have mentioned,—to wit,—those labouring under the influence of the anti-masonick fever. With them it consists, firstly, in thinking for ourselves; secondly, in acting for ourselves; and thirdly, in defending ourselves. Either, or all of these acts, combined or separate, constitute by their vocabulary the horrid crime of persecution. We shall endeavour to illustrate this by a few examples, which, being taken from facts, will contribute to a practical, as well as theoretical demonstration.

In a certain town, not beyond the westward, where the village-making yankees have already erected several school houses, one church, one cattle pound, besides other public buildings, and a liberty pole, one of the schools became destitute of a teacher, in consequence of the young man whom they had employed, having pocketed his wages, and peddled his way back to Connecticut, to marry captain Larnard's Sal, and go to farming. His place, however, was soon supplied by one of the same class, who had ventured on this hazardous vocation, determined to get money if he could by fair means; at any rate, to get it. Whether the pious anti-masonick trustees of the school opened any of the treasures of their mind to him or not, we know only by report, and therefore we will not hazard a supposition. It was enough that Mr. A. B. C. knew their sentiments, and he was determined at all events to please his employers. If he did not, it was not his fault, we dare say. Furthermore this narrative saith, that in the district attached to this school, there lived a wealthy and industrious farmer, who eagerly improved this opportunity to send a little interesting lively son to school, to keep him out of mischief, learn his alphabet, improve his morals, and so forth. In the afternoon, when the round faced tyroes were perceived returning from school, our young chap was seen far before the whole flock, straining every sinew to get home, with wonder ready to split his

cheeks, and evidently labouring under a monstrous load of great news. Rushing into the house, he could hold out no longer, but poured out his news of masons, and murder, and Morgan, and Miller, and all the secrets of anti-masonry, from Jachin and Boaz down to Timothy Monroe with his whiskers shaved. And who, pray, learned him all this?—why,—the master, to be sure. It is needless to say that he did not go to school again,—that his parents were called on by the neighbours for the reasons of their unwillingness to patronize such an interesting, pious, young man, and that the reasons were given after some hesitation. His school dwindled away; the anti-masons found that they could not alone support a school of their own, and the masonick inhabitants of the district were illiberal enough not to help them, so Mr. A. B. C. was dismissed. This was persecution;—masonick, black hearted persecution! Poor pedagogue!—he did not know anti-masonry from etymology;—he came from Connecticut, and never heard the distinction laid down. This is one instance of rank bitter persecution.

Two or three years before this excitement broke out, a certain broken down printer was built up in one of the western counties, and a newspaper established by some of the most respectable people in the county, hoping to add by this means something to the wealth and public spirit of the vicinity. This printer was furnished with an office, types, press, money, and all the necessary means of starting an establishment of the kind, with the bare condition of paying an annual rent for the benefit of the proprietors. This condition he however forgot to fulfil, and paid nothing into their hands either for the wear, tare, or interest of their property. They suffered him to go on with his business at their own loss. Meanwhile the excitement broke out, the printer took to abusing and calumniating his patrons with the order of which they happened to be members; they asked for their dues,—he could pay nothing,—and he gave up the establishment. All this was persecution,—diabolical, hell born persecution! Such an instance has occurred also very lately in Danville Vermont.

In another section of the western country, where there was but one newspaper printed, and that of a neutral character, some of those everlasting good friends to the editor, who are forever dictating the course for him to take, hinted to him that his patronage might be augmented by "going the whole hog," in the anti-masonick cause. He began, and masons of course were not willing to pay for being abused, and those who were not masons, of a candid and liberal cast, did not feel willing to pay for seeing others abused. His patronage dwindled away; another paper commenced in the same village, and the consequence was, that our zealous friend to anti-masonry was obliged to stop his paper. Now, who can hesitate to pronounce this as another instance of heaven-daring masonick persecution?

It would swell our details beyond our limits to enumerate the instances of similar outrage; we shall then turn from this, and produce a few examples of a different character; in other words, which are not to be classed under the denomination of persecution.

It is not persecution, when a minister of the gospel is repeatedly summoned before an ecclesiastical tribunal, to answer to the charges of being a mason, and threatened with excommunication from the church, and banishment from its ordinances, unless he will make an open and full renunciation of the principles of masonry,—such a renunciation too as shall be dictated to him by his accusers. Such an instance has occurred within our knowledge, where the venerable preacher was again and again called to the bar of his own church, and threatened with every thing which they could impose on him if he did not recant and enter this crusade against the order. Finding him firm and ready prepared, with the help of God and his own conscience, to bide any event, they adjourned and re-adjourned, till they finally concluded to abandon the object, and let him follow the dictates of his own enlightened judgement. This was not persecution. It is not persecution to drag a man from another state where he had gone on a visit, after a thousand rumours of his death, and so on, had been circulated,—tempt him by bribes and threats to testify to things which he knew not,—and on his refusal, to indict him as an accomplice in the outrage on Morgan. It is not persecution to drag the dead from the grave, mutilate and deform his features, and bear him in solemn procession

for many miles under pretence that it was the holy relics of the sainted Morgan. Then in the name of common sense and common humanity, what is it?

Extract of a Letter to the Editor, dated

Caledonia co., Vermont, July 23, 1838.
Dear Sir.—The estate of the "North Star" was on Tuesday last represented *insolvent* and the editor since its decease, has been *safely* delivered of a litter of little *black animals*, which he denominates "Vengeance." The editor says, that while an "Anti-Masonick Convention" was in session in the "village of Danville," for the purpose of making a settlement with Deacon Dana, the Deacon "proceeded with an officer, levied an attachment on the office and shut us out." Now perhaps if *truth* should speak she would "tell a tale," that would make the *little editor* blush, and would probably say that the office of the North Star, instead of being attached was already the property of Deacon Dana, and that the editor was indebted to him in a considerable sum beside, and that the Deacon had requested a settlement several months previous, but could not obtain one, and that the editor was notified more than ten days before that he should wait no longer than until Tuesday, the 15th inst. and accordingly on that day proved himself to be a man of truth, but not as Mr. Eaton would insinuate, in a private manner, but according to previous notice. So much for men who prove *traitors*, and set at naught their brethren, vide fate of Arnold.

We insert the following letter agreeably to a request contained in it; but we shall avail ourselves of our right to decline answering them. Our reasons are simply these;—we do not imagine any danger to offer in the present state of things, either to masonry or religion. Let their motives be what they will, sooner or later they must become apparent, and the tide of ebb will be as usual more rapid and destructive than the tide of flood. We would cheerfully give our correspondent any verbal information on the points in question; but we forbear entering into a controversy with creatures so widely different from those we usually dispute with, as some of the persons alluded to seem to be, if we do not mistake his meaning. We have not even presumed to correct one very slight error into which he has fallen; it is however not material. The request contained in his postscript has been literally followed.

Mr. Editor,—I have for a long time looked upon the excitement now waging between the enemies of masonry and its friends, with no other feeling than a curiosity to know what mighty object was in view, which might serve as a main spring to the whole machinery of anti-masonick warfare. I have thought it merely political for a season, but that opinion has died away, by observing the derangement of their apparent political plans, and the belief that something not yet openly divulged lies at the bottom of their motives for so much extraordinary exertion. I find by Mr. Southwick's withdrawal, that something besides freemasonry exists among us, which must be rooted out, and which he very significantly says "it is not necessary now to state." I will just quote his own words.

"But freemasonry is not the only evil, which requires to be rooted out from among us, before we can, strictly speaking, be called a free people. There are other grievances and corruptions, which have long existed, and which our duty, our interest, and our happiness, as freemen, call upon us to rise up unanimously and abolish. What these are, it is not now necessary to state, because the abolition of freemasonry, in the first place, is an object which requires our undivided energy; and which, if we do not succeed in accomplishing, the remnant of liberty, which will be left us, will not be worth a struggle to preserve."

What these grievances and corruptions could be, that were too important to state at this time, I could form no conjecture, until by accident I lighted on the following sentiment in the Boston Anti-Masonick Free Press, in a communication over the imposing signature of "A Christian."
"GIVE US OPEN ENEMIES, AVOWED ENEMIES TO GOD IN PREFERENCE TO A HOST OF 'SECRET' ASSOCIATIONS."

This undisguised declaration struck me like electricity. It then occurred to me that Carlisle, the noted English infidel, had laid his hope of destroying the Christian religion, on the prospect he had of abolishing freemasonry. It then occurred to me that the greatest champion of anti-masonry in America has borne the reputation of a deist for years, until his present pursuit compelled him to assume the language and profession of a christian. It then occurred to me that many other leaders in the same ranks have borne the character of deists, and more,—openly professed it. It then also occurred to me that one of the leaders of the same party at Le Roy has been heard openly to say, since he became zealous against freemasonry, that, "after all, it is a d—sight better than Christianity!"

Now, sir, as I am a Yankee, and have the privilege of asking as many questions as I please I hope you will take no offence at the following queries. You may not feel disposed to answer them; if not, I shall not question your prudence, as I am not a supporter of the doctrine that a man has no right to keep secrets. If you do not answer them, please to publish them: perhaps they will be answered in good time from another quarter.

In a late number of your paper I observed, by way of note, that a certain person had made overtures to you concerning the establishment of an *atheistical* or *jeistical* paper in Albany. Was that person Solomon Southwick?

At the first establishment of the *Datidote*, a religious paper

not long since discontinued in Albany, it was strongly suspected, you will remember, that its sole object was to bring into notice by means of controversy, the *Correspondent*, a diabolical paper, then published, and still continued in New-York. It was even feared that there had been an understanding between its editor or proprietor, and those of the *Correspondent*, and that as the one increased in notice, so would the other;—since opposition is the very life of any project. I have heard that one of the proprietors of that paper is a skeptic, or in other words, an atheist, and that Solomon Southwick was its virtual editor; although both have been denied. Are these reports true?

From the above extracts, and the reports, to say nothing of the gross immorality of others engaged in the same scheme, is there not reason to fear that powerful means are on foot in this country, to propagate the philosophy of the aforesaid English infidel?

Quæso.

PUBLIC RENUNCIATION OF ANTI-MASONRY. So far shall we copy after the vehicles of anti-masonry as to publish from time to time the recantations of such men as have the penetration to discover the motives of the faction to which they have become unwittingly attached, and have the candour to confess it, and come out from among them. Several have already appeared in the publick prints in the region of this excitement, only one of which we can lay our hands on at this time. As often as they come to hand we shall publish them, especially when we have the assurance of respectable newspapers in their immediate neighbourhood, that they are men really worthy of the publick confidence. We copy the following from the Batavia Times.

Knowing that man is liable to err, and believing it to be the duty of every person when convinced of his errors, to frankly acknowledge the same, and give his reasons (if any he have,) for renouncing any principles he has adopted and advocated, I, through the medium of your paper, would give the following reasons for discarding my former opinions in regard to the Morgan excitement.

1st. Being led to believe, through the information of those whom I thought I could rely upon, that almost all of those who first renounced masonry were the first, as well as the most honest men in our country; and being well convinced on an acquaintance, that some of them are composed of the dregs of society, and others have come off for the purpose of personal aggrandizement, and others, through personal revenge to some one of the order, I consider that but a small part of what such men say, ought to be believed.

2dly. When I see men who have been the first on the docket, to renounce freemasonry, proclaiming to the world the purity and disinterestedness of their motives, aspiring to the first offices in the government, I can only exclaim in the language of the scriptures—"Wo unto you, Scribes, Hypocrites, and Pharisees."

H. S. PARKER.

China, July 21st, 1838.

BOSTON BOOK FAIR. At the late book fair in Boston, the Booksellers and Publishers partook of a dinner at the Exchange Coffee House, where the following toasts, with a great many others, were offered.

Authors. May the great quantity of rags required to clothe their numerous offspring, not oblige the booksellers to go naked.

Paper Makers. Jugglers who conjure *old shirts* into *new sheets*—*nightcaps* into *foolscap*—and what is discarded by the *body* into fit clothing for the *mind*—Let us take care that these conjurers don't turn booksellers into bankrupts.

Printers. Let there be no useless *sorts*, none that give *bad impressions*, and may all *new founts* keep clear of the *Old Nick*.

The Female Authors of America. True republicans—We will not name as among them, one *Royal* writer.

The next President. John's son or Jack's son,—May his works bear stereotyping.

The Ladies. The binders of our affections—the folders, gatherers, and collectors of our enjoyments.

Every one of Us. When his *Life* is *finished*, may its pages be well *justified*, and the *volume* show a *correct table of contents*.

INDEPENDENCE. The following toasts and songs were offered at Baltimore, by the society of Spinners, (so says the *Emerald*, and that is a ladies' paper, and may be considered the organ of their festival reports,) on the fourth of July last.

Old Bachelors. Rusty things—may they enjoy as much happiness by themselves as we do without them.—*Tune*, "We're a' noddin."

Fashion. Like the silk worm, she spins her own coffin. Those of us who would look lovely, should study simplicity—a little *waist* will cost much.—*Tune*, "I'd be a butterfly."

Matrimony. Like masonry, no one knows the secret until they are initiated. We sincerely hope we may soon learn the mystery.—*Tune*, "I want to be a nun."

The Tongue. Our sharpest weapon of defence; snarlers say that it was the last evil that fell from the box of Pandora

'tis false!—it came out first, for it could not bear "distance vile."—*Tune*, "Bid me discourse."
Rights of Woman. Recorded on the heart—to drink soda water, wear Navarinos, and ogle whom they please—*Tune*, "Hurra for the bonnets of blue."

SONG—Ain, "Comin' through the rye."

If a body meet a body
Coming through a crowd,
Should a body to a body
Tattle tales too loud?
All the ladies in the city,
Quaker like and proud,
Love to raise their voices pretty,
Coming through the crowd.

If a body meet a body
In the soda shops,
Should a body say a body
Loves to take her drops?
Surely mineral water nice is,
When it foams and pops—
Old Degruchy's, Sparks and Price's—
Bless their soda shops!

Since we've met in joy together,
Let us talk and sing—
Not in praise of man,—we'd rather
Scorn the ugly thing!
The procession made us cry—O!
Ways to bear the Mail,
From our city to Ohio,
Riding on a rail.

More Revelations. We understand, says the Batavia Times, that Solomon Southwick, in his sermon of three hours' length, delivered at the Le Roy "show" on the 4th, stated most unequivocally that *Bonaparte was murdered by the masons!!* And that *masonry was the sole cause of introducing sin into our world, in the garden of Eden!!!* This is a thumper—if the masons have got to father all the sins that have been committed since the days of Adam and Eve, they most assuredly will have a dreadful account to render at the last day.



JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the publick that he has removed to No 454, South Market street, three doors north, of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5 1838. 154

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the several Bookstores in Albany, Troy, New-York, and elsewhere,

A DEFENCE OF FREEMASONRY, in a Series of Letters addressed to Solomon Southwick, esq. and others, in which the true Principles of the Order are given, and many late Misrepresentations corrected. With an Appendix, containing explanatory Notes and Masonick Documents. By Luther Pratt, Editor of the American Masonick Register, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine, recently published in the city of New-York.—"Prove all things—hold fast that which is good."—St. Paul. The work is comprised in 216 pages, 12mo. in boards, at 50 cents single, and \$4 per dozen.

* * * Orders from a distance addressed to the author at Albany, enclosing the money, free of postage, will be punctually attended to, and the books sent according to the directions.

* * * Such printers in the United States and British America as will give the above an insertion, will receive the thanks of an old brother Editor. Albany, July 18 1838.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY—N. TABELL has removed his Brush, Trunk, and Bandbox Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the publick. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash on hand for *Brushes*. June 29. 1838.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Stouven streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9. 1838. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

* * * An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22 474

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

LINES,

Written on board the Steam-boat Niagara, on Lake Erie, during a Storm.

Adieu, adieu, my native land—
I leave thee for a foreign strand,
Where fell disease with withering hand,
Deals death around,
And in whose desolating hand
Red plagues are found.

And even while yon lofty dome
That towers above my youthful home
Fades from my view, as on we roam
O'er every swell,
E'en now I'll sing, amid their foam,
My last farewell.

The lake birds shriek, as louder raves
The storm, and dash the mountain waves;
The tempest, from his vapoury caves,
Blows his wild blast,
And musters all his meteor slaves,
As 'twere his last.

The thunder's awful muttering crash—
The lightning's livid quivering flash—
The waves that on the hoar cliffs dash
With deafening roar,
And white in foam and fury lash
The sounding shore,

All join to make our trembling bark
A thing to dread; for rude and stark,
The hardy woodsman you may mark,
Lean o'er the rail—
Convulsive heave—his brow, once dark,
Now deadly pale.

As slowly sinks the lurid sun,
The blackening clouds grow doubly dun,
And forked lightnings quivering run
Athwart the sky—
The winds, as though they'd just begun,
Pipe loud and high.

Amon, as wilder sweeps the gale,
The west rolls up a vapoury veil
Whence driving come such rain and hail,
And streams of fire,
As if the elements would fail
In their last ire.

The storm hath past, but where am I!
From home and friends, I friendless fly:
I hear the lake's wild lullaby,
But in my breast
A storm still raves—will never die,
Nor sink to rest.

That storm 't were hard e'en to conceal,
For keen's the pang I deeply feel,
When thoughts will o'er me wildly steal
Of all I've left—
Oh! I could almost basely kneel,
Of hope bereft,

And cringing ask what shall be mine—
Then welcome hope, thou power divine,
On fame's proud steep I yet may twine
One wreath for thee;
Then on my path still sweetly shine,
And storms shall flee.

But now I'm gone—let foes revile—
I know my heart is free from guile,
Though Envy triumph for a while,
Let them beware;
I've felt their hate, and proved their smile
To my despair.

Let them beware—for I can dare
What they have never dreamed of there;
They'll wake the panther in his lair,
If thus they goad

A soul borne down by black despair
And misery's load.

Farewell, my friends— and my foes—
A long farewell—the orange grows,
The myrtle and the twining rose,
Where I shall roam—
Perchance, at last forget my woes—
But not my home.

ALBERTUS.

Rocky Springs, Claiborne co., Mississippi.

From "Atherstone's Fall of Nineveh."

SARDANAPALUS' APPROACH TO BATTLE.

He comes, at length:—
The thickening thunder of the wheels is heard:
Upon their hinges roaring, open fly
The brazen gates:—sounds then the tramp of hoofs,—
And lo! the gorgeous pageant, like the sun,
Flares on their startled eyes. Four snow-white steeds,
In golden trappings, barbed all in gold,
Spring through the gate:—the lofty chariot then,
Of ebony, with gold and gems thick strown,
Even like the starry night. The spokes were gold,
With felloes of strong brass; the naves were brass;
With burnished gold o'erlaid, and diamond rimmed;
Steel were the axles, in bright silver cased;
The pole was cased in silver: high aloft,
Like a rich throne, the gorgeous seat was framed;
Of ivory part, part silver, and part gold:
On either side a golden statue stood:
Upon the right,—and on a throne of gold,—
Great Belus, of the Assyrian empire first,
And worshipped as a god; but, on the left,
In a resplendent car by lions drawn,
A goddess; on her head, a tower; and round,
Celestial glory; this the deity
Whom most the monarch worshipped; she whom, since
Astarte, or Derceto, men have named,
And Venus, queen of love. Around her waist
A girdle, glittering with all radiant gems,
Seemed heaving to her breath. Behind the car,
Full in the centre, on the ebony ground,
Flamed forth a diamond sun; on either side,
A horned moon of diamond; and beyond,
The planets, each one blazing diamond.
Such was the chariot of the king of kings.
Himself in dazzling armour stands aloft,
And rules the fiery steeds. His shield of gold,
His spear, his helm, his bow and quiver hang
Within the roomy car. Thus, like a god,
From forth the gates he comes,—and every knee
Bends to the ground, and every voice cries out,
"Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!"
May the king live for ever!" Thrice he smiles,
And waves his hands to all; and thrice the shouts
To heaven go up. Then on his starting horse
Springs every rider; every charioteer
Leaps to his car; and through the sounding streets
The pageant flames, and on the dusty plain
Pours forth; and ever more, from street to street,
Runs on the cry, "The king! the king comes forth!
The king of kings, in his war chariot, comes!
Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live forever!"

To the walls
The cry flies on,—they hear it on the plains,—
The plains cry out,—they hear it in the heavens.
On through the bowing host the monarch drives;
High over all conspicuous, the bright crown,
Like an ethereal fire, through all the field
Flashing perpetual light. From rank to rank,
From nation unto nation goes he on;
And still all knees are bent, all voices raised,
As to a deity.

"IT SHALL BE WELL."

BY MRS. HALE.

"Say unto the righteous it shall be well with him."—Holy Writ.

"It shall be well"—the conqueror's word,
When vanquished realms salute him lord,
Gold, honour, titles, power confers
Upon his faithful followers,
Yet dares not bid fame's clarion swell,
Bearing the sound—"it shall be well."

"It shall be well"—the Youth hath found
Joys, like young roses, clustering round;
He dreams, might there no blighting fall,

O, he could win and wear them all;
What promise can his fears dispel?
That holy one—"it shall be well."

He gains it—yet life's wintry day
Hath swept those clustered joys away,
Scattered like rose leaves on the wind—
But lives the promise in his mind?
O, ne'er again his sorrows tell,
Cling to the hope—"it shall be well."

"It shall be well"—there needs no more,
The cup of bliss is brimming o'er;
Joys—they are all by Goodness lent,
Griefs—they are all by Mercy sent—
That promise ours where we dwell,
Prison or palace "shall be well."

"It shall be well"—when spring is bright,
And well mid winter's chilling night;
The mind's dark storms were hushed in peace;
As rainbows bid earth's tempests cease,
When on the tear dimmed spirit fell
Heaven's beam where glowed—"it shall be well."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE HEIRESS TO HER LOVER.

Fallen ere long shall my fortunes be,
Yet my faith is firm—I will go with thee!
I yield not weakly to fancy's trance,
Or the fitful flame of young romance,
I dwell with a calm unshrinking mind
On the scenes that I seek and leave behind:
My future fate in a glass I see,
And my choice is fixed—I will go with thee!

I know that my kinsman will withhold
The lavish stores of his promised gold,
I know that with vanished wealth will end
The fleeting love of each summer friend,
And that all the crowds who court my eye,
Will coldly and carelessly pass me by;
Joyless and vain was their praise to me,
Light is their blame—I will go with thee!

I know that I soon must lay aside
My splendid garments of costly pride,
And off from my books and lute repair
To con the lesson of thrifty care;
I know that my days of frugal toil
Will but be cheered by thy voice and smile,
Yet that smile, that voice, a spell shall be
To bless my lot—I will go with thee!

I have thought on this hour with many a tear,
In the timid weakness of woman's fear;
It comes, and I rise the test above,
In the dauntless strength of woman's love;
Gaze not upon me with looks so sad,
My step is firm, and my eye is glad,
This last, last sigh for my home shall be,
Past is the trial—I go with thee!

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE AND TIME.

An ancient man, ycleped Time,
Fatigued with journeying many a clime,
A Cupid chanced to spy,
Stop, cried the sage, thou flatterer gay,
I too have wings, then teach, I pray,
Thy art, that Time may fly.

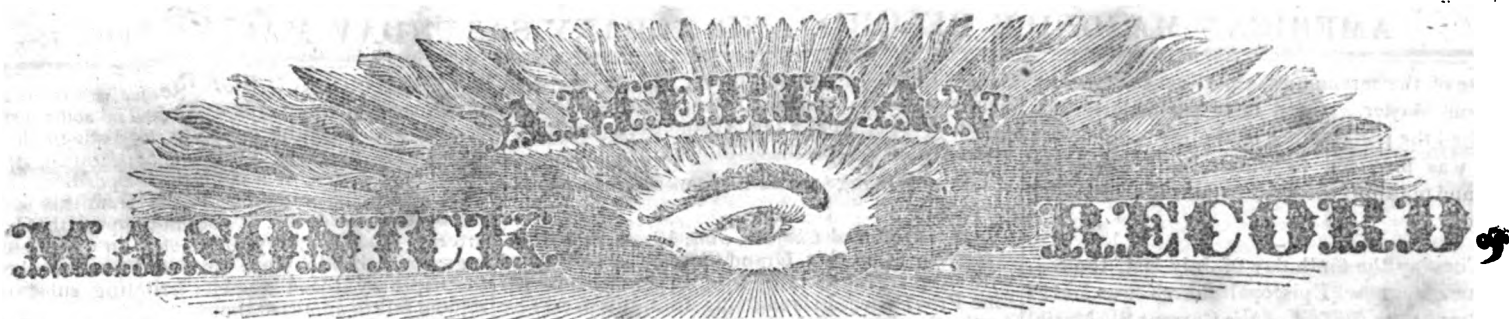
Love smiles assent, and hand in hand
They skim, like lightning o'er the land,
When Love is heard to cry—
Behold, ye nymphs, who sportive tread
The verdant lawn and mountain head,
With Love how Time can fly.

But Cupid's force was quickly spent,
So Time his arm the urchin lent,
To bear him still on high—
And see, he cried, ye nymph below,
What haply ye must one day know,
With Time how Love may fly.

THIS PAPER

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1828

NO. 28.

MASONICK RECORD.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS.

The festival of our patron saint was celebrated at Leominster, Worcester county, state of Massachusetts, by Aurora Lodge, and the other lodges of the vicinity. The Royal Arch chapter, located at Princeton, also attended, and a large number of visiting brethren from different parts of the country. To the numerous procession of brethren, there was added about one hundred ladies, who also had a table provided for them in the hall of the hotel. The procession moved to the church, where after an appropriate prayer, an oration was delivered by Brother J. G. Carter, of Lancaster. On leaving the church, the procession of the brethren moved to a tent provided for the purpose, and sat down to an excellent dinner. The ladies at the same time retired to their table in the hall. Brother Benjamin Rugg, W. M. of Aurora Lodge, presided at table, and after the cloth was removed, many sentiments were given, from which we copy the following, as selected for the Lancaster Gazette.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. *Freemasonry*.—She has descended from heaven to lead us home.
2. *The M. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts*.—Honoured by her government, may we be her obedient and affectionate children.
3. *The Principles of our Institution*.—Faith and Hope shall lead, and Charity prepare us for our reward hereafter.
4. *The memory of De Witt Clinton*.—As a mason, be it his highest praise, that he followed our principles without suffering them to become entangled with religion and politics.
5. *Geometry*.—"All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her influence, and the greatest as not exempt from her power."
6. *Freemasonry*.—Man can not destroy her, for she is blessed of God.

VOLUNTEERS.

By R. W. Benj. Rugg, master of Aurora Lodge. While we continue to celebrate the nativity of Saint John, may we keep in lively exercise the three Jewels of a master mason.

By the Rev. Comp. Clark, of Princeton. *Freemasonry*.—Founded on the unchangeable principles of Wisdom, Truth, and Benevolence; its light can neither be extinguished by the darkness of the north, nor buried in the waters of Niagara.

By R. W. Abraham Haskell. *The memory of our departed Brother Washington*.—Equally the patron of masonry and the friend of man; his distinguished virtues render his name imperishable.

By Comp. Alexander Dustin, of Sterling. *Mason's Wives and mason's Daughters*.—The mothers of masonry and the mothers of masons.

Masonry.—Though Jachin and Boaz, and Morgan have thundered round the altar, genuine masonry stands as firm as the everlasting hills, whose builder and maker is God.

By the Orator of the Day. *The Masonick Association*.—While it lends its support to all good in-

stitutions, it requires nothing but toleration from any of them.

By Brother William Perry. *The Orator of the Day*.—Alike distinguished as a gentleman, a scholar, and a mason.

By Rev. Comp. Hudson, of Westminster. *Freemasonry*.—A system of internal improvements.

The following toast was sent to the ladies:—

The Ladies.—Heaven's best gift to man: let the gift be gratefully received and fondly cherished by every mason.

Toast from the ladies to the masons:—

The Masonick Fraternity.—We have Faith in their good intentions, Hope for their success, and Charity for their imperfections.

A correspondent in the Lancaster Gazette speaks thus of Mr. Carter's address:—

"If it was faulty in any thing, it was in being what it was, masonick; but though under the disadvantage of being delivered on so trite an occasion, and of course in some degree adapted to it, it nevertheless bore marks, ample and decided, of a mind that could think for itself when there was scarcely any escape from following a precedent; that could look around and find something worth seeing and showing where others would stare eternally at whatever had once attracted their attention. The delineation of the features of masonry was much clearer and more definite than usual. Masonry was explicitly declared to be a Science. Its ancient and sacred allusions in which it deals so much were represented as the objects of a mason's curious investigation, and as being so fruitful a study that "no one ever learned out."

The orator passed happily and ingeniously from the subject suggested and required by the occasion to his favourite topic, education. Here he displayed his characteristic tact, closing the address with an appeal (eloquent enough to be worthy of the cause) to the present, in behalf of the rising generation."

There was a very spirited celebration in Walpole, Massachusetts. An oration was pronounced by the Rev. Brother Streeter, and about four hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to dine. The following are selected from the toasts offered at the table:—

The day.—It is not the birth day of a monarch, nor the anniversary of a battle; but it is consecrated to one whose fame and principles have filled the earth.

Freemasonry.—True to the principles of the Arch, it gathers strength from the pressure that is intended to crush it.

Charity.—It is no intermittent fountain: it flows for ever.

Lafayette.—His actions are the best eulogium of his principles.

Clinton.—The publick benefactor, who has left his name for another age, and his children to the cold ingratitude of this.

Washington and Warren.—One rests in an humble grave,—a splendid pillar will attract the pilgrim to the other; but neglect cannot diminish their glory, or monuments increase it.

Ferdinand VII.—Whose judges are inquisitors and whose process is the rack:—May he soon enjoy himself, the tender mercies he has often prepared for others.

The Clergy.—Good preachers give us fruits, not flowers.

The Ladies.—A foe to beauty is an enemy to Nature.

The Grand Lodge of Rhode-Island celebrated the day, at Fayette Lodge in the town of Cumberland, in a spirited and appropriate manner. A procession, consisting of about two hundred masons, and three hundred ladies, was formed at the Hall, and proceeded to the meeting house, where an address was delivered by the Rev. Brother Taylor. The company afterwards sat down to a dinner, where the usual good feeling prevailed, and the customary interchange of masonick sentiments made the entertainment highly gratifying.

MASONICK CEREMONIES.

The corner stone of a new Protestant Episcopal Church, erecting in the city of Washington, near the City Hall, and to be called Trinity Church, was laid on Saturday, May 31, by the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and other brethren, accompanied by the Mayor of the city, members of the corporation, and other citizens, in the presence of the Pastor and Vestry of the congregation. The Grand Master, William Hewitt, esq., delivered to his brethren and fellow citizens, a very pertinent and instructive address, on the occasion, followed by a most appropriate and impressive address and prayer by the Rev. Henry V. D. Johns.

Meridian Splendour Lodge, in Newport, Maine, was dedicated, consecrated, and its officers installed agreeably to previous notice, in due and ancient form, on Thursday the 26th day of June last, by M. W. John Brown, of Bangor. The procession was formed at the Hall and accompanied by a band of musick, proceeded to the place of service, where an eloquent and appropriate address was pronounced by R. W. Thornton McGaw, of Bangor. After the subsequent ceremonies were performed the members of the fraternity, amounting to over one hundred, sat down to a dinner prepared for the occasion. The feast was graced by about fifty ladies.

Officers installed:—John Wilson, jr., Master; Edward Pillsbury, Senior Warden; Samuel Allen, Junior Warden; Samuel Pratt, Treasurer; Thomas Lancy, Secretary; John H. Smith, Senior Deacon; Joseph Haskell, Junior Deacon; Haran Allen, William Smith, Stewards; John Holbrook, Tyler; John Wilson, Marshal.

Columbian Lodge, in the village of Walpole, New-Hampshire, was consecrated and its officers installed in ample form, on Wednesday the 27th of June last. The day was fine, and the concourse of people assembled on the occasion large and respectable. An interesting discourse was delivered by the Rev. Brother Nye, Grand Chaplain, and at

the close of the ceremonies, a pertinent address by the Grand Master. Good taste particularly distinguished the performance of the ceremonies. A dinner was provided to which the brethren sat down, and nothing occurred to mar the festivities of the day.

On Tuesday the tenth day of July last, the corner stone of a new Episcopal church was laid at Hochelega, near the foot of the Current St. Marie, in Lower Canada, with masonick ceremonies. The procession reached the spot a little after four o'clock, when the Rev. Mr. Bethune invoked the throne of grace in the following words:—

"Almighty God, who, by thy servants Moses and David, didst command thy chosen people to build a Tabernacle and Temple for thy service; and hast promised us that 'where two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them,' look down, we implore thee, on the humble efforts of thy servants; prosper our labours 'with thy most gracious favour, and further them with thy continual help, that' this our work 'begun, continued, and ended in thee,' may rise up a holy temple to thy name.

We know, O Lord! that the heaven of heavens can not contain thee, yet have thou respect unto the prayer of thy servants, and their supplication, that thine eyes may be open towards this house night and day.

'Cast thy bright beams of light' upon 'the ministers and stewards of thy holy mysteries,' that being enlightened by the doctrines of 'thy Blessed Son our Lord, they may here set forth thy true and lively word, 'and to all thy people' who may be here assembled 'give thy heavenly grace, that the hearts of the disobedient being turned to the wisdom of the just, they may with meek heart and due reverence, hear and receive thy holy word.' Grant that the hardened sinner may here be reclaimed from the error of his ways, and that his heart of stone may be converted into a heart of flesh; that the careless wanderer from the fold may be brought home again to full communion and fellowship with the flock of Christ; and that the humble and pious follower of thy blessed Son may be encouraged to continue steadfast in the faith, and persevere unto the end, that he may finally, with all thy faithful servants, obtain everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

After the prayer was concluded, the usual masonick ceremonies were performed, and a tin box, in which was a phial, containing a suitable inscription, various coins, &c. deposited in the cavity of the stone. The R. W. Grand Master, John Molson, esq, after applying the square, plumb, and level to the stone, in its proper position, pronounced it to be well formed, true, and trusty. The Rev. Brother Bethune then said:—

"May the Grand Architect of the Universe grant a blessing on this foundation stone, which we have now laid; and by his Providence enable us to finish this and all our works with skill and success."

These ceremonies gone through, the Rev. Mr. Bethune addressed the brethren assembled, in an appropriate and impressive manner; after which a collection was taken up for the benefit of the building.

VERMONT.

The annual communication of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of Vermont, was held at Mason's Hall, in Rutland, on Wednesday the 19th of June last. The meeting was numerously attended, and the publick exercises of the day were solemn and impressive.

The following officers were duly elected for the ensuing year:—Joel Clapp, Grand High Priest; Hannibal Hodges, Deputy Grand High Priest; Naphthali Shaw, 2d, Grand King; Philip C. Tucker, Grand Scribe; Benjamin Lord, Grand Treasurer; Joel Green, Grand Secretary; Rev. Amos Drury,

Grand Chaplain; R. C. Boyce, Grand Marshal; Benjamin Smith, Grand Visiter; Silas H. Hodges, Aaron Barnes, Abel Page, Grand Stewards; John Cobb, Grand Tyler and Sentinel.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

In Grand Chapter, June 18, A. L. 5828.

Resolved that this Grand Chapter have learned with deep regret the afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence in removing from this world by death, the distinguished citizen and eminent mason, DE WITT CLINTON, late General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States; that we sincerely sympathize with his afflicted family, and with the masonick fraternity throughout the United States on the mournful occasion, and that it be recommended to the members of this Grand Chapter, and to the members of the several chapters and Mark Lodges under their jurisdiction, to wear the customary badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, that the treasurer be directed to transmit to the treasurer of the American Bible Society the sum of thirty dollars, for the purpose of constituting the Rev. Amos Drury, Grand Chaplain, a life member of the same.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

PROFUSE BLEEDING.

From the North American Medical and Surgical Journal, for July.

In a recent Medical Journal, is inserted an account of the very curious case of Mr. —, which attracted considerable notice in this city, at the time of its occurrence, from the singular inveteracy with which the most alarming bleedings returned, in despite of an active and varied medical treatment. The narrative is drawn up by his surgeon, Dr. Reynell Coates; and notices are added, by the same hand, of a number of cases of a similar kind, affording remarkable evidence of hereditary transmission.

Mr. — had a tooth extracted on the 21st of December, 1827, and the bleeding following the operation, instead of subsiding in a few minutes, continued so long and obstinately, that the Dentist, at the request of his patient, applied the actual cautery, but without success. From this time to the 1st of January, 1828, the bleeding continued either incessantly or with short intermissions. A variety of treatment was employed by his attendants. Different stypticks were tried without avail; as well as various modes of making pressure, four applications of the hot iron, &c. The patient, after losing an immense quantity of blood, appeared to be most benefited, towards the close, by opium and a nourishing diet. In several instances, the bleeding was arrested, for a considerable interval, after a warm breakfast. The effect of the cautery was generally to suppress it for a time, but it returned with increased violence.

The same individual had, in early youth, received a deep wound from a sickle, without any of these disastrous consequences; so that this singular predisposition does not seem to have been always active. In other instances, a slight cut, or the extraction of a tooth, were followed by hemorrhages so alarming, that the application of fire was found necessary to suppress them.

Mr. — was the first of his family to display the peculiarity of constitution, which forms the subject of the present paper.

His frame is vigorous, and except the exhaustion from loss of blood, he has every appearance of health. After himself, the malady next appeared among his Sister's children; one of whom bled to death, from a rupture of the *frænum* of the upper lip. Another, after recovering, with difficulty, from a similar injury, finally died of bleeding from a cut on the forehead, inflicted with a stone. In a third, a slight contusion produced an enormous effusion of blood in the cellular tissue; and in a fourth a wound of the thumb, was followed by a bleeding, which continued several days.

Dr. Coates has collected notices, more or less complete, of similar occurrences in ten different families, in nearly all of which the bleeding extended to several individuals; most of these were in

the United States;—all of the individuals, except three, were of the male sex; and in some instances, it was thought possible to distinguish the "bleeders" by their personal appearance; these being robust men, of a choleric disposition. Several examples of the loss of life from this cause, have been preserved: It does not appear that large arteries are commonly interested in these bleedings; but that they are produced exclusively by the capillary blood vessels; irritating substances seldom fail to increase them.

In several cases, the disease appeared to yield, in a singular manner, to the use of *sulphate of Soda* or common Glauber's Salts.

Dr. Coates offers a series of deductions from these facts; which are principally interesting to Medical men. We may remark, however, that little success followed any local application, except the appalling one of the hot iron.

NEW MODE OF PROJECTING SHOT FOR NAVAL WARFARE.

From a London Paper.

A lecture was given, on Friday evening, by Mr. Brookedon, at the Royal Institution, Albemarle street, on a new method of projecting shot, invented by Mr. Sievier, the sculptor. It was stated by Mr. Rockedon that he was present at some of the experiments, and that one ounce of gun powder, projected to the distance of 185 yards (point blank,) a ball of fourteen pounds weight, and it afterwards penetrated the earth three feet. In another experiment it fired a shot of 18 pounds, with the same quantity of powder, and destroyed a large tree. The most extraordinary part of this invention was, that the shot was fired without a cannon, and it was mentioned by the lecturer that the great saving in the weight, particularly in ship carriage, would be very considerable, as to fire a shot of 12 pounds in the ordinary way would require a cannon of 22 hundred weight, and a carriage of 10 do; whereas Mr. Sievier's invention only requires a stock or bar of iron of about one hundred weight. This mode of gunnery is not confined to any calibre, therefore any sized or shaped shot may be projected from the same stock. The lecturer also stated that he had prepared in a rough manner, a small model to show some experiments upon, but upon trial found that two grains of gunpowder drove a one ounce and a half shot through thin deal planks, and afterwards bounded about the room, so as to be dangerous; he thought it therefore prudent to desist from the experiment in a crowded place. He afterwards gave his opinion of the cause produced by this small quantity of gunpowder, which was, that the recoil which takes place in ordinary gunnery is by Mr. Sievier's invention given to the shot; he entered learnedly into the nature of recoil, and elucidated it by many facts, and proved that no recoil took place till the shot had left the muzzle of the gun. The lecture was very interesting, and we agree with Mr. Brookedon that Mr. Sievier's invention will prove one of the most destructive engines of war. It was also stated that Sir William Congreve has an invention something similar, which lays at Woolwich, the powder being confined in a mandril; in Mr. Sievier's it is confined to the shot itself. Sir William's was not found to answer.

DISEASE OF SILK-WORMS.

In the southern parts of France, where silk-worms are raised, it is very common to observe the insects attacked by a disease called the jaundice, in consequence of the colour acquired by them. Very careful examination is continually made for the discovery of such worms as may be attacked by it, that they may be removed, lest the disease, being contagious, should spread to the others.

The Abbe Eysseric of Carpentras had recourse to a remedy in these cases, which, though apparently dangerous, had been warranted by the success of twenty years. He used to powder his worms over with quick-lime by means of a silk sieve; he then gave them mulberry-leaves moistened with a few drops of wine, and the insects instantly set about devouring the leaves with an eagerness which they did not usually show. Not one of the hurdles upon which he raised his worms appeared infected with the jaundice. It was at

first supposed, that the cocoons of silk were injured by this process; this, however, is not the case, and his method of practice is now adopted generally in the department of Vaucluse.

[Bull. Univ.]

TEMPERATURE BELOW THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

Mr. Fox, in an additional paper relative to the temperature of the interior of the earth, as indicated by the temperature of the waters issuing from the bottoms of mines, states, upon the authority of a friend, in the firm of Barclay, Perkins, and Co., that the water in a well in their premises, in Southwark, 140 feet deep, is invariably at the temperature of 54°, which is 4° .5 above the mean climate of London, according to Howard, who calls it 49° .5.

From experiments made upon the mean temperature for a whole year, at the following places, in the mining districts, namely,—

Huel Gorland	-	49.99
Dolcoath	-	49.94
Falmouth	-	50.67

Mean - - 49.86

it would appear that the mean temperature of the earth's surface in our climate is under 51°, and even less than 50° in a considerable portion of these districts. This is from ten to nearly thirty degrees less than the temperature of the water drawn from the mines. [Trans. Geog. Soc. Cornwall.]

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES OF FALL OF RAIN.

May 29, 1827, six inches of rain fell at Geneva in the short space of three hours.

From September 23 to 27, 1827, there fell at Montpelier fifteen inches eight lines of rain. In forty-eight hours, from the 24th to the 26th of that month, eleven inches ten lines of rain fell at M. Berard's manufactory, near Montpelier.

The fall of rain at Joyeuse (departement de l'Audeche) was, according to the registers of M. Tardy de la Brosse, most extraordinary. The maximum of rain collected in any one day, for twenty-three years, was, on the 9th of August, 1807, as much as nine inches three lines. But on the 9th of October, 1827, there fell twenty-nine inches three lines of rain, in the space of twenty-two hours. Eleven days of that month, according to the same registers, gave thirty-six inches of water, or about double the quantity which fell at Paris during the whole year.

During the dreadful fall of rain on the 6th, the barometer was nearly stationary, and only two or three lines beneath its mean height. Claps of thunder succeeded each other without intermission. [Annales de Chimie.]

THE GATHERER.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

YANKEE LYRICS.

NO. II.

In our good land (and there are many worse ones,
Few better) there is no respect of persons.
Our honest farmers think themselves as good,
Although they may have never learned their letters,
(Yet every one could do it, if he would)
As those big folks who call themselves their betters.
And so they are for I believe,
We all are sons of mother Eve,
If so, I see no lawful right
Why black should be the slave of white,
Or why, since mankind are my brothers,
I may not talk as well as others—
So thought the lad, whose story is below
So you may think, if you'll but read it through!
There lived some years ago,
In old Connecticut
(What part, it matters not
So that my tale is true)
A rough, plain, unsophisticated farmer,
Hodge, if you please,
Who lived by selling cheese
Home-manufactured by his duteous charmer.
One day it happened, sad mishap,
Their stock of rennet had run dry;
What must be done, but junior Hodge, a chap
Of parts, should go to town to buy?
The loving mother greased her darling's shoes,
The youth put on a checked (not linen) cotton;
A pair of bran new, nice, long striped hose,

Nor was the leather pocket-book forgotten—
Coat, vest, hat, small clothes all bestowed,
In proper keeping, off our hero rode.

Young Hodge had never been to town before,
(Twas not a common custom)

But mother said he was nineteen or more
And wan't afraid to trust him.

He stopped the first man that he saw,
Who happened to be R—ch-d L—w

Esquire, a noted child of fun—
"I want to know if you knows any one

That keeps such things as rennet-bags to sell,
For mother can't run up another curd,
Nor make a single cheese, until

I gets her some." The Lawyer heard
Th' unceremonious address,

And soon returned "oh yes!
There is a dealer in the article

Around that corner there
Who doesn't do his work by halves,

But keeps on hand large lots of calves,
He's a queer man, I know him well
And may be he will stare,

And ask you what you mean, but never mind
Stick to him and I'll warrant that you'll find
He'll own the truth."

Well pleased with his good luck
Our likely youth
Marched boldly up and struck

The knocker of a splendid dwelling
Which his informer pointed out,
A thundering blow,

When, lo!
"Sir! what are you about!

At such a rate my door pell-melling!"
Young Hodge looked up and saw a head
In a white wig, protruded from above,

"Why sir! I'd like to know," he said,
"How much you ax for rennet-bags?"

"You scoundrel! pray who sent you here? remove!
Begone! d'ye know that I'm a minister!"

"Oh ho! I've heard of you before, I fags!
You don't cheat me, I'll bet a guinea sir,
And as they tell me, how you keep

A lot of calves, I hope you'll bargain cheap!"
"Cheap, you rascal! I'm a clergyman
Again I tell you. Why do you suppose

That gentleman of my profession can
Descend to deal in such vile things as those?"

"Oh ho," cried Hodge—"don't be in such a flurry,
But, (minister or not,
I doesn't care a jot)

Sir, I'm in such a hurry
That I can't stop to jaw with you to day, so
If you've any rennet-bags to sell, then say so—

If not, then say so
And when plain people ask your price

"I would be much better sir, I guess,
If you would hear to my advice
And never be above your business."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Th following curious circumstance occurred a little time since at Tottenham:—A person who had mispent his time in search of the philosopher's stone having left his laboratory open, his servant-maid took the opportunity to attempt discovering the object of her master's study. Her attention was engaged by the furnace, in which were several substances. Her curiosity induced her to stir and try to bring out the materials with a very large spoon, which was always used at dinner. To her confusion and surprise, it melted and fell to the bottom. Terrified by the circumstance, she flew from the room. Her master soon returned, and on extinguishing his chymical fire, was delighted to find a mass of pure silver in his furnace. Now he imagined he was successful in the great object of his past life, and that he should soon realize a fortune by converting the baser into pure metal; and on the strength of this idea, he invited a large party to dine with him the next day, for the purpose of communicating his good fortune. He did not sleep all that night for joy. The next day he saw his table decked with the most costly viands. His friends congratulated him on every side. In the midst of this triumph he missed the large silver spoon, and asked where it was. The servant now confessed she had been induced to try to extract the materials from the furnace with it, and that it had melted from her hand. The poor philosopher turned pale,—the harmony of the day was disturbed,—his friends retreated,—and he still lies in a disconsolate state.

RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

Fielding in his life of Jonathan Wild, the great London pick-pocket, while giving an account of the execution of Wild says—But though envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not

wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the cart with stones, brick-bats, dirt and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastick, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that with wonderful alacrity, he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney coach, where he waited the conclusion in a temper of mind described in these verses:

*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius, magnum spectare laborem.*

We must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to show the admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moment, which was, that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild in the midst of the shower of stones &c. which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket and emptied it of his cork screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

THE LADIES' NICE MAN.

From "The Posthumous Papers of a Person lately about Town."

This is a sort of a Tom Shuffleton grown flat, staid and fortyish, a fop running to seed. The poet of Olney says of such a one,

"I can not talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume,
The sight's enough, no need to smell a bean!
Who thrusts his head into a raree show?
His odoriferous attempts to please,
Perhaps, might prosper with a swarm of bees:
But we that make no honey, though we sting,
Poets, are apt sometimes to maul the thing."

The ingredients which go to his composition are, a good face, white teeth, and regular, or, as a wag-gish friend of mine describes them, teeth which keep good hours, a nose that has neither sneers nor snuff about it, though he politely puts himself to the expense of maintaining a box for noses that carry their own sneers, but take any body's snuff; a very moderate share of sense, and an immoderate share of nonsense, mixed according to the Grantiano receipt, that is, in proportion of two grains of wheat to two bushels of chaff; a voice that sounds agreeably musical in a "How d'ye do!" in the anti-room, in a quartett or conversation in any room, or in a "good night," at the extremity of the hall stairs; a back which can bend like a willow to a Lord George, or a Lady Fanny; a smile and insinuating sovereign, which purchase my lord's butler, and procure him hot plates, choice bits and frequent changes of both, besides careful helpings on with great coats, infinite care taken of hats umbrellas, and walking sticks, and gentle shutting of hall and hackney coach doors after him; a smirk that does not displease my lady's confidential maid, when it is accompanied by something more substantial; legs with some probability of calf; ankles as much superior to the Apollo Belvidere as possible; two eyes of one colour; whiskers and hair of his own growth; washes, essences, lavender, soaps, toothpicks and powders, tight waist, cossack pantaloons, silk stockings, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

LAWS OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.

The criminal laws of the Anglo-Saxons, as of most barbarous nations, were uncommonly mild; a compensation in money being sufficient for murder of any species, and for the life of persons of any rank, not excepting the King and the Archbishop, whose head, by the laws of Kent, was estimated higher than the King's. The price of all kind of wounds was also settled; and he who was caught in adultery with his neighbour's wife was ordered by the laws of Ethelbert to pay him a fine and buy him another wife: a proof, though somewhat equivocal, of the estimation in which women were then held. The punishments for robbery were various, but none of them capital. If a person could track his stolen cattle into another's ground, the owner of the ground was obliged to show their tracks out of it, or pay the value of the cattle.

POPULAR TALES.

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

From the "Spy and Traitor," a Tale, by Grenville Mellen, esq.

Day had now advanced so far, and the conviction that toil was nearly over, and danger well nigh past, had become so effectual with our rider, that both policy and pleasure caused him to relax his speed; and he travelled on with an ease and almost carelessness of motion, to which he had before been a stranger. There was even a gayety mingled itself with his contemplations—and a beaming smile went over his face—and a flush of delighted satisfaction spread to his throbbing temples as his eye glanced perchance on that little gem that sparkled in the sunlight, and thence over the fields that lay before him. He saw here and there, the blue smoke of the husbandman's home, as it curled into the clear morning air—and at times he rode gently by the rude yeoman himself, as he went on his quick and silent way from house to house, casting his inquiring eyes for an instant on traveller and horse, and seeming to say, whoever rode in that direction passed not unread or unremembered. But the hour of alarm had passed by—the hazard was over—there was no room for longer apprehension.

At this moment the destiny of the adventurer was sealed. His dream of enchantment—his best, last, bright hope was blasted forever!

It was on the borders of Tarrytown, where day was yet early, that he descried before him three persons, loitering beneath the huge trees that overhung the roadside. The appearance was sudden, and startled him from his pleasing security. As he drew near, a single glance convinced him that they were awaiting his approach; and movements on their part manifested the excitement of uncommon and unexpected attention. There was no possibility of passing unquestioned, and his immediate determination, by riding up to meet and salute them, with bold and gay demeanour. That they were armed was now beyond question. The rapid glistering of steel, as they shifted their positions while watching his approach—and the peculiar air of preparation among them gave token of men, who had the means of challenging every stranger with effect, and who had every disposition to challenge. Their object was now apparent—for as our traveller reined up and addressed the party with a degree of hilarity and unconcern—his fine countenance brightening with benevolence—and in a tone of eager animation, bade "God bless them," his bridle was seized and a polished rifle glittered at his side. It was a moment of terrible trial. The brave and fearless spirit lost its mastery. In the confusion of the moment its self-command was betrayed—and a few words placed it beyond the hope of recovery. "Pray God, my friends," said he hastily, stooping among them—"pray God, you are of our party?" "We are from below," was the immediate answer, as they gathered closer around him—"And so am I," followed on the echo of the words, and fixed the fate of the speaker forever! It was too late—he saw his error—but he saw it, as does the rider, who, having trusted to the goodness and generous speed of his animal in a dark and dangerous way, beset with enemies, suddenly finds himself unexpectedly in the midst of his foes, unarmed and unprepared from the very rapidity which he had hoped might have ensured his escape. A cold smile passed over the faces round him as they exchanged glances, and as pale as death he obeyed the order to dismount and surrender himself to the custody of his captors. The hope of liberty, however, was not to be given up. There is a spirit in man which grasps at possibilities, when certainty, with all its golden promises has vanished, and the chance of life is left to struggle with some solitary and doubtful event. If we can not appeal with success to the generosity and sympathies of our fellow men, in extremities, we sometimes hope to bend them to our purposes, and even to bring them to a forgetfulness of duty, by applying ourselves to their interests and passions. This is the exertion of despair—it is the trial which desperation makes to steal in by some foul and secret entrance, when every attempt at the citadel by the nobler avenues

of the heart has been turned back with indignation.

There was but one resource, therefore, which fortune seemed to have left within the power of our traveller—and like a "soul in bail," he felt himself called to the despairing effort which it inspired. He would tempt their avarice.

He then announced himself as an officer of distinction—an Adjutant General in the British service, entrusted with business of high import—and urged the necessity of his immediate departure for New-York. His detention was pregnant with difficulties, and his arrival anxiously awaited at the Capital. This disclosure was accompanied with all the eloquent expression which he could throw in his manner, and as he ended, he drew from his side a watch of splendid workmanship and material, and held it broad in his hand before his attentive listeners. They gazed on it coldly as they leaned upon their bright rifles—"Put me to horse, instantly," said he, "and this shall be yours—nay more," continued he with a vehemence as he observed them shake their heads in disdain at his offers—"this, and this," drawing handfuls of gold from his pockets—"even this, and ten times the amount shall be yours, only let me once more put spurs to my horse—nay—answer me—take it—with the promise of my country for thousands more,—you can not hesitate." But they did hesitate—they did more—they stood firm. The trinket and the gold still in the outspread hands of the prisoner—untouched and hardly looked upon. The eyes of his guards were glancing upon each other. There was no need of words, where there was so much of more than Castilian integrity. "Put up your gold," said one of those soldiers, "it may find a better market—we have no want of it here—you have taken from our country half the joys it would purchase—and as for luxuries, we have none—put up your gold—and keep your watch for your high company over the water—we keep time by the sun."

Astonished and confounded, again he hekl forth the heap of coin. The mass glittered in the sunshine, but it could not dazzle the plain and undaunted soldiers who surrounded him. "But ye shall live to your hearts' content—ye shall have fortunes and honours with us—ye shall have every thing ye wish for—only put me to that good black charger, and bid me God speed. Do ye hold back! why can ye hesitate?"—"It is in vain," said he who had last spoken, with a wave of his hand—"Look ye sir!—this ground we stand on here, is our country. We must not betray it. That you should want to escape from us, is well enough—but you have mistaken your men—and as for fortunes and honours, our honour must be to remain honest soldiers—and we are willing to go along with the fortunes of our land—you will please to follow."

"This good black horse must come within the bars," said one of the party, as he led the animal forward, and commanded his rider once more to pass in. He was accordingly conducted so far within the thicket, that the presence of the soldiers as well as all their movements were screened from observation. The unfortunate prisoner remained silent and passive in the hands of his captors, and while they exchanged their short and half-suppressed sentiments in his hearing, preparatory to their search, and during the operation, their gay and reckless innuendoes struck upon his mind, with a sense of pain and anguish that was almost insupportable. It was a feeling allied to that which a spirit of extreme sensibility endures when subjected to the harsh, rude trials of a world that laughs at and mocks it alike in its hours of fine elevation, and harrowing depression—like that by which high feeling is tortured when it comes in contact with the cold, paralyzing severities of life, in the shape of unrelenting duty, which knows nothing of sympathy, and mere force which despises the thought of a sensitive mind or a suffering heart.

"This looks like playing our cards to some effect," said one of the party to his companions—as the hopeless gentleman stood waiting the orders of his enemies. "Yes," said the other, "it looks like to turn out a fortunate game enough; though our comrade who stood sentry must have the hon-

our of winning it—but I told ye," continued he, laying his hand on the shoulder of the other—"it was best to keep one rifle upright, for fear of what might ride within its range." "Nay," said the third, who had not yet spoken, "If you think this has any thing to do with the matter of the cards I say it counts one most capitolly; and if our good dame's morning milk and an early hour, send such prisoners to our care, I should say our scouts are more profitable than all the battles we are like to fight. So, Sir, with your leave I will divest you of this garment."

"It was a surrender without conditions—our right to plunder is unquestionable," said the other, "but discovery comes hard, I think." "This trump settles the game!" cried the first, as he ended the search, and held up a package of letters, which he had drawn from the silk stocking of the unfortunate captive. "Now then, you have all," said he; as he folded his arms calmly before those he addressed, and looked on them with a steady eye, but a blanched cheek—"all, as God is true—the treason is out—lead forward."

During the conversation that had passed between the soldiers, our young prisoner had stood in a state of complete subjection before them, apparently lost equally to his misfortune and himself, and it was not till the discovery of the secreted papers, and the consequent exclamation, that he was sufficiently recalled to himself to pass particular attention upon the liberties taken with his person. So completely was he overwhelmed by the misery of his sudden fate that he remained insensible to events; the bare consideration of which, a few moments before would have carried to his mind confusion and alarm. To describe the sensations that hurried through his bosom, the recollections that rushed over him, and the fearful, terrible anticipations that rose up in those troubled moments; to describe the abandonment of feeling with which he stood there—the pale, helpless being of crushed hopes and ruined life, is more than can be told, or if told, can never be conceived of.

MISCELLANY.

A LION FIGHT.

From "Satanstoe, a Story of the Past, Present, and Future."

Dismounting, for the side of the hill was almost precipitous, I led my panting Arab through beds of myrtle, and every lovely and sweet smelling bloom to the edge of a valley, that seemed made to shut out every disturbance of man.

A circle of low hills, covered to the crown with foliage, surrounded a deep space of velvet turf, kept green as the emerald by the flow of rivulets, and the moisture of a pellucid lake in the centre, tinged with every colour of the heavens. The beauty of this sylvan spot was enhanced by the luxuriant profusion of almond, orange, and other trees, that, in every stage of production, from the bud to the fruit, covered the little knolls below, and formed a broad belt round the lake.

Parched as I was by the intolerable heat, this secluded haunt of the spirit of freshness looked doubly lovely. My eyes, half blinded by the glare of the sands, and even my mind exhausted by perplexities of the day, found delicious relaxation in the verdure and dewy breath of the silent valley. My barb, with the quick sense of animals accustomed to the travel of the wilderness, showed her delight by playful boundings. The prouder arching of the neck, and the brighter glancing of her bright eye.

"Here," thought I, as I led her slowly towards the deep descent, "would be the very spot for the innocence that had not tried the world, or the philosophy that had tried it, and found all vanity. Who could dream that, within the borders of this distracted land, in the very hearing, almost within the very sight, of the last miseries that man could inflict on man, there was a retreat; which the foot of man, perhaps never yet defiled; and in which the calamities that afflict society might be as little felt as if it were among the stars."

A violent plunge of the barb put an end to my speculation. She exhibited the wildest signs of terror, snorted and strove to break from me; then fixing her glance keenly on the thickets be-

low; shook in every limb. But the scene was tranquillity itself; the chameleon lay basking in the sun, and the only sound was that of the wild doves murmuring under the broad leaves of the palm trees.

But my mare still resisted every effort to lead her downwards, her ears were fluttering convulsively, her eyes were starting from their sockets; I grew peevish at the animal's unusual obstinacy, and was about to let her suffer thirst for the day, when my senses were paralyzed by a tremendous roar. A lion stood on the summit which I had but just quitted. He was not a dozen yards above my head, and his first spring must have carried me to the bottom of the precipice. The barb burst away at once. I drew the only weapon I had, a dagger,—and, hopeless as escape was, grasping the tangled weeds to sustain my footing, awaited the plunge. But the lordly savage probably disdained so ignoble a prey; and continued on the summit, lashing his sides with his tail, and tearing up the ground. He at length stopped suddenly, listened, as to some approaching foot, and then with a hideous yell sprang over me, and was in the thicket below at a single bound.

The whole thicket was instantly alive; the shade which I had fixed on for the seat of unearthly tranquillity, was an old haunt of lions, and the mighty herd were now roused from their noon-day slumbers. Nothing could be grander, or more terrible than this disturbed majesty of the forest kings. In every variety of savage passion, from terror to fury, they plunged, and tore, and yelled; darted through the lake, burst through the thicket, rushed up the hills, or stood baying and roaring defiance against the coming invader; the numbers were immense, for the rareness of shade and water had gathered them from every quarter of the desert.

While I stood clinging to my perilous hold, and fearful of attracting their gaze by the slightest movement, the source of the commotion appeared, in the shape of a Roman soldier, bearing spear in hand, through a ravine at the further side of the valley. He was palpably unconscious of the formidable place into which he was entering; and the gallant clamour of voices through the hills, showed that he was followed by others as bold and unconscious of their danger as himself.

But his career soon closed; his horse's feet had scarcely touched the turf, when a lion was fixed with fangs and claws on the creature's loins. The rider uttered a cry of horror, and for the instant, sat helplessly gazing at the open jaws behind him. I saw the lion gathering up his flanks for a second bound, but the soldier, a figure of gigantic strength, grasping the nostrils of the monster with one hand, and with the other, shortening his spear, drove the steel, at one resistless thrust, into the lion's forehead. Horse, lion, and rider, fell, and continued struggling together.

In the next moment, a mass of cavalry came thundering down the ravine. They had broken off from their march, through the accident of rousing a straggling lion, and followed him in the giddy ardour of the chase. The sight now before them was enough to appal the boldest intrepidity. The valley was filled with the vast herd; retreat was impossible, for the troopers came still pouring in by the only pass, and from the sudden descent of the glen, horse and man were rolled head foremost among the lions; neither man nor monster could retreat. The conflict was horrible; and the heavy spears of the legionaries plunged through bone and brain. The lions, made more furious by wounds, sprang upon the powerful horses and tore them to the ground, or flew at the troopers' throats, and crushed and dragged away cuirass and buckler. The valley was a struggling heap of human and savage battle; man, lion, and charger, writhing and rolling in agonies, till their forms were undistinguishable. The groans and cries of the legionaries, the screams of the mangled horses, and the roars and howlings of the lions, bleeding with the sword and spear, tearing the dead, darting up the sides of the hills in terror, and rushing down again with the fresh thirst of gore, baffled all conception of fury and horror.

But man was the conqueror at last; the savages, scared by the spear and thinned in their numbers,

made a rush in one body towards the ravine, overthrew every thing in their way, and burst from the valley, awaking the desert for many a league with their roar.

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

Translated from the German.

Among the commercial houses in Europe or elsewhere, which from obscure origin, by discernment and advantageously embracing the opportunities, equally at the command of many others, by their prudent enterprizes, upright proceedings, and particularly by contenting itself with a certain moderate profit in their immense concerns, have become great, flourishing and powerful, the house of Rothschild certainly stands pre-eminent at the recent death of one, who was thought the richest banker in Europe—(M. V. Bethnan in Frankfurt) when an inventory was taken of his estate, his property did not exceed 2,000,000 dollars; when from infallible sources, the house of Rothschild (or more properly speaking, the five Brothers) possess wholly unincumbered, 10,000,000 dollars, and through their immense influence may command 40,000,000 more.

Mayer A. Rothschild, their father, was born at Frankfurt, on the Maine, in the year 1743. He lost his parents when eleven years old, and being left in very indigent circumstances, he was put apprentice to a trade, in which situation he served some years, when he quit it, and commenced trafficking in a small way. About that time a lucrative prospect opened itself for the connoisseurs of ancient coins and medals, wherein the great and the opulent made considerable selections and purchases, which induced Mr. Rothschild to apply himself to this particular branch, and to acquire the necessary knowledge in order to make the proper selections. By dint of industry, he made thereby a decent living, and from his intercourse with the wealthy, procured himself such respectable acquaintances, as proved in the end of great advantage to him. Mr. Rothschild at the same time fixed his mind to gain the necessary knowledge required in a Counting-house, which soon obtained for him a situation in a respectable banking house in Hanover, in which he faithfully served several years—and by diligence and strict economy realized a small capital—when he returned to his native city; then married, and laid the foundation of the present establishment.

His activity, knowledge and strict integrity, soon obtained him credit and confidence, and an opportunity soon offered, which gave him a chance of extending his commercial views, by the Landgrave of Hesse, who had become acquainted with him by the purchase of ancient coins—and wherein he had always proved himself trusty and useful—appointing him his court agent. In this capacity he subsequently rendered eminent services to then Elector of Hesse—for while this personage, in the year 1806, was obliged to quit his territory, on account of the approach of the French army, Mr. Rothschild succeeded to secure, but not without personal danger, through prudent management, a large proportion of the Elector's private funds, which would have inevitably become a prey to Napoleon, and conscientiously administered them for the benefit of the Elector. His affairs now assumed a high standing, through government loans—about which time he concluded a loan with the court of Denmark of 3,000,000 dollars. In the year 1812, Mr. Rothschild died. Seeing his end approaching, he summoned his 10 children to his bed side, and after giving them his parental benediction, exhorted them under a solemn promise, never to change their religious creed; and strenuously recommended to his sons, to observe amongst each other, an inviolable union. And never has a father's admonition been more strictly attended to—for it is a very remarkable trait, characteristic of this family, that its male members, at every transaction of consequence, do, as it were, consult the words of their departed Sire, and very often remind each other of his prudent advice, fostered through wisdom and experience and never utter his name without reverence. The arrangements which the House of Rothschild entered into in 1813, respecting some very extensive

money transactions, has given it its present standing in the commercial world.

Whilst it may be here remarked, that in the course of twelve years, they, through their mediation and interest, and with their own means, entered into contracts, to furnish by loans and subsidies, the immense sum of 500,000,000 dollars, to the different courts in Europe;—without taking into consideration the by no means inconsiderable sums advanced on account of French indemnifications. How the house of Rothschild could furnish such an extensive means during this period, has, no doubt, been a question with many commercial men and politicians. When it is, however, taken into consideration that the result of extensive operations does not solely depend on the chances taken at some favourable moment, but in this instance, rather on the fundamental maxims always pursued by the house, it would then appear, that the great success of their speculations principally hinged on those maxims, which were as before stated, that the five Brothers did conduct their business in uninterrupted harmony amongst themselves, and with the strictest integrity—which was the golden rule their dying parent bequeathed, that they jointly deliberated upon every transaction—and wherein each enjoyed an equal share. And although residing far apart from each other for years, this did in no instance, infringe on their adopted principles, but must have proved in fact, beneficial to all, as it gave each hand the undeniable advantage to watch the movements of the Court, where he was located—make the necessary preparations for the speculations which were to be entered into, and then communicate the result to the general concern. The second maxim which the House of Rothschild took into view was, as before stated, to be satisfied with a moderate advance on their operations—always to keep them within certain bounds, and so far as human foresight and prudence would admit, to be independent of the sport of chance. By strictly adhering to such undeviating principles, they have no doubt acquired that lofty station they hold in the community; whilst their merits have been publicly acknowledged by most of the European courts.

ENORMOUS CANNON.

From Von Hammer's History of the Turks.

One Orban, a Hungarian metal founder, having passed over from the Emperour's into the Sultan's service, received so many gifts and such a liberal appointment from his new master, that had he been offered but a fourth part as much by the Greek ministry, he would never have dreamed of quitting the imperial city. Mohammed inquired of him whether he could cast a cannon capable of crumbling the walls of Constantinople? "It is in my power" replied the Hungarian, "to cast cannon of any calibre that is desired, and grind the walls of Constantinople and Babylon into powder: I will answer for my science extending thus far, but I can not pronounce to what extent the shot will range." The Sultan gave him directions to proceed with the casting, but not to trouble himself about the range of the shot, which should be subsequently determined. As a specimen of his skill, Orban cast a cannon for the great tower on the Bosphorean Channel, and a trial of its range was made upon the first vessel which sailed past without hauling in her sails. A Venetian ship, commanded by one Ricci, was made use of as a target, and afforded satisfactory evidence of the perfectness of the casting, as well as the range of the shot. It was struck, severed asunder, and sunk. The captain and thirty of his crew escaped the dangers of the turbulent current in a boat, but, on reaching the shore, fell into the hands of the Turkish garrison. They were loaded with fetters, and brought before the Sultan at Dydymotichon; by his orders the sailors were beheaded, the captain impaled, and their dead bodies exposed to rot in the open air. This barbarous scene was witnessed by Ducas, the historian, who was a resident at Dydymotichon at that period.

Mohammed was so perfectly satisfied with the founder's skill, and the result of the trial, that he directed the construction of a prodigious battering piece, twice as large as the first; in fact, the largest

which is recorded in the annals of the "tormentor bellicorum." "It vomited stone balls, twelve spans in circumference, and twelve hundred pounds in weight, was moved with great difficulty by fifty pair of bullocks, and was committed to the manipulation of seven hundred men.

When the casting was completed, the piece was transported to the gate of the palace *Dschihannuma* (or the spectacle of the world,) a lofty pile, which had just been finished at Adrianople; and on this spot it was, for the first time, loaded with infinite trouble. Notice was then given to the inhabitants that it would be discharged the next morning; it was feared that, without such a warning, the terror occasioned by its report might have been attended with the most disastrous consequences. The morning dawned, the piece was fired off, an immense cloud of smoke enveloped the whole city, its thunders were heard for several hours in the distance, and the shot buried itself a fathom deep in the ground, at the distance of a mile from the spot whence it was discharged. By the trepidation which it spread far and wide, this enormous masterpiece of pyrotechny at least bespoke the gigantic schemes of conquest, on which the grasping mind of its owner was intent.

This cannon, together with two smaller pieces, which discharged balls of one hundred and sixty pounds weight, was subsequently employed at the siege of Constantinople, where it was stationed opposite the gate of St. Romanos, which was afterwards denominated the "Cannon gate," a name it has retained to the present day. It consumed two hours in loading, and, on the first day, was discharged seven times; the eighth firing was on the second day, when it gave the signal for an attack. Though it afterwards burst, and destroyed its founder, it was speedily repaired, and continued to be used seven times a day, but without producing the effects which had been anticipated from it.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

It was a beautiful night. The light lay sleeping on the St. Lawrence like a white mist. The boat, on whose deck our acquaintances were promenading, was threading the serpentine channel of the "Thousand Isles," more like winding through a wilderness than following the passage of a great river. The many thousand islands clustered in this part of the St. Lawrence seem to realize the mad girl's dream when she visited the stars, and found them

"Only green islands, sown thick in the sky."

Nothing can be more like fairy land than sailing among them on a summer's evening. They vary in size, from a quarter of a mile in circumference, to a spot just large enough for one solitary tree, and are at different distances, from a bowshot to a gallant leap from each other. The universal formation is a rock, of horizontal stratum; and the river, though spread into a lake by innumerable divisions, is almost embowered by the luxuriant vegetation which covers them. There is every where sufficient depth for the boat to run directly alongside; and with the rapidity and quietness of her motion, and the near neighbourhood of the trees which may almost be touched, the illusion of aerial carriage over land is, at first, almost perfect. The passage through the more intricate parts of the channel is, if possible, still more beautiful. You shoot into narrow passes, where you could spring on shore on either side, catching, as you advance, hasty views to the right and left, through long vistas of islands, or running round a projecting point of rock or woodland, open into an apparent lake, and, darting rapidly across, seem running right on shore as you enter a narrow strait in pursuit of the channel.

It is the finest ground in the world for the "magick of moonlight." The water is clear, and, on the night we speak of, was a perfect mirror. Every star was repeated. The foliage of the islands was softened into indistinctness, and they lay in the water, with their well defined shadows hanging darkly beneath them, as distinctly as clouds in the sky, and apparently as moveable. In more terrestrial company than the lady Viola's, our hero might have fancied himself in the region's

of upper air; but, as he leaned over the taffrail, and listened to the sweetest voice that ever melted into moonlight, and watched the shadows of the dipping trees as the approach of the boat broke them, one by one, he would have thought twice before he had said that he was sailing on a fresh water river in the good steam boat "Queenston."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1828.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

"Tell me, thou son of great Cadwallader,
Hast thou seen the hare? or hast thou swallowed her?"

SMART.

The editor of the Niagara Courier is mightily alarmed at the notice we gave some weeks ago that the good people of Le Roy had advertised to entertain all seceding masons free of expense, at the glorious celebration on the fourth of July, and calls it personal abuse. It is true that we said something about learning masonry from Morgan's book, in season to recant on that day, and by that means, get a good dinner and decently drunk to boot; but how such expressions can be called *personal*, we leave it for some who know its point better than we do. If any part of our remarks reached a vulnerable part in our brother editor's sensibility, it is what we never dreamed of, having scarcely known his name before he cries *peccavi*. We hope however he will not take this as an acknowledgement on our part, that our remarks were improper. We intended them for whom they would fit, and we believe they were just to the very letter. But the editor is most sorely grieved that we have said any thing so personal, as may be seen by the following elegant extract.

"The cause of anti-masonry stands in no need of personal abuse and low ribaldry to defend it—it is only for such things as the 'Masonick Record,' to indulge in those gentlemanly qualifications. It is necessary to the maintenance of their juggernaut, that the people should, literally, be crushed beneath the wheels of its car—but the power of executing her bloody penalties having been wrested from them, the mouth pieces of the fraternity, such as the miserable concern at Albany, are reduced to the necessity of using the only weapon left them—THE TONGUE OF THE SLANDERER."

And pray, Mr. Cadwallader, what is *slander*? Is it slander to defend an institution which we know to be founded in truth, from the malevolent aspersions of a faction which we know to be founded in falsehood, and which is labouring to break the sacred and inviolable bonds which bind the husband, the parent, or the son to his family, and the christian to his brethren? Is it slander to declare our opinion of a set of men, who have neither power to discern, nor strength of will to choose the path of reason, but who throw themselves headlong into whatever vortex of feeling their demagogues have the address to put in motion? Is it slander to say that there were many at the Le Roy celebration who were drawn there by the powerful motive of living well at free-cost; and that many of their professed-to-be seceding masons, had never seen the inside of a lodge room, nor even read the wonderful revelations contained in Morgan's book! If this is slander, we are indeed guilty,—and where is the rational man who is not? We know that the innate reason of every intelligent person will tell him the same.

The Courier says that, the cause of anti-masonry stands in no need of personal abuse and low ribaldry to defend it. Then indeed, by the fairest argument ever drawn, all that has been said by anti-masons, from the great infidel anti-mason, Carlisle, down to the editor of the Courier, is *ne d'less*. "Personal abuse," and "low ribaldry" constitute all and every argument that we have met with in the whole science of anti-masonry. This we lay down as a position; and every charge which can be made against masonry, as a constituted order, which has not the aid of one or both of these mighty weapons, we are ready and willing to meet, on the broad ground of candid and liberal disputation.

If the excitement did not begin in personal abuse, what liberal motive was it induced the contrivers of the plot to say that all the editors at the west were under the influence of masons, and dared not publish the truth for fear of losing

their bread? Perhaps it was not personal abuse to charge the grand lodge and grand chapter of this state with plotting and carrying into effect the outrage on Morgan. It was something more liberal than personal abuse to call meetings and pass resolutions condemning in the most virulent terms the judicial authority in the case of Cheesebro, and others. It was not personal abuse to circulate letters of a mysterious import, signed only by the initials of the writer, designing to harrow up the feelings of the surviving relatives of Mr. Seth Chapin. It was not personal abuse to endeavour to implicate the heroic Brandt, and Mr. M'Bride, whose residence in another realm it was thought would baffle detection. It was not personal abuse to impugn the official acts of the coroner who held the third inquest over the intended apology for William Morgan. And finally it was not personal abuse to arrest a man, and hold him in "*durance vile*," for a day or two, carry him into another county, and not suffer him the privilege of private intercourse, with any soul,—a privilege that can not be legally denied to any person but a convicted felon. Such was the case of Thomas G. Green. Neither was it personal abuse for the honourable committee to attack the characters of some of the most respectable of the western yeomanry, and when threatened with prosecution for slander, to make such pitiful and cowardly acknowledgements as to move their victims to pity and despise, rather than to punish them. So much for their freedom from the charge of personal abuse. We will now look at the other horn of this dilemma in which the Courier has voluntarily thrown itself.

Just look into the anti-masonic prints of the day, from the *would-be-governour* down to the Niagara Courier, and you will find the honorary titles of fools—noodles—nincompoops—knaves—blockheads—dumpling heads—bacchanalians—tom-fools—tim-fuddles—black-guards—and a long string of other equally decent epithets, a catalogue of which may be found in the appendix to Mr. Pratt's Defence of Freemasonry, Note V.; yet there is no *low ribaldry* in this. The celebrated champion of the faction, when politely told that he had a pecuniary interest in the sale of Morgan's book, pronounced the assertion a falsehood, originating with a "*puppy* and a *scoundrel*," yet he has thrown off the mask, and not only takes a part in the sale of that famous work, but manufactures books of secrets, which his partner in trade vends, wholesale and retail. His partner is at present perambulating the state of New-Jersey, selling Morgan's book, Southwick's Solemn Warning, Anti-Masonic Almanacks, &c. &c.; and fortunately for him, when that catalogue begins to sell dull, the *Life of Morgan*, which Mr. Southwick is writing, will be ready for sale. But *puppy* and *scoundrel* are by no means *low ribaldry*, especially when so well seconded by facts. The anti-masonic prints have honoured the female parties who have united with their husbands and brothers in our anniversary celebrations, with the significant titles of "the followers of *mother Rahab*," and likewise several delicate allusions to the "*queen of Sheba*," yet there can be no *low ribaldry* attached to the anti-masonic party. But we will now state a case still further from the point. Masons, their wives, their sisters, their children, are no object to anti-masonry. They care not half so much for their opposition, as they do to see candid and impartial men, who do not belong to the order, standing aloof from the strife, and looking with disdain on their impotent attempts to rouse the spirit of the ignorant to an exterminating heat. Nothing can atone for such disloyalty to this lord of misrule. They of course, being free from masonic obligations, are by their way of reasoning under anti-masonic obligations; and refusing to recognize, or be recognized as such, they are politely called by this modern school of etiquette, *Dandy Jacks*! yet this is not *low ribaldry*. No: never can that charge be laid to them. Anti-masons, and anti-masons alone, are to reform the calendar of politeness; they are to become the standard of more than Chesterfieldian accomplishment. They are to purify church and state, and especially the latter. Yes; anti-masonry must yet come in, to purge out and abolish, overturn and subvert, and after all, lay the foundation of a system of propriety, that

Equal of nores, nee sinit esse foros.

Now we do not pretend to so much politeness. We do not deny that sometimes personal abuse and low ribaldry

may be imputed to us, by those who either feel too acutely or do not feel at all. Such is our self knowledge that we will not deny that we are sometimes harsh; but we have not been subjected to an anti-masonick process to cure us. If we must be cured, let it come quick; but one pill at a time, if you please, Doctor Cadwallader.

WHITE WASHING. It is irksome to any charitable mind to hear a person of whatever character, in his absence, branded with infamous charges, and set up to the world as an object worthy only of contempt and obloquy. But there is an opposite extreme which is still more disgusting, and the principles of justice, as well as charity, are wrested, when, for the credit of a faction, a villain is painted in the attitude and mien of an angel of light, or a demoniac held up as an example to the virtuous. Such is frequently the case, where the demerits of an apostate or a denagogue are too apparent for the success of their designs,—and that it now is in the infected district of the moral contagion which has raged so long in the western part of this state.

All who have heard the high sounding reports of the anti-masonick labours in the region of Batavia and Le Roy, have seen the name of *S. D. Greene* held up as one of the shining lights of anti-masonry. Among the displays of A. M. and A. B., and other initials of literary degrees, which have been so ostentatiously tacked to political addresses, to give them a character for erudition, that of *S. D. Greene* has been second only to that of the *reverend clergyman*, who was once found in a very *peculiar place*, in a situation approximating rather fearfully to that known by the term, *dead drunk*. It happened however, before the *reverend gentleman* partook of that cure of all cures, *Chambers's Medicine*; when another very moral character in that region "tasted a little" of the same.

But to return to *S. D. Greene*. This very pious gentleman, it seems, was arraigned before the church of which he is a member, not long since, on a charge of falsehood. At this investigation, the *Batavia Advocate*, and its echoes of the same spirit, declare that the reports were completely refuted, and that his reputation, "both as a man and a christian," is satisfactorily cleared up. To show how far the *white wash brush* has been necessary in this case to brighten up the smoky prospects of the anti-masonick cause, the *Batavia Times* publishes the following sentence of the church.

Resolved, that *S. D. Greene*, for the sin of *falsehood*, of which he has been *proved guilty*, be required to make suitable confessions before the *church and congregation* on the Lord's day, whenever this congregation may enjoy the preaching of the word, by any minister of the gospel.

(Attest.) R. DIBBLE, Clerk.

The *Times* also says that "It was proved on *oath*, during the trial, before the sessions, that he more than once offered violence to a female domestic in his house, besides several other irregularities of life and conduct, which we should not consider very creditable to 'his reputation both as a man and a christian.'"

We could furnish several sketches of biography which would be very interesting and edifying to the pious anti-masons. They would contain particular anecdotes and characteristic traits from him who "tasted a little of *Chambers's Medicine*," down to him who was nearly poisoned to death by a *pin of spirits*, purchased of a mason; i. e. the same man who was murdered by masons, dug up, and after all, miraculously alive in another town. We could give reminiscences of their *conversations and opinions*, the *religious opinions* in particular, which would be wonderfully edifying to their friends. We could describe the operations of a certain *club*, to which a very zealous and pious recently *replenished* editor belonged to,—perhaps belongs to now. We could give the biography of several of their members, whose deeds of *honour* will long be remembered, and sooner or later rewarded by the husbands or brothers of the objects *honoured*. These would collectively furnish a delicious treat for those anti-masons who read our paper; but our columns are devoted to the amusement of masons, and they have no relish for such refined subjects.

TABLE-TALK.

Elegant Extract. The *Ontario Phoenix* continues to fur-

nish us with this article, for which we are very thankful. Ecce signum:—

"If masonry was not stained with the blood of its victims, it ought to be annihilated for creating distinctions among the people. If it was not chargeable with titles which belong to despots, it ought to be banished for blaspheming Jehovah. If it was not guilty of irreverence to the Supreme Being, it ought to be swept from the face of the earth, for sitting in secret. But as it is known to have been guilty of all these crimes, and ten times as many more, it ought to be struck out of existence. And we glory in saying that one bold push towards the accomplishment of so desirable an object, was made at Le Roy, on the fourth day of July, past. Virtue held dominion over vice; patriotism put land marks to power; and principle set an example for men. The word has gone forth in equity, and will not be held in 'durance vile,' by the 'holy brotherhood,' nor snuffed up by such animals as bore the burdens of their masters in the 'ancient of days.'"

Masonry must sink into its original depravity, THE ARM OF THE LORD SHALL NOT SAVE IT. It has become odious to men, foolish to women, and a bye word for children. Let it be heven down and cast into the pit 'where their worm dies not, and the fire is not quenched.' The masons who murdered Morgan, murdered masonry,—and blessed be God, for there were need of these means. Selah."

Another beautiful Extract. We know not what hopes of success the Bostonian Anti-masonick editor may have, but certain it is, that he has some talent enlisted in his columns. The following extract beats *Jenks*, *Hill*, *Miller*, and all the rest of the Boston writers, all hollow. It is from the *Boston Free Press*.

"If every man feels as I do, as to this Masonry, he will use his endeavours in removing the Corner Stone of the Institution. Masonry is one of the most notorious things that the world ever afforded.—And if there is not something done to prevent further mischief, we shall all be governed by Masonick Institutions.—America will no longer be free, and the whole continent bow down with shame and infamy. Let it not be said that although America is the only free Country, it is infested with more *black hearted Masons* than any other. Does this look like a free Country? does it look like right and honourable in a land like this? Why will *America suffer*, she who has shed so much of her *heat and sacred blood*, in setting herself free, and establishing her freedom through the world? Let her be the *last* and not the *first*. In a Christian land like this there ought to be no 'Secret Societies' to plot against her freedom and her rights."

Tribute of Respect. "Solomon Southwick esq. It is with pleasure we announce to our readers that the *venerable, honourable and indefatigable* Editor of the *Albany Observer* has been elected unanimously an honorary member of the *Adelphic Society of Union College, Schenectady*."

The above paragraph is quoted from the *Boston Free Press*. Lord, what is the world coming to? Solomon Southwick elected an honorary member of a society possessed of secrets!—and not only that,—but applauded by anti-masonick prints for the honour.

Simile. I never see a person do another a kindness with a view of ultimately benefitting himself without thinking of the way people *fetch a dry pump*—they pour a little water down, in order to pump a large quantity up.

A couple having attended one morning at *Workop church*, says an *English paper*, for the purpose of being joined together in the holy bands of matrimony, on the usual question being put by the reverend divine to the bridegroom, "Will you have this woman?" &c. he answered, at the same time most vigorously scratching his head with both hands, "Why, yees, I should like, sur."

Persecution of Tobacco. The emperor of China has prohibited "the filth used for smoking" from being imported into the celestial empire.

Fashions at Ascot. Ladies' hats, generally white, and four feet seven inches diameter, no veils; petticoats interestingly short; the dress of light coloured printed muslins and silks, of five hundred different patterns, decorated with enormous flourishes; the extreme circle round the legs somewhere about ten feet.

Women's Mouths. In Turkey, says an ancient writer, the women are accounted the most beautiful that have the widest mouths; and you may be sure they use art to have them so, for things in fashion women are sure to have.

Divorce. The following curiosity was picked up in the streets of *St. Louis, Missouri*:

this is to Certify that *Samul faye* and his former wife *molly La Bom* has part in good frend ship, and nether of them has nothing a gain eather of the two. Marrying a gain—for *Mr Samuel* has giving her his leave to take a husband and she has giving him leave to take a wife hou is to Be—the in tended *Miss Rose Ellar* this is a true copy from the man that married them

this Being the 28 Day— of may in the year of

Wit at Sight. A barrister, blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on, said, "Gentlemen, I use nothing but what is necessary." His antagonist immediately replied, "I then take out one of the glasses of your spectacles."

Pork. A lawyer charged a poor man three dollars for advice. "There's the money," said his client, "it is all the money I have in the world, and my family has been a long time without pork." "Thank God," replied the lawyer, "my wife has never known the want of pork since we were married."

"Nor ever will," rejoined the countryman, "so long as she has so great a hog as you."

Match this. *E. Britton*, esq. of *Little Falls*, has now more than 300 swarms of bees, 200 of them young swarms, and all doing well. We doubt whether many individuals in the state can produce the like number.

FOREIGN. By the last arrival in New-York, we have London dates to June 23, and Liverpool to the 24th inclusive.

The *London Globe* (evening of the 23d,) had received during the day, German and Paris papers of a late date. An article from the frontiers of Poland, dated the 6th instant, states that accounts had been received of the army of reserve, under general Count Von Witt, being in motion to pass the Pruth; a report is mentioned, also, of the fortress of *Braila* having surrendered to the Russians, on the 29th ult. but the authenticity of this report is not vouched for. The Turks are said to have refused quarter, and to have burnt down the town before the fortress surrendered.

The last accounts from Portugal were under date of June 14. Affairs appear to approach a crisis in that kingdom. On the 15th several expresses arrived from the army, and it was confidently stated that a decisive engagement with the constitutionalists had taken place, in which the adherents of *Don Miguel* were routed with great loss. The authorities in *Lisbon* were evidently in the greatest consternation,—no bulletin was issued, and all the force that could be mustered, a very small one, was sent off to reinforce the army. The militia were also immediately ordered to march, but they refused, unless the constitutional officers were restored to them; and, as this was peremptorily refused, they remained in the capital.

Constantinople was yet tranquil at the last dates. Under date of May 31, the *Porte* had just declared that it wishes for the presence of the French and English ambassadors, in order to negotiate respecting the Greek question, on the basis of the treaty of the 6th July. The *Reis Effendi* has delivered to the minister of the Netherlands the letters of invitation for these two ambassadors. The capital, however, is still tranquil, and the answer of the *Porte* to the Russian manifesto is expected every moment. It is already in the hands of the *Mufti*.

From Greece, nothing of importance has been received. Accounts from *Egina* are to April 28.—A remarkable change has taken place within the last six weeks in the tone and proceedings of the president of Greece. It was thought that this proceeds from the late measures of Russia. He is wholly engaged upon two things—the extension of the frontiers towards the north, and the internal organization of the country. No arrangement with Turkey is thought of, and nobody seems to care whether the Greek bishops have arrived at *Arta* or not. It is considered as certain that the Turks will not and can not undertake any thing this year.



JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the publick that he has removed to No. 454, South Market street, three doors north, of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Border Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machinery; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1824. 157

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANNON MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bannox Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the publick. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for Bristles. June 28. 11.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand. No. 299, corner of North Market and Stephen streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1824. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22. 471

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

THE SOUTH.

They told me the "Southern" was haughty and proud—
But there's hate and pride in the north too, I ween,
They told me his wealth and his scorn, like a cloud,

O'ershadowed him so that he never was seen,
But knelt to, and crouched to, like some Ottoman lord
Who keeps his bright gold with his own trusty sword,
And wins all he may with his carbine and lance,
Who has life at his nod and death in his glance,
And can mingle in blood while he joins the gay dance.

They told me that death on the wings of the wind
Rode terribly forth, desolation behind
Marked his path: as though a sirocco had passed,
Or the burning Simoom, so fearful and fast,
Had withered all life, with the breath of his blast.
Though the north is my home, and dearly I love
By her clear rippling streams at evening to rove,
Yet give me the south with her verdure undying,

With her holly and bay, and bright blooming flowers,
And breezes of balm o'er orange groves sighing,
That noiselessly steal through her green shady bowers;
When the "dark eyed" girl of the south is reclining,
A wreath of gay flowers for a warm lover twining;

While from that dark eye affection is beaming,
And a heart as soft and as warm as the clime,
That nursed the arch smile that there too is gleaming—
"Oh this is not the land of passion nor crime!"

Though the darkest of moods will aye have their time
Neath the sun of the south or northern snow wreath;
The fire oft burns fiercest when smouldering beneath
A bosom of ice—where the death fiend is sleeping;

Its fall is the deadlier when once 'tis awake,
Even then o'er our frame perchance it is creeping
With the breath of foul slander its fury to slake.

ALBERTUS.

Rocky Springs, Mississippi.

LORD BYRON.

It appears by a notice of *Byron*, in the London Literary Gazette, that he was unsuccessful in his first tender attachment, his earliest and perhaps his only true love, Mary Chaworth, having given her hand to another, leaving her youthful adorer to disappointment and sorrow. The following beautiful lines (which have not been published in Byron's works) are said to have been addressed to her by the poet after his unhappy connection with her and separation from another lady.

'Tis done! and whither in the gale,
The bark unfurled her snowy sail;
And whistling o'er the bended mast,
Loud sings on high the freshening blast—
And I must froth this land be gone,
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,
And could I see what I have seen—
Could I repose upon the breast
Which once my warmest wishes blest;
I should not seek another zone,
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I held that eye
Which gave me bliss or misery;
And I have striven, but in vain,
Never to think of it again;
For though I fly from Albion,
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird without a mate,
My weary heart is desolate;
I look around, and cannot trace
One friendly smile or welcome face:
And even in crowded 'mid still alone,
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam,
And I will seek a foreign home:
Till I forget a false fair face,
I ne'er shall find a resting place:
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,
But ever love, and love but one.

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth
Still finds some hospitable hearth,
Where friendship's glow and love's softer glow
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;

But friend or lover I have none,
Because I cannot love but one.

I go! but wheresoe'er I flee
There's not an eye will weep for me,
There's not a kind congenial heart
Where I can claim the nearest part;
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene—
Of what we are, and what we've been—
Would whelm some softer hearts with woe;
But mine, alas! has stood the blow,
Yet still beats on as it begun,
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear, loved one may be,
Is not for vulgar eyes to see—
And why that love was early crossed
Thou knowest the best—I feel the most:
But few that dwell beneath the sun
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters, too,
With charms, perchance, as fair to view;
And I would fain have loved as well—
But some unconquerable spell
Forbade my bleeding breast to own
A kindred care for aught but one.

'Twould sooth to take one lingering view,
And bless thee in my last adieu;
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep
For him who wanders o'er the deep,—
Though wheresoe'er my bark may run,
I love but thee—I love but one.

THE BEINGS OF THE MIND.

BY MRS. MEMANS.

• The Beings of the Mind are not of clay;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray,
And more beloved existence: that which Fate
Prohibits to dwell, life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied
First exits then replaces what we hate:
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void."
Childs Harv'd.

Come to me, with your triumphs and your woes,
Ye forms to life by poets brought!
I sit alone with flowers and vernal boughs,
In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought;
Midst the glad music of the spring alone,
And sorrowful for visions that are gone.

Come to me! make your thrilling whispers heard,
Ye those masters of the soul endowed
With life and love, and many a burning word,
That bursts from grief like lightning from a cloud,
And smites the heart, till all its chords reply,
As leaves make answer when the wind sweeps by.

Come to me! visit my dream haunt! the sound
Of hidden springs as in the grass beneath,
The stock-dove's note above, and all around
The paezy that with the violet's breath
Floats through the air, in such and sudden streams,
Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep dreams.

Friends, friends! for such to my lone heart ye are,—
Unchanging ones! from whose immortal eyes
The glory melts not as the waning star,
And the sweet kindness never, never dies,
Bright Children of the Mind! o'er this green dell
Pass once again, and light it with your spell.

Imogene, fair Eide! meekly blending
In patient grief, "a smiling with a sigh,"
And thou, Cordelia! faithful daughter, tending
That sire, an oncast to the bitter sky,
Thou of the soft low voice, thou art not gone!
Still breathes for me its faint and flute-like tone.

And come, O! sing me thy willow strain,
Sweet Desdemona! with the sad surprise
In thy beseeching glance, where still, though vain,
Undimmed unquenchable affection lies—
Come, bowing thy young head to wrong and scorn,
As a frail hyacinth by showers o'erborne.

And thou too, fair Ophelia! flowers are here,
That well might win thy footstep to the spot—

Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,
And pansies for sad thought—but needed not,
Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and light
In that wild eye still tremulously bright!

And Juliet, vision of the south! enshrining
All gifts that unto its rich heaven belong,
The glow, the sweetness, in its rose combining,
The soul its nightingales pour forth in song;
Thou making death deep joy—but couldst thou die?
No! thy young love hath immortality!

From Earth's bright faces fades the light of morn
From Earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone;
But ye, the Children of the Soul, were born
Deathless, and for undying love alone;
And oh! ye beautiful! 'tis well, how well,
In the soul's world with you, where change is not, to dwell!

* "Notly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh."—*Cymbeline*, Act 4th.
† "Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low."—*Leary*, Act 5th.
‡ "Thou'st pauses, that's for thoughts," *Hamlet*—Act 4th

NIGHT.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Though crime entomb herself within the heart,
And veil her anguish with dissembling art;
Though mid the glare of day, and dazzling strife
That flutters on the shadowy stream of life,
She moves as merry as the morning air,
Unmarked by grief, un sorrowed by a care;
Darkness shall bear the burden of her sin,
And fan the hell of thought that flames within.

'At deep dead night, when not an earthly sound
Jars on the brooding air that sleeps around;
When all the drowsy feelings of the day,
Touched by the wand of Truth, dissolve away,—
Unhallowed Guilt shall in her bosom feel
A rack too fierce for language to reveal;
A sense unutterable within the soul
Of Him pervading—living through the whole;
On every limb shall creeping terror come,
Lock her white lips, and strike her anguish dumb;
Vengeance shall utter a tremendous yell,
And from the foundry of hell!

Not so comes Darkness to the good man's breast,
When night brings on the holy hour of rest;
Tired of the day, a pillow laps his head,
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed;
His spirit bosomed on the God of all,
Peace to the hour! what'er the night befall;
Then pleasing Memory unrolls her chart,
To raise, refine, and regulate the heart.
Exulting boyhood, and its host of smiles,
Next busy manhood, battling with its toils,
Delights and dreams that made the heart run o'er,
The love forgotten, and the friends no more—
The panorama of past life appears,
Warms his pure mind, and melts it into tears!
Till, like a shutting flower, the senses close,
And on him lies the beauty of repose.

I'D BE A BOTTLE FLY.

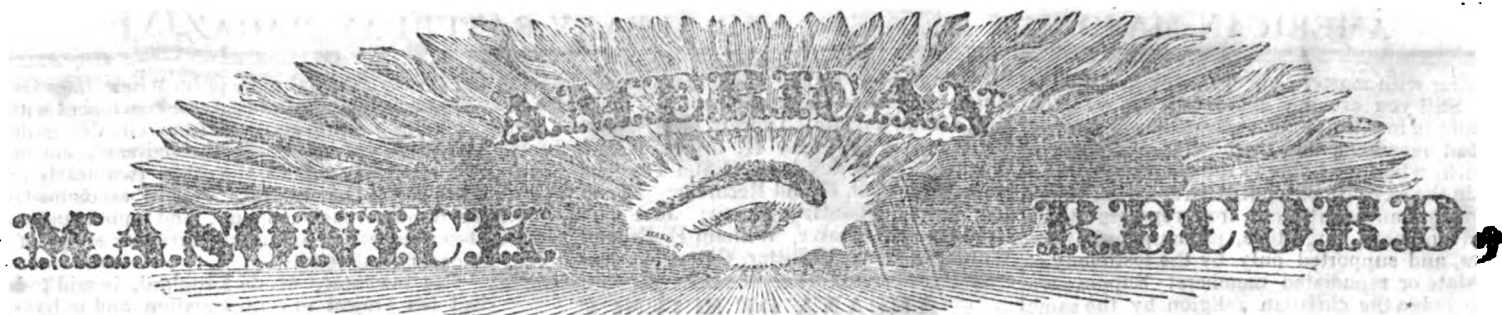
A Parody on "I'd Be a Butterfly," from Blackwood's Magazine.

I'd be a bottle fly, buzzing and blue,
With a chumy proboscis, and nothing to do,
But to dirty white dimity curtains, and blow
The choicest of meats, when the summer days glow!
Let the hater of sentiment, dew-drops, and flowers,
Scorn the insect that flutters in sunbeams and bowers,
There's a pleasure that none but a blue bottle knows,
'Tis to buzz in the ear of a man in a doze!

How charming to haunt a sick chamber, and revel
O'er the invalid's pillow, like any blue devil;
When pursued to bounce off to the window and then
From the pane to the counterpane fly back again!
I'd be a bottle fly, buzzing and blue,
With a sunny proboscis, and nothing to do,
But dirty white dimity curtains, and blow
The choicest of meats, when the summer days glow.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

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ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1828.

NO. 29.

MASONICK RECORD.

HONOUR TO THE DEAD.

As the adulation which is so profusely bestowed on the living, becomes, from its taint of flattery, insipid and disgusting to all but the flatterers and flattered, and sometimes even to them,—so the honours we give to those who have gone before us to a rest from their worldly labours, never fail to dwell upon the heart of the surviving worthy in a solemn and refined pleasure. To the dead, flattery has no calls for its hollow homage. They hear it not; or if they hear, have no equivalent to give for the pains of the flatterer. Thus we may believe that hypocrisy never mingles with our respect for the dead; for public honours are paid only to the worthy, whom both the good and the bad must revere in sincerity and truth. Hence we observe that our acts in memory of the dead afford a melancholy but an abiding pleasure to the generous heart; for such a heart is never more truly happy than in the performance of a good action, with neither hope nor prospect of reward.

On Wednesday the 23d day of July last, such honours were paid to the remains of Doctor JOHN COATS, first Grand Master of masons in the state of Maryland. The members of Coats Lodge in the town of Easton, Maryland, having previously resolved to remove his remains, and erect a monument to his memory, a plain and neat obelisk had been designed and executed by Brother William Steuart, esq. Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and erected on a lot purchased for the purpose, in Christ's Church Burial Ground, in that borough. Doctor COATS died about 18 years ago, and was interred in a cemetery near Easton, which has since taken the name of Potter's Field. In the ceremonies of the day, Coats Lodge was assisted by the R. W. Grand Lodge of Maryland.

At an early hour the brethren assembled and marched to Potter's Field, where the remains of the deceased brother had been taken up, and placed in an appropriate coffin for the purpose. Masonick Grand Honours were given on arriving at the place, and the procession returned to the Episcopal Church in masonick funeral order. After the funeral service, a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Brother Timothy Clowes, of Chestertown, late of St. Peter's Church in this city, accompanied with appropriate ceremonies. The procession then moved to the burial ground, accompanied by solemn musick from Mr. Roundtree's band, from Baltimore. The remains were then deposited in the vault adjoining the monument, with Grand Masonick Honours, and after an address to the Throne of Grace, Brother William Hayward jr. Master of Coats Lodge, delivered a masonick charge, in which he introduced the character of the deceased brother, as a pattern worthy of the imitation of every brother, every pa-

triot, and every good man. Thus ended the ceremonies of the day.

Doctor COATS was a native of the state of Pennsylvania, but had long been a respectable and public spirited citizen of Easton, his adopted town. The feelings toward his memory, so long after his decease, is not only a proof of the esteem he awakened in the hearts of his brethren of the masonick order, but speaks in a language not to be misunderstood, of his character as a citizen, and as a man.

We have received the following communication, and offer it to our readers as a specimen of the feeling which actuates the more candid professors of religion, when they see such rash and Pharisaical attempts to excite the churches against the masonick order. The writer is quite severe; but we think he has good reason to be so. If not only the civil government is to be distracted by this contemplated popular monopoly, but the firebrand and the sword is to be carried into "the kingdom which is not of this world," it is time to cry aloud and spare not.

To the Editor of the Masonick Record.

Sir,—I have witnessed for some time the slanders and insults which have been cast on the masonick institution, by an illiberal and unprincipled party termed the antimasonick; but knowing its leaders to be a set of rejected office-seekers, and public defaulters, who long since have lost the confidence of the respectable part of community, and who now wish to repair their lost reputation by the downfall of their betters,—and of course disregarding what such men could say or do, I considered them beneath my notice. And when I discovered some of the Baptist churches joining the ranks of the persecution, uniting in speculations, slanders, falsehoods, and prayers, at the same altar, I yet waited with patience, trusting that there was virtue sufficient in that church to purge it from this pollution.

But in looking over the columns of a western paper, called the Palmyra Freeman, I saw an address to the members of the *Methodist Episcopal* church, purporting to be out of duty to their country and to their Redeemer, to announce to the public, and especially to the conference to which they belong, their opinions respecting speculative freemasonry; also the part they felt their duty to act in regard to members of the masonick order belonging to their church;—and as a minister of that church, and a mason, I am bound in duty to my God, my country, and my church, to raise my voice against a measure which is not only calculated to destroy the peace of society, but the very foundation of the church.

The first thing they mention is their fears, and these fears led them to inquire into the merits of masonry; and the result has been that, by information obtained from the Lewiston committee, William Morgan was, with most shocking formality, put to death by freemasons; and after stating many false charges against them, they resolve that they will neither hear nor support any preacher who is a freemason.

Permit me, sir, through the medium of your excellent paper, to address these fanatical brethren of the Methodist church, before they proceed too

far, or enforce resolves which are void of principle, wisdom, or religion.

In the first place, you have declared to the world that you are Methodists, and you would wish them also to believe that you are christians. You say you have weighed this important subject with meditation and prayer. Let me ask you, then, who was present at the shocking formalities, and the murder of Morgan? If there were such formalities and murder, there must have been witnesses of the crime,—and if you are authorized to make these assertions, you must have information above conjecture, and can lead the publick to behold the murderers and not charge the institution and every mason with the crime.

But is it not Giddins of Rochester? he confesses that he was one that was with Morgan, and refused to give him a bible before he left the world. And he is your darling "prodigal;" whose press is in operation, night and day,—who supplies you with libels, which he is peddling to the world, to fill his pockets with money.

Is this following your Redeemer? Is this walking humbly with your God? Is this the effect of meditation and prayer? speculating under the garb of christianity; sowing the seeds of discord and contention, not only in the family circle, but in the sanctuary; raising the arm of brother against brother, and father against son; and at the same time, pretend you are doing God's service?

You say our republican government is in danger from the institution of masonry, when it is well known that the foundation stone of our republic was laid by masons, and has been supported by them ever since;—it is well known to the world, and it is known to you, and contracted must be that mind, and base and corrupt that heart, to say that meditation and prayer ever prompt the christian to proscribe them. It is but blasphemous mockery.

Again, the charges you bring against methodist preachers who are masons, are truly horrid:—expunging the name of Christ from the scriptures; mocking death; blasphemy; personating God Almighty; profaning the Lord's supper. Now, after such a black catalogue of crimes charged against them for years, all you require to restore them to your charity, and your purse, is for them publicly to confess to the world that they are such villains! Can this be believed! No! the enemies of the methodists will not believe you! The enemies of the cross will doubt you, and hell itself would blush to think its imps would make use of an assertion, so inconsistent and improbable. The vilest infidel has more charity than you.

The world has been constrained to say that the blessing of heaven has attended the preaching of methodists, and under them have added much toward the salvation of mankind. But they who have laboured so hard for the conversion of your souls, and have been vessels in the hand of God, by which heaven has poured out its blessings profusely on the church, are now termed murderers, villains, and infidels! "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant? To his own master he standeth or falleth: yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand."

Have not the methodist preachers done every thing that christianity can require, to create harmony, and content the minds of their weak and opposing brethren, on the subject of masonry? Did they not agree at a meeting of the Gen. see conference of 1827, and publish to their brethren, that they would deny themselves the privileges

of meeting with masons, except when moral duty called! Still you are not contented, but we must condemn the institution, in consequence of having a few bad members, and acknowledge ourselves to be such, when we know to the contrary.

Is it in the exercise of a christian spirit, to judge and condemn an institution, from representations founded on mere conjecture, promulgated by its enemies, and supported only by the testimony of its apostate or repudiated members? Suppose we were to judge the christian religion by the same rule;—have not men been murdered in the church, at Rome, in England, and even in Boston? and hence may we not say, with the same propriety, that the institution of christianity is a murderous and bloody one, dangerous to our country and the best interests of mankind? And do you not exercise the same persecuting spirit, which prevailed in these churches, and in the corrupt court of Ferdinand VII.

You say, the sword, the dirk, the bloody head, have prevented these infamous wretches from renouncing masonry before; that fear sealed their lips till the current of public opinion was against it. Can you palm such palpable falsehoods on an enlightened public? Was it impossible for these men to withdraw from the lodge, and deny themselves a participation in the privileges of masonry, instead of going on, step by step, for years, until their depraved hearts could no longer bear the restraint of the moral precepts, and then, when a field of speculation offers, joining in the cry, murderers! murderers!! hoping to share the booty with a Southwick and a Miller?

These perjured wretches, (perjured if their confessions are true,) you embrace as the favourites of heaven, and have the audacity to say that you will withhold your support from every minister of the humble Jesus, who will not do the same. Do you think that your filthy lucre would tempt a follower of Jesus to violate his conscience? No; your authority can not compel us; your threats we disregard, and "your money perish with you!" Would to heaven you possessed the principles of masonry; then instead of slander and oppression, we would behold humility and kindness.

You have resolved to exert your power to abolish masonry; but, thanks be to God, your power, like that of the devil, is limited;—your chain has got an end,—and your race in folly and iniquity we trust is short. Now reflect, I beseech you, before you proceed; for, unless you repent, the course you have taken will lead, if not to an expulsion from the methodist church, to what is infinitely more dreadful,—a banishment from the presence of your God.

A PREACHER.

CONNECTICUT.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of the State of Connecticut, held at the Masonick Hall, Tontine buildings, in the city of New-Haven, on the 14th and 15th days of May, A. L. 5828, the following brethren were elected officers for the ensuing year:—James M. Goodwin, Grand Master; Amherst D. Scovill, Deputy Grand Master; William C. Gay, Senior Grand Warden; Charles A. Ingersoll, Junior Grand Warden; Laban Smith, Grand Treasurer; William H. Jones, Grand Secretary; Asa Child, Senior Grand Deacon; Samuel Simons, Junior Grand Deacon; Rev. Benjamin M. Hill, Grand Chaplain; Gilbert A. Smith, Grand Marshal; Elisha Harrington, and Anson Colton, Grand Stewards; John Corse, Grand Tyler.

Officers of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the state of Connecticut, elected May 15, 5828:—William H. Jones, Grand High Priest; Andrew Harris, Deputy Grand High Priest; Asa Child, Grand King; Ingoldsby W. Crawford, Grand Scribe; Frederick Lee, Grand Treasurer; John Mix, Grand Secretary; Samuel Simons, Grand Marshal; Rev. Benjamin M. Hill, Grand Chaplain; John Corse, Grand Tyler.

Officers of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars for the state of Connecticut, elected May 16th, 1828:—John R. Watrous, Grand Master; Laban Smith, Deputy Grand Master; Daniel

B. Brinsmade, Grand Generalissimo; Thomas Hubbard, Grand Captain General; Benjamin M. Hill, Grand Prelate; Andrew Harris, Grand Senior Warden; William H. Jones, Grand Junior Warden; Frederick Lee, Grand Treasurer; Amherst D. Scovill, Grand Recorder; Leonard Hendee, Grand Standard Bearer; Joel G. Candee, Grand Sword Bearer; William E. Russell, Grand Warder; Gideon Hollister, Grand Sentinel.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

GEORAMA AT PARIS.

We find in the London Literary Gazette the annexed description of a novel and instructive exhibition in the French metropolis:—

This is one of the most pleasing exhibitions of the French Capital, and is remarkable, not to say unique, for the degree in which it combines the advantage of scientific instruction with the gratification afforded by a grand and imposing spectacle. Ascending through the inferior pole of a colossal transparent globe, one hundred and thirty feet in circumference, the spectator, placed at the axis, contemplates, on the concave side of this spacious sphere, the uninterrupted representation of the surface of our terraqueous planet. This is given on a scale so considerable, and is so artfully executed, that while he has the satisfaction of comprehending clearly and instantaneously, and with the most durable impression, the forms, and the relative position, distance, and dimensions of all the parts of the earth, he is astonished and delighted by the imposing grandeur of the sphere, and the beautiful effects of painting and transparency which it presents to him. The varied outline of the continents, islands, and coasts, the shading of the mountains, the traced lines of perpetual snow, the divers hues of the other regions, the fire of the volcanoes, the contrast between the aqueous parts which are lucid, and the opaque and dusty tint of the *terra firma*—combine to produce a most interesting general picture, abounding in partial beauties still more admirable. In situations, for instance, where several of the peculiarities alluded to meet together, as where a prolonged highland peninsula, like that of California, stretches into the sea, between a narrow gulf on the one side, and the ocean's expanse on the other, or where a chain of lofty mountains, as the isthmus of Panama, separating the Atlantic and Pacific, and connecting the two vast continents of the new world, is represented with the peculiar distinctions of shading, of transparency and obscurity, which its several accidents require—the picturesque effect is indescribable. Of a different character, is the contrast of the busy, concentrated and verdant appearance of the civilized and cultivated regions, crowded with names of cities and towns, and traversed by rivers, canals and routes innumerable, with straggling, sandy, and trackless deserts, such as occupy the continents of Africa, of which the arid and inhospitable aspect is forcibly expressed. Other favourable occasions; for effect, have not been neglected; the various Archipelagos are beautifully represented, and not to mention groups of islands still more interesting, one who has enjoyed from the summit of Mount Etna the delightful effect produced by the almost bird's-eye view, of the cluster of volcanick isles which form the *Æolian Cyclades*, will not disdain the manner in which the original impression is here recalled to his mind. To the grand volcanoes a very natural effect of furnaces of living fire is given; by the use of a luminous red stone, an excellent contrivance for distinguishing them, and for facilitating the tracing of their asserted line of connexion.

The general construction of this grand machine is simple and ingenious, adopting the conventional divisions of geographers, the author has employed the thirty-six meridians of the ordinary globe in as many curved vertical bars of iron, and seventeen circles of the same metal, marking the equator and parallels, to constitute the skeleton of this sphere. The map is spread on the concave side, and the interior thus formed is illuminated by a soft and agreeable light, admitted through the blue transparency of the waters. The manner in which the sphere is upheld, is represented as very ingenious, but is not disclosed to the publick. The ascent into the globe is by an elegant spiral staircase, pass-

ing through the antarctic pole, where the vast unexplored space admits of this encroachment without prejudice to the map. Three circular galleries projecting outwards from the staircase, one opposite the equator, and the other two nearly on a level with the tropicks, afford accommodation for a numerous company, and opportunities for closer inspection and more particular study of the geographical details.

The inventor, M. de Langford, is said to have had his project in contemplation, and to have laboured more or less constantly at its completion, for fifteen years.

DELETERIOUS PROPERTIES OF LEADEN PIPES.

Experiment of Mr. Faraday.—From the London Mechanick's Magazine.

The deleterious properties of lead are well known; yet pipes of this dangerous metal are most extensively used for conveying fluids, even those which form a part of our diet: for instance, all the beer which is drawn in our taverns and publick houses, passes from the cellar to the bar through long leaden pipes. These pipes soon become coated internally, with acetate of lead, a deadly poison; the beer, passing over a continued surface of this poisonous matter, for 20, 30, or 40 feet, absorbs more or less of it, in proportion to the state of the pipe and the acidity of the beer. The habitual use of beer thus drugged, produces painful and dangerous disorders. In summer and autumn, when the exciting causes are most powerful, the effects are obvious in the great prevalence of stomach and bowel complaints. Many hours must elapse between drawing the last beer at night and the first in the morning; the beer which remains all this time in a leaden pipe, must be so strongly impregnated with the poison, that, under particular circumstances, it may be the direct cause of death. Some publicans are said to be aware of this, and to avoid the extreme case, by drawing off a certain quantity every morning, which they throw into their waste butt.

A small leaden pipe was taken from a publick house, where it was actually in use; a piece of this pipe, less than six inches long, was found, by Mr. Faraday, of the Royal Institute, to contain sixty-seven grains of deposit, which, being analyzed by that distinguished chymist, produced thirty-seven grains of acetate and sub-acetate of lead. Some of your scientific correspondents may possibly be able to remedy, or at least qualify, an evil so important, and so much at variance with the spirit of the age.

BIOGRAPHY.

GENERAL VICTORIA.

From Ward's Mexico.

It was General Victoria's practice to keep but a small body of men about his person, and only to collect his force upon great occasions; a mode of warfare well suited to the wild habits of the natives, and at the same time calculated to baffle all pursuit. The instant a blow was struck, a general dispersion followed; in the event of a failure, a rendezvous was fixed for some distant point; and thus losses were often repaired, before it was known in the capital that they had been sustained at all. Nor were Victoria's exploits confined to his desultory warfare: in 1815, he detained a convoy of 6000 mules, escorted by 2000 men, under the command of Col. Aguila, at Puente del Rey, a pass, the natural strength of which, the insurgents had increased by placing artillery on the heights by which it is commanded; nor did it reach Vera Cruz for upwards of six months. The necessity of keeping the channel of communication with Europe open, induced Calleja, in December, 1815, to entrust the chief command, both civil and military of the province of Vera Cruz, to Don Fernando Miyares, (an officer of high rank and distinguished attainments, recently arrived from Spain,) for the special purpose of establishing a chain of fortified posts, on the whole ascent to the table land, sufficiently strong to curb Victoria's incursions. The execution of this plan was preceded and accompanied by a series of actions be-

tween the insurgents and royalists, in the course of which Miyares gradually drove Victoria from his strong holds at Puente del Rey, and Puente de San Juan, (Sept. 1815;) and although the latter maintained the unequal struggle for upwards of two years, he was not able to obtain any decisive advantage over the reinforcements which the government was continually sending to the seat of war. 2000 European troops landed with Miyares, and 1000 more with Apodaca, (in 1816;) and notwithstanding the desperate efforts of Victoria's men, their courage was of no avail against the superior discipline and arms of their adversaries. In the course of 1816, most of the old soldiers fell: those by whom he replaced them, had neither the same enthusiasm nor the same attachment to him. The zeal with which the inhabitants had engaged in the cause of the revolution, was worn out; with each reverse their discouragement increased; and, as the disastrous accounts from the interior left them but little hope of bringing the contest to a favourable issue, the villages refused to furnish any farther supplies, the last remnant of Victoria's followers deserted him, and he was left absolutely alone. Still his courage was unsubdued, and his resolution not to yield, on any terms, to the Spaniards, unshaken. He refused the rank and rewards which Apodaca proffered as the price of his submission, and determined to seek an asylum in the solitude of the forest, rather than accept the inducement, on the faith of which so many of the insurgents yielded up their arms. The extraordinary project was carried into execution with a decision highly characteristic of the man. Unaccompanied by a single attendant, and provided only with a little linen and a sword, Victoria threw himself into the mountainous district which occupies so large a portion of the province of Vera Cruz, and disappeared from the eyes of his countrymen. His after-history is so extremely wild, that I should hardly venture to relate it here, did not the unanimous evidence of his countrymen confirm the story of his sufferings, as I have often heard it from his own mouth. During the first two weeks, Victoria was supplied with provisions by the Indians, who all knew and respected his name; but Apodaca was so apprehensive that he would again emerge from his retreat, that a thousand men were ordered out, in small detachments, literally to hunt him down. Wherever it was discovered that a village had either received him, or relieved his wants, it was burnt without mercy; and this rigour struck the Indians with such terror, that they either fled from the sight of Victoria, or were the first to denounce the approach of a man whose presence might prove so fatal to them. For upwards of six months he was followed like a wild beast by his pursuers, who were often so near him, that he could hear their imprecations against himself, and Apodaca too, for having condemned them to so fruitless a search. On one occasion, he escaped a detachment, which he fell in with unexpectedly, by swimming a river which they were unable to cross; and on several others, he concealed himself when in the immediate vicinity of the royal troops, beneath the thick shrubs and creepers with which the woods of Vera Cruz abound. At last a story was made up, to satisfy the viceroy, of a body having been found, which had been recognized as that of Victoria. A minute description was given of his person, which was inserted in the Gazette of Mexico, and the troops were recalled to more pressing labours in the interior. But Victoria's trials did not cease with the pursuit—harrassed and worn out by fatigues which he had undergone, his clothes torn to pieces, and his body lacerated by the thorny underwood of the tropicks, he was indeed allowed a little tranquility; but his sufferings were still almost incredible; during the summer, he managed to subsist upon the fruits of which nature is so lavish in those climates; but in winter he was attenuated by hunger, and I have heard him repeatedly affirm, that no repast has afforded him so much pleasure since, as he experienced, after being long deprived of food, in gnawing the bones of horses, or other animals, that he happened to find dead in the woods. By degrees, he accustomed himself to such abstinence, that he could remain four, and even five days without tasting any thing but wa-

ter, without experiencing any serious inconvenience; but whenever he was deprived of sustenance for a longer period, his sufferings were very acute. For thirty months he never tasted bread, nor saw a human being, nor thought, at times, ever to see one again. His clothes were reduced to a single wrapper of cotton, which he found one day, when driven by hunger he had approached nearer than usual to some Indian huts, and this he regarded as an inestimable treasure. The mode in which Victoria, cut off, as he was, from all communication with the world, received intelligence of the revolution of 1821, is hardly less extraordinary than the fact of his having been able to support existence amidst so many hardships, the intervening period. When in 1818 he was abandoned by all the rest of his men, he was asked by two Indians who lingered with him to the last, and, on whose fidelity he knew that he could rely, if any change should take place, where he wished to them to look for him? He pointed, in reply, to a mountain at some distance, and told them that, on that mountain, perhaps, they might find his bones. His only reason for selecting it was, its being particularly rugged and inaccessible, and surrounded by forest, of a vast extent. The Indians treasured up this hint, and as soon as the first news of Iturbide's declaration reached them, they set out in quest of Victoria; they separated on arriving at the foot of the mountain, and employed six whole weeks in examining the woods with which it was covered; during this time, they lived principally by the chase; but finding their stock of maize exhausted, and all their efforts unavailing, they were about to give up the attempt, when one of them, discovered, in crossing a ravine which Victoria occasionally frequented, the print of a foot, which he immediately recognized to be that of a European. By European, I mean European descent, and consequently accustomed to wear shoes, which always give a difference of shape to the foot, very perceptible to the eye of a native. The Indian waited two days upon the spot, but seeing nothing of Victoria, and finding his supply of provisions quite at an end, he suspended upon a tree near the place, four tortillas, or little maize cakes, which were all he had left, and set out for his village, in order to replenish his wallets, hoping that if Victoria should pass in the mean time, the tortillas would attract his attention, and convince him that some friend was in search of him. His little plan succeeded completely; Victoria, on crossing the ravine two days afterwards, perceived the maize cakes, which the birds had fortunately not devoured. He had then been four whole days without tasting bread; and he says himself, that he devoured the tortillas before the cravings of his appetite would allow him to reflect upon the singularity of finding them on this solitary spot, where he had never before saw any trace of a human being. He was at a loss to determine whether they had been left there by a friend or foe; but feeling sure that whoever had left them intended to return, he concealed himself near the place, in order to observe his motions, and to take his own measures accordingly. Within a short time the Indian returned; Victoria instantly recognized him, and abruptly started from his concealment, in order to welcome his faithful follower; but the man terrified at seeing a phantom, covered with hair, emaciated, and clothed only with an old cotton wrapper, advancing upon him with a sword in his hand from among the bushes, took to flight; and it was only on hearing himself repeatedly called by his name, that he recovered his composure sufficiently to recognize his old general. He was affected beyond measure at the state in which he found him, and conducted him instantly to his village; where Victoria was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The report of his reappearance spread like lightning through the province, where it was not credited at first, so firmly was every one convinced of his death; but it was soon known that Guadalupe Victoria was indeed in existence; all the old insurgents rallied around him. In an incredibly short time he induced the whole province, with the exception of the fortified towns, to declare for independence, and then sat out to join Iturbide, who was at that time preparing for the siege of Mexico. He was received with great apparent cordiality; but his in-

dependent spirit was too little in unison with Iturbide's projects for this good understanding to continue long. Victoria had fought for a liberal form of government and not merely for a change of masters; Iturbide, unable to gain him over, drove him again into the woods during his short lived reign, from whence he only returned to give the signal for a general rising against the too ambitious Emperor.

THE GATHERER.

From the New-England Weekly Review.

YANKEE LYRICS.

NO. III.

One day a fellow with a brazen face,
With lungs of iron and an oily tongue,
Mounted a horseblock in our market place
And thus he sung,
As Steator loud—
"Oyez! oyez! oyez!"—a gaping crowd
Of lazy men and boys,
Who heard the welcome noise,
Gathered around the bawling fellow,
Wondering what he had to sell.
The chapman on a sanctimonious phiz,
And thus began anew,
"Oyez!—good gentlefolks—oyez! oyez!
Would any one of you
Purchase a horse for almost nothing—
And such a noble horse,
Would bring into your purse
(To sell for half what he is worth, in
Harness, or to ride) a fortune!
He's four years old and better, white as milk,
His legs are slender, mane as soft as silk,
Sixteen hands high, his tail, a short one,
And such a racer.
Good lord! he's second to Eclipse—
And, as he never trips,
He's good in a walk, a gallop, or a trot,
And, what your speeders commonly are not,
An easy pacer!
Sound in wind and limb,
The leaves he never had at all,
He knows no spavin or windgall,
No springhalt troubles him—
Ringbones and bots for him have no affection
In fine, he's all perfection!
Who'll buy! who'll buy!
Does no one bid?
Will no one have him?" "I! I! I!"
Exclaimed at once some ten or twenty
Voices, purchased were plenty.
"Where is your horse?" produce him!"
—The fellow twisted his quid,
And begged that they'd excuse him.
"In faith, I have not, nor expect to have
A horse like this, but"—cried the knave,
"For your good will, I thank ye,
And let me tell you, ere you go,
If I should find one, I will let you know,
As true as I'm a Yankee!"

LONDON NEWSPAPER CONUNDRUMS.

Why is *The Age* like the City Barge on the Lord Mayor's Day?—Because it goes on swimmingly.
Why is *The Times* like an old woman that is bedridden?—Because it lives by lying.
Why is *The Morning Post* like a pastile?—Because it's good to burn.—(Byrne.)
Why is *The John Bull* like a convicted felon?—Because it's heavily shackled.
Why is *The Morning Chronicle* like the Sandwich Islands?—Because it's misgoverned by a Black.
Why is *Bell's Life in London* like a fat man running up a hill?—Because it can't get on without puffing.
Why is *The Sunday Times* like the Litany?—Because it contains "all false heresy, and schism," and is never without "battle, murder, or sudden death."
Why is *The Weekly Despatch* to be dreaded by a lady?—Because it might harm her and call it sport.
Why is *The Standard* like Hodges, the gin distiller?—Because it's supported by the Ins.
Why is *The Courier* like the figure of a cotintry dance?—Because it changes sides right and left.
Why is *The Sun* like the new Palace?—Because it's raised by a Grant.
Why is *The Examiner* like Hilton Joliffe?—Because its supporters more Hunts than one.
Why is *The Morning Herald* like the wind?—Because it's not to be depended on.
Why is *The Representative* like Queen Anne?—Because it's dead. [Cork Constitution.

POPULAR TALES.

THE POST OFFICE.

From the Cincinnati Evening Chronicle.

I am one of those who delight in seeing, (being naturally inquisitive) rather than in being seen; whether my desire of passing unnoticed is to be attributed to a natural timidity of disposition; or to the plain dealing of a certain cherry-framed mirror (one story in height—price, two dollars) which is at present numbered among my worldly goods and chattels, I shall leave it to those better skilled in inductive philosophy, to determine: but be this as it may, there can be no doubt of the fact above stated. In furtherance of this curious disposition of mine, I generally frequent the most public places, where I have ample opportunities for observation; and where a man both cigarless and caneless, may reasonably hope to pass unnoticed, if not unknown. But of all places to be found in this wide spread city of ours, the Post Office, on the arrival and distribution of the mails, for this purpose, stands pre-eminent. On such occasions I take my stand in the north-west corner of the space allotted to the applicants for letters, and "looking down the dim vista," make such observations on the various "comers and goers" as suit the fancy of the moment; always mindful, however, not to suffer any obnoxious remarks of mine, to rise above an inaudible mutter; for in this age of swords and pistols, of rat-traps and pop-guns, one can not safely think aloud, unless he chance to think *politely*. Diogenes—(I envy that man!) could think and even say what he pleased without being called to an account; but in these enlightened days, if a modern Diogenes should ask Mr. Alexander the shoe-black, to move from between him and the sun, without adding that all powerful *sesame* "if you please, sir;" I would not ensure the continued soundness of his cranium, though it be as thick as Porson's—no, not for ninety-nine per centum on the sum ensured, together with one dollar for the policy—all well and truly told—so much for modern improvements—Oh for the days of Grecian simplicity! But to return. There is not, perhaps, in this wide world, a place where men display more vanity, I will also say hypocrisy, than at the Post Office. Vanity is said to be indigenous to the mind of every man, indeed like a subtle and expansive fluid, it pervades his every action; for instance, it may be discerned in the colloitation of the neat little triangle, formed by a white kerchief, in the pocket of a city exquisite—so, in the elevation of the arm, as the fi'penny bit drops into the charity box, and in the still superior elevation, when the boon amounts to a *quarter*: all which "time and tide permitting," I purpose, hereafter, to notice with becoming reprobation. But if you would see men of all ages and conditions, from the "furnace sighing lover" to the "capon lined justice," nay to the "lean and slippered pantaloon," to say nothing of "meek-eyed beauty"—if you would see them one and all, giving themselves up to "strange phantasies" and ridiculous airs; share my stand in the post office corner but for one brief hour, and I promise thee, "if thou canst philosophize," such food for merriment, as will cause "thy lungs to crow like chanticleer." One of the first things, I noticed from my aforesaid stand, was the vast advantage the proprietorship of a box gives to its possessor, over those poor devils, whose epistles, be they of love or glory, lie "cheek by jole" with accounts current, estimates upon the state of the nation, &c., not particularly on account of the facilities it affords him in obtaining his letters, and in preserving them from contamination, but by reason of the temporary superiority it imparts to its possessor. Listen—"contents of box, No. —" cries the proprietor, the bystanders gazing upon him in silent wonder and admiration—"will you have the goodness, sir, to see whether there are any letters in your office for —?" doubtfully asks the boxless applicant. Reader, perchance thou hast ascended the Ohio river in one of the numerous steamboats which rive its waters:—didst thou ever observe the consequential stride of a cabin passenger carrying in one hand a little will-o'-the-wisp, and with the other twirling a ponderous watch seal, at times relin-

quished, in order to correct the elevation of his cigar:—didst thou ever compare his stride with the noiseless tread and deprecating look, of the more humble deck passenger?—Hast thou ever marked the one, as he *orders his brandy sling*, and the other almost *supplicates his glass of whiskey*—the haughty toss of the first, as he *quaffs his beverage*; and the lowly bend of the last, as he *drinks his grog*? If thou hast seen, heard and observed all this, gentle reader, and hast also noted the assiduousness of the steward as he waits upon the one, and his bare endurance of the other, then you know the height, depth and breadth of our degradation.

Thinking of this, the other day, my pride got the better of my wasted finances. I will have a box, said I; but alas, alas! I could not get the better of the postmaster, and so here I am as boxless as ever. But to return—I have seen a fellow who never received a letter by the post in his life, manifest the utmost impatience to reach the pigeon hole. Stay that young man in his course! I would as soon attempt to stay the Ohio's flood, when she is bearing on her bosom the unearthed forest trees—"Holloa there—are all the mails in?"—"all, sir"—"any letters for me?"—"none," dryly responds the postmaster. "Strange," says the youth "strange!" echo the by-standers—passing strange, thought I. He has neither a very remarkable memory nor a prolific invention. I have heard him say the same thing twenty times, "by this light!"—but hark, another effort at distinction—"If Mr. — has any thing in the office, you may hand it to me"—"eighty seven cents postage," says the postmaster—"Oh I will leave his letters, if you please, I only want his papers;" not a *sous* in his pocket thought I—now that was all show; like a new drop scene at the theatre, it was merely "got up for effect." In steps a soldier with measured tread, crowds into his pockets, perhaps his dismissal from the service, and struts away "a la mode le grand monarque." Next enters a bustling merchant, who, with an air that seems to say, "gadzoos I'm worth a plum!" deposits in his hat, perhaps a notice of a debtor's failure, or perhaps, "Sir I take the liberty to inform you, that your note, &c. hope it will be convenient, &c." I never had the good or ill fortune to see a thunder storm at sea; but I have seen the portentous phiz of a politician, as he took his daily budget of political thunder from the office; and on such occasions, I uniformly exclaimed, Oh Lord, we shall all perish! A seaman would perhaps cry, "bear up!—brace the mainsail!—stay the top gallant!" &c. I have seen a bright and joyous school girl thoughtlessly crowd into her reticule, the produce of a mother's sleepless night, and trip away to join her playmate. I have seen a "convicted lover" bound away to his desolate room and farthing candle to read, perhaps, his dismissal, or perhaps, a letter of condolence from the husband of his quondam mistress. I have seen—yes I have seen a dimpled beauty ask in vain for letters from —: I marked the pouting lips just as they parted from the "twin rows of pearl," the half smothered sigh, and the "pshaw, a pitiful fellow!"—I drew out my pencil in order to write an obituary notice; but as she turned; I perceived a tear glistening in her eye; it spoke of proposed mercy. "Thanks I to myself," I had better compose his *epithalamium*.

Next evening on repairing to my stand, I perceived the identical female—"are there any letters for —?" she asked, with as much earnestness, though with less confidence than on the preceding evening—"yes"—her eyes brightened—"twenty-five cents postage"—down went a dollar—up went the letter and away went the girl, much quicker than she came. "Miss, your change." but no Miss was there to receive it. "Strange!" muttered the postmaster, after re-examining the dollar and finding it genuine. Now I would have freely given my aforesaid mirror, nay I would now hypothecate all the furniture in this room of mine for twice its appraised value, if — would only act thus strangely on receiving a letter from me. I don't know how it is, Mr. Editor, but of late, I have strangely suspected that she does not take them out of the office, all post paid as they are—perhaps even at this very moment some of the clerks in the post office department are regaling

themselves with those precious—delectable morceaus. If these lines should meet her eye, they may perhaps, work a reformation. But I have seen some apply for letters with a faltering voice and quivering lip; and I have seen the big tear drop in their eyes, as they silently and sorrowfully turned away from the stand they approached, but a few moments before, with lively hope. Perhaps anxiety for a father, a mother, a sister, or a brother's safety brought them to the office. Perhaps their fortunes or their happiness have been rashly perilled on a single cast, and they are now anxiously awaiting the result.

I remember, on one occasion, to have seen a female approaching the office, leading a little child. She soon gained the door and hurried to the pigeon hole. She suddenly paused, and apparently drew back. I approached thinking she might possibly be incommoded by the crowd; but no person was near her. It was that reluctance so natural to all, when about to receive intelligence which may prove highly distressing. She partly turned her head and I saw that she was wonderfully agitated.—but it was only momentary,—for, by one of those efforts which are generally supposed to belong exclusively to our sex, she so far conquered her emotion as to ask—if there were any letters for Mrs. Percival. There was almost a breathless pause. "A letter for Mrs. Percival." She sprang forward. "For Mrs. Mary Percival!" repeated the cautious Postmaster. "Oh, no!—let me see! No: It is not mine!—But look again for Mrs. Julia Percival." "Nothing for Mrs. Julia Percival," was the chilling reply. She stood for a moment as motionless as a statue. At length the voice of her somewhat restless child recalled her wandering thoughts; and straining it wildly to her breast, exclaimed—"My child! My husband! why, why do you leave us!"—and rushed from the office. There spoke the fond mother and affectionate wife. Her husband was seeking a fortune in the South. He was sick; and it was from him, or, of him, that she so confidently expected to hear. At length it came. I was present when she received it. She stood gazing at the superscription. It was not her husband's writing!—no!—she could have told it even though he had endeavoured to disguise it. But perhaps he was only too sick to write. He may be living! She turned to break the seal. It was black! All her new made hopes were crushed in their budding. I ventured to approach; for, though I had never been introduced to her, yet I felt sure of a friendly reception, if I offered words of encouragement, or even of condolence. Grief like hers, for the time, destroys all the artificial distinctions of society. And there is something so inexpressibly soothing, to the widowed heart, in words of consolation and acts of sympathy, that a stranger need not fear to offer them. "Her husband might still be alive!—That fatal seal may have been affixed by the carelessness or inattention of his servants; or perhaps from necessity." "But no: no! Her Henry would have sent it unsealed rather than have closed it with that hideous emblem." At length, with that desperate resolution which prompts to know the worst, she broke the seal. To read its contents was but the work of a moment. The letter dropped from her hands. Her child had fallen down!—but she heeded not its cries. She betrayed no consciousness of passing events, either by word, look, or motion: but her very attitude attested her irreparable bereavement.

I had raised her child and was endeavouring to sooth it, when with a sigh, which betokened "wo without parallel," she, turned to thank me for my attention. I started.

I have seen a mother weeping over the last of her children. I have seen a man look on, as the earth was rattling on the coffin of the last of his race; and I have marked his countenance, as he turned from the spot, with the bitter conviction that he now stood alone and friendless in the world—I have been familiar with wo and wretchedness. But never! no, never have I seen a countenance which betokened such perfect desolation! The blight of a mental sirocco was there. On every lineament was written, "my husband is dead! my child is fatherless!"

Had it been that boisterous grief so common on

such occasions, I could have borne it; but I was altogether unprepared for such deep but silent sorrow. I retired to my corner as she slowly departed—there I remained musing on the scene, until I was roused by “all the letters in box No. —.” I was roused—the fellow had escaped, or I should have annihilated him on the spot for his sacrilegious interruption. I left the office, gentle reader, much more abruptly than I now leave thee, hoping that the next mail may contain intelligence pleasing to us all.

THE REFLECTOR.

FORTITUDE AND SPIRIT.

From Rev. D. W. P. Greenwood's discourse on the life of John.

After Jesus was betrayed and seized, John is supposed to have been that other disciple, who went with Peter to the palace of the high priest, and gained him admittance there by means of his acquaintance with that dignitary. However this may be, he was the only one of the twelve who had the fortitude to attend his beloved Master to the cross. How touchingly is it manifested on this awful occasion, that the softest natures are often the noblest and most fearless too; and that those which are apparently the most daring and masculine, may yet shrink away in the time of peril and distress. Who, in that hour of darkness—darkness in the heavens and in the hearts of men; who, in that hour of abandonment, when even the Son of God cried out that he was forsaken; who, of all his followers, were with him then, to support him by their sympathy, and prove to him their love? In the midst of scoffing soldiers, and brutal executioners, under the lowering sky, and just below the frightful cross, we behold four weeping females, and one disciple, the youngest and the gentlest of the twelve, braving the horrors of this place of blood, braving the anger of those in authority, and the insults of those who do their bidding, determined to be near their friend and Master in his agonies, and ready, on the spot, and at the moment, to share them. And what is it that braces up the nerves of this feeble company to such a singular pitch of fortitude and daring? The simple, but unconquerable strength of affection; the generous omnipotence of their attachment and gratitude. In the might of their love they ascend the hill of Calvary, and take their station beneath the cross; hearing nothing amidst all that tumult, but the promptings of their devoted hearts; seeing nothing but their dying Lord; remembering nothing but that he was dear to them, and that he was in misery. Oh! how loftily does courage like this, rise above that ruder and earthly courage that rushes to the battle field, and is crowned with the applauses of the world! It calls for none of those excitements and stimulants, from without, which goad rough spirits into madness; but relies on those resources that are within, those precious stores and holy powers which are the strength of a single and faithful breast. That is the courage of the animal; this is of the soul. It is pure; it is divine. To say all in one word, it was such as moved the complacent regard of the Saviour himself, even in the height of his sufferings. Hanging on the cross, bleeding and exhausted, yet when he saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he was touched by their constancy; his thoughts were recalled to earth; the domestic affections rushed into his bosom; and with a tender care which provided at once a protection for his parent, and a reward for his friend, “he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother!” Where was there ever so affecting a bequest as that which was then made, when love and filial piety triumphed over suffering? Where was there ever so affecting an adoption as that which then took place, when attachment and fidelity triumphed over fear? The last earthly care of Jesus was accomplished. His mother was confided to the disciple whom he best loved. The favourite disciple eagerly accepted the honourable and precious charge; for, “from that hour,” as we are told by himself, he “took her unto his own home.”

The whole scene is one of unrivalled pathos. Had it taken place in a quiet chamber, and by the side of a peaceful death bed, it would have moved

us; but how singularly and solemnly does it come in, a sweet and melting interlude, in the midst of that wild and appalling conflict, under the open and frowning heavens, of passion, violence, outcry, shame and agony! It is like one of those hushed pauses between the fits of a midnight storm, when the elements wait, and pity seems pleading with wrath, ere the war and the turmoil begin again.

THE LAST JUDGEMENT.

By Rev. Edward Irving.

We have now before us a subject, which for the magnificence of the scenery, the magnitude of the transaction, and the effect which it draweth on, stand unrivalled in the annals of human knowledge; a subject, indeed, with which the powers of conception cannot be brought to contend. Imagination cowers her wing, unable to fetch the compass of the ideal scene. The great white throne descending out of heaven, guarded and begirt with the principalities and powers thereof; the awful presence, at whose sight the heavens and the earth flee away, and no place for them is found; the shaking of the mother element of nature, and the commotion of the hoary deep, to render up their long dissolved dead; the rushing together of quickened men upon all the winds of heaven, down to the centre where the judge sitteth upon his blazing throne; to give form and figure and utterance to the mere circumstantial pomp of such a scene, no imagination availeth. The arch angel, with the trumpet of God, riding sublime in the midst of heaven, and sending through the widest dominion of death and the grave, that sharp summons that divideth the solid earth and rings through the caverns of the hollow deep, piercing the dull cold ear of death with the knell of their departed reign; the death of death, the disinheriting of the grave, the reign of life, the second birth of living things, the re-union of body and soul, the one from unconscious sleep, the other from apprehension and unquiet abodes; the congregation of all generations over whom the streams of time hath swept; this outstretches my understanding, no less than the material imagery confuses my imagination. And when I bring the picture to my heart, its feelings are overwhelmed. When fancy this quick and conscious frame one instant re-awakened and re-invested, the next summoned before the face of the Almighty Judge; now re-begotten, now sifted through every secret corner; my poor soul, possessed with the memory of its misdeeds, submitted to the searching eye of my Maker, my fate depending upon his lips; my everlasting and changeless fate; I shudder and shiver with mortal apprehension. And when I fancy myriads of men, all standing thus explored and known, I seem to hear the shivering, like the aspen leaf in the still evening of autumn. Pale fear possesseth every countenance, and blank conviction every quickening heart. They stand like men upon the perilous edge of battle, withholden from speech, and pinched for dread, through excess of struggling emotions; shame, remorse, and mortal apprehension, and trembling hope.

Then the recording angel opens the book of God's remembrance and inquisition proceedeth apace. Anon they move quicker than the movement of thought, to the right and left, two most enormous companies. From his awful seat, his countenance clothed with the smile which makes all heaven gay, the Judge pronounceth blessings forever and ever upon the heads of his disciples, and dispenseth to them a kingdom prepared by God from the first time. To their minds, seized with the things of unexpected deliverance, it seemeth as a dream, and they wonder with ecstasy at the unbounded love of the Redeemer. They wonder, and they speak their unworthiness, but they are re-assured by the voice of him that changeth not. Then joy seizeth their whole soul and assurance of immortal bliss. Their trials are ended, their course is finished, the prize is won, and the crown of eternal life is laid up for them in store;—fulness of joy and pleasure forever, at the right hand of God.

Calumny crosses oceans, scales mountains, and traverses deserts with greater ease than the Scythian Abatis, and like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow.

MISCELLANY.

AL KORAN.

From the New-York Morning Courier.

The nature of the Turkish creed is as little known to people generally, as the Turkish character. Some of its points are curious enough.

The Turks insist upon the unity of God. They believe that the Saviour was the son of the Virgin Mary, and was conceived by the “Rauna,” which is the breath or spirit of God. They believe that he was a great prophet—that he had the power of performing miracles—that he foretold the coming of Mahomet, who is also no more than a prophet. They believe that Christ shall come to judge the world—that he shall reign forty years in Damascus, during which time Anti-Christ shall arise, after whose destruction Christ shall ascend into Heaven, and then the day of Judgement shall be held. They believe that the Gospel was sent to Jesus as the Law was to Moses, and the Psalms to David.

They believe all the Prophets of the Old Testament—they believe in Paradise, in Hell, but not in Purgatory. Instead of this they have a place called “Araf,” to be inhabited by those who have led an insignificant life, in which the good and evil are about equally balanced. The Paradise of Mahomet is sensual—lovely gardens, fair fruits, fresh fountains, flowing rivers of milk and wine, the song of the Houris—every thing is addressed to the senses. So is it also with their Hell—the wicked are to drink scalding water, and to eat the bitter fruit of the *Sacon*. Still for awhile they have hope; if their faith be proof against torment, after all their sins are washed away in the waters of *Satzaboul*, they are admitted into Paradise. But to those who have no faith, the fires of Hell are eternal. The Turkish belief in fatalism is well known; it is this, in connexion with the reward of Paradise to those who die in battle, which makes the Ottoman soldier a formidable foe.

TURKISH CEREMONIES.

From the same.

The Turks pray for their dead, and invoke their Saints to intercede for them. Every Mussulman has his own guardian angel. They believe that the soul returns to the body when it is entombed. If the man has led an evil life, the angels of the grave, *Monika* and *Guanquir*, torment him until the day of judgement. If his life has been virtuous, his abode in the grave is one of pleasure and contentment. The Turks recognize the ten commandments of Moses, and enforce them with five others added by Mahomet. These are, 1st, To believe in and worship one only God; 2d, To fast during the Rhamadan; 3d, To pray at certain hours; 4th, To give the fortieth part of their income to the poor; 5th, To go on a pilgrimage to Mecca once in their life. In the observance of the first they are very scrupulous and reverential; they never undertake any thing of importance without invoking the blessing of Heaven.

The second commandment is kept during the Rhamadan, the month in which the *Koran* came down from Heaven. The fast begins as soon as the crescent from the new moon can be seen from the highest hills. When the

“Rhamadan's last sun has set,”

the festival of the Bairam begins, during which they do their utmost to reconcile estranged friends; and to banish enmities and ill feelings.

The Turkish mosques are flanked by minarets surrounded by balconies. When the hour of prayer arrives, the *Muezzin* cries from the minaret—“Allah Akbar, &c. God is great, bear witness there is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet; come and present yourselves to the mercy of God, and ask forgiveness of your sins—God is great.” This cry is directed successively to the South, East, North and West. They pray five times a day—at day break, noon, mid-afternoon, sun-set, and night. During the time of prayer they are grave, attentive and reverential, on their knees, and repeating the words of the *Iman* (Priest) in a low tone. After prayers an anthem is chaunted. Three days in a week the *Iman* delivers a sermon, explanatory of some points in the *Koran*. The *Iman* at-

ways concludes with a prayer for the Sultan, and the success of his armies, to which all the people say *Amen!*

FIRST SETTLERS OF AMERICA.

The following answer to the scurrility of the London Quarterly Review, is an extract from an oration of the Hon. Edward Everett, delivered at Charlestown, Massachusetts, on the fourth of July.

A late writer in the London Quarterly Review, has permitted himself to say, that the original establishment of the United States, and that of the colony of Botany Bay, were pretty nearly modelled on the same plan. The meaning of this slanderous insinuation, is, that the United States were settled by deported convicts, in like manner as New South Wales has been settled by felons, whose punishment by death has been commuted into transportation. It is doubtless true, that, at one period, the English government was in the habit of condemning to hard labour as servants, in the colonies, a portion of those, who had received the sentence of the law. If this practice makes it proper to compare America with Botany Bay, the same comparison might be made of England herself, before the practice of transportation began, and even now; inasmuch as a large portion of her convicts, are held to labour, within her own bosom. In one sense, indeed, we might doubt whether the allegation were more of a reproach or a compliment. During the time that the colonization of America was going on the most rapidly, the best citizens of England,—if it be any part of good citizenship to resist oppression,—were immured in her prisons of state, or lying at the mercy of the law.

Such were the convicts by which America was settled. Men convicted of fearing God, more than they feared man; of sacrificing property, ease, and all the comforts of life, to a sense of duty, and the dictates of conscience:—men convicted of pure lives, brave hearts, and simple manners. The enterprise was led by Raleigh, the chivalrous convict, who unfortunately believed that his royal master had the heart of a man, and would not let a sentence of death, which had slumbered for sixteen years, revive and take effect, after so long an interval of employment and favour. But *nulhum tempus occurrit regi*. The felons who followed next, were the heroic and long suffering church of Robinson, at Leyden,—Carver, Brewster, Bradford, and their pious associates, convicted of worshipping God according to the dictates of their consciences, and of giving up all,—country, property, and the tombs of their fathers,—that they might do so, unmolested. Not content with having driven the puritans from her soil, England next enacted, or put in force, the oppressive laws, which colonized Maryland with Catholicicks, and Pennsylvania with Quakers. Nor was it long before the American plantations were recruited by the Germans convicted of inhabiting the Palatinate, when the merciless armies of Louis XIV. were turned into that devoted region; and by the Huguenots, convicted of holding what they deemed the simple truth of christianity, when it pleased the mistress of Louis XIV. to be very zealous for the Catholic faith. These were followed, in the next age, by the Highlanders, convicted of loyalty to their hereditary prince, on the plains of Culloden; and the Irish, convicted of supporting the rights of their country against an oppressive external power. Such are the convicts by whom America was settled.

In this way, whatsoever was really valuable in European character, the resolute industry of one nation, the inventive skill and curious arts of another, the lofty enterprise of another,—the courage, conscience, principle, self-denial of all, were winnowed out, by the policy of the prevailing governments, little knowing what they did, as a precious seed, wherewith to plant the soil of America.

HOWARD.

From Hayley's Life of Romney.

Of this celebrated man no portrait was ever painted, for he would never sit to any artist. After his return from one of his journeys to the continent, he was showing to a friend the various things

he had brought with him, and among others a new dress made in Saxony: "it was a sort of great coat, yet graceful in its appearance, and ornamented with sober magnificence. His visiter exclaimed, 'This is the robe in which you should be painted by Romney; I will implore the favour on my knees if you will let me array you in this very picturesque habiliment, and convey you instantly in a coach to Cavendish-square.'—'O fie!' replied Howard, in the mildest tone of his gentle voice, 'O fie! I did not kneel to the emperor.'—'And I assure you,' said the petitioner in answer to the tender reproof, 'I would never kneel to you, if you were not above an emperor in my estimation.' The philanthropist was touched by the cordial eulogy, but continued firm in his resolution of not granting his portrait to all the repeated requests of importunate affection."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1828.

✂ New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

✂ We are indebted to a friend for the Official Report of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the state of Connecticut, and the same of the Grand Council of Select Masters for the same state.

JOSEPH W. WHITE, esq. Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of New-Hampshire, has taken passage to Liverpool, in the packet ship Henry Kneeland, captain Coffin.—We understand the object of his visit to Europe is connected with masonry.

O fortunate O cias—cuna era certa
Della sua sepoltura.—

Oh happy they!
Certain of burial in their native land!

DANTE.

That divine instinct which works so strongly on the passions, not only of man, but of almost every earthly being,—which binds him, he knows not how, to the fields in which he first ranged,—which endears, he knows not why, the most uncouth and uninteresting scenery, the most arid and barren soil, the most inhospitable and comfortless climate,—that invisible chain,—that unconscious predilection for our own home, be it ever so homely, has been never fully described by the poet, or the metaphysician. It can only be read in the description which nature gives of it, written on every heart.

The emptiness of spirit, the sickness of thought, which forever follows the wanderer from the home of his fathers, has no remedy in the physician's skill. The fabulous pretences of the ancient Lotophagi, that they could distil a wine from the lotus, so luscious, as to have the power of making strangers forget their own country, is as false and as impossible as the feigned waters of Lethe. Even the Ethiopians imagine their sandy desert a paradise compared with the more fertile parts of the world,—and have a religious belief that they were the particular workmanship of God, while his angels were forming the rest of the globe! They imagine too that the sun, moon and stars rise only for them, and that all the rest of the world is left in utter darkness.

One would think that education, that philosopher's stone of the mind, would eradicate, or at least diminish the strength of this passion. But experience proves otherwise. Highly refined intelligence is oftener the prompter to these feelings, than an allayer to their strength. The certainty that the climate, scenery, soil, and rural productions of another land is similar, will not induce us to esteem it as our own. There are no flowers so fragrant that do not grow in our native vallies; no streams are so beautiful as those which pass through them; no water so sweet as the springs we slaked our thirst with in our puerile days; no flocks and herds like those we tended there; and the maidens who grew up with us, are fairer and more beautiful than the daughters of Cashmere.

The English quit their country with the appearance of sat-

isfaction, when any commercial advantage is to accrue from it; the French, too, leave theirs with levity and alacrity, when military preferment is the expected reward; and the Americans emigrate, with all their accustomed coldness, when they have a prospect of growing with their new country into wealth and honour;—yet no people, when in a distant land, love more to dwell upon the charms of their native hills, than these people. We have seen a sentiment somewhere, respecting the Atlantis of Plato, hinting that the period known by the term Golden Age, is nothing but a remembrance of a country abandoned, but still the fond object of affection.

With the truly good mind, this love of country can not be eradicated, even by the ingratitude, oppression, or persecution, which too many experience from the land that gave them birth. The celebrated Burke remarked, that "to love our country, our country ought to be lovely." Men in their very existence have a love of their country firmly fixed; and nothing is more like to eradicate that feeling, than the pains which tyrants take to render their native land odious to them, by making their residence in it dangerous, or oppressive.

But this, and all that malignant enemies can inflict, can never extinguish this heavenly flame, in the soul of a good man,—a good patriot,—a man worthy of feeling its holy inspiration. Dante, though he was proscribed Florence, and wasted his manhood in exile, still desired to have his bones laid in that ungrateful country, which had cherished him up to manhood. How then is our sympathy redoubled, when we read that passage in his *Inferno*, where he alludes to the happiness of those times, when peace and hope prevailed in the city; when no mother mourned a husband or a son; and when none were constrained to cry out in that exclamation, which we have adopted for the caption of our present article.

Every reader knows the ancient Attick custom of banishment by Ostracism. The very wisest advocates for its utility could never be reconciled to its severity. Nothing was ever more dreaded than banishment; a state of solitary confinement within the bounds of their native city was far preferable to it. In modern times, the punishment is but seldom inflicted on eminent men, except in Russia. Yet the best of men have suffered it in ancient times. Rutilius Rufus, Ovid, Cicero, and Marcellus. Of the latter only, can it be said that he bore exile like a man; inasmuch that Brutus was constrained to say,—"when I quitted him, on my return to Italy, I seemed as if I were myself going into exile, rather than that I left Marcellus in it."

But of all scenes, where the love of our country is the most prominent and interesting characteristic, that of dying far away from the soil which was pressed by our infant feet, and among a race who neither know our worth, nor would honour it if they did, is that filled with the purest sources of sympathy, and most painful to the patriotic soul. General Fraser, the gallant officer slain at Saratoga, in the memorable defeat of Burgoyne, was so warmly attached to his native village of Glendoe, that he said to a friend, some little time previous to his fall, he would rather be buried in one of the groves of the mountain, looking towards Loch Ness, than in Westminster abbey. It may well be remembered that the spot on which he was buried was chosen by himself; perhaps from its similarity to the one he so much venerated. Virgil describes beautifully the same affection in the dying Argive, to which no translator has ever yet done justice

Sternitur, infelix, alieno vulnere, cælum
Aspicit, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.

This love of country, like every other virtuous feeling, is a source of melancholy delight, amidst all the gloom it brings to the far wanderer from his paternal fields. In the greatest possible prosperity we can meet abroad, with what rapture do we resolve to return to our native village, and wander no more forth into the cold and apathetic world. Are we unsuccessful? with what a soothing influence comes the memory of the few short and happy days of our childhood and home! How many reviving throbs of departed happiness swell upon our hearts, at the remembrance of these hours, when we find, far away from their originals, the copies nature has made of the scenes we so lightly enjoyed! We may find a cascade, a torrent, a stream, a grotto, a hill, or a rock, so much like those haunts of our dreams, that we

half live our delights over again, and almost believe ourselves happy, as beneath their shade, or by their side.

In the bosom of the patriot, we are led to believe, is built the throne of this holy passion; but the heart of the poet is its temple and its altar. In the bosom of Burns—that meteor in the hemisphere of genius,—this love was no less than that which burned in the soul of a Cicero, a Chatham, a Warren. Michael Bruce, author of *Loch Leven*, was another, and wherever a poet of a pure and burning soul has been found, that soul has been set on fire by this flame. Read *Rosseau*! and then inquire if his love for Switzerland was not as warm, though not so ready nor strong in purpose, as that of Tell! And when Petrarch beheld his native country from the sides of mount *Genevre*, he vowed, in the enthusiastic rapture of the moment, to leave it never again.

How slight a sound is sufficient to awaken these sensations! When Bruce, the traveller, was in Abyssinia, he was

to hear the song of the sky lark. When

among whom was an officer, on the part of the Russians; that of the Turks being supposed much larger.

A Russian squadron from Sebastopol, having doubled Cape Arjoudah, on the southern coast of Crimea, reached Anapa on the 14th of May, and effected a landing on the 18th, under Prince Menschikoff. The Turks made a sortie, but were repulsed with great loss.

DOMESTICK. The New-York Commercial Advertiser says, that an attempt was made to fire the city, one morning last week. At half past 9 o'clock the alarm was given in Courtlandt street—caused by the smoke issuing from the two story brick building, No. 43. The family occupying the house, was out of town, and the doors were, of course, broken in. The interior of the house was filled with smoke, and the fire was discovered in a small back parlour, in which was a bed. The bed and bedding were nearly consumed, a hole was burned through the floor, around which were a number of blazing brands of dry chestnut; and a French case, containing a vial of phosphorus in one end, and a place in the other, was found in the room. "It is refore," says the Commercial, "that we have of incendiaries among us, who, for reasons which fathom, seem bent on the destruction of the

they were Cain's jaw bone, that did the first murder!"—and leave them not a gibe, 'to mock their own grinning'."

Short and Sweet. The Berkshire American relates the following anecdote:—"A respectable farmer, not forty miles from this place, has the singular happy talent of not saying a word too much. A young man wishing to obtain his consent to marry his daughter, called upon him one day when he happened to be in the field ploughing with his oxen. It was, past all doubt, a fearful matter for a diffident man to broach, and the hesitating lover, after running a parallel with the furrow several times round the field, and essaying with all his courage to utter the important question, at last stammered out—"I—I—I've been thinking, Mr. —, that—that—as how I—I—I should be gl—gl—glad to m—m—mar—mar—marry your daughter."

Farmer. Take her and use her well; whoa, haw, buck.

An Irishman now in jail in Newport, on suspicion of being one of the gang who robbed the Exeter bank of twenty thousand dollars, was a few days ago offered by the cashier of that bank, two hundred and fifty dollars and a pardon if he would turn state's evidence, and disclose all the facts; "Ah, sure," said Pat, "and what would my part of the twenty thousand amount to, if I should not be found guilty, honey?"

Military Pride. A farmer was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discoursing with him for some time on the advantage which his family would derive from his exaltation, inquired in a doubting tone, "Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbours' now?"

Manufacture of a Batch of Mitchells. The following resolution was passed by the Maine legislature at its last session: "Resolved, that Moses Twitchell, William Twitchell, Rufus Twitchell, Moses Twitchell, jr. James Twitchell, John E. Twitchell, Mark Twitchell, Dorcas Twitchell, Sally Twitchell, Betsey Twitchell, Eliza Twitchell, Clarissa Twitchell, Lydia Twitchell, Cynthia Twitchell, and Rachel Twitchell, all of New-Portland, in the county of Somerset, be severally allowed to lay aside the surname of Twitchell, and take the surname of Mitchell." A pretty serious inroad this upon the Twitchell family.

Figure of Speech. The editor of the *Yankee*, after exposing one of Mr. Walsh's plagiarisms from Burke—remarks, "He might as well hope to hide a thunderbolt in a snowbank, as one of Edmund Burke's thoughts in a page of Robert Walsh, Junior, Esquire."

The following very dignified toast, says the *Fredonia Censor*, was drunk at the late celebration at Le Roy, by Trumbull Cary, esq. of Batavia. It should be borne in mind that Mr. Cary is an anti-masonick member of assembly from that county:

By T. Cary, Vice President. *Masonry*—May it be put "where it will stay put." "Mother" bawled out a great two fisted girl, one day; "my toe itches." "Well, scratch it then." "I have; but it won't stay scratched." Now, gentle reader, put Mr. Trumbull Cary, member of assembly, and these worthies, in a bag together, and shake 'em, and shake 'em, and which do you think would come out first?

The following string of punological items are from the Boston Statesman. "Blacklegs. Mrs. Jane Shaw, of this city was recently delivered of a fine boy and girl at a birth. What renders the circumstance remarkable is, that the right leg of each is of a hue very nearly approaching to black. *Well leathered.* A gentleman in New-York complained the other day to the police, of a refractory apprentice whom he was accustomed to flog by the hour, when having entirely exhausted his strength he found that the rogue had three leather aprons wrapped around his back, under his cloak. *Barbarous.* In the little village of Randolph, Ohio, which contains only about one thousand inhabitants, there are said to be twenty-three barbers. *Corn-sumptive Crows.* The corn field of Mr. Ives, in Berkshire county, was attacked by an army of crows, which, in a few minutes destroyed 2400 hills of corn. *Strong Beer.* James Bier, a labourer in Oxford county, Maine, lately lifted a young heifer belonging to Mr. Sherman, over a five rail fence, on a wager. *Small Beer.* Thomas Behr, of Shutesbury, aged 23, measures but 37 inches in height. He is a proficient in oriental literature.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANOBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bano-box Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the public. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for *Brilliant*. June 23, if.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1829. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship. An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 63 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22 41K

Wit catches of wit, as fire of fire.

A CARD.

We present our thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto bestowed on our Preparations.

They have stood the test of time and competition, established a universal reputation for purity and efficacy, and won the highest awards for their

STANDARD QUALITY

wherever exhibited. We shall maintain the standard quality and excellence at any cost, and trust that their merit and attractiveness will continue to elicit the favor of the public.

We refrain from decrying other manufactures, but, owing to the unprincipled habit of many, in recommending inferior articles, which may afford them larger profits, we caution all persons to observe that our name accompanies the wrapper and label of all of our Standard Preparations.

Our name is also blown in the glass.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.

1879.

For Solitary Presents—Burnett's Fragrant Colored Water.

Lovers need the aid of foreign aid.

The Plague, it is said, has made its appearance at Bucharest, and the Russians are subjected to very rigorous precautionary measures against it.

They write from Lisbon that in the environs of Orellana da Vieja, there fell a shower of hail, which killed many persons, and destroyed all the sheep where it raged.

A terrible Earthquake lately occurred in the parish of St. Michael's, Milford, England. It commenced with a rumbling noise like distant thunder, and continued incessantly for about twenty minutes. A solid body of gray rock, adjacent to the Sandy Haven shore, and parallel to the sea opposite to the Stack Rock in Milford Harbour, was entirely rent asunder, separated by the shock into a thousand pieces, throwing large masses of it to a considerable distance; the adjacent rocks, and part of the hill, on which there was a thriving plantation of timber overhanging, were separated from the main land by this dreadful convulsion of nature, and several of the trees split and torn up by the roots. The noise was terrific, and was heard for many miles around. A continual crackling noise is still heard in the rocks, as of the breaking of dry sticks.

Under date of St. Petersburg, 18th June, we have a detail of the operations of the siege of Brailow, Brail, Ibrail, or Ibrail, (as it is promiscuously called,) from the 30th of May to the 3d of June, describing the pushing of the works of the besiegers, a sortie by the Turks, their repulse by the Russians, the blowing up of a magazine in the fortress, and a loss in the last rencounter of 5 killed and 25 wounded, a-

Canal.—On Saturday last, says the *Jerseyman*, the Jane at Boonton Falls was put in operation, in presence of a large number of spectators. About noon two boats the cars, one at each level, and the machinery was in motion. The boats were passed from one level to the distance of one thousand feet, in fifteen minutes. In a boat were nearly one hundred ladies and gentlemen, a goodly number in the other. As the cars passed we, three hearty cheers were given by the gentleman and the boats.

TABLE-TALK.

id Spruce Beer. Married in England, Mr. Thos., aged 71, to Miss Amelia Spruce, aged 18. This we would call a marriage extraordinary, and if we have a little wit, we should say:

Hymen, one day, got drunk on *Gin*,
The gods sometimes miscarry;
Nor did he think it a great sin,
That *Gin* with *Spruce* should marry.

When *Gin* is old, the tavern say
"The *Gin* has been for many."
But *Gin* was curious in his way,
And tasted new made *Spruce*.

nouth, Massachusetts, captain John Battles, jr. of Eagle, to Miss Clara Spear.

When war's hoarse din is heard from far,
On *Eagle's* pinnons, mounts the air;
And, when the *Battle's* sound draws near,
He firmly grasps his favourite *Spear*.

or Experiment. A person of Highworth found that of May, 1826, a small toad in his garden, which had enclosed in a common garden pot, so as to renlight, and buried the same in the ground. On the day, 1828, he, in the presence of a friend, examination of the captive, when he found its solitary not only alive, but hearty, and apparently in a thriving condition, as it had grown very considerably, and the lustre of its beautiful eyes appeared to be not a whit diminished by its long-incarceration.

The Caffres. A German professor of some note as a naturalist, is of opinion that the Caffres of South Africa are a distinct species from other tribes of the human race, because they never have colds nor catarrhs, and never sneeze, yawn, cough, nor hawk. How comfortable an audience these Caffres would make for a lengthy speech maker! If such peculiarities (supposing them well ascertained) depend upon the climate of Caffraria, would it not be an invaluable retreat for numerous phthisical invalids who generally have their complaints sadly aggravated in Italy and the south of France?

Worthy of all worthies. The Boston Anti-masonick Free Press says, "While the glorious spirit of resistance to mystick usurpation and treachery increases in power like the youthful giant—let us not forget the time when it was feeble and helpless. Let us remember the earliest and most devoted champions of the cause; in a word, the name and fame, the efforts and the sufferings, the sacrifices and the trials of its earliest friend *Solomon Southwick*. He may truly be called 'an *Israelite in whom there is no guile*.'"

The same paper, after quoting an article from the *Lincoln Intelligencer*, which closes with this remark, "these Morgan folks will make one haugh in spite of his teeth,"—thus comments upon the quotation:—

"*Laugh*!—Let those laugh who win. Retribution will soon 'jowl the skulls' of masonry 'to the ground, as if

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

SONG.

Written while descending the Mississippi.

My restless bark,—why dost thou fly
By isle and grove so swift along?
I would thou 'dst stay thy fleet career
To let me hear the mock-bird's song.
It comes so sweetly on the breeze,
I fain would stay my boat awhile
To listen to the strange wild strain
Which comes from yonder lovely isle.

But all in vain,—thou wilt not stay;
A hundred souls are pent in thee;
But not among the whole glad crew
Is there another wretch like me.
Thou bearest me swift and far away
From all on earth I hold most true,
And moments lengthen but the space
Between me and that faithful few.

ALBERTUS.

Rocky Springs, Mississippi.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE MOUNTAIN GRAVE YARD.

There's a hill with a breast of grass and flowers,
Where the swallows play in the summer hours,
Where the grasshopper chirps and the wild bee hums,
And the bleat of flock on the cool air comes,
And the scented winds breathe round with a sigh,
From the rustling skirt of the woodlands nigh.

There the cheerful sound of the streamlet rings,
As it leaps away from the place of springs:
The strawberry blossoms and ripens there,
In the soft spring gales, and the summer air;
And the gray squirrel barks in the wood with glee,
As he gathers the nuts from the beechen tree.

'Tis a spot where the sun light latest stays,
And earliest comes with its crimson rays,
And life is abroad where the free winds go,
But the dead are asleep in the earth below.
I knew by the stones that clustering stand,
By the gales of the changing seasons fanned,
Where the friends that have gone before me lie;
Each one with his feet to the western sky.

Yes—the rosy child with its sunny hair,
And age with the marks of time and care,
And youth with a cheek like the evening sky,
With a smooth white brow and a flashing eye,
And they in the strength and midst of life,
Are gathered here from earth's eating strife—
And the mean of earth, and the good and brave,
Lie side by side in the silent grave.

I go to that spot when the early flowers,
Awake on these bright sunny hills of ours,
When the airs of the south come over the plain,
When the blue bird sings in the woods again,
When the mountain brooks are bursting away,
With a joyous song and a mimic play,
When green leaves dance in each passing breath,
I visit again the haunts of death.

When the summer comes with its sultry heat,
And fierce on the earth the sunbeams beat,
When the leaf on the poplar's bough is still,
And the song has ceased from the mountain rill,
When the tall grass droops in the torrid glare,
And no sound is abroad in the motionless air,
I wander there for a breath of the gale,
That's a stranger then in my native vale.

When the maize on the autumn hills is white,
And the yellow woodlands are bathed in light,
When the sun looks down with a milder ray,
And the dry leaves whirl in the gust away,
When the evening comes with its glorious hues,
And the crimson clouds distil their dews,
When the south breathes warm, and the north is still,
I sometimes visit this silent hill.

And I've followed the corpse of a parent there,
Through the winter's wild and sleety air—

When the white snows lay over plain and hill,
And the streams through the drifts flowed slowly and still,
We buried him there, when the north wind blew,
And ~~our~~ tears fell fast like the summer dew,
And ~~our~~ faces bowed when the frozen mould
With a hollow sound on his coffin rolled.

J. H. B.

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

THE SPELL.

It is woven, lady!—know, with thee
Passeth a spell of might;
A charm that shall be over thee
In the day and through the night.
In the bright broad day thou shalt know its ray,
It shall come in the night's still hour;
O'er the air and the earth, in grief, in mirth—
That spell shall yet have power.

No mist may fall on thy hallowed head,
That it hath not fire to warm;
No grief may lurk in thy holy heart,
That it may not steal to charm.
It shall circle thy brow with a mild halo,
It shall pass thy home to dwell,
In the heaven of thy breast it shall flee to rest;
—The spirit of the spell.

When o'er the hush of the slumbering world,
Beneath the cold blue sky,
And the watching stars in the heaven are set,
And the queenly moon rides high,
It shall bend o'er thy couch, with a seraph's touch
Thy snowy lids to press,
Till a thrilling bliss, like a brother's kiss,
Thy dreaming thought shall bless.

In the summer bower, by the winter hearth,
Where'er thy footsteps stray,
In the festive hall or the solemn aisle,
The mighty spell shall stay.
It shall stay to guard, with an angel's ward,
Thy path from woe and wrong;
To bring a joy to thine upraised eye,
To thy listening ear a song.

The mighty spell, the mighty spell!
What peace its power should bring,
To dwell for aye with its chosen one
With healing on its wing;
To dwell for aye, through the night and the day,
O'er the earth, in the heaven above,
To watch and to guard with an angel's ward—
'Tis the spell of a strong heart's love.

INEX.

From the Boston Literary Gazette.

BALLAD.

'Ho! stranger!—of the battle say—
Or be thou friend or foe—
Of the valiant knights who fought to-day,
Is the bravest heart laid low?'—

"Lady, if heart of knight be told
By deed of knightly brand,
Full many a noble breast is cold,
And many a mighty hand."

"But he of the silver eagle crest,
With high and dauntless brow,
And the truest heart that love hath blest,
Say, stranger, sawest thou?"

"Where the fiercest tide of the combat rushed
The silver eagle sped,
And when the battle cry was hushed
It was not with the dead.

The gallant dead! weep, lady, yet,
Though thy warrior is not slain,
For the radiant suns that in death have set
On the gory battle plain."

"Oh, stranger, hallowed be their night!
And cherished long their story!
But, can I weep in the morning light
Of my warrior's living glory?"

"Weep, lady, yet, for joy oft turns
In the breathing of a breath;
Brief, as the eye's last splendour burns
In the warrior pierced to death.

The blight that pales the hero's brow
With simoom speed is borne,
What lofty boughs are withered now!
What mighty trees upturn!"

"O, stranger, deathless be their fame!
And hallowed be their sleep;
May noble dames mourn over them—
I am too blest to weep!"

"Yet, lady, weep! for what than grief
Can better suit the day;
Our battle host hath lost its chief,
Our foemen won the day."

"Ha! sayest thou!—yet I will not weep,
Though the red foe draweth near,
But for my love my heart's joy keep,
Its sorrow, for his bier."

"Weep, weep thee, now! cold hearted one—
And yet, how fond and true!
An oath is made—a penance sworn;
That we must deeply rue."

Fiercely I strode among the slain,
When our legions were gone,
And a frenzy flashed throughout my brain
To mourn each fallen one.

I swore by Christ, as I stood alone,
In the fierceness of my woe,
To spurn the heart, if 'twas thine own,
That did not mourn them so.

Now, weep them—weep each precious gem
That thou hast kept for me!
I may not break my vow to them—
But, love, I die for thee."

INEX.

A CHILD'S IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven, and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of nature to a child
In its first, fresh impression! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
"Father! dear Father! God has made a star!"

TO WOMAN.

Suggested by a Picture (taken from an antique gem,) of a Woman contemplating a Household God.

O Woman! whoso'er thou art,
That wouldst pursue thy weal,
Engrave this lesson on thy heart,
That thou mayest inly feel.

It is not thine to rove abroad
Through Fashion's circling maze,
To hear her votaries applaud,
And catch their idle gaze.

But by that dear domestic hearth
That waits the wedded wife,
Seek there thy proper sphere on earth,
Thy chosen part in life.

And true to Him who placed thee there,
Bid Duty's altar rise;
And soar on wings of Faith and Prayer,
An angel to the skies.

MASONICK RECORD.

CEREMONIES IN ENGLAND.

Unenlightened and illiberal zealots, have in all ages, treated with a sort of jealous contempt, not only every great and spirited display of ceremony at the erection of any great and useful edifice, but too often, like many in our own city, show an utter blindness to the utility or the beauty of such objects. We have thousands among our citizens who almost worshipped the living Clinton, but who would now offer their money at the gamester's shrine, sooner than give a single dollar toward erecting a monument or a statue to his memory! Such parsimony has existed, time immemorial; and it is still pardonable, when compared with that cowardly bigotry, which would rather demolish the fairest specimen of our national architecture, than to have it founded, patronized, or superintended by the order of freemasons. We all know that some of the most sublime and imperishable works of our country, as a nation, have been designed, raised, or superintended by freemasons. Now, when we hear such pitiful and shameless miscreants, as the editors of divers anti-masonick newspapers are, with the most saintly affectation, mourning over the disgrace that our country has suffered, by having a national monument begun by a masonick ceremony, we are not at all at a loss for a clue to the real motive for such complaint. It has its origin in that selfish contempt with which a mean soul is prone to look on its fellow beings,—never willing to place itself on that level, where worth alone creates a superiority, and wisdom alone leads to preferment. Happy would such wretches be, to pull down the memorial pillars of our independence, to compass their unhallowed designs for a season. They would fain forbid the humble step of the mason to press the turf which covers them who sleep on Bunker's fame-crowned hill. But the blood of WARREN is there; and if they can blot out the traces of his march to glory, they may hope to shut freemasons from a participation in the pride of our country over the ashes of her martyrs.

Why did our forefathers leave their native isle, their paternal soil, the graves of their fathers, and seek the wildest of the wilds, to toil out their lives and finally lay their bones? That they might think, and walk, and worship God, according to the teachings of their own reason. That they might go by whatever name, and meet in whatever place, to counsel and encourage each other, which their benevolent hearts should choose, without endangering their fortunes, their liberties or their lives. Such liberty they found in their adopted land; and here their children still hope to exercise it. Yet there are those rising up among us, who would gladly rob us of these privileges, and build a tyranny over our thoughts and brotherly

intercourse, which is not dreamed of by the rulers of the land we sprung from.

We were led to make these remarks, by referring to the present state of freemasonry in the kingdom of Great Britain. The London papers of the first of May, contain an account of the ceremonies performed at the laying of the corner stone of a charitable asylum, for the reception of distressed licensed victuallers, their wives and widows. These ceremonies took place on the 29th of May last, and we can furnish, perhaps, no richer treat to our readers, than to lay before them a detail of the proceedings, in the words of the Standard, and the Sun, of that date.

The ceremonial and procession for laying the foundation stone of the building to be erected for the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, in Asylum Road, Old Kent Road, took place this day amidst a great concourse of spectators.

A little after twelve o'clock the children of the Licenced Victuallers' School, attended by the school committee, arrived. Unfortunately just before their arrival a very heavy shower of rain fell, which completely drenched the little creatures, but did not at all damp their ardour, for they still went on with smiling faces. After the shower had abated, the first part of the procession was formed, and headed by the band of the 3d regt. of Foot Guards, playing martial airs, proceeded to the ground. This part consisted of the school committee and children; having arrived at the building, they were arranged along three sides of a square which had been formed; rising from the ground were erected on those sides seats and standing room for many thousand spectators—the whole covered with a sail cloth. All these seats, and every part of the erection, being most respectfully filled, the "charming fair" formed a very large portion of the assembly. In the centre there was a spacious floor laid where the ceremony was to be performed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Most Worshipful Grand Master, in a part of which was the stone, which was to form the base of a capital—suspended by a tackle, already for the royal mason to place it, where it was to form the base of a column that was to support and ornament the building, and under which was to be deposited the phial, containing various pieces of the different coins of the kingdom. A table and chair were placed near thereto, for the accommodation of his royal highness. Independent of those who were admitted by tickets, there were thousands of spectators awaiting outside, and lining the road, in order to gratify themselves with a sight of his royal highness.

The band then returned to the Shard's Arms, to await the return of his royal highness. With his usual punctuality his royal highness arrived at twelve o'clock, the hour appointed, accompanied by the Duke of Leinster. The grand masonick officers were in attendance, and the lodge was opened in due form. The brethren in attendance, about four hundred in number, were formed in the road, two and two, all dressed in full masonick costume, and adorned with their jewels.

At half past twelve o'clock precisely, the masonick procession on foot, proceeded to the site of the intended building, a distance of about six hundred yards, in the following order.

Police Officers.
Military Band of Musick.
Two Tylers.
The Wardens, Past Masters, and Masters of the several Lodges, according to Rank, Juniors walking first.
Officers of Grand Stewards' Lodge.
The Architect with Plans.
A Cornucopia, with Corn,
borne by the Master of a Lodge. Grand Steward.
Two Ewers, with Wine and Oil,
borne by Masters of Lodges.
Grand Organist.
G. Superintendent of Works. G. Director of Ceremonies.
Past Grand Sword Bearers.
Past Grand Deacons.
Grand Secretary bearing Book of Constitutions on a Cushion.
Grand Secretary, bearing the Plate with the Inscription for the Foundation Stone.
Grand Registrar, bearing the Great Seal.
Past Grand Treasurers.
Grand Treasurer, bearing a Phial, containing the Coin to be deposited in the stone.
Past Grand Chaplains.
Past Grand Wardens.
Past Provincial Grand Masters.
Provincial Grand Masters.
Past Deputy Grand Masters.
The Corinthian Light, borne by the Master of a Lodge.
The Column of J. G. W. borne by the Master of a lodge.
The Junior Grand Warden, with Plumb Rule.
Grand Steward. { The Banner of the Grand Lodge. } Grand Steward.
The Dorick Light, borne by the Master of a Lodge.
The Column of the S. G. W. borne by the Master of a Lodge.
The Senior Grand Warden, with Level. The Junior Grand Deacon.
Grand Steward. { The Grand Chaplain } Grand Steward.
{ bearing the Sacred Law on cush'n. }
The Deputy Grand Master, with the Square.
M. W. Grand Master of Ireland.
His Grace the Duke of Leinster, with the Mall of Grand Master Sir Christopher Wren, used by King Charles the Second, on the laying the Foundation Stone of St. Paul's Cathedral. Grand Steward.
The Ionic Light, borne by the Master of a Lodge.
Grand Steward. { The Banner of His R. H. the Duke of Sussex, } Grand Steward.
{ M. W. Grand Master. }
The Grand Sword Bearer.
Grand Steward. { H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, } Grand Steward.
{ M. W. Grand Master. }
Two Grand Stewards. The Senior Grand Deacon.
Grand Steward. { The Standard of His Majesty King George IV. } Grand Steward.
{ Patron of the Order }
Two Grand Stewards.
Grand Tyler.
Two Stewards of the Licensed Victualler's Asylum, with Wands.
The President and Vice President of the Asylum.
Two Stewards with Wands.
Donors to the Asylum.
Two Stewards with Wands.

Governours and Trustees to the Asylum,
and
Committee for General Purposes.
Secretary of the Asylum.
Two Stewards with Wands.
Police.

When the head of the procession arrived at the place where it was to halt, the brethren divided to the right and left, and faced inwards, forming an avenue for the M.W. Grand Master to pass through, preceded by the standard of the Grand Patron and the Grand Sword Bearer, and followed by his Royal Highness' Banner, the Ionick Light, the Grand Master of Ireland, Deputy Grand Master, and Grand Officers, who then took their respective stations on the platform. The President and Vice-Presidents of the Institution, and the Donors, Trustees, and members of the Committee, also took their places on the platform.

The stone was then raised; and after the lower one was adjusted, the Grand Treasurer deposited the phial containing the coin and medals in the cavity of the lower stone, and the Grand Secretary read aloud the inscription engraven on the brass plate, and then placed the same in its proper situation, after which, the Grand Chaplain offered up a prayer.

The cement was then placed on the upper face of the bottom stone, and the Grand Master spread the same with a trowel brought to him for the purpose; after which the upper stone was lowered slowly, the band playing a national air.

The Grand Master now proved the just position and form of the stone, by the plumb, level, and square, which were successively delivered to him by the Deputy Grand Master. Being satisfied in these particulars, his Royal Highness gave the stone three knocks with the mallet, which was delivered by his Grace, the Duke of Leinster.

The Cornucopie containing the corn, and the Ewers with the oil and wine, were delivered to his Royal Highness, who strewed the corn, and oil over the stone, with the customary ceremonies.

The Grand Master, having inspected the plan of the intended building, delivered the same to the architect, together with the tools used in proving the position of the stone, and desired him to proceed, without loss of time, to the completion of the work in conformity with the plan.

THE DINNER.

At half past five o'clock, a numerous company sat down to dinner, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate. The great room in which about 300 persons dined, was insufficient to hold the number who had purchased tickets; and an anti-room was appropriated for their accommodation. The Duke of Sussex, not being able to attend the dinner, the chair was occupied by C. Barclay, esq. supported on the right by Mr. Hodges the distiller, and on the left, by Mr. Hobhouse, M. P. for Westminster. After several toasts and some speechifying, altogether of a local nature, the chairman, in proposing the following toast, observed,—

No building would be secure without a skilful architect and masons. The number of the honourable craft of freemasons, who attended the laying the first stone of the Institution, this day, was the best security that could be given for the solidity of the erection. There was one amongst them to whom the Licensed Victuallers' Institution was particularly indebted, and who was the organ of communication between the committee and his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex;—he meant Mr. Ramsbottom, who had this day favoured them with his company. After passing a high compliment on Mr. Ramsbottom's public and private character, the chairman concluded by proposing "the health of Mr. Ramsbottom, M.P., and the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons in England, and thanks to those who had attended to promote the object of the Institution." This toast was received with the loudest applause.

When the applause had in some degree subsided, Mr. Ramsbottom rose to return thanks, and requested those who belonged to the fraternity to

stand with him whilst he returned thanks for the compliment they received. He said that the object, and the only object of freemasonry was charity. The Grand Lodge and the fraternity were ever ready to lend their assistance to charity; and he thought the brethren had proved themselves loyal subjects to their Grand Master this day, in the handsome manner in which they had mustered to receive him. As an allusion had been made to the royal chairman, he might be allowed to say that he manifested the greatest alacrity when called upon to become the patron of the Institution, and said that if he was desired to preside he should do so. It was against the direct recommendation of his physicians that he had attended this day to lay the first stone, and nothing but serious indisposition prevented him from presiding this day in the chair, so ably and worthily filled by his honourable friend, Mr. Barclay. As he was on his legs, he would take advantage of the privilege allowed him of proposing a toast, and seeing the worthy member from Westminster present, he did so with the greater pleasure. He had to propose "the health of the enlightened, indefatigable, and independent members for Westminster, and may they long continue to do their duty in the honourable and independent manner they have hitherto done." This toast was received with acclamation.

Mr. Hobhouse then returned thanks. He had, he said, attended the meeting by the invitation of the governours of the Institution, and if any additional honour could have been conferred upon him, it would have been the manner in which he had been spoken of by his honourable friend near him. He always thought it the duty of a public man to communicate with his fellow citizens as often as necessity required, and in the present instance he for one, felt a peculiar pleasure in doing so, for a more respectable meeting he never attended. Indeed the peculiar characteristic of that society more than any other, was independence. The word independence was characteristic of those who devoted the superfluities with which Providence had blessed them towards relieving the wants of others. No community in the world he was afraid to say, and yet he felt proud to say it too, could boast of such philanthropy as that of the Licensed Victuallers' Association. They were both in the habit of seeing and mixing with all classes of society, and it could not be denied that they were always amongst the most willing and the most liberal to diffuse blessings such as were in their power to bestow amongst the general brotherhood of mankind. It had been his lot since his connexion with Westminster, to mix with many classes of mankind, and he could truly say, that on no occasion was he more gratified than he was by assisting in the cause for which they had then assembled. No object whatever was more worthy of public notice than an institution for the express purpose of relieving those in their old age, who would thus see that they were not even in their life time forgotten by the living—an idea perhaps the most painful to which the aged could be exposed. He should not longer detain them; but to assure them that whenever on any occasion any feeble effort of which he was capable could contribute to the attainment of objects so peculiarly grateful to the hearts of Englishmen, he trusted he should always be found amongst them. [Great applause.]—It was not in the public walks of life that men are best seen; those were the most valuable members of the community, who, like the founders of this institution, made themselves acquainted with the wants of their fellow men, and that they not only had a head to conceive the means of relief, but a heart to feel for their distress. He hoped that those who should celebrate the anniversary of that day fifty years hence, would confess that it had commenced and proceeded under the noblest of all auspices; and if any thing human can attain to perpetuity, it might be hoped for an Institution founded under the best auspices of charity; the kindest feeling the Creator has planted in us; which ascends to Heaven, where it must finally meet its brightest reward.—(The Hon. Gentleman sat down amidst immense cheering.)

Mr. Aveling said he had the permission of the chairman to propose the health of the Ladies who

attended the meeting. The toast was drank, up-standing, with three times three, and every demonstration of respect.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

BRITISH SHIP BUILDING.

Royal Institution, London, May 16, 1823.

This evening, Mr. Knowles resumed his discourse "on the Rise, Progress, and Present State of Naval Architecture in Great Britain."

The lecturer commenced his observations with the Commonwealth, and stated, that although the ships were not then increased in size, or improved in form, yet in nine years the fleet was doubled in numbers and in force. The first frigate built in England, the Constant Warwick, was constructed at this time. This ship, although armed with 42 guns of different calibres, some of which carried shots of 9 1-2 pounds in weight, was not larger than our present sloops of 14 guns.

The first ship of 74 guns (the Royal Oak,) was constructed during the reign of Charles II. This vessel carried 32-pounder guns on the lower deck, but was smaller than some of our modern frigates, being only 157 feet 6 inches in length, and 41 feet 4 inches in breadth. Frigates were at this period so increased in size as to carry their guns 4 feet 6 inches from the water. The Constant Warwick carried hers only 3 feet from the line of flotation.

James I. paid much attention to naval affairs. He, with the assistance of Mr. Pepys, formed books of regulations for the commanders and officers of the navy, and for the dockyards, which were so perfect, that they have formed the groundwork of all subsequent instructions. At this time a table was formed of the solid contents of ships' bodies, which had never before been calculated.

William and Mary increased the fleet, and formed a naval establishment at Plymouth, now one of the most important in the kingdom. It was during their reign that the practice of girdling or doubling ships at the line of flotation, to give them stability, was introduced.

Queen Anne gave her whole attention to the army, and, therefore, neglected the naval force of the kingdom, which, in the end, caused the people to murmur.

Mr. Knowles here traced the difference in sizes of ships of the same class, by rules laid down at different periods, viz. 1677, 1691, 1706, 1716, 1733, 1741, and 1745; which establishments, although he admitted in some degree their conveniences, he nevertheless designated "barriers to the advancement of naval architecture," in attempting to limit that which must necessarily change with circumstances and the practices of other nations.

George I. paid great attention to the fleet, and thus repaired the neglect of his predecessor. During his reign the practice of building ships to carry 80 guns on three decks, was discontinued; and in 1765 those of 60 and 50 guns were no longer considered as belonging to the line.

At the accession of George III. a very considerable increase took place in the dimensions of vessels of all classes; and great attention was paid to the force and condition of the ships. This enabled the country to meet the difficulties brought about by the first American war, and to combat the gigantic force which France possessed at the early period of the Revolution.

The lecturer alluded to the substitution of copper for iron bolts in ships' bottoms, and paid a well-merited compliment to Sir H. Davy, Bart. for an important discovery made by him in the theatre of the Royal Institution, of the voltaick effect produced upon two dissimilar metals when in contact, and also with sea-water; and the result, that the more oxidable one is rapidly destroyed, while the other remains perfect. He then shewed the talents of the late Sir W. Rule in the construction of the Caledonia, of 120 guns, and the Bulwark and Repulse, of 74 guns each; eulogised Earl Spencer for the employment of science and scientific men in our naval establishments; and pointed out the direct as well as indirect influence brought

about therein by such men as Bentham, Barrallier, Brunel, and others of lesser note.

The new mode of ship-building by Sir Robert Seppings was fully explained, and compared, step by step, with that formerly in practice; and Mr. Knowles then gave, in a succinct manner, his opinion of the advantages which naval architecture has derived by this change in the construction of ships, and demonstrated practically the strength given by the system and combination of shelf-pieces, thick waterways, struts, and ties, in preventing them from arching, sagging, and separating side from side.

The dimensions of the ships of war at present building in France were adverted to, particularly the first rates, said to be 232 feet long and 60 feet broad; these, Mr. Knowles designated rather as monuments of the riches and splendour of a nation than machines of usefulness.

The difficulties which the naval architect has to encounter in his attempt to improve ships, were pointed out; and a remark made, that the one good quality in a ship is at variance with another. The advantages which had been derived from science, and which were likely to result from the establishment of a college for the education of naval engineers, were shown; and Mr. Knowles said, that "this country must look for the advancement of naval architecture to those men who unite the theory thereof with the practice—who are patient observers of the facts which experience brings to their view, and have sufficient science to account for these, either by laws long established, or if not, to endeavour to discover new ones."

The lecture was concluded with stating this pleasing fact, that at no period did England possess a better-conditioned fleet than at the present time.

Models of a ship of 48 guns, the Bristol, built in 1657; the Britannia of 100 guns, constructed in 1719; and the Caledonia of 120 guns, launched in 1808, were exhibited; and also internal models of ships as formerly constructed, and those now building after Sir Robert Seppings's plan, with their diagonal framing and round sterns.

ALBINOS.

At the upper end of York street, says the Savannah Georgian, there are two Albinos, natives of this city; the one being about 10 years old, and the other 5 or 6. The parents are perfectly black, and have four other children of as deep a colour as themselves; one of whom is intermediate, with respect to age, between the subjects of these remarks. They have light hair, resembling lamb's wool—blueish eyes—and a very delicate complexion though the whiteness is rather of the cast that belongs to a dead body than a living one. Their eyes are weaker than those of any other variety of man, in this section of country; but, by moon light, they see as well as other persons commonly do in the brightest daylight.

Buffon, Saussure, and Blumenback, have, each of them, attempted a resolution of this phenomenon; but in neither instance, in our opinion, it is satisfactorily accounted for. The latter says that it is generally observed in all warm blooded animals; but, that he has never seen it exhibited in those with cold blood.

The mother of these children had also a brother and a sister born Albinos; who, with herself, were natives of Savannah: she now belongs to a Mr. Zettler, of Edingham county, in Georgia.

PRESERVATION OF WOOD.

A mode of preserving wood in damp situations.

Two coats of the following preparation are to be applied; this being done, the wood is subject to no deterioration whatever from humidity. Twelve pounds of rosin must be beaten in a mortar, to which add three pounds of sulphur and twelve pints of whale oil. This mixture must then be melted over a fire, and stirred during the operation. Ochre reduced to an impalpable powder by triturating it with oil, must then be combined in the proportion necessary to give either a darker or a lighter colour to the material. The first coat must be put on very lightly, having been previously heated; the second coat may be laid on in

two or three days afterwards; and a third, after an equal interval, if from a peculiar dampness it be required. [London Mechanick's Magazine.

VARNISH FOR IRON AND STEEL.

A permanent varnish is obtained by rubbing iron, in a state nearly red hot, with the horny hoofs of cattle, previously dipped in a small portion of oil. This process is asserted to afford the best defence from the influence of air and humidity. 15.

THE GATHERER.

HIGHLAND CURIOSITY.

From Macculloch's Western Isles.

I was considerably troubled here respecting certain roads, and applied to an old snuffy-looking native, who was cutting some hay with his pocket knife by the way side. It is true, I saw the inquisition painted in his face; but there was no choice, so I made up my mind to a cross-examination of more than the ordinary length, and was determined to indulge it for once. "How far is it to Killin?" "It's a fine day." "Aye, it's a fine day for your hay." "Ah! there's no muckle hay, this is an unco cauld glen." "I suppose this is the road to Killin," (trying him on another tack.) "That's an unco fat beast of yours." "Yes, she is much too fat; she is just from grass." "Ah! it's a mere, I see; it's a gude beast to gang, Ise warn you." "Yes, yes, it's a very good pony." "I sold just sic another at Doune faire, five years by-past; I warn ye she's a Highland bred beast." "I don't know; I bought her in Edinburgh." "Aweel, aweel, mony sic like gangs to the Edinburgh market frae the Highlands." "Very likely: she seems to have Highland blood in her." "Aye, aye; would you be selling her?" "No, I don't want to sell her; do you want to buy her?" "Na! I was na thinking of that: has she had na a foal?" "Not that I know of." "I had a gude colt out of ours when I sold her. Yere na gangin' to Doune the yere." "No, I am going to Killin, and want to know how far it is." "Aye, ye'll be gaing to the sacraments there the morn." "No, I don't belong to your kirk." "Ye'll be an episcopalian then." "Or a Roman Catholick." "Na, na, ye're nae Roman." "And so it is twelve miles to Killin?" (putting a leading question.) "Na, it's na just that." "It's ten then, I suppose?" "Ye'll be for cattle than, for the Falkirk tryst." "No, I know nothing about cattle." "I thoct ye'd ha been just a ne of thae English drovers. Ye hae nae siccan hills as this in your country." "No; not so high." "But ye'll hae bonny farms." "Yes, yes, very good lands." "Ye'll nae hae better farms than my Lord's at Dunira." "No, no, Lord Melville has very fine farms." "Now there's a bonny bit land; there's na three days in the year there's na meat for beasts on it; and it's to let. Ye'll be for a farm here awa." "No, I'm just looking at the country." "And ye hae nae business." "No." "Weel, that's the easiest way." "And this is the road to Killin." "Will ye tak some nuts," (producing a handful he had just gathered.) "No, I can not crack them." "I suppose your teeth are failing. Hae ye any snuff?" "Yes, yes, here's a pinch for you." "Na, na, I'm unco heavy on the pipe ye see, but I like a hair of snuff, just a hair;" touching the snuff with the end of his little finger, apparently to prolong time and save the answer about the road a little longer, as he seemed to fear there were no more questions to ask. The snuff, however, came just in time to allow him to recal his ideas, which the nuts were near dispersing. "And ye'll be from the low country." "Yes, you may know I am an Englishman by my tongue." "Na, our ain gentry speaks high English the now." "Well, well, I'm an Englishman, at any rate." "And ye'll be staying in London." "Yes yes." "I was ance at Smithfield mysel wi som beasts. Its an unco place, London. And what's yere name, asking your pardon?" The name was given. "There's a hantel o' that name i' the north. Yere father'll may be a Highlander." "Yes; that is the reason why I like the Highlanders." "Weel (nearly thrown out) its a bonny country now, but its sair cauld here in the winter." "And

so it is six miles to Killin?" "Aye, they call it sax." "Scotch miles, I suppose!" "Aye, aye, auld miles." "That is about twelve English!" "Na, it'll not be abune ten short miles (here we got on so fast that I began to think I should be dismissed at last) but I never seed them measured. And ye'll ha left your family at Comrie?" "No, I am alone." "They'll be in the south, may be." "No, I have no family." "And are ye no married?" "No." "I'm thinking its time." "So am I." "Weel, weel, ye'll have the less fash." "Yes, much less than in finding the way to Killin." "Oh, aye, ye'll excuse me; but we countra folks speers muckle questions." "Pretty well, I think." "Weel, weel, ye'll find it saft a bit in the hill, but ye maun had wast, and its na abune ten mile. A gude day."

HOGARTH'S LAST WORK.

From Percy Anecdotes.

A short time before Hogarth was siezed with the malady which deprived society of one of its brightest ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil, the work he has entitled "*the tail piece*." The first idea of this picture was started in company, while the convivial glass was circulating at his own table. "My next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be, *the end of all things*." If that is the case, replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter." There will be so, answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension that he should not live to complete it. This however he did, and in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing that could denote the end of all things—a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the but end of an old musket; a cracked bell; a bow unstrung; a crown tumbled in pieces; towers in ruins; the sign of a tavern called the world's end tumbling down; Phœbus and his horses lying dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time with his hour glass and scythe broken; a tobacco pipe with the last whiff of smoke going out; a play book opened with "*exeat omnes*" stamped in the corner; an empty purse; and a statute of bankruptcy taken out against nature. "So far, so good," said Hogarth, on reviewing his performance. "Nothing remains but this," taking his pencil and sketching the resemblance of a "*painter's palette broken*." "*Finis*," he then exclaimed—"the deed is done, all is over." It is a very remarkable fact, that Hogarth never again took the palette in his hand, and that he died in about a month after he had finished this tail piece.

ANCIENT ECONOMY.

From Bishop Latimer's Sermons.

My father was a yeoman and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds a year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the King a harness, with himself and his horse, while he come to a place that he should receive the King's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds or twenty nobles a piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor, and all this he did of the said farm: where he that now hath it, payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

APOLOGY.

A volatile young man was introduced to a gentleman by his father for the gentleman's patronage. The youth's observations not having the solidity of sixty about them, he was objected to. "Aye," said the old man, "the boy, Sir, is like a pot of good beer; though there is good deal of froth at top, what's underneath is none the worse for it."

POPULAR TALES.

DEUCALION OF KENTUCKY.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

My grandfather was one of the first settlers of Kentucky. He was by profession, a miller, and built a flour-mill at a village in that state. It was called Thyatira, after one of the ancient towns mentioned in the Bible, and he and his neighbours, the founders, expected it would become a great city, but not a vestige of it, neither of the church nor mill, now remains—yet I remember it all well. It was a handsome place, situated at the bottom of a range of hills, wooded to the top—a fine stream washed their feet, and the mill stood at the side of a pretty waterfall.

My grandfather left his property in a flourishing condition to my father, who was an enterprising character. He took an active part in the war for the independence, and when the peace was adjusted, he returned to Thyatira; where he enlarged the old flour-mill, and constructed another for sawing the timber, with which the neighbouring mountains were covered. Every body predicted that my father would soon be one of the richest men in the state, and his prospects were certainly undeniable.

I think it is not possible that I shall ever see again a place half so beautiful as the unfortunate Thyatira, and the valley which it overlooked. The valley was green, the stream was clear, and the woods, that clothed the mountains, were of the lofliest kind, and the richest leaf! All is now desolate. Sometimes of a night, as I came across the Atlantick, I thought the bell of the little wooden church, that stood on the slope above the village, rung in my ear, and I heard the dogs, as it were, bark again and the cocks crow; but the ship would give a lurch, and turn my eyes outwards upon the ocean waters all around me, as lone and wild as the deluge that destroyed my native valley.

In the summer, before the dreadful yellow fever broke out in Philadelphia—I was in that city at the time when the fever raged, which makes me remember it so well—my father was much troubled by the failure of the stream which supplied his mill. The drought dried it up, and his wheels stood still for want of water. Some of the old neighbours had visited the source of the river in their youth. It was a lake far up among the mountains, and my father, being a bold and enterprising character, thought if he could enlarge the opening at the banks of the lake, where the stream issued, he would obtain an abundance of water.

The scheme was feasible, and he engaged a number of men to go with him to the lake for that purpose. I was then a youth fond of any adventure, and I accompanied the heroes of the pickaxe and shovel. We had a cheerful journey through the woods; we startled showers of beautiful humming-birds; they were like apple blossoms scattered in the winds—we slept at night in the woods, and we crossed several ancient Indian war-tracks, which we knew by their inscriptions on the rocks: we saw also in the forest artificial mounds, on which trees of the oldest growth were growing. They were the works of inhabitants before the present race—perhaps they were antediluvian. Sometimes I think America is the old world that was destroyed. But be that as it may, it contains many remains of an antiquity that philosophy has not yet explained. The war-belts of the Indians are hieroglyphical lectures. The Indians wrote in that language. Did they teach the Indians? Not, however, to dwell on such abstruse matters, I shall just say, that we reached on the second day the lake which supplied the stream. It was about some ten miles long, and five broad—a bowl in the midst of several hills. It was overlooked by the woods and mountains; but towards our valley, a vast embankment gave it the form of a dam, over the middle of which the stream of Thyatira flowed.

It was the evening when we reached the top of the embankment; we took some refreshment and my father proposed that we should rest ourselves for that night; the whole business partook of the

nature of a hunting excursion—our end was labour, but we sweetened the means with pleasure. Accordingly, after our repast, the party severally betook themselves to the sports in which they most delighted. I retired to a rock that overlooked the lake, that in the lone magnificence of mountain, lake, and wood, was spread around me. The spirit of the place held communion with mine, and I was seized with an awful foreboding. Tranquillity floated like a corpse on the water—silence sat in the dumbness of death on the mountains—the woods seemed, as the light faded, to take the form of hearse-plumes—and as I looked down towards my native village I thought of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and the day of judgement. What curious sense of the mind, keener than the eye, and quicker than the ear, gave me in that evening the foretaste of what was to happen!

The rest of the party slept, but I durst not close my eyes. The moment I did so, the ever restless faculty of my spirit discovered the omens of what was to ensue, and frightened me awake. It is amazing how such things happen; for my part, I think the mind never sleeps, and that our dreams are but the metaphorical medium of its reflections, when the five physical senses are shut up. Dreams, I would say, are but the metaphors in which reason thinks. But the mysteries of the kingdom of the soul are more dark and profound than those of all the other kingdoms of nature, and I can not expound them.

At day break my father called us cheerily to work. I know not by what impulse I was actuated. I had been educated by a strange man, a deep classical scholar, who had settled at Thyatira. He had been brought up at Oxford, and he ascribed living powers to all organized existences. The woods were to him endowed with spirits, the streams had intelligence, and the rocks the memory of witnesses bearing testimony. Those fancies came thick upon me, and I went to my father and laid my hand on his arm. "Forbear, father," said I; "there may be something unhallowed in disturbing the ancient channels of these solitary waters." My father laughed, and again struck his pickaxe into the mound. It was a fatal stroke, for as he pulled out the weapon, the ground gave, as it were, a shudder, and presently after, a groan was heard, as if the whole mound of earth was breaking up.

My father, by the stroke of his pickaxe, had cleft asunder an incrustation of sand that formed, as it were, the bowl of the lake. The water rushed through and widened the seam with great violence. The mound, which dammed up the lake, had been formed by a gradual accumulation of fallen timber. The water through the rent insinuated itself among the mass; the mud and sand between the gathered trunks were washed away, and the mass lost its adhesion. In the course of a few minutes, heaven knows by what strange aptitude, the stupendous mound began to move. It became convulsed; it roared with the throes of tearing asunder; the waters of the lake boiled up from the bottom; I ran from the spot; my father and his friends stood aghast and terrified; birds were screaming from the woods below; I called to my father, and to all, for God's sake to follow me; I looked towards the lake; it seemed to me as if its calm and level surface was taking the shape of sloping glass; I caught hold of the branch of a tree which grew on the rock where I had contemplated the scene the preceding evening: I felt as it were the globe of the world sliding from under my feet—I exerted myself—I reached the rock—every thing was reeling around me; I saw the hills and woods moving away. I shut my eyes in terror, and, covering my face with my hands, stretched myself on the rocks, as if I lay at the feet of the angel of destruction. I heard a sound louder than thunder; my senses were for a time stunned. What in the mean time happened I know not; but when I had fortitude enough to look around, I found myself on the ledge of an awful precipice—a black and oozy valley, herbless as a grave, where the lake had been, and for the mound where I left my father and his labourers, a horrible chasm—devastation horrid as the roaring deluge was seen raging down the valley towards Thyatira. The sound lessened as I looked, and a silence succeeded,

such as the raven of Noah found upon the earth, when she went forth banqueting on the abolished races of the old world.

MISCELLANY.

THE MORNING WALK.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

It was in that season of the year, when nature puts on her most lovely hue, and when surrounding objects afford the greatest degree of pleasure to an admirer of her beauties, that my morning's excursion led me through one of those agreeable landscapes which so frequently present themselves in a country possessing a rich soil, and well subdued by the hand of cultivation.

The feathered songsters caroled as I passed, and the neighbouring groves resounded with their warblings. The sun shone forth with unclouded splendour, and his influence seemed to revive the animal creation from the torpor of a recent winter. The vegetable kingdom, relieved from the fetters of a chilling frost, by which it was so lately bound, was beginning to expand by the genial warmth of spring; and the earliest florets of the grove began to display their delicate petals, and yield their fragrance to the passing breeze.

My feelings responded to the delightful scenery which on every side presented itself to my view, and imagination lent her influence to enliven the contemplations of sober judgement.

Can the appearance of the vegetable kingdom starting into new life; can the varied notes of the feathered tribe, enlivening the fields and groves with their warblings; can the cheering influence of a morning's sun, fail, thought I, to excite in the breast of every man emotions of gratitude and pleasure? Surely, may not all rejoice in the general profusion of blessings with which they are surrounded? and is not a morn like this calculated to lead one to contemplate his own felicity?

Pleasant reveries thus lightened my footsteps until I arrived at the door of a cottage. The inmates responded to my rap, and bade me welcome. Within this dwelling was an object that changed the current of feeling inspired by the scenery in my excursion thither.

It was a subject of disease. The bloom of health flushed not his cheek; his pale countenance, emaciated form, and sunken eye, showed that an inveterate malady was hastening the hour of his dissolution. He was the victim of consumption, and appeared to be in its last stages. His nights were passed in pain and restlessness, and the beauties of a fine morning, which could afford so much pleasure to the young and vigorous, added not to his enjoyments.

Alas! thought I, while slowly retracing my footsteps, there is one who cannot participate with me in the pleasures which providence seems to have offered to all. Did I say one! I may say thousands; yea, there is an innumerable number who languish under disease, are racked with pain, and to whom the avenues of pleasure are closed, while we are suffered to go on in the uninterrupted enjoyment of the numerous blessings bestowed upon us by a bountiful benefactor.

While the genial warmth of spring imparts new life to myriads of beings in the lower scale of creation—while its reviving influence urges vegetation to sprout from the soil,—to increase in growth,—to clothe itself with habiliments of green,—and while the summer's heat serves to bring the fruits of the earth to maturity,—man must languish under disease, and be rapidly advancing towards that bourn from whence no traveller returns. No age nor sex is exempted from "the grim messenger," who is never satiated with victims; whose dart sometimes passes by the aged and feeble, and unexpectedly strikes down the youthful and robust. No season of the year delays his progress,—joyful spring, genial summer, yellow autumn, and dreary winter, alike bear witness to his ravages. The thoughtless and serious, the gay and sober are equally exposed to his unrelenting hand. The wealthy cannot purchase an exemption with all their treasures, nor can the wise and powerful by their elevated standing among their fellow beings procure for themselves the least favour.

They are alike exposed with the poor and humble to this leveller of all distinctions. We may exclaim with the Roman poet,

*"Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernula
Regumque torques."*

The afflicted inmate of the cottage soon paid "the debt of nature," the green sod covers his grave, and he sleeps with his forefathers. Some years have since fled: vegetation has annually sprouted by the warmth, and been nipped by the frost of successive seasons; many scenes of the past are buried in oblivion; but the recollections of that morn are still impressed upon my memory.

GULIELMUS.

* Hor. Car. Lib. I. line. 22 and 23.

INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

A late number of the African Repository, formed under the direction of the American Colonization Society, contains a review of a "Mission from Cape Coast Castle to Ashantee," conducted by Edward Boddich, esq. London. The entrance of the travellers into one of the villages of the Ashantes is thus related.

We entered Coomassie at two o'clock, passing under a fetish or sacrifice of a dead sheep, wrapped up in red silk, and suspended between two lofty poles. Upwards of 5,000 people, the greater part warriors, met us with awful bursts of martial music, discordant only in its mixture; for horns, drums, rattles, and gong gongs, were all exerted with a zeal bordering on frenzy, to subdue us by the first impression. The smoke which encircled us from the incessant discharges of musketry, confined our glimpses to the foreground; and we were halted whilst the captains performed their Pyrrhic dance, in the centre of a circle of warriors; where a confusion of flags, English, Dutch, and Danish, were waved and flourished in all directions, the bearers plunging and springing from side to side, with a passion of enthusiasm only equalled by the captains, who followed them, discharging their shining blunderbusses so close, that the flags now and then were in a blaze, and emerging from the smoke, with all the gesture and distortion of maniacs. Their followers kept up the firing around us in the rear. The dress of the captains was a war cap, with gilded ram's horns projecting in front, the sides extended beyond all proportion by immense plumes of eagles' feathers, and fastened under the chin with a band of cowries. Their vest was of red cloth, covered with fetishes and saphies* in gold and silver; and embroidered cases of almost every colour, which flapped against their bodies as they moved, intermixed with small brass bells, the horns and tails of animals, shells and knives; long leopards tails hung down their backs, over a small bow covered with fetishes. They wore loose cotton trowsers, with immense boots of a dull red leather, coming half way up the thigh, and fastened with small chains to their cartouch or waist belt; these were also ornamented with bells, horses tails, strings of amulets, and innumerable shreds of leather; a small quiver of poisoned arrows hung from their right wrist, and they held a long iron chain between their teeth, with a scrap of Moorish writing affixed to the end of it. A small spear was in their left hands, covered with red cloth and silk tassels. Their black countenances heightened the effect of this attire, and completed a figure scarcely human.

We were then squeezed at the same funeral pace, up a long street to an open-fronted house, where we were desired by a royal messenger to wait a further invitation from the King. Here our attention was forced from the astonishment of the crowd to a most inhuman spectacle, which was paraded before us for some minutes; it was a man whom they were tormenting previous to sacrifice; his hands were pinioned behind him, a knife was passed through his cheeks, to which his lips were noosed like the figure of eight; one ear was cut off and carried before him, the other hung to his head by a small bit of skin; there were several gasps in his back, and a knife was thrust under each shoulder blade; he was led with a cord passed through his nose, by men disfigured with immense caps of shaggy black skins; and drums beat before him; the feeling this horrid barbarity excited must be imagined. We were soon released by permission to proceed to the King, and passed

through a very broad street, about a quarter of a mile long, to the market place. Our observations en-passant, had taught us to conceive a spectacle far exceeding our original expectations; but they had not prepared us for the extent and display of the scene which here burst upon us; an area of nearly a mile in circumference was here crowded with magnificence and novelty. The King, his tributaries and captains, were resplendent in the distance, surrounded by attendants of every description, fronted by a mass of warriors which seemed to make our approach impervious. The sun was reflected with a glare scarcely more supportable than the heat from the massy gold ornaments which glistened in every direction. More than a hundred bands burst at once on our arrival with the peculiar airs of their several chiefs; the horns flourished their defiance with the beating of innumerable drums and metal instruments, and then yielded for awhile to the soft breathings of their long flutes, which were truly harmonious; and a pleasing instrument like the bagpipe without the drone was happily blended. At least a hundred large umbrellas or canopies, which could shelter thirty persons, were sprung up and down by the bearers with brilliant effect, being made of scarlet yellow, and the most showy cloths and silks, and crowned on the top with crescents, pelicans, elephants, barrels, and arms and swords of gold; they were of various shapes, but mostly dome, and the valances (in some of which small looking-glasses were inserted) fantastically scalloped and fringed; from the fronts of some, the probosces and small teeth of elephants projected, and a few were roofed with leopard skins, and crowned with various animals naturally stuffed. The state hammocks, like long cradles, were raised in the rear, the poles on the heads of the bearers; the cushions and pillows were covered with crimson taffeta, and the richest cloths hung over the sides. Innumerable small umbrellas, of various coloured stripes, were crowded in the intervals, whilst several large trees heightened the scene, by contrasting the sober colouring of nature

* *"Discolor unde auri per ramorum reficit."*

The King's messengers, with gold breast-plates, made way for us, and we commenced our round, preceded by the canes and the English flag. We stopped to take the hand of every Caboccer, which as their household suites occupied several spaces in advance, delayed us long enough to distinguish some of the ornaments in the general blaze of splendour and ostentation.

* *"Scraps of Moorish writing, as charms against evil."*

STORMING OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

From Von Hammer.

The battle began about the dawn of day, on the 22d of May, A. D. 1453, the festival of St. Theodosia, and, this time, without the signal usually given with the great cannon. In order to weary out the Greeks, Mahomet had sent, at break of day, only the recruits and invalids of his army to the assault, reserving his choicest troops to a later hour in the morning. The first encounter was fiercely contested on both sides, but with most loss upon that of the Turks. As day advanced, the whole city appeared to view, surrounded in a cordon by the hostile hosts, that seemed to threaten to smother it in its ruins. The terrific din of horns, trumpets and kettle drums, mingled with battle cries, resounded on all sides. All the batteries of the besiegers opened upon the city, and then followed the general assault, both by water and by land. During two hours it raged without intermission, and without the enemy gaining a single foot. The Sultan himself, wielding his iron club, was now seen encouraging and now threatening his troops. Immense stones, hurled from the towers, crushed the assailants as they advanced; Greek fire bombs streamed from the balwarks of the fort into the sea; and ladders were shattered as they were raised; balls flew upon balls; while a black cloud of dust enveloped at once the city and the sun. Theophilus Paleologus and Demetrius of Cantacuzel drove the besiegers back; the emperor sat on his horse, seen every where encouraging his soldiers by word and by deed. At this time, Guisteniani was wounded

in the arm or thigh, or both; he entreated the Emperor to wait his arrival, while he went on board ship to have his wound dressed. But the Emperor encouraged him to remain, as the wound seemed only slight; Guisteniani, however, could not be prevailed on to keep his post. "Where," cried the Emperor, "Where hasten you?"—"Thither," replied Guisteniani, "whence God himself opens a path for the Musliman;" and he made his escape to Galata, equally unmindful of his past renown, and of his future infamy. His retreat had the effect of disheartening the troops; and Saganos Pasha becoming aware of the confusion in their ranks, now excited his janissaries to renewed efforts. One of these, a man of gigantic frame, named Hassan, from Ulabod, stretching his shield over him with his left hand, with his scimitar in his right, ascends the walls, followed by thirty others. The besieged, with arrows and stones, defend themselves manfully; eighteen of the janissaries are laid prostrate, and others, encouraged by Hassan's example, share the same fate. Struck by a stone, he, too, falls; yet he is seen to rise again, and as he kneels, extends his shield once more towards the walls, until it becomes buried along with him under a shower of stones. Whilst the gate of the Holy Romanos, against which the chief attack was directed, was thus nobly defended, the Turks had already the city at another point. The besieged suddenly found themselves attacked in the rear by about fifty Turks. It was now that the report of the city being taken, was every where spread abroad, until it reached the gate of the Holy Romanos, and soon spread new dismay into the confused ranks of the Emperor. Yet heroic feats were still performed by Theophilus Paleologus, by the Spaniard Don Francisco Toledo, and Johannes the Dalmatian; though the Emperor saw that all opposition was become vain against the overpowering torrent of the enemy. "For me," he cried, "I prefer to die rather than to live," at the same time dashing among the besiegers; and beholding himself deserted by all his followers, he uttered a memorable complaint: "What! is there no Christian left to take my head?" which he had no sooner spoken before he fell under the swords of two Turks; one of whom attacked him in front, the other, from behind. Thus perished Constantine Dragofer, the seventh of the Paleologi, and last of the Greek emperors, in defence of those city walls, erected by the first Constantine—the foundations of the capital of the Byzantine empire, which had endured a thousand years. The Turks now rushed in by the land side, as well as by the harbour, through the gate called Caligaria, over heaps of the slain, which filled up the trenches and the breaches in the walls. They put to the sword all the soldiers whom they met flying from the walls, in the belief that the garrison consisted of at least fifty thousand men. Two thousand thus perished, until the real weakness of the Greeks being discovered, a stop was put to the slaughter! This would not have happened had the Turks believed that the garrison did not exceed seven or eight thousand strong; such was their desire to obtain male and female slaves, to gratify either their avarice or their lust. The inhabitants, meanwhile, had flown to the port, not yet in the hands of the enemy; for about fifteen Turks who had sought to enter through the subterranean passage of the Reithor, had been driven back; and most part of the fugitives succeeded in gaining the open gate of the port, and embarking in Greek or Genoese vessels. But when the gate-watch observed the throng of the fugitives, he closed the doors and threw the keys over the walls, in the superstitious belief, that, according to an old prophecy, the Turks would penetrate as far as the middle of the city, to the Forum Tauri, (now Taubafari,) and that from thence they would be repulsed and driven out by the inhabitants.

LEGAL RECREATION.

It is alleged in a memoir of the Life of Lord Eldon, that, when plain John Scott, his zeal for a knowledge of the law was so great, that he abandoned the pursuit of almost every other species of information, and never sacrificed a moment from his legal studies, beyond what was absolutely ne-

cessary to his health. His brother William, (afterwards lord Stowell,) with a view of engaging him to meet Dr. Johnson and other men of distinguished literary talent, would sometimes say, "Where do you dine to-day?" To this question John's uniform answer was, "I dine on Coke, to-day." William would then demur, with a "nay, but come to my chambers--you'll see the doctor;" whereupon John argued, concerning the doctor, "He can't draw a bill;" and so the friendly suit concluded.

It is further affirmed, on the best authority, that it was an amusement in the early legal life of John Scott, to turn pieces of poetry into the form of legal instruments, and that he actually converted the ballad of "Chevy Chase," into the shape and style of a bill in chancery.

CURE FOR OLD AGE.

From the Spanish of Feijor, translated for the Salem Gazette.

Once upon a time, as the story goes, there arrived in the famous city of Zaragoza, an itinerant dealer in recipes and prescriptions, who gave out that he was possessed of wonderful secrets in the healing art, and among other things, that he could make old women young. His account of the matter appeared so plausible, that, in spite of all experience to the contrary, most people believed him. In consequence of this, great numbers of elderly ladies applied to him, and begged he would perform the operation upon them. He told them that it was indispensably necessary to the success of the process, that each of them should set down her name and precise age upon a schedule, to be prepared for that purpose. This was accordingly done, with an exactness which, perhaps, had not always been observed in all previous statements, on this important particular, and septuagenarians, octogenarians, and even those of ninety years, gave in their *true standing*, without scruple or reserve, lest the smallest deviation from the truth should endanger their anticipated renovation. They were then directed to return to the operator's lodgings the next day, when, they were informed, the work would be completed. It is hardly necessary to state that they were punctual to the appointment, and were waiting in anxious expectation for the consummation of their wishes. The grand master spirit at length appeared, and with a countenance expressive of the most unfeigned sorrow and disappointment, informed them that a malignant sorceress, who envied him the happiness that awaited him, had stolen the schedule from him, during the night, and it was therefore necessary to make a new one; but not to keep them any longer in ignorance of the importance and even necessity of that measure, he informed them that the whole process would consist in *burning alive the oldest* of their number, and the rest were to take a portion of her ashes, when they would infallibly become young. The astonishment at this information can easily be conceived; but their faith and hope finally triumphed over doubts and fears, and they agreed to make another schedule. They did so, in fact, but not with the same *scrupulous* exactness as before; for each, apprehensive of being found the oldest on the list, and being burnt to death, made large deductions from her former account: for example, she who had yesterday confessed to be ninety, now gave in fifty; she who yesterday set down three score, now wrote thirty-five, &c. The disciple of Medea had no sooner received the new schedule than he drew out from his pocket the previous record, and deliberately comparing them together, said, with an air of great satisfaction, "well ladies, the work is accomplished—I find you have all grown very young since yesterday. You, Madam," addressing one of them, "were yesterday *ninety* years old; to-day you are only *fifty*. You, Miss, were *sixty* yesterday, now you are but *thirty-five*!"—and so went on, from one to another, till he got to the end of the play.

"MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINDRED."

By the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood.

It is a sad thing to feel that we must die away from our home. Tell not the invalid who is yearning after his distant country, that the atmosphere around him is soft; that the gales are filled with

balm, and the flowers are springing from the green earth;—he knows that the softest air to his heart would be the air which hangs over his native land; that more grateful than all the gales of the south, would breathe the low whispers of anxious affection; that the very icicles clinging to his own eaves, and the snow beating against his own windows, would be far more pleasant to his eyes, than the bloom and verdure which only more forcibly remind him how far he is from that one spot which is dearer to him than the world beside. He may, indeed, find estimable friends, who will do all in their power to promote his comfort and assuage his pains; but they cannot supply the place of the long known and long loved; they cannot read as in a book the mute language of his face; they have not learned to wait upon his habits, and anticipate his wants, and he has not learned to communicate, without hesitation, all his wishes, impressions, and thoughts, to them. He feels that he is a stranger; and a more desolate feeling than that could not visit his soul. How much is expressed by that form of oriental benediction, *May you die among your kindred*.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1828.

✂ New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

FABULOUS ANIMALS. In the works of ancient natural historians, as well as poets, we find many animals mentioned, which it is now generally believed had no other existence than in the inventive imaginations of fabulists and wonder-loving travellers. Some of these, as described by credulous or mendacious writers, were such monsters as to render the probability of their existence an absurdity; others, we have some sort of reason to believe did really and actually obtain, in the forms they were then feigned, or very nearly assimilating to them.

Pliny, though somewhat unsuccessful with the faith of his readers, firmly believed in the existence of the *Centaur*. He says he actually saw one enbalméd in honey. Another is said to have been taken in the mountains of Arabia, and it was sent by the king to Cæsar. Change of climate soon destroyed it, and it was enbalméd by order of Cæsar, and afterwards exhibited at Rome, for the gratification of the curious.

The *Phœnix*, the *Pegasus*, and the *Chimera* need not the credulity of Pliny to plead their title to existence. They have never been mentioned even by poets, only when the aid of mythology was necessary to strengthen their figures, or put a force into the moral of their fables. The *Griffin* has been also classed among them, but we have some doubts of the propriety of the classification. It certainly has better authority to prove its real existence, than the *Centaur*; and Servius, in his description of it, treats it as a real animal. "Gryphes autem, genus ferarum, in hyperboræ nascitur montibus. Omni parte, leones sunt, alis, et facie, similes aquilis; Apolloni consecrati." That is,— "The *Griffin*, a kind of savage beast, is raised in the cold northern mountains. They are lions, in every part, with wings, and a beak resembling eagle's; consecrated to Apollo." All the advantages, however, that this animal as well as the *Centaur*, has over the other fabulous animals, is the fact that they were believed by the ancients themselves, or some of them, to be real living animals. To us there is little room left for conjecture, and whether they are to be classed with those which never did exist, or are more properly placed with those which have become extinct, would admit of an age of argument, without a result, after all, worthy of being depended upon.

Another class of monsters spoken of in the ancient writings, sacred, profane, and poetick, have for many ages been denied any real existence; yet surely with no sufficient reason. The *Behemoth*, the *Leviathan*, and *Flying Serpents*, spoken of in the holy scriptures, have been with much labour and argument allowed only a figurative meaning, by commentators. But Pliny, Marcellinus, Strabo, and Pausanias, have mentioned the latter, and Herodotus

expressly states, that he saw bones of flying serpents on a plain in Africa. There are so many monsters known to have an existence in the ocean, that we have no reason to doubt of the reality of the two former.

The *Roc*, of which so many marvellous feats are recorded in the Tales of Persia and Arabia, is another animal for which we have some proofs in favour of a real existence. The Condour of South America is probably the nearest approximation to it at the present day. In the Philosophical Magazine, vol. iv. p. 75, we are assured that Mr. Henderson the traveller, found in the province of Yakutsk, in Siberia, the claws of a bird which measured a yard in length. The natives assured him that the skeletons and feathers of this bird were often found in their hunting expeditions. The quills were of a size to admit a man's arm in the interior.

If we may credit the corroborated evidence of some of the best informed British officers, during their campaign in the kingdom of Nepal, the *Unicorn* still exists in the interior of Thibet. It is there called the one-horned tso po. It is about twelve or thirteen hands high; hoofs divided; extremely wild and fierce, yet associating in large herds. Its tail is shaped like that of a boar, and its horn, which is curved, grows out in the middle of the forehead. It is seldom caught alive; but the Tartars frequently shoot it, and use its flesh for food. [See *Quarterly Review*, No. xlvii. p. 120.]

The *Minotaur*, which is of all extinct animals the most unlikely to impose a belief of its existence, has also a claim to it, by the discovery of the remains of an animal bearing a resemblance to the fabulous account of it. Jameson speaks of a skeleton which must have possessed when living the magnitude of a crocodile. It is not improbable, however, that this skeleton is the remains of an inhabitant of the ocean, where there may yet remain thousands of animals, never described by the naturalist.

To all of these animals, fable has doubtless attached much of its fictitious embellishments. Yet it would be equally as absurd to deny wholly their existence, as to believe all that the hyperbolic fancies of travellers and poets have ascribed to them. We do not believe that the *roc*, for instance, ever existed in all the exaggerations of dimension and strength which are associated with its history, in the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor; yet we believe that a bird of monstrous dimensions did once exist in the mountains and desert regions of Tartary, from which the incredible account of the *roc* derived its origin.

How far these speculations might be carried, so as to include the wonderful fishes, serpents, and plants, which are only known to moderns by the descriptions given in Pliny, and other ancient historians, it is impossible now to conceive. Enough has been said already, on this subject, to prove that labour and research would remove many of the doubts which now hang over ancient natural history.

BEAUTIES OF THE ONTARIO PHOENIX. We have seen the "Beauties of Ossian,"—"Beauties of Sterne,"—"Beauties of Watts,"—and the same of a score of elegant writers; but our readers have as yet been in total darkness, compared with that intellectual light, which we are about to embody, under the title of "Beauties of the Ontario Phoenix." We must crave the indulgence of our readers, if in our attempts to illustrate the brilliant ideas we are about to quote, any material beauty should escape us; for in such a situation, the ideas act upon our understanding like the Paddy's ducks; while he was taking aim at one another intervenes,—and indeed to name them would be more than a match for the pen of a Southey.

The first article we shall notice is a poem,—and what a pity, too,—the only article of that kind which has originally appeared in that paper. It is entitled the "*Feast of Le Roy*,"—and we are sorry we cannot find room for the whole of this truly curious production. The two first stanzas follow.

The day rose with splendour the world gazed with wonder,
The heart beat with triumph of pleasure and joy;
The cannon were playing the banners displaying—
To grace the great day at the feast of Le Roy.
The printer and patron, the new bride and matron,
And ladies of sixteen so graceful and coy;
Great men of the nation, of wealth, rank, and station—
Were proud to be seen at the feast of Le Roy.

The cannon were playing," &c. The excellence of figure in this line is more than sufficient to atone for the grammatical anomaly. What can be more expressive of universal peace, than the idea of the cannon playing—for instance, like the lambs. Other great poets have used similar figures.

"And ladies of sixteen," &c. There is a wonderful beauty in this line. Think of the scene, and you cannot but admire the author's mode of expression. The idea of "graceful" naturally follows that of being "ladies,"—and for the idea of "coy," only imagine them crammed into the slips and aisles of the church, amidst "the aged so hoary," with no other air than the fumes of gin and tobacco,—and we should naturally suppose "coyness" would be a matter of course. Why our author has taken the title "ladies," in preference to the more common one of "maidens," we are at a loss to discover. He, being personally acquainted with the audience he is describing, is without doubt a better judge of the fitness of names, in this case; and we presume he has given them the more appropriate title of the two. We will now pass on to the fifth stanza.

The jacks stood amazed, and silently gazed,
Their joys and their pleasures were struck with alloy,
They "knew in all reason," their good friends the masons,
Would lose all their power at the feast of Le Roy.

The application of this stanza to what are termed masonick jacks, renders it needless for us to comment upon the sentiments. The idea of "joys and pleasures" being "struck with alloy," is however entirely original. The structure of the stanza, both as it respects rhyme and euphony, is truly exquisite.

We shall now pass to the three last stanzas of this fine poem, and after a few notices of their peculiar beauties, turn our attention to the beauties in prose, for which that paper is yet more famous.

The splendid oration can challenge the nation—

The day closed with transports of peace, love, and joy,
And poets unborn will sing of the morn,
That rose on the glorious feast of Le Roy.

May heaven aid lend us, from this Independence,
To purge out the "beast" and his kingdom destroy;
May we be united and always delighted,
As when round the board at the feast of Le Roy.

No more shall the masons deceive a great nation,
With nonsense unfit for an ignorant boy;
The "wisdom of sages and wonder of ages"
Is all come to nought at the feast of Le Roy.

The first stanza is intended to compliment "*the honorable Solomon Southwick, Esquire,*" orator of the day. But the two last lines speak of "*poets unborn,*" we think rather needlessly. If our opinion may be allowed to have any weight against the excessive modesty of the poet who is already born, we must say that the "*Bard of Steuben,*" author of this very poem, has done the business already. No one need to expect to sit where he has so well filled the seat.

We are at a loss to explain the allusion to "an ignorant boy," but our devil is of opinion that it refers directly to the fact, that masons do not admit boys to a participation of their privileges. Now for our promised prose extracts.

"If masonry is not prostrated till we talk it out of the United States: farewell to freedom; when the sun shines in the night there will be no need of candles."

"No, fellow citizens—public opinion can no more break down the masonick institution, than a drove of cattle can drink up a river."

"Masonry is a huge monster with many heads and many horns, and while we cut off one, another comes out. It is master of all tongues and languages, and fitted for every element, and every clime, who then can laugh it to sleep, or talk it to death? no one: and so with the Highlander's laconic address to his troops we will leave the Autocrat of Terror for this week: 'Now brave boys, do you see your enemies yonder? well, if we don't conquer them, they'll conquer us: charge upon them!'"

Writers of first rate talents always succeed best in matters of fiction; but here we have not only a little truth mingled with the outpourings of the editor's imagination, but a great deal of real good sense. He sees farther into the nature of the institution than many of his editorial brethren; and candidly acknowledges that masonry cannot be "talked to death," nor "laughed to sleep;" and recommends to them the very means of extirpation we always have pointed out as their sole hope, for its destruction:—to wit,—the axe

and the halber. This is their dernier resort. They hope, by pretending to talk it down, to propagate their faith, till they have enrolled a party strong enough to venture on a general plan of universal proscription.

LITERARY NOTICES.

✂ We have received the first number of a monthly pamphlet, entitled the *Cabinet of Nature*. It is printed at Northampton, by L. H. Goland, and edited by Doct. L. S. Morgan. It is intended to diffuse a taste for the study of Natural History. The contents are,—*Introduction. Natural History*:—Mineralogy and Geology; Elementary Substances. *Botany*:—Difference of Vegetable from Animal Life; Vital Principle; Structure of Vegetables; Economy of Vegetation; Flowers; Expansion of Flowers. *Properties of Vegetables*:—The Dandelion; Gold-thread. *Families of Plants*:—The Grasses. *Arts and Manufactures*:—Colouring and Tanning; Chinese Method of making Sheet Lead; Engraving on Glass; Colouring Porcelain and Earthen Ware. *American Antiquities*:—Ancient Fortifications. *Miscellaneous*:—Force of Water; Travelling Gardens. The design of this work is novel, and we sincerely wish it success.

✂ Contents of Mrs. Hale's *Ladies' Magazine*, for August.—*Original Miscellany*:—Intemperance; Sketches of American Character, No. 8—The Springs; Novels; Flirtation; The Port Folio. *Original Poetry*:—The White Mountains; Bayard; Lines; To Trinity Church; Summer Mornings; The Peri and the Gem; Fragment of a Dream. *Literary Notices*:—'American Common-Place Book, of Prose;' Pollok's 'Course of Time;' 'The Storm;' 'John Williams;' 'Marion Wilker;' 'Early Impressions;' 'The Temptation;' 'The Dainty Boy;' 'The Shower;' 'The Christian Teacher's Manual;' 'A Discourse on the Genius and Character of the Rev. Horace Holley.

✂ Contents of the *Western Monthly Review* for July: Extracts from a Scrap Book; Address on Intemperance; Journey of the Israelites,—an Epick; Sorotaphion. Review of Beasley on the Human Mind; Cooke's Pathology and Therapeutics; Channing's Discourse; Notices, &c.

✂ The *Champion*, a new weekly folio, has been established in Union Village, Washington county, in this state. It is in favour of the election of general Jackson.

✂ The *Pandect* is the title of a new religious paper, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, by R. Robins, and edited by two clergymen of that city.

✂ A new paper has been established at the city of Washington, called the *Washington Chronicle*, by Rothwell and Ustick. It is very neatly executed, and takes, we believe, a neutral course in regard to national politics.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE. The building lately erected for a College Chapel, in Williamstown, Massachusetts, will be dedicated on Tuesday, September 2, (the day before Commencement,) at 3 o'clock, P. M. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Griffin.

TABLE-TALK.

Welsh Hunt. Married, in Burns, Allegany county, on the 31st ult. by L. S. Rathbone, Mr. William Welsh, merchant, of De Witt's Valley, to Miss Olive Hunt, eldest daughter of the Rev. Richard Hunt, of the former place.

Anti-masonick Anecdote. A few seceders of the masonick institution in some of the western towns of this state, are getting their tavern and other signs, repainted, and supplying the place of their old masonick emblems with other devices of their fickle imaginations. Not long since, two gentlemen rode up to the door of a publick house in one of our western towns, and after alighting, one of them, (and a mason too) casting his eye up to the sign, (which was a key-stone, with a mallet and chisel, &c.) observed to his companion, "I don't know as it will do for us to call here, for this appears to be a mason's tavern." "Oh!" said the landlady, who then stood in the door, "that is Mr. D—'s old sign, we a'n't masons here! nor don't like them no better than any body does." A fact.

A real Culeb Quotem. The following dialogue took place between two citizens, after a late town meeting in a New-England state:

Question. Well, Sir, how went your meeting? *Answer.* Very Well. *Ques.* Who was your moderator? *Ans.* 'Squire

Evans. *Ques.* Who was chosen clerk? *Ans.* 'Squire Evans. *Ques.* Who is your representative? *Ans.* 'Squire Evans. *Ques.* Who is your first selectman? *Ans.* 'Squire Evans. *Ques.* Who is your second selectman? *Ans.* 'Squire Evans. *Ques.* Who is your third selectman? *Ans.* I don't know sartin, but believe 'tis 'Squire Evans.

Bees in a City. A swarm of honey bees lately lit upon the hub of a cartman's cart, in front 48 Front-street, New-York. They were taken, put into a keg, and sent into the country.

An Insuperable Bar. Married, in New Ipswich, Mass. George Bar, to Milley Ames.

From the Salina (Onondaga co.) Herald.

It would seem from the following circumstances that there would be considerable cross shooting among the anti-masons themselves at the next election.

At their first convention assembled at Le Roy and Batavia, last February, they nominated Solomon Southwick for their governor.

At their next convention at Le Roy, 4th July last, they resolved to have nothing to do with politics.

At their next convention, held at Utica, 4th of this month, they nominated both governor and lieutenant governor—Mr. Granger as the one, and Mr. Cray as the other.

At a late meeting of anti-masons from several towns in the county of Oswego, they recommended that a county meeting of anti-masons be held to nominate officers to be elected at the next election; and at one of their meetings of delegates from this county, they recommended the same thing, for the purpose of nominating the officers to be elected.

Some who have heretofore renounced masonry, have lately come before the publick and renounced anti-masonry, because they say the fiercest of the anti-masons want all the offices. If they do not want all, it would seem from the two notices of meetings in this and Oswego county, above referred to, that they intend to nominate all.

It is therefore difficult to see why they will not have cross-firing between them and the friends of Adams, as well as between them and the friends of Jackson; and thus produce a triangular war at the next election.

Two anti-masonick papers to the westward, Palmyra Freeman and Livingston Register, have already come out and charged the convention which on the 23d July, at Utica nominated judge Thompson, with intending to anticipate their convention at Utica, on the 4th of August, and to coerce their convention into the support of Thompson; which attempt, these papers say, will result in defeat, &c. While another anti-masonick paper there, the Ontario Chronicle, charges their anti-masonick meeting at Utica, which nominated Granger, with being nothing but a Jacksonian hoaxing conclave, to defeat Thompson's election.

In this way, their own papers have already commenced their cross-firing; and this seems to be the present aspect of things among them. What will Solomon Southwick, their first born governor, and who started one among the first anti-masonick papers, have to say to them for thus dexterously slipping their oar from under him, at Le Roy, and taking Mr. Granger on board at Utica?

It is perhaps proper, to add that this anti-masonick fever has not yet made its appearance in this town, nor in the northern towns in this county.

From the Warren (Genesee co.) Register.

We have unquestionable authority to say, that the late decision of the Genesee Consecration, on the subject of freemasonry, was made by only three ministers and three delegates of that body; that the whole body consists of about eight ministers and ten or twelve churches; and only four of the churches represented; and that the subject was taken up entirely by surprise to the main body of the connexion, without the least previous hint that it would come up. It is the opinion of our informant, that if the churches and ministers of that body were to take up the question constitutionally and fairly, and with suitable notice, there would be a large majority for adopting a substitute, "That we, as a body, have enough to do to advance the cause of Christ, which is a cause of benevolence and charity and good will to all, and to advance the benevolent institutions of the day, without adding new laws to the laws of Christ, or sowing the seeds of contention among brethren."

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDOX MANUFACTORY—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bandox Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the publick. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for *Bristles*. June 28. 11.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 229, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any articles in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the finest quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

✂ An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with their backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22.

POETRY.

For the *Masonick Record* and *Saturday Magazine*.

SONG.

Imitation—TUNE, "Let me, in this ae night."

Unknown, where ocean meets the strand,
With sinking heart and trembling hand,
I lie, far from my native land,
Upon a bed of pain, love.

"Oh! wert thou, love, but near me,—
But near, near, near me,—
How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
And mingle sighs with mine, love."

Above me burns a southern sun,
That round my life perchance hath spun
A web, that may not be undone,—
A web of fell disease, love.

"Oh, wert," &c.

And ah! I fear, I here must sleep,—
Above my head the vine will creep,—
None o'er my rude tomb e'er will weep,
Since thou art far away, love.

Oh, wert," &c.

O, thrilling sweet yon mock-birds sing,
And gayly, from the hollies, swing
The moss and vines, that waving fling
Their curtains o'er my head, love.

"Oh, wert, &c."

ALBERTUS.

Rocky Springs, Mississippi.

From the *Boston Literary Gazette*.

BRING WINE, &c.

Bring wine! but not for the festal board—
The wretch sits not where the song is poured!
Not where the lamps of the banquet blaze,
Falleth the gleam of his wandering gaze!
He hath gone apart, in the rayless night
Of his fiercer thoughts, and he scorns the light;
He hath gone apart, in his mate despair—
Bring wine! to cheer the dark man there.

Bring wine!—nor yet for the lip of youth;
There needs no flush for its glow of truth;
The man of years!—he hath turned aside,
The bursting moan and the tear to hide;
His foot hath crossed life's rugged steep,
And the valley opens for his dreamless sleep—
Sleep, that shall pain and grief assuage!
Bring wine, rich wine! for the sleep of age.

Bring wine, bring wine!—O'er the bridal bower,
That bloomed and blushed in the morning hour,
The night hath passed with its chilling breath,
And the rose-strewn couch is the bier of death.
The guest sits there, and his cold still eye,
Looks where the forms of the bridal lie—
The guest?—with no wreath his brow is clad!
Bring wine! for the dead-watch—his soul is sad.

Yet, yet, bring wine! with floods of cheer,
To wash the stain of the mourner's tear!
The mother's grief, and the sister's woe,
The father's moan for his son laid low—
Mid his clanging arms, with stride of might,
He trode the moan—and is this his night?—
The bowed are there, with the sigh and wail,
Bring wine, bring wine!—for their lips grow pale.

Bring wine!—vain,—vain! It hath nought of power,
The cheer of wine, in the soul's dark hour!
The cup is hurled from the wretch's rage,
It falls from the palsied hand of age!
The wine shines not where the dead have lain,
For the thirst of grief 'tis outpoured in vain;
It is vain, for the cheer of the glowing bowl—
Bring wine no more, for the darkened soul.

Bring wine no more, and awake no song
The bowed of heart and the sad among!
But come with whispers of heaven and peace,
And the promised rest—the moan shall cease.

The tear shall fade from the mourner's eye,
And the grief weighed spirit mount on high;
Come where the plaint and the sigh is heard—
Yet bring no wine, but the Saviour's word.

INEX.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

Wreck of a warrior passed away,
Thou form without a name!
Which thought and felt but yesterday,
And dreamt of future fame.
Stripped of thy garments, who shall guess
Thy rank, thy lineage, and race?
If haughty chieftain, holding away,
Or lowlier, destined to obey!

The light of that fixed eye is set,
And all is moveless now,
But Passion's traces linger yet,
And lower upon that brow;
Expression has not yet waxed weak,
The lips seem e'en in act to speak,
And clenched the cold and lifeless hand,
As if it grasped the battle brand.

Though from that head, late towering high,
The waving plume is torn,
And low in dust that form doth lie,
Dishonoured and forlorn,
Yet Death's dark shadow cannot hide
The graven characters of pride,
That on the lip and brow reveal
The impress of the spirit's seal.

Lies there a mother to deplore
The son she ne'er shall see?
Or maiden, on some distant shore,
To break her heart for thee?
Perchance to roam a maniack there,
With wild flower wreaths to deck her hair,
And through the weary night to wait
Thy footsteps at the lonely gate.

Long shall she linger there, in vain
The evening fire shall trim,
And gazing on the darkening main,
Shall often call on him
Who hears her not—who can not hear—
Oh! deaf forever is the ear
That once in listening rapture hung
Upon the musick of her tongue!

Long may she dream—to wake is woe;
Ne'er may remembrance tell
Its tale to bid her sorrows flow,
And hope to sigh farewell;
The heart bereaving of its stay,
Quenching the beam that cheers her way
Along the waste of life, till she
Shall lay her down and sleep like thee!

TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us—
It visits with inconstant glance,
Each human heart and countenance;—
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of musick fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery

Spirit of beauty,—

Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sun light, not forever,
Weaves rainbows on yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear, and dream, and death, and birth,
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world has ever
To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of Demon, Ghost, and Heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour;
Frail spells, whose uttered charm might not avail to sever
From all we hear, and all we see,
Doubts, chance, and mutability.

Thy light alone—
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearless steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead,
I called on poisonous names with which our youth is led;
I was not heard; I saw them not;
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when birds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me;
I shrieked, and clasped my hands in ecstasy!

I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine; have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave, they have in visioned bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight,
Outwatched with me the envious night;
They know that never joy illumed my brow,
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery.

The day becomes more solemn and serene,
When morn is past; there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in the sky,
Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been.
Thus, let thy power, which, like the truth
Of nature on my pensive youth,
Descended to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee,
Whom, spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

From the "Shepherd's Garland," A. D. 1595.

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

The dew drop that at first of day,
Hangs on the violet flower,
Although it shimmereth in the ray,
And trembleth at the zephyr's power,
Shows not so fair and pleasantly
As love that bursts from beauty's eye.

The little bird that clear doth sing
In shelter of green trees,
When flowrets sweet begin to spring
In dew bespangled mees,
Is not so pleasant to mine ear
As love that scantily speaks for fear.

The rose when first it doth prepare
Its ruddy leaves to spread,
And kissed by the cold night air,
Hangs down its coyen head,
Is not so fair as love that speaks
In unbid blush on beauty's cheeks.

The pains of war when streams of blood
Are smoking on the ground:
When foemen brim of lusthood,
All mixed in death are found;
Yea death itself is lightlier borne,
Than cruel beauty's smiling scorn.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE ANCIENT KIRK.

How like an image of repose it looks,
That ancient, holy, and sequestered pile!
Silence abides in each tree-shaded aisle;
And on the gray spire caw the hermit rooks;
So absent is the stamp of modern days,
That, in the quaint carved oak, and oriel stained
With saintly legend, to Reflection's gaze
The Star of Eld seems not yet to have waned.
At pensive eventide, when streams the west
On moss-greened pediment, and tombstone gray,
And spectral Silence pointeth to Decay,
How preacheth Wisdom to the conscious breast,
Saying, "Each foot that roameth here shall rest;
To God and Heaven, Death is the only way."

THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1828.

NO. 31.

MASONICK RECORD.

CEREMONIES AT AUGUSTA.

We have been politely furnished by a friend with a paper containing an account of the proceedings at Augusta, in the state of Georgia, on the second of June last, when the corner stone of a new Masonick Hall, now erecting in that city, was laid by the Grand Lodge of Georgia, with appropriate ceremonies. Besides the Grand Officers, in their proper dresses and characters, Webb's Lodge, No. 19, Social Lodge, No. 5, Augusta Chapter, No. 2, and Georgia Encampment of Knights Templars, No. 1, appeared, and took their places in the procession, and performed in the best style, every part of the duties devolving on them. A large concourse of citizens, the members of the City Council, a musical Society organized under the name of the Saint Cecilia's Society, and the Reverend Clergy, formed a very respectable part of the procession. The procession moved at 10 o'clock, from the lodge room. On arriving at the site of the building, an Ode was sung by the St. Cecilia's Society, in a most animated style, and was followed by an appropriate and impressive prayer, by the Rev. Mr. Möderwel.

The Grand Master, honourable William Schley, then directed the Grand Treasurer pro tem. Brother Jonathan S. Beers, to deposite within a cavity prepared in the corner stone for that purpose, various coins, and other memorials of the present period, properly enclosed and sealed in a glass bottle, together with a copper plate containing the following inscription.

"This Corner Stone of a Masonick Hall, erected under the direction of Samuel Hale, Augustine Slaughter, Thomas I. Wray, Birkett D. Thompson, John W. Wilde, Robert R. Reid, William T. Gould, Alexander McKenzie, James C. Morgan, Jonathan S. Beers, Francis Ganahl, and Peter Bennoch, Trustees of the Masonick Hall in the city of Augusta, was laid on the 2d of June, in the year of our Lord 1828, and of the Era of Masonry 5528, by William Schley, Grand Master, assisted by Birkett D. Thompson, Deputy Grand Master, of the Grand Lodge of the State of Georgia; in the presence of the Grand Lodge, convened for that purpose, and the subordinate lodges and other Masonick Institutions of the city; also the Mayor and Members of the City Council, and a large concourse of the brethren and citizens. John Crane and William Thompson, Architects."

On the reverse of the plate was inscribed,—

"This Building, erected to God, and dedicated to the Holy Saint Johns, is intended by the Masonick Societies of Augusta, to subserve the cause of Charity, Friendship, and Universal Benevolence."

The corner stone was then lowered to its proper station in due masonick form, while an ode was sung by the choir.

The Grand Master then descended, and was presented by the principal architect, Mr. John Crane,

with the working tools, and having applied the Plumb, Square, and Level to the stone, pronounced it to be *well formed, true and trusty.*

The vessels were then delivered to the Grand Master, and he, according to ancient form, poured the corn, the wine and the oil, which they contained, on the stone, saying,—

"May the all-bounteous Author of Nature bless the inhabitants of this place, with all the necessities, conveniences, and comforts of life—assist in the erection and completion of this building,—protect the workmen against every accident,—and long preserve the structure from decay and grant to us all, a supply of the corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment, and the oil of joy. So mote it be.—*Amen.*"

The Grand Master then struck the stone three times with the mallet, and the masonick Grand Honours were given. He then delivered over to the architect, the various implements of his profession, and addressed him thus:—

"Brother Architect,—To you I deliver the implements of architecture, and intrust the erection of this edifice, and the superintendence of the workmen employed in it. Skill and fidelity are essential to the discharge of those duties, and I hope you will never permit the workmen to be in confusion for want of designs upon the trestle board. None but good work is to be received, and that which is unfit for the building, you are to reject. And let your conduct among the workmen be such as will stand the test of the Grand Overseer's square; that you may not, like the unfinished and imperfect work of the negligent and unfaithful of former days, be rejected and thrown aside as unfit for that spiritual building, that house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

To which the principal architect replied,—

I accept with pleasure the trust reposed in me, and shall endeavour, to the best of my abilities, to discharge the duties assigned me; hoping that my exertions may be crowned with approbation, and that this edifice may continue a lasting monument of the taste, spirit and liberality of its founders."

The Grand Master then delivered an address to the brethren. An ode was then sung by the attending choir, after which the procession was again formed and moved to St. Paul's church. A prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Talmage, and an oration delivered by Brother Robert R. Reid, which is highly spoken of in the papers we mentioned. The young ladies and gentlemen belonging to the choir of the church, and the organist, honoured the brethren with their assistance, and added much to the interest of the services. After prayer and benediction by the Rev. Mr. Tally, the brethren returned to the lodge room, and thence adjourned to the Planters' Hotel, where a dinner was prepared for them. We select the following from the toasts which were offered after the cloth was removed. The brethren retired at an early hour, highly gratified with the exercises and the entertainment in which they had participated.

REGULAR TOASTS.

The Masonick Hall of Augusta—May it long be the abode of "morality, and brotherly love."

Masonry, wherever established—Like the dew of the morning, and the genial sun of the meridian, diffusing refreshment and comfort to the children of sorrow.

The memory of the Widow's Son.

The memory of Washington, Franklin, and Warren—Pillars of masonry, representing Wisdom, Strength and Beauty.

Our ancient Patrons—May their virtues animate the hearts, and shine in the lives of their successors.

The memory of De Witt Clinton—His monument shall be his name alone.

The Principles of our Order—Like the diamond, they yield to no impression, but grow more brilliant, the more they are assailed.

The Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Georgia—The result of mutual compromise. *Esto perpetua.*

True Brethren, wherever dispersed—"Distinct like the billows, but one like the sea."

VOLUNTEERS.

By the M.W. G.M. The Citizens of Augusta—Magnanimous, generous and hospitable; may fortune smile on all their virtuous pursuits.

By the Deputy G.M. The Second of June—Already rendered memorable by the opening fire of the Maham Tower, in 1781, by which foreign tyranny was banished from our city—may the edifice, the cornerstone of which was this day laid, be a Maham Tower to the enemies of our institution.

By E. F. Campbell. My Country.

By L. Dwele. Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty—May we have enough of the two former to protect the latter.

By P. T. Schley, Grand Marshal. The Masonick Hall of Augusta—May those brethren who may occupy it, after its erection, preserve and transmit to their posterity, the principles of masonry, as pure, shining and immaculate, as our ancient brethren did the material temple.

By V. Walker. Our M.W. Grand Master—Worthy of the place he fills.

By Morris Henry. Let the tree of Liberty flourish all over the globe, and every inhabitant partake of its fruits.

By W. Duncan. Our R.W. Deputy G.M., Birkett D. Thompson.

By L. Brux. The memory of De Witt Clinton—Though dead, his deeds live in the hearts of his countrymen.

AT LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

From Gore's General Advertiser.

On Tuesday April 22, a Provincial Grand Lodge for the Western Division of this county, was held at the Adelphi Hotel, for the Dedication of the Freemason's Hall, recently erected at that hotel, for the meetings of St. George's Lodge of Harmony, No. 33.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon, the officers of the respective lodges assembled in the hall, and the Provincial Grand Officers of this province marched in procession from an adjoining room, in which they had formed, into the hall, and the usual ceremonies of dedication took place, with all due solemnity, by the R. W. Le Gendre Star-

Starkie, Esq. M. P. Provincial Grand Master, assisted by his officers, John Crossley, Esq. R. W. Provincial Grand Master of the Eastern Division, and the Visitors of distinction from Chester, Flint, and other places. During the ceremony, an excellent oration was delivered by Brother James Spence, Master of Lodge No. 88; and the Rev. Brother G. Robinson, of Kirkham, Provincial Grand Chaplain, strewed corn, sprinkled wine and oil, and offered up the invocation prayer. The anthems and ode were sung in a most solemn and impressive manner; they were executed with great taste, and the Provincial Grand Organist presided at the instrument in a very able manner.

The Provincial Grand Lodge was then opened, and the annual business of the province was transacted. The Provincial Grand Chaplain then delivered an eloquent oration, in which he took occasion to illustrate the true principles of the order and the ceremonies the brethren had just witnessed, in the dedication of the hall to the Most High, to Virtue, and to universal Benevolence. The delivery of this oration drew forth loud applause, and it was moved, seconded, and unanimously agreed, that it be printed, and circulated amongst the lodges, at the expense of the Provincial Grand Lodge. The Provincial Grand Master then thanked the brethren, in a very neat and feeling manner, for their attendance and co-operation, and passed a high eulogium on John Drinkwater, Esq. Deputy Provincial Grand Master, and his Provincial Grand Officers in Liverpool, for their able support and assistance in the discharge of their several offices. The Provincial Grand Lodge was then closed in ample form.

The hall thus dedicated, was constructed under the superintendence of Messrs. Foster and Stewart, and is not surpassed, in simplicity and neatness, by any room of similar dimensions. A gallery was erected, covered with crimson cloth, for the accommodation of ladies who were admitted by ticket at half-past five o'clock. At six the brethren sat down to a sumptuous dinner, and some time afterwards the ladies were attended by the stewards to a room where refreshments were served previously to their departure, at about nine o'clock. The usual masonic and other toasts were given, and at intervals during the evening several excellent glees and songs were sung with great effect.

The Grand Master and his officers retired soon after eleven and the brethren separated highly gratified with the proceedings of the day. The dinner, wines, and the refreshments in the ladies room were most liberally provided, and of excellent quality.

EXPULSIONS.

VERMONT.

At a regular communication of *Missisque Lodge*, No. 38, held at Enosburgh, Vermont, on the 25th day of July, A. L. 5828, *Cyrus Larkin*, of Montgomery, a master mason, and member of said lodge, was unanimously expelled, for unmasonic conduct. Per order, **EZRA WOOD**, Sec'y.
East Berkshire, Vt. Aug. 6, 1928.

At a regular communication of *Lamoille Lodge*, No. 25, held at Masons' Hall in Fairfax, Vermont, August 6, A. L. 5828, *Jonathan B. Holmes*, a member of said lodge, was expelled for unmasonic conduct, by a unanimous vote of said lodge. Per order, **H. E. HUBBELL**, Sec'y.

At a regular communication of *Champlain Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 2, held at Masons' Hall, in St. Albans, Vermont, on the 19th instant, *Hiram Eaton*, a most excellent master mason, was, by an unanimous vote, expelled from said chapter, for immoral and unmasonic conduct. By order of the M. E. **H. P. G. A. BARBER**, Sec'y.
St. Albans, Vt. Aug. 21, 1928.

VIRGINIA.

At a regular communication of the *Wythe Fraternal Lodge*, No. 55, of Free and Accepted Masons, held in the Lodge Room, in the house of Br. Jacob Fisher, at Wythe Court House, Virginia, July 3d, A. L. 5828, A. D. 1928, *Daniel Brown*, a member of this lodge, was unanimously expelled

from all the privileges of freemasonry, for gross unmasonic conduct.

Wm. H. Dulaney, a member of *White Sides Lodge*, No. 13, Blountville, Tennessee, was unanimously expelled from all the privileges of freemasonry, for gross unmasonic conduct. A copy.

DAVID WADE, Sec'y.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

THE USE OF STIMULANTS.

From the last number of the American Journal of Medical Science.

An intemperate indulgence in the use of stimulating liquors has long been viewed as the cause of a host of those diseases to which the human body is subject. That depraved appetite which bids defiance to all moral restraint, and impels the unhappy sufferer to the gratification of a propensity which increases his disease, while it lulls his sufferings, has never received that attention from physicians, which its importance demands. Bulimia, salacitas, and nymphomania, diseases in which natural appetites and passions are morbidly excited, have found their places in all systems of medical nosology, and have received a just share of that attention of medical men. A morbid thirst for intoxicating liquors has only been considered a moral disease, and for its cure moral remedies have been thought sufficient. As well might we address arguments to a burning fever, as to think by moral considerations to appease the gnawing sensation which solicits so importunately in the drunkard for the inebriating draught.

This disease, which has done incalculable injury to the constitutions and the morals of men, has been combated only with words, and the unhappy sufferers, instead of receiving the commiseration of their fellow men, have been left to aggravate their disease by their imprudence, or held up to the public view as objects of scorn.

When we have seen an emaciated subject of bulimia consuming nearly half his weight of raw beef, candles, &c. at a meal, we have not hesitated to award him our pity, and have felt happy if we could contribute to the restoration of his health. The symptoms of the disease occasioned by Intemperance are well known, and have been by too many felt, to require a particular description. It has its seat in the stomach, and is no doubt produced by a perverted or distorted action of that viscus. One of the most common remote causes of intemperance, is the habit of relieving the anorexia felt before refection, with a glass of wine spirits or bitters. Those who eat much and exercise but little; those who are much exposed to the depressing passions; those who undergo great fatigue of body or mind, especially if unsuccessful in their pursuits; those who inordinately indulge the passions of anger, lust and rivalry; and those who habitually take tonic and stimulating medicines in spirituous and vinous menstrua, are very apt to become drunkards. The disease, or the tendency to it, is first perceived after being exposed to some of these causes. After an evening debauch, or what the patient would call a party of pleasure, he feels a want of appetite when he comes to his breakfast the next morning: this is readily relieved by a glass of bitters or a cup of very strong coffee, and the enfeebled stomach is goaded on to perform wonders in the eating way. The consequence of such exertion is an impaired digestion, and a heavy, horrible sensation is felt in the region of the stomach. To this is added an indescribably gloomy state of mind. The patient finds business burdensome and solitude insupportable. He flies to the tavern or the doctor, to his medicine chest or the brandy bottle, and soon obtains a temporary truce. A glass of toddy, punch or sling, soothes his outraged stomach, and prepares him for dinner. If he have no dinner, another glass or two suits him as well, and what he fails in eating he makes up in drinking. It is unnecessary to pursue the history further. He rises the next morning with increased anorexia, nausea, or vomiting. This is alarming, but is often immediately relieved with warm spiced toddy, peppermint, or capsaicum and whiskey, and he is prepared to pass the day as he did the last.

In other diseases, palliatives are often found the best cures. These medicines which relieve

pain, and sooth the uncomfortable feelings of the patient, are sometimes admirably adapted to subdue his disease. Not so with the intemperate. Nothing so quickly relieves his anorexia, his gloomy feeling, and his gnawing pain, as the stimulating draught; but the relief is only temporary and the remedy ultimately, by its indirect effects, increases all the symptoms of his disorder. The class of tonic, particularly bitters, with or without wine or spirits so often prescribed in dyspepsia, I consider liable to the same objection. No method can be more certainly calculated to produce habits of inebriety than a long course of vegetable tonics in spirituous menstrua. Such prescriptions may give us a mushroom popularity, but by them we do our patients incalculable injury.

In every intemperate man there is an immutable association in his mind between stimulating liquors and the relief they afford to all the unpleasant sensations which I have described as forming his disease. To him the bottle is a catholicon; it relieves anorexia, gastrodynia, flatulence, nausea, vomiting, cholick, and those gloomy feelings, which are worse than all. It produces an instant change from pain to pleasure, from despair to hope, and transforms this thorny, rugged wilderness of world into a paradise. In vain do we prescribe temperance to such a patient. He suffers what those who have not had his disease to the same extent can not conceive. But his remedy is at hand, and he flies to it as to the only consolation left him. To cure him we must break up this association, and convince him, by actual sensations, that his remedy has lost its effect. We must likewise change the action of the stomach, and restore it to its healthy standard.

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

From the North American Medical and Surgical Journal, No. X.
April, 1829.

Means of discovering Blood Stains on Arms and Clothing, and of distinguishing them from other Stains. Such is the title of a memoir read to the Academy of Medicine by that indefatigable medical jurist, M. Orfila. The blood stains on iron or steel instruments may be confounded with rust spots, or those caused by lemon juice—the colour being the same, a brownish red in all. In order to accurately distinguish them, M. Orfila recommends the four following tests. 1. Expose that part of the instrument on which is the suspected stain to a heat of 77° to 86° Fahr.; if the spot be from blood or lemon juice it comes off in scales and allows the metallic brilliancy of the instrument to appear beneath it; if it be from rust there is no alteration. 2. Scrape off a part of the stain and heat the scrapings in a narrow glass tube, above which are placed two pieces of litmus paper, one of which has been reddened by an acid; if the stain is of blood or rust, there will be a disengagement of ammonia, which restores to its blue colour the litmus paper reddened by the acid; and if the spot is caused by lemon juice, that is to say, if it is citrate of iron, there will be a disengagement of an acid product, which will redden the blue paper of litmus. 3. Let fall on the suspected stain one or two drops of hydrochloric (muriatic) acid; if it is citrate of iron or rust, it first becomes yellow, then the hydrochlorate (muriate) of iron, carried off by water, allows the instrument to be seen of its usual brilliancy, and this hydrochlorate may be discovered by the usual tests for salts of iron; if the stain is of blood there will be no change. 4. Plunge the instrument in distilled water, so that the suspected stain shall disappear in it by solution: if it is of rust it will not be so dissolved, a part only of the matter forming it is detached and suspended in the liquid, which becomes of a yellow colour, but which, after filtration, regains its transparency and does not contain a particle of iron, if the stain were of citrate of iron, it would be dissolved, give the fluid a yellow colour, and this fluid would redden litmus paper, and be proved by the usual tests to contain a salt of iron: finally, if the stain were of blood, it would be detached in reddish stræ, which could be collected at the bottom of the vessel, and not colour the liquid unless it were shaken, then the deposited matter is dissolved in water and colours it. We can then experiment as follows:—In the first place, this liquid does not co-

four tincture of litmus, and does not contain any salt of iron, as in the case of the stain caused by lemon juice: in the second place, the colouring matter which it contains is a colouring animal matter, since it is coagulated by heat, loses its colour, and is precipitated of a greyish white by the nitric and sulphuric acids; loses its colour, and is precipitated red by nut galls; and is at first made green, then loses its colour, then made opaline, then precipitated in whitish floculi by chlorine and in the third place this colouring matter is distinct from all other known colouring matters, since it is not changed by ammonia. At the place where the stain was on the instrument may be detected white and slightly red filaments, which are discovered to be fibrin; this however, only takes place if the stain be thick. The instrument must be withdrawn from the water so soon as the reddish deposit is formed, because the contact of the air would convert it into a trioxide of iron, which would colour both the liquid by being suspended in it and the colouring matter by being precipitated with it. Still they might be separated by the filter.

In reference to the stains of blood on clothing, M. Orfila distinguishes two contingencies. Where the stain is very thick and displays all the elements of blood, it should be dipped into distilled water; and whilst the fluid is charged with the colouring matter, which is ascertained by coagulation by heat, by the action of the nitric and sulphuric acids, nut galls, chlorine and ammonia, the fibrin remains on the cloth in the form of a reddish grey matter, the more readily recognizable as the more prolonged immersion in water will have carried off more of the colouring matter, and the cloth will be of a browner colour. Where the stain is light and caused merely by imbibition, or has been rubbed and washed, it will contain less fibrin, and we can only obtain by water the colouring matter, to be tested as already directed. M. Orfila has made these experiments on five kinds of blood, viz. that of man, the ox, sheep, dog and pigeon.

The above is the substance of one of five memoirs presented to the Academy of Medicine by this learned professor. We shall take cognizance of the other four at as early a period as possible.

THE GATHERER.

THE GENTLE REPROOF.

An intimate acquaintance of the late Sir Richard Steele dined with him one day, shortly after he had been married and set up a carriage. His lady, two or three times at dinner, asked him if he used the chariot that evening; to which he only answered, "oysters." When the table cloth was taken away, she said, "Well, my dear, I'll take the chariot." To which he again replied, "oysters, my dear." She dropped a courtesy, and confessed she was in an error, and stood reprov'd. On her retiring, Sir Richard's friend thus addressed him: "Sir, as absurd as your answer might seem to others, I know your manner so well, that I am assured there is some moral instruction in your word oysters; as it must be some gentle humorous reproof, do me the favour to let me into the secret of it." "You know," says Sir Richard, "we have just set up a chariot; and being apprehensive it might have such an effect on my wife's heart, and that she might inconsiderately talk of it too much, thereby betraying a weakness of mind I would have gladly prevented, I told her a story of a young fellow who had lately set up an equipage, and had always the vanity to be talking of it; which was as follows:

"Ned Sparkish, on the death of his elder brother, left the attorney to whom he was a clerk, set up an equipage, and commenced *petit maitre*. He was so fond of his chariot, that he was seldom out of it, or hardly a moment without making some mention of it. He was one day walking with some gentlemen in the Mall, when one of them asked him to be of their party to dine at a famous eating-house at Charing-cross. 'With all my heart, my dear,' says Ned; 'I'll step to my servant, and give some orders about my chariot, and be with you again in a moment.'

"On this, another gentleman said, 'How can you ask that coxcomb to be with us! we shall hear of nothing but his chariot. I'll lay half a dozen of French wine, he talks of it within ten minutes after he comes into the room.' 'As I think that impossible,' says another, 'it is a bet.'

"Ned by this time joined them again, and they went to Locket's. They were scarce in the room, when the gentleman who laid the wager proposed having some oysters before dinner, as a whet; but at the same time, feared there were none fresh enough at that end of the town, and proposed to send to Billingsgate for some. It was objected, that that would take up too much time, otherwise they approved of his notion. 'Nay,' says Sparkish, 'let that be no objection; my chariot is at the door, and I'll dispatch Tom away with it immediately, and he may bring the oysters in half an hour at farthest.'

You see, continued Sir Richard, the intent of this story, on how absurd a foundation soever it may be built; I told it my wife as a family-piece of instruction; and you see that she has good sense enough, on the mention of oysters, to see and confess her error.

THE YANKEE.

A Yankee is a Yankee over the globe; and you might know him, if you met him on the "mountains of the moon," in five minutes, by his nationality. We love and honour him for it, where it is not carried to a blinding prejudice. He remembers his school house, the peculiar mode of discipline in which he was reared, the place where he played, skated and bathed in his blithe morning of life, where are the ashes of his forefathers, and where he was baptized and married. Wherever he "trades and trafficks," on distant seas, rivers, or mountains, he will only forget his native accent, and his natal spot, when his right hand forgets that cunning for which he has such an undeserved celebrity. [*Flint's Western Monthly Review.*]

THE SOUTHERNER.

The Southerner is such over the whole globe. You may know him by his olive or brown complexion, on which the sun has looked in his wrath. You may see in his countenance the tinge of bilious impress, and that he has inhaled miasma, and breathed morning and evening fogs. You may note in his peculiar gait, and in his erect and lofty port, that he has compared himself with an inferior race of human beings, as they have walked before him to their daily task. His generous disregard of expense and economy as he travels, his spirit, ardent and yet generous, "sudden and quick in quarrel," his proud preference of his own country, his peculiar dialect, his reckless disregard of consequence, and a variety of mixed traits, seen in a moment, and yet difficult to describe, mark him even to an unobservant eye, as a Southerner, in the streets of New-York. [*Ibid.*]

WOMAN.

The restraint which the customs of the world have put upon the conduct of females renders the best among them more or less hypocrites. How hard this is—that the ingenuous confiding qualities of woman's heart should be thus tortured and spoiled; and yet so it must be, while the present order of things lasts. It is true, they have looks for those who are skilled in such lore; and as the wise ones tell us, have two eyes to say yes, and but one tongue to say no. [*Hook's Cousin William.*]

THE TAR AND THE WHALE.

The following curious anecdote, told me by the captain of a whale ship which was at Valparaiso, shows us of what unshaken fortitude the hardy sons of Neptune are possessed, and what indifference they evince under the greatest misfortunes.

"One morning," says he, "as we were cruising about in search of whales, we espied a fine looking one, and at no great distance from us. We immediately manned four boats, and soon came up with this monster of the deep, which proved to be a whale of the sperm kind. We attacked him, and in return for the death wound which we inflicted, he, as is frequently the case with these ferocious animals, stove one of the boats.

In the confusion which ensued, one poor fellow unluckily came within reach of the whale, who, although in the agonies of death, made a shift to draw one of his legs into his mouth. The thigh was pierced by one of the tusks, and consequently broken. Luckily for the sailor, however, the whale began to gasp, which afforded him an opportunity to escape from the jaws of immediate death. On being carried to the ship, it was found necessary to amputate the leg above the joint, which operation was borne with the greatest equanimity. Shortly after," continued the captain, "I asked him what were his feelings when he was in the whale's mouth, 'Why,' says he, 'I thought he might furnish sixty barrels of pretty good oil.'"

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

From the Scotsman's Library.

This poet, author of "Jessie the Flower of Dumblane," and several other popular love ditties, which entitle him to rank with the very best song writers in our language, not even excepting Burns, was born at Paisley, on the 3d of June, 1774. His parents were poor, and unable to give him more than the most ordinary school education. At an early age he was bound apprentice to a weaver, and followed that occupation till his death. As soon as he became known for the possession of poetical talents, his acquaintance was courted by many who were much his superiors in station; but nothing was ever done to raise him above the obscurity and hardship of his original condition. A collection of his pieces was published at Paisley, and such profit as may have accrued to him from its sale, was all the reward ever conferred on a bard whose strains were soon on every tongue. The neglect of the world appears to have weighed heavily on a mind naturally of strong sensibility; and producing a hopelessness of ever emancipating himself from circumstances so ill suited to his genius, ended in a confirmed melancholy. While in this low situation, he received a visit from the celebrated mountain bard, Mr. Hogg, who had made a long pilgrimage to see and converse with one who, like himself, was a child of poverty and song. After a night spent in the most delightful communion of sentiment, Mr. Hogg took his departure, and Tannahill accompanied him half the way to Glasgow. The parting was mournful: "Farewell!" said Tannahill, "we shall never meet again." The words were prophetic; the heart-struck bard had already taken that resolve which was too surely to bring about their accomplishment. Poor Tannahill was, not long after found drowned. He had reached the thirty-sixth year of his age. His remains lie buried in his native town.

EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH.

Overslept myself. Could not dress in time. Too cold. Too hot. Too windy. Too dusty. Too wet. Too damp. Too sunny. Too cloudy. Don't feel disposed. No other time to myself. Look over my drawers. Put my papers to rights. Letters to write to my friends. Mean to take a walk. Going to ride. Tied to business six days in the week. No fresh air but on Sundays. Can't breathe in church, always so full. Feel a little chilly. Feel very lazy. Expect company to dinner. Got a head ache. Intend nursing myself to-day. New bonnet not come home. Tore my muslin dress coming down stairs. Got a new novel, must be returned on Monday morning. Wasn't shaved in time. Don't like a liturgy, always praying for the same thing. Don't like extempore prayer. Don't know what's coming. Don't like an organ, 'tis too noisy. Don't like singing without music, makes me nervous. Can't sit in a draft of air, windows or doors open in summer. Stove so hot in winter, always get a head ache. Can't hear an extempore sermon, too frothy. Dislike a written sermon, too prosing. Nobody to-day but our minister, can't always listen to the same preacher. Don't like strangers. Can't keep awake when at church. Fell asleep last time I was there. Sha'n't risk it again. Mean to inquire of some sensible person about the propriety of going to so public a place as church. Will publish the result.

POPULAR TALES.

THE CURATE OF SUVERDSIO.

It was towards nightfall, that a traveller approached the hamlet of Suverdsio, among the rugged and sequestered hills. The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and the thick fir woods that stretched as far as the eye could reach, over the mountains and down into the valleys, were beginning, especially in the lower grounds, to wear a blue and sombre aspect. The clouds, drifted by the sharp winds, hurried over to the west; and flakes of snow came whirling down upon the rocks, in the angles of which the withered leaves went eddying round with a desolate noise. The stranger felt accordingly that it was no time to stand on ceremony; so, walking through the little grass court in front of the parsonage, a high-roofed antique-looking building, at the higher extremity of the little village, he tapped at the little low-browed door, and begged quarters for the night. Fortunately for the success of his request, the curate himself chanced to be at home; else the only other inmates of his home—his pretty daughter, and a young woman that attended them—might have hesitated about receiving under the roof, during such dangerous times, any one who petitioned for what, in more peaceful days, no one within would have dreamt of refusing.

Without any but mere general questions being asked, the evening passed on, and supper was spread for their guest of the best that the house afforded, which was dried deer's flesh broiled, and a dish of grout.

When supper was over, and the crescent moon shone down on the dewy window-sill, the daughter retired from table, leaving her father to entertain their guest, and enjoy his conversation. She went into the adjoining kitchen, where, by the light of a lamp, her servant, or rather female companion, was busied in knitting; and seating herself by the fire, opened a book of old national songs and stories, which she took an especial delight in conning over, as her young fancy rioted among the wars and loves, and superstitions of the olden time. She was in the act of reading one of the legends relating to Holger Danske, the great ogre of northern romance, and her friend Katherine sat listening in delighted attention. The wind sighed—but only from without; the faggots crackled; the kitten gambolled on the hearth, and all was cheerful, when Katherine stopped her by putting her finger on her arm, saying, "Hist—did you hear something?"

On listening a moment, they heard louder words than those of ordinary talk, proceeding from the room wherein were the curate and his guest;—ever and anon the tread of feet, as some one leisurely measured the apartment;—and then a hushing sound, as if silence had been imposed on their conversation, from the probability of its being overheard.

At length, the door opening, the curate was seen standing in the threshold with a light in his hand; and he called to Margaret to bring him the keys of the church and his hat.

The stranger followed, muffled up in a large woollen cloak with which he had been supplied, and coming over his arm a coverlet, which Margaret had brought at the command of her father. The curate led the way, with the large rusty keys of the church in one hand, and a spacious circular horn lantern in the other. The night was still gusty, and scatterly white clouds were fleeing like evil spirits across the sky, dimming the radiance of the declining moon. Having opened a postern door, which led through a small garden, at the foot of which rippled a clear streamlet amid its bordering willows, and crossed a narrow wooden bridge, whose whitened planks glittered with the sparry lustre of hoar-frost, they found themselves on the pathway that terminated at the neighbouring church.

The church itself was an old fantastick-looking Gothic structure, of inconsiderable extent, with a conical spire at the western angle, buttressed walls, with oblong diced windows in the inter-spaces, and a large low-browed door in the eastern gable. All

around wore the melancholy aspect of hoary antiquity; and, amid a scene so solitary and deserted, life and living things seemed to have passed away, and the sharp-horned moon looked as if setting in the last night of the world. Every thing was silent, except the savage winds, tossing in transitory gusts the dry branches of the black pines, or moaning with unearthly voices through the crevices of the grey building,—whose shadow, falling like a black mantle over the silent field of graves, might have shaped it out to the eye of fancy as Loke, or some of the other monstrous impersonations of the Scandinavian mythology, keeping guard, with malignant scowl, over a region desecrated to his dominion.

The vicar led his guest through the body of the building into the sacristy, where was a small fire place, supplied with dry faggots ready to be lighted. The blankets were spread out over some deal seats, which made a tolerable substitute for a bedstead. In a little while the hearth crackled and began to blaze cheerily, lighting up the gloomy walls, and dispelling the damp mouldy smell of the atmosphere, while the stranger began to feel himself in a situation more secure and comfortable than he had experienced for a considerable time before. So when the curate, after some little stay and conversation, wished him a good night, and locked, one after another, the great creaking doors behind him, he wrapped him in his coverlet, and lay down, glad after the fatigues of his many wanderings, to enjoy a sound and refreshing slumber, and little scrupulous where that slumber visited him.

When the curate approached his own door, he found his child anxiously awaiting him in the doorway; and, as she took the light from him, she said tenderly, "Bless thee, my father. Oh, how glad I am that you have come safe back to us!"

"Margaret," replied the curate, taking her by the hand, "Margaret, my dear child, there needed no such violent expression of affection. I have been running no risks. I have encountered no dangers, farther than showing a noble fellow-creature to a very miserable bed-chamber; but it is the best, at least the securest we have to offer. May he have a sound sleep. But hearken to me"—and so saying he preceded her into the parlour.

"Well, father!"

"While that stranger is in our keeping," said the curate, "the utmost secrecy must be preserved. Hint not of having seen any one—mention not to a creature that we have a strange man hiding. Would that I could do him a service: his cause—our cause, for it is the cause of heaven and humanity—demands it; and, Margaret, as I am often called on holy errands from home, great part of the duty of attending upon him, and supplying his necessary wants, may devolve on thee; for I would not for a world's wealth that"—

"Oh, assuredly, father!" answered Margaret, kindled as it were by a sudden emotion, whose glow lighted up her beautiful features. "I trust you shall never find me wanting in charity to the distressed."

"Call it not charity, daughter!" said the curate. "It is in this case especially duty,—imperative duty. Know you that our guest is one of the persecuted patriots—one of the men of whom our dastardly tameness is unworthy?"

At mention of these words her cheek paled; and she pressed her hand to her side, as if some pain at her heart impeded her breathing, which, in a moment after, heaved her bosom more tumultuously. "Sure then, father, he does not come from this quarter of the land," she said; "at least, I do not remember having ever seen him before!"

"Oh, I dare say not," was the reply. "But, whether stranger or not, you know your duty; and I need not repeat my instructions to you. Say nothing on the subject to any one; and see that you have breakfast ready for me betimes to carry him in the morning; for not kings themselves, nor even enthusiasts, can live entirely on air. See then that you mind, child."

The curate woke his daughter at an earlier hour than usual, to tell her that he was summoned to the cottage of Magnus Vere, the father of their servant Katherine, who had been wounded by some of the Danish troops in pursuit of the rebels. Commending the guest in the sacristy to the care

of his daughter, he hastened to the wounded old man's cottage.

It seems, on the previous afternoon, one well known to them both, Roger Beron, the son of Magnus' old master, and who had sworn eternal fidelity to Margaret, when the troubles of the country compelled him to leave his native hills, had, in disguise, come to the cottage soliciting a night's lodging, which, having been freely granted, he had, in the course of the evening, disclosed himself; informing the family, in whom he reposed the strictest confidence, that he had travelled for a long way over the mountains in company with another fugitive, whom he had brought to that part of the country for greater security, and directed for shelter for the night to the dwelling of the curate. It fell out, however, just as they were preparing to retire to rest, that the sound of horses' feet approaching created an alarm; and that Beron, stealing cautiously to the door, had recognized the party, though in the dusk, as the Danish dragoons, who were in strict search among the hills for the proscribed fugitives, particularly for some of the nobles, who were presumed to have taken that direction—and his ready perception saved his life; for he had succeeded in concealing himself amid a tuft of hay, by the side of the door, till the entrance of the pursuers enabled him to make off unperceived to the woods. Unfortunately, however, for the fate of his host, he had, in his precipitation, left his cloak behind, which being recognized, and the search proving ineffectual, the party threatened instant death to Magnus if he did not on the instant give up the refugee into their hands. On finding that this could not be accomplished, the ruffians, in dastardly revenge had wounded the old man in several places with their swords and the butts of their pistols, leaving him on his own floor for dead, weltering in his blood.

The curate found that he had come just in time to administer the last consolations of religion; for, in a little while he remarked the long drawn heavy breathing, the palling cheek, and the glazing eye of the old man; and, as he felt the fluttering pulse, he observed the cloud of death mantling around him, silently and almost imperceptibly, as the dews of night congeal, harden, and crust over the green leaf in the early frost of morning.

The latest request of the old man, before he died, was, that the curate should exercise the same care over his daughter that he had hitherto done; and that, in her young and inexperienced years, he should be her guardian and protector.

Before the event had taken place, which left the wife of old Magnus a widow, and his daughter an orphan, Margaret had been busying herself in the preparations for breakfasting their hidden guest. She felt a degree of timid reluctance to set out on her walk, but her scruples were overcome by a sense of duty, though when she turned the key in the old grating lock of the church-door, her heart fluttered like that of a newly-caught bird.

The stranger, who was already engaged in looking over some papers that lay scattered on the little table before him, rumbled them up into a heap at her approach, and rising from his seat, wished her a good morning with a smiling countenance, which showed to Margaret at once that neither Kirkegrim, the spirit of the church, nor any other of the unearthly wanderers of the night had paid him a visit in his lonely sleeping place. His erect and gallant demeanour, the nobleness of his features, the portliness of his step, and the grace attendant on every movement, made her conscious at once that the person before whom she stood was no common man, and awed her in a moment into reserve that was scarcely in keeping with the gentle openness of her nature. But the breath of a few passing words served to clear away the chilling cloud of restraint, for the stranger was one in whom benignity of disposition was conjoined with gentility of manners—a conjunction which is often to be met with, and ought always to be inseparable—so in a little time she was asking questions, and he answering them in the flow of conversation, with the unrestrained confidings as of old acquaintanceship.

[To be continued.]

Ambition travels on a road too narrow for friendship, too steep for safety.

MISCELLANY.

THE SUNSET OF BATTLE.

From the Amulet.

Qui rima del' elmo, e la rimen lo scudo,
Lontain gli arnesi, o piu lontain Pushergo! *Ariosto.*

The shadows of evening are thickening; twilight closes, and thin mists are rising in the valley; the last charging squadron yet thunders in the distance, but it presses only on the foiled and scattered foe. For this day the fight is over!

And those who rode foremost in its fields at morning, where are they now? On the banks of yon little stream there lies a knight—his life-blood is ebbing faster than its tide. His shield is rent and his lance is broken. Soldier, why faintest thou? The blood that flows from that deep wound shall answer.

It was this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes—it sets upon his grave. This day he led the foremost rank of spears, that in their long row revelled—when they had crossed the foe's dark line, death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him. He was conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory.

His breast-plate is dented—his helmet has the trace of well dealt blows. The scarf on his breast—she would shrink but to touch it now, who placed it there! Soldier, what wilt thy mistress say? she will say that her knight died worthily.

Ay, rouse thee—for the fight yet chafes in the distance! Thy friends are shouting—thy pennon floats on high. Look on yon crimsoned field, that seems to mock the purple clouds above it!—prostrate they lie, drenched in their dark red pool—thy friends and enemies—the dead and dying! the veteran with the stripling of a day. The nameless trooper, and the leader of an hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend. The steed with his rider. And foes linked in their long embrace—their first and last—the gripe of death.

Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin! White plume and steel morion; sabre and ataghan; crescent and cross; rich vest and bright corselets—we came to the fight as we had come to a feasting—glorious and glittering, even in death, each warrior lies.

His last glance still seeks that Christian banner—The cry that shall never be repeated, cheers on its last charge. Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more!—to die in the foe's front!—Peace, dreamer! Thou hast done well. Thy place in the close rank is filled—and yet another waits for his who holds it.

Knight! hast thou yet a thought?—bend it on heaven! The past is gone: the future lies before thee. Gaze on yon gorgeous sky—home shall lie beyond it!

Life—honour—love—they pass to him that gave them. Pride—that came on like ocean's billows—see—round thee how it lies, mute and passive. The wealthy here are poor. The high born have no precedence. The strong are powerless; the mean content. The fair and lovely have no followers. Soldier, she who sped thee on thy course to-day—her blue eye shall seek thee in the conquering rank to-morrow; but it shall seek thee in vain! Well, thus it is thou shouldst have died!—with all to live for. Wouldst thou be base to have thy death a blessing? Proud necks shall mourn for thee—bright eyes shall weep for thee. They that live shall envy thee. Death! glory takes out thy sting.

The shades of night are drawing on—soldier, thine eyes are darkening. A last ray of the sun yet lies upon the distant hill—even as he sinks, thy soul shall follow him. See—how thy steed feeds beside thee. His dark eye falls mildly upon his master—and he pauses. Poor wretch! thine eye sees wrong, yet knows it not. Browse on, and heaven, which guards its meanest creatures, send thee a kind protector!

Warrior!—Ay, the stream of that rill flows cool; but thy lip no more shall taste it. The moonlight that silvers its white foam shall glitter on thy corselet, when thy eye is closed and dim. Lo! now the night is coming—the mist is gathering on the hill—the fox steals forth to seek his quarry—and

the grey owl sweeps whirling by—rejoicing in the stillness. Oh! soldier,—how sweetly now sounds thy lady's lute—how fragrant are the dew-sprinkled flowers that twine round the casement from which she leans! The lute shall enchant thee, those flowers shall delight thee no more!

One other charge! Soldier, it may not be. To thy saint and thy lady commend thee! Hark to the low trumpet that sounds the recall! Hark to its long note—sweet is that sound in the ear of the spent and routed foe!

The victor hears it not. When the breath rose that blew that note, he lived—its peal has rung, and his spirit has departed. Heath! thou shouldst be a soldier's pillow. Moon! let thy cold light this night fall upon him. But morning!—thy soft dews shall tempt him not—the soldier must wake no more. He sleeps the sleep of honour. His cause was his country's freedom and her faith. He is dead! The cross of a Christian knight is on his breast—his lips are pressed to his lady's token—Soldier farewell!

AN IRISH LEGEND.

From the Croppy.

Bill was universally known to be a fellow of daring, bravado humour, which feared neither man, devil, nor angel. And he was going along, of a starry night, still more humorously and bravely inclined by the aid of whiskey, and singing and shouting as loudly as he could, when suddenly he heard strange voices about him. He stopped and listened. "A horse for me!" said a voice. He turned briskly to the quarter whence it came, but could see no one. "A horse for me!" said another voice; and "A horse for me!" "A horse for me!" was repeated in quick succession at every point around him. "And a horse for me too!" cried Bill, giving a shout and a jump. The words were scarcely uttered when he found himself on the back of a steed that capered and curvetted "in great style." He heard a "huzza!" from a hundred tiny throats: away galloped his courser, like the north wind over a hill-side in winter; and, as he swept along, he could not be ignorant that, before him and behind him, and at each side of him, other horses were racing just as fiercely. Away, away, over hedge, ditch, and brook, through thick and thin, Bill and his comrades galloped, until of a sudden, and of its own accord, his spirited steed stopped before a large house, situated—heaven knows where! And all the attendant horsemen stopped too; and Bill, looking round him, now saw the riders; and from amongst them one melancholy-looking wight came to his side and addressed him. "Bill Nale," said he, speaking in a brogue of tiny cadence, "stand upon the back of your horse, and climb in through yonder window." "For what reason?" asked Bill. "Upon a sofa, in the chamber into which it leads, you'll find a beautiful young lady sleeping: take her softly in your arms, and bear her down to us: we can not assist you, because there is a certain spaniel dog, also asleep, at her feet,—so in with you." "Never say it again, ma-bouchal," answered Bill; "an' glad am I o' the offer;" and he climbed in at the window, as desired, found the lady just as had been foretold to him, took her in his arms without ever awaking her, descended with her from the window, placed her before him on his horse, and—"Well done, Bill Nale!" was the general cry; and the whole cavalcade set off over the ground they had come at even a wilder pace than before, until they reached the spot where Bill first mounted his steed; and now there was a second halt, and they all surrounded Bill and the lady, shouting, "Down! down! down!" But Bill Nale did not shout "Down!" but remained quietly seated on his charger, with the fair prize still asleep in his arms. "Come down, Bill Nale," added the personage who had before addressed him, "you must come down, at least;" and Bill found himself standing on the road; but still he held the lady close. "Give her to me, now," said the same individual. "Give her to you, is it?" asked Bill. "Yes; she is my sweetheart." "To the seventeen doul's wid you!" said Bill; "I have a likin' for her myself, and never as much as a finger will you lay on

her." "Give her up, Bill Nale, or rue it!" exclaimed his enraged rival. "Give her up, give her up, or we'll cripple you!" shouted his friends. "Bother!" shouted Bill, in return; "d'ye thiak, ye sheeogs [fairies] o' the devil, that it's a bosthoon ye have to talk to! I know how to match ye! And let ye only daare to come widin arum's length, an' see if I don't pelt ye by dozens over Donard Hill, into the sey! Aha! I'm the boy for ye! Give her up, inagh? Och, ay; give ye what's my own arnin'!" "We'll make you out a store of riches, Bill Nale, if you yield possession of my sweetheart," said the most interesting personage of the throng. "That's more o' the yarn," answered Bill: "arragh, go spake to them that doesn't know ye! Riches! Ay; ye'd fill me a bag full o' slates, lookin' like goold guineas, bud they'd be nothing bud slates in the mornin'. Make off, I tell ye! I have a charm here in my pocket; an' if ye don't, I'll shake it at ye—hah!"—a cock crew—"d'ye hear that! run for your lives now, or the cock 'ill ate ye!" Whether in despair of succeeding against him, or that the cock-crow was indeed a thing they could not withstand, the discomfited rout, with a low, wild wailing, that gradually died along the midnight blast, disappeared in a trice. And the lady thus won was, the neighbours said, the same he brought home to his cabin, and with whom he shortly after left the country, that is, the south of the county of Wexford, never again to appear in it.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

From Salmi i. l.

As we entered the last defile, the minstrels and singers of the caravan commenced a psalm. Altars fluted from various points of the chasm above; and the Syrian priests were seen in their robes performing the empty rites of idolatry. I turned away from this perversion of human reason, and pressed forward through the lingering multitude, the forest rose in its majesty before us. My step was checked in solemn admiration. I saw the earliest produce of the earth—the patriarchs of the vegetable world. The first generation of the reviving globe had sat beneath these green and lovely arches; the final generation was to sit beneath them. No roof so noble ever rose above the heads of monarchs, though it were covered with gold and diamonds. The forest had been greatly impaired in its extent and beauty by the sacrilegious hand of war. The perpetual conflicts of the Syrian and Egyptian dynasties laid the axe to it with remorseless violation. It once spread over the whole range of the mountains; its diminished strength now, like the relics of a mighty army, made its stand among the central fortresses of its native region; and there majestically bade defiance to the further assault of steel and fire. The forms of the trees seemed made for duration; the trunks were of prodigious thickness, smooth and round as pillars of marble; some rising to a great height, and throwing out a level roof of foliage, some dividing into a cluster of trunks, and with various heights of branch and leaf, making a succession of verdurous caves: some propagating themselves by circles of young cedar, risen where the fruit had dropped upon the ground; the whole bore the aspect of a colossal temple of nature—the shafted column, the deep arch, the solid buttresses branching off into the richest caprices of oriental architecture, the solemn roof high above, yet painted by the strong sunlight through the leaves with transparent and tessellated dyes, rich as the colour of the Indian mines. In the momentary feeling of awe and wonder, I could comprehend why paganism loved to worship under the shade of forests; and why the poets of paganism filled that shade with the attributes and presence of deities. The airy whisperings, the loneliness, the rich twilight, were the food of mystery. Even the forms that towered before the eye—those ancient trees, the survivors of the general law of mortality, gigantic, hoary, covered with their weedy robes, bowing their aged heads in the blast, and uttering strange sounds and groaning struggles, gave to the high wrought superstition of the soul the images of things unearthly, the oracle and the God! Or was this impression but the obscure revival of

one of those lovely truths that shone upon the days of paradise, when man drew knowledge from its fount in nature; and all but his own passions was disclosed to the first born of creation?

ROYALTY IN RAGS.

When I passed through Heidelberg, the unfortunate Ex-King of Sweden, (Count Gustavson,) alighted at the same hotel where I stopped. He had just left the stage coach, and entered the dining room of the *Posthof*, his portmanteau under his arm, dressed plain, and rather poorly, and without a servant. The room was crowded with passengers and students; the conversation, though not noisy, was lively. As soon as the Ex-Monarch entered, a deep and respectful silence ensued; the students left off smoking, and the gentleman who occupied the head of the table rose to make place for the distinguished guest. The landlord approached him, and asked whether he would not be pleased to hear the band of musicians which had just entered. He consented, but they were not permitted to address him for the petty customary compliment, as it was generally known that he was very poor, and reduced to the necessity of pawning, at Basle, his portmanteau. There was not a sneer, nor the least contempt shown towards the dethroned monarch, so reduced in his pecuniary means. A deep respect was legible on the countenances of the whole company, as far from servile cringing to high life, as low contempt of fallen greatness. I could not help expressing my satisfaction to one of the students, a beautiful, noble, and proud-looking young fellow, dressed in the Teutonic costume. "Sir," said he, seriously, "we would not show so much respect to the emperor of Austria; but Count Gustavson is unfortunate," and raising his voice emphatically, "wo to the wretch who adds to the load of the oppressed!" [Austria as it is.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1828.

Our New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

RIVERS.

Strange power of fate! Unshaken moles must wait,
While things that ever move, forever last!

FARNELL.

Seneca says, "where a spring rises, or a river flows, there should we build altars, and offer sacrifices." This idea was not original with the philosopher of Corduba; yet he has so elegantly expressed it, that it is justly credited to him; and the lesson intended comes with a double force to the understanding, from a source which like the hallowed springs it speaks of, makes his precepts a beautiful and mighty river, and which will cease to flow only when the power of language is forever banished from the haunts of humanity.

The blessings derived from these gifts of the Almighty, would very naturally lead the grateful and pious inhabitants of their banks, to adore and sacrifice to Him, upon, or near their waters; and superstition who is always so ready to enter where devotion has found room for its expanding power, has gradually identified the Deity with his works, and taught the worshipper to address the river as a god, and an object worthy of every token of veneration and worship. According to Quintus Curtius and Arrian, the conqueror of the world,—Alexander,—while he contemplated the subjugation of India, by descending the Sindo, invoked it as a Deity; and from the prow of his ship, poured libations into the stream, from golden goblets. The same conqueror observed the same ceremony, in his descent of the Hydaspes.

The Peneus, we are informed by Maximus Tyrius, was adored for its beauty; the Danube for its size; the Archelus for the sanctity of its traditions. Some rivers were superstitiously believed to perform miraculous cures; such as barrenness,—the leprosy; and to others the power was accorded of striking thieves blind. Josephus, too, speaks of a river of Palestine, which rested, and of course had no

current, on the Jewish sabbath! Ælian tells us that Xerxes was once near perishing of thirst, for the want of the waters of the Choaspes,—a river of which alone their kings were obliged by the laws of Persia to drink. In their long and distant campaigns, it was necessary for these kings to have this water carried about, in silver vessels, for their use. The origin of this law was no doubt good. It was perhaps enacted in the primitive ages of the empire, by rulers who were wise enough to see the advantages of peace, in order to prevent their kings from going on distant and ruinous plans of conquest.

The Adonis, so named in honour of the fabulous boy who despised the love of Venus, was universally venerated by the ladies of the east. Feasts were instituted in honour of him, which were held at the anniversary of his death, and lasted two days. At that time the river was believed to assume the colour of blood, in sympathy for his fate; for he was supposed to be slain in the mountains among which the stream rises. According to Maundrell, the river to this day has a red colour during its annual freshet, caused by the red earth of the mountains, brought down by the torrents of rain.

The associations which history, poetry, and even philosophy make with rivers, are beyond description grand and beautiful. Who ever thinks of the Aufidus, the Tiber, and the Po, without at the same time giving the memory a moment to rest upon the lyres of Horace, Virgil, and Ovid? Do we read of the Arno, the Mincio, or the Tagus? We cannot without embodying our thoughts in the living language of their worshippers,—Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Camoens. And how many burning ideas, and how many beloved themes, endeared to us by constant repetition in our own language, are awakened at the names of the Tweed, the Severn, the Avon, the Dee, and the Ayr?

Think of the Illyssus; there Plato taught his pupils in the philosophy which has lived more than twenty centuries. The Strymon; there Orpheus lamented the loss of his Eurydice. The Meander; from its sinuosities and windings, Dædalus caught the first conception of his famous labyrinth.

Let us think of the Nile;—then follow in a train of thoughts it awakens, the inspired writings of Moses; the thousand mysteries and monuments of Egyptian antiquity; the learning and arts of Greece and Persia, which flowed like so many streams from its exhaustless source. The Cydnus;—and all the luxurious and wanton pageantry of Cleopatra, which cost Antony the empire of the world, comes at once into our minds. The Issus;—and we think of the fall of Darius before the invincible career of Alexander.

A custom prevailed in the time of Petrarch, among the women on the banks of the Rhine, of assembling annually to wash their hands in that river, fondly hoping that such lustrations would preserve them from dangers and misfortunes, during the remainder of the year. "Happy," said he to himself, "are these women, since their river runs away with all their miseries. Ah! happy should we be in Italy, if the Tiber and the Mincio possessed the same virtue."

Returning from this eccentric tour, how grateful it is to let our mind have a resting place on the romantick shores and bright waters of our own Hudson! Two centuries since, and its borders, covered with boundless forests, echoed only to the song of the wild native hunter. Its waves were then only pressed with the gentle weight of the Indian canoe; and how is it now changed! Its valleys are crowded with busy towns and fruitful fields; its waves are torn by the impetuous velocity of the smoking leviathans of civilized invention, and weighed down by the passing and returning wealth of a thousand hills and vales. Its echoes have been startled by the thunders of cannon,—both to defend its shores from the pollution of the invaders' step, and to call its happy people to rejoice for their triumph over their foes, or for the dominion gained by human genius from the reluctant elements. But in the pursuit of the endless associations to which its name leads the enthusiastick lover of its scenes, the mind is bewildered and lost in a field of wonder and patriotick delight, and the memory is left to wander alone among beauties never to be told.

OBITUARY. The reflections which are crowded upon the mind by the solemn duty of recording the final exit of a truly good man and a brother, are of the most fixed and abiding sadness. Such now is our painful duty. Would to God it were a dream; but it is not. Our ears have heard it; our eyes have read it; and there is no voice to persuade us that the earth has not forever closed over the mortal remains of a warm and unchanging friend;—there is no tongue to teach us that the beautiful star which has so lately set, has not shone for the last time on a perishable world. By the New-York Statesman of Monday last, we have learned that the Rev. HENRY J. FELTUS, D. D. Rector of St. Stephen's church, in that city, expired on the preceding evening, after a short illness, having officiated in his pulpit the Sunday before.

Doctor FELTUS was an able preacher, a warm friend, an active and patriotick citizen, and, we add with feelings bordering on veneration, a zealous and exemplary mason. He has held several offices of high confidence and responsibility in the institution, and his death will be lamented, deeply lamented by the whole fraternity, in common with all who have listened to his eloquence, felt his friendship, and witnessed his efforts in the cause of philanthropy. His labours in the church have been long and useful, and he has gone to the christian's rest, at the age of fifty-three, leaving a name and an example to his surviving friends, which will not soon be forgotten.

Our readers may well remember the last communication of our Vermont correspondent, "Naked Truth," in No. 25, of the Record, through which he speaks in rather severe terms of the anti-masonick editor at Danville, in that state. The North Star, after quoting the offensive paragraph in the Record, was pleased to make some very wise remarks, to which Doctor Davis, having previously avowed himself the writer of the communication, has forwarded us the letter and extracts which follow. Notwithstanding their great length and late arrival, we could not forbear giving them to our readers this week. There are several important facts substantiated by the combined evidence of the whole, on which we shall leave our readers to draw their own conclusions, as our limits will not admit of comment at present.

For the American Masonick Record.

"The galled jade winces."

MR. EDITOR,—I am induced to beg a place in your columns, while I present to the publick a few remarks on the "anti-masonick disease," as it makes its appearance in certain individuals in this region.

Every person who is unwilling to brand his masonick friends, neighbours, and relatives, with infamy and disgrace, or who will not patiently swallow every virulent dose which anti-masonick malice and deception can prepare, must be assailed himself, with all the bitter invective, which can be invented by these time-serving "wolves in sheep's clothing." And if a person, disgusted with the filth and pestilence which their papers contain, withdraws his subscription, or presumes to question the veracity of the most bare-faced misstatements,—or especially if he presumes to expose to the people this tyrannical assumption of power, or to uncover these gross deceptions, he is set upon with all the opprobrious epithets an overheated and malicious brain can invent; and not only so, but he must be pursued into his domestic retirement, and there be deprived of all those rights which the God of Nature, and the laws of his country have guaranteed to him.

The editor of the North Star, in March last, made an attack upon me by letter, which indicated the execution of some act of vengeance, which lay concealed in the recesses of his own breast. A few days after, I was informed that he had openly threatened, that, if I did not acknowledge to him, he should publish me to the world, through the medium of his own brazen oracle of foul sedition. But to some inquiries which I addressed to him in answer to his letter, and relating to his deceptive statements, he has given no answer, either publick or private.

In his paper of the 19th inst. he has set upon me with unparalleled violence, in consequence of a statement which appeared in the Masonick Record, of the anti-masonick candour and benevolence, shown at Danville, in shooting at the masons. The fact that the occurrence did take place in that village, this pig-and-puppy editor *dares not deny!* but in the attempt to cover his shame, he opens his mouth like the crater of Vesuvius, and vomits forth the black and filthy contents of his foul anti-masonick stomach, and judging from its vitiated appearance and extreme factor, one would suppose that he had need of the assistance of a "Peculiar of ipecac and jalap," or that the medicine he has already taken was skillfully adapted to his case, and will operate not only as an emetic, but as a cathartic, and then probably he will enjoy better health, and deal more generally in the commodity of honest statements.

Mr. Eaton admits that the masons were shot at,—but says it was not "seriously" so;—and this he can prove by those who beheld the transaction. The article in the Record does not say anything with regard to the intention of the firing, but merely states the circumstance as having happened; and that it did so happen is as undeniable as the light of the sun. And how men, who merely looked on, could discern the motives of the actions, none, I presume, but the chameleon-like editor or the Star can tell.

After vomiting a little more fifth, the little thing goes on to boast his "two thousand patrons;"—but does not mention how many of these, have the paper urged upon them at four or five shillings per year; or how many receive it gratis, as a compensation for having their names placed on his subscription list.

I am entirely willing that "community" should judge of the Star man's "character for truth;" but I will just lay before them some of his editorial writings, from which they may get some idea of his duplicity and deceit.

From the North Star of March 18, 1838.

Our prepossessions have been till within a short period in favour of what is improperly called *Freemasonry*—a gross perversion of terms—for the moment a person takes even the obligation of an Entered Apprentice, his freedom is in a measure sacrificed by an illegal oath, although his shackles may have been gained by a kind of voluntary submission. Something like twenty-eight years ago, the senior editor of this paper was initiated into the mysteries of the first and second degrees of masonry, and has never since made any further progress in this labyrinth of wonders, although within twelve years past he has been publicly solicited by brethren of the order to become a master mason. He objected rather from religious scruples than from any dislike to the institution;—but since the abduction and probable murder of Morgan—the publication of his book, which gives an exposition of the third degree, in addition with the disclosure of the oaths of the higher degrees at the convention at Le Roy, these scruples have, though reluctantly, become in our mind solemn realities. As far as we have a knowledge of the fraternity, we can attest to the truth of captain William Morgan's exposition of masonry—and while we conscientiously believe the institution to be dangerous in a free government, calculated to engender aristocracy and favouritism—to produce an almost impenetrable and undue influence on the politics of our country, and in our courts of justice—at the same time, in accordance with the avowed opinion of the masonic convention at Le Roy, we consider the obligations neither "legally, morally, nor religiously binding." Let it be remembered, however, that it is not the members but the institution against which we have enlisted; for we have no personal enmity or prejudice against any mason on earth. And let it be remembered that hundreds in the state of New-York, if not thousands, have broke loose from this secret conclave—from the shackles of conscience and Judaism, and again inhaled the air of freedom. The mighty secret is disclosed, but not by us. It was disclosed by the martyr Morgan; and stands confirmed by a cloud of masonic witnesses, whose testimony cannot be doubted. The colossal pillars of the fabric totter, and must fall, like Dagon, to the earth. The secrets of masonry cannot bear the ordeal of public investigation; and we consider the cause we have espoused the cause of the people and of righteousness.

Now let it be remembered that this scrupulous man had been rejected from further progress in masonry, and subsequently reprimanded by the lodge, and then in what light does his recantation appear.

But when we look again at his remarks of May 8th, 1837, what shall we think of his "religious scruples" of twelve years' growth.

From the North Star of May 8, 1837.

For the information of a portion of our readers, who are probably ignorant of the fact, it may be proper to mention, that this transaction is so far connected with what is called the *Morgan affair*, that Miller was the printer of the book, entitled "*Illustrations of Masonry*," prepared for the press by the unprincipled, and we may add, unfortunate Morgan—unfortunate, whether dead or alive; for it is deplorable, as it relates to this life or that which is to come, for any one so far to follow the suggestions of the adversary and the impulses of depraved nature, as to violate, in prospect of obtaining a little filthy lucre, the most solemn oath; and thus sacrifice his temporal peace, happiness and reputation, and jeopardize his future and eternal felicity.

The transaction, in all its bearings, has produced an unparalleled excitement in the western counties of New-York. In our humble opinion, it is carried so far that the "tables are turning" against the *defenders of civil rights*—the *avengers of the outrage*: inasmuch as the innocent are criminated with the guilty—the whole masonic fraternity, without a shadow of discrimination, or the semblance of justice, are denounced; and in those counties and towns, as are indiscriminately excluded even the lowest office. There is a bitter seasoning of acrimony and proscription in the violent abettors of the Morgan cause, against masons and masonry, better suited to the bigotted and benighted atmosphere of Spain, than to that of these United States. As is not unfrequently the case, one extreme has produced its opposite. The abduction of Morgan, whatever his conduct and character might have been, was a most barbarous and wicked outrage against the laws of our country, perpetrated by a few infuriated, fanatical masons, who are a disgrace to the fraternity. Let the guilty suffer, let the innocent be acquitted, let the harmony of society be restored, we say. Let infamy and condign punishment be awarded to these madmen and fools; but in attempting its accomplishment, let not the sober sense of a thinking community become contaminated with this madness and folly.

Duty and inclination induce us, as the editors of a public journal, to publish cheerfully all the facts which transpire respecting this unhappy affair; but nothing shall induce us so far to become partisans in this quarrel—for such it is in the vicinity of the outrage—as to deviate from the line of impartiality and candour, when that line can be obviously traced.

Now "let the plebeians judge;" "but not" apostate "masons," or apostate "masons' jacks." The man is vexed that his temperance is called in question. Let his remarks of the 10th decide the case. But to establish the fact of his temperance and truth he relies on the circumstance of his being a church member. Possibly he might have boasted also of being a church disturber; and he should know too, that Judas Iscariot could once have boasted of "regular standing" in the church, and that too with more propriety than a certain man at this day, who has been for weeks under the censure of his brethren. And I will here remark in answer to his concluding slang,—that when a church becomes a hot bed of anti-masonic contention, and members—nay, pastors, denounce their brethren as murderers—it becomes not only the undeniable right, but the imperative duty of every honest man, to stand aloof, and even, if necessary, to "debar his wife" also. As for the terms "redoubtable," "long ears," "noodle,"

and "nabob," I return them to Mr. Eaton, their legitimate father, their true and rightful owner; and with regard to "cats-paw," I would as soon be a cats-paw to a mason, as to a man whose liberty would be endangered were he an inhabitant of a slave-holding state.

IRA DAVIS.

Caledonia co. (Vt.) August 23, 1838.

FOREIGN. We are favoured with accounts to the 17th of July, by the arrival at New-York of the packet ship, the *William Thompson*, which sailed from Liverpool on that day. The *William Byrnes*, which sailed on the ninth, has also arrived in New-York.

The march of the Russians, says the New-York American, was steady and direct upon Constantinople, though by no means so undisputed and so bloodless as we had anticipated. Nothing, as it appears to us, is likely to prevent their possessing themselves of the ancient Byzantium.

It will be seen by the news from Portugal, says the New-York Daily Advertiser, that Don Miguel, under the sanction of the three estates of the Cortes, had declared himself absolute king. In consequence of this act, all the foreign ministers had left Lisbon.

It appears as late as the 24th of June, the Russians had taken Bahlilow, with a great loss on their own side as well as an immense slaughter of Turks. Two other fortresses of importance had also been taken, and their camp at that time was at Karassou. By the possession of these, the Russians have secured the rear on their right and left flanks, and are enabled to receive with the greatest facility, their necessary supplies from Odessa.

The Times of the 15th of July, in some speculations on the war between Russia and Turkey, says—with respect to Austria, some hints are thrown out in these papers, which show the extreme anxiety with which she watches the progress of events at this moment. Besides the numerous forces she has collected on the frontiers of Turkey, it is now stated that she is to form a camp of not less than 90,000 men in the neighbourhood of Pest, and another camp in the neighbourhood of Milan.

In the British House of Commons, on the 14th, Mr. Huskisson gave notice that he would move on Thursday, that an humble address be presented to his majesty, for the purpose of having laid on the table, any communications which had passed with this government and the United States of America, and copies of instructions sent to his majesty's ministers to that country, relative to the late Tariff.

Great excitement prevailed in Ireland, on the occasion of the election to parliament of Mr. O'Connell, a catholic. He would of course refuse to take the usual oaths, and much discussion was had relative to the probable result of the matter. It is said it is not his intention to take his seat the present session.

Letters from Smyrna of the 4th of June, say that the governor gave notice to ships of the three allied powers not to approach the roads, upon which Admiral de Rigny immediately returned an answer to the Pacha, that if a single shot was fired at any of the allied ships, he would batter down the fort, and destroy the town. This spirited and prompt interference produced the desired effect, and ships were allowed to approach as usual.

London, July 14. Accounts have been received from Newfoundland, of the loss of the *Acorn* and *Sappho*, sloops of war, and the *Contest* brig of 12 guns. They went to the bottom, during a tremendous hurricane, between Bermuda and Halifax, with every soul on board!

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser August 25.

THE MORGAN AFFAIR. The trials of Messrs. Bruce, Turner, and Darrow, for an alleged participation in the Morgan affair, were had at Canandaigua last week, before Judge Howell. They occupied three days. Messrs. Turner and Darrow were acquitted. Mr. Bruce was convicted, but the Judge deferred passing sentence till the opinion of the Supreme Court is obtained on a point of law raised by the defendant's counsel. The question involves the right of the court to try the cause. It is proper to add that a wrong impression prevailed with some of the jury in relation to their verdict. We have seen the affidavit of one of them, declaring that he would not have consented to finding the verdict against Bruce, had it not been impressed upon him, and on other of his fellows, that if there was any error in the verdict, it would be set right by the supreme court. No other cases having any bearing on this subject, were tried. [Mr. Bruce has been admitted to bail.]

Edward Giddins, the maker of the anti-masonic almanack, on whose testimony, chiefly, almost all the indictments were found, was presented as a witness on the part of the prosecution. He was rejected by the court on account of his reli-

gious belief, or rather disbelief. It was proved, we understand, and we have in our possession the copy of a letter of his which sustains the proof, that he *disbelieves the Bible—disbelieves in the God whose word it is represented to be—* and also *disbelieves in a future state of rewards and punishments, &c.* On some occasion, it was likewise proved, this Giddins said he "would as soon kneel down to a Cat, a Horse, or a Dog, as to the being called GOD!!!" Many other things were adduced from Giddins's letters and his verbal declarations, to show the nature of his opinions. The horrors created throughout the court by the expositions, can not be described.

From the same.

A VILLAIN CAUGHT. Hamilton, alias Wilson, &c. &c. who has acquired some notoriety in this section of the country, recently consummated his villainy by a brutal assault on a young female of Ontario county, with an intent to commit a rape. The girl was about nine years of age. Hamilton was tried before Judge Howell last week at Canandaigua—convicted on the fullest testimony, and sentenced to expiate his crimes by five years' imprisonment at hard labour in the state prison at Auburn.

This Hamilton is the man who, under various pretexts, swindled the citizens of Rochester out of money, &c. in the spring of last year. To some he represented himself as a preacher from Canada—to others, as a member of the Baptist church, showing testimonials of character fabricated for the occasion. He was tried before a court of special sessions here—Judge Chapin, we believe, presiding—and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the jail equal (such is the state of that building) to a year's imprisonment in Auburn. Previous to his examination, he pretended to know something about Morgan; and after his liberation, he set about delivering lectures on anti-masonry. He also declared publicly, in Ensworth's bar room, that he was editor of the *Balance*, now called the *Anti-masonic Enquirer*; and blamed Thurlow Weed severely, for supplanting him in that station. While at Aron, last winter, delivering lectures, and publicly going through the forms prescribed by Morgan's book, for making masons, his liquor disagreed with him one day while he was drinking at a tavern, and he gave out the fact as evidence of a design between the tavern keeper and other respectable men of that place to poison him. He was subsequently at Buffalo, and delivered his lectures, which were patronized by certain men who seem to think the end justifies the means employed to accomplish their political purposes. The body of a man was found floating in a creek near Buffalo soon after Hamilton left that place; and the cry immediately was, that the masons had murdered Hamilton. Preparations were made by some individuals of that village, it is said, to hold an inquest on the body, after the fashion of our worthy Morgan committee in the case of Mr. Timothy Monroe. Handbills, too, were about to be struck off at Buffalo, giving the particulars of the horrid business: when, lo and behold! the dead body was identified by its relatives—and the living Hamilton, appearing in propria persona soon after, removed all suspicion on the subject from the public mind. He has since been engaged in delivering lectures on masonry or anti-masonry. In this way he entertained some crowds while on his last visit to Rochester. This is but a brief account of the career of a wretch who, for the accomplishment of political purposes, has been taken by the hand, patronized and caressed by persons, both here and elsewhere, who would probably consider themselves insulted if denied the title of gentlemen.



JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to No. 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanism, Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5 1838. 151

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDOBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bando-box Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the public. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for Bristles. June 28. 151

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1839. JOHN F. PORTER

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship. As an assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonic Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22

POETRY.

RELICKS OF BURNS.

We are happy to record the following beautiful stanzas on the destruction of the oak wood on the banks of the Nith, above Drumlanrig, which will be regarded as a precious relic of our Scottish poet Burns. They are not, so far as we know, to be found in any of his manuscripts; but there can be no doubt of their being the effusion of his muse. Independent of their locality and their intrinsic excellence, which is of itself evidence almost to demonstration, there are other proofs of their authenticity which accord with the well known habits of the poet. They were originally written with a pencil on the window shutter of a small ale house or toll-bar, near Sanquhar, and from that frail tablet they were transferred to the memories of several of the inhabitants, and among others, to that of a reverend doctor of the church in Edinburgh, a native of that district, and one of the most popular preachers in Scotland. With his copy, the present, which we owe to the kindness of a friend, has been collated. The person alluded to in the last stanza was the late Duke of Queensbury, known by the name of old Q.

[Edinburgh Saturday Post.]

As on the banks of winding Nith
As bonny simmer morn I strayed,
And marked its sunny holms and haughs,
Where linnets sang, and lammies played;

I sat me down upon a craig,
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream;
When from the eddying deep beneath,
Up raise the genius of the stream.

Dark as the frowning rock his brow,
And curled as the wintry wave;
And deep as sighs the boding wind
Among his caves, the sigh he gave.

And come ye here, my son, he says,
To wander in my broken shade?
To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
Or sing some favourite Scottish maid?

There was a time, it's no lang a yne,
Ye might hae seen me in my pride,
When a' my weel clad banks could see
Their woody picture in my tide.

When towering beech and spreading elm
Shaded my stream sae clear and cool,
And stately oaks their twisted arms
Threw broad and dark across the pool.

When glimmering through the trees appeared
You wee wite cot aboon the mill,
And peacefu' raise its ingle reek,
That slowly curlin' clamb the hill.

But now the cot is bare and cauld,
Its leafy shelter tint and gane,
And twa three stunted birks are left
To shiver in the blast their lane!

Alas! quoth I, what rueful change
Has twined ye o' your bonny trees—
Has laid your rocky bosom bare,
And stript the cleeding aff your braes?

Was it the bitter eastern blast,
That scatters blight in early spring?
Or was 't the wildfire scorched your boughs,
Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?

Nae bitter blast, the sprite replied,
'T blaws na' here sae fierce and fell;
And on my dry and wholesome banks
Nae canker-worm gets leave to dwell.

Man, cruel man! the genius sighed,
As through the cliffs he sank hie down;
The worm that gnaws my bonny trees,
That reptile wears a ducal crown!

ON A BEAUTIFUL BOY AT PLAY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Down the green slope he bounded. Raven curls
From his white shoulders by the winds were swept,
And the clear rose leaf of his sunny cheek
Was bright with motion. Through his open lips
Shone visibly a delicate line of pearl,
Like a white streaking in a tulip drawn;
And his dark eye's clear brilliance, as it lay
Beneath his lashes like a drop of dew
Hid in the moss, stole out as covertly

As starlight from the edging of a cloud.
I never saw a boy so beautiful.
His step was like the stooping of a bird,
And his limbs melted into grace like things
Shaped by the winds of summer. He was like
A painter's fine conception—such an one
As he would have of Ganymede, and weep
Upon his pallet that he could not win
The vision to his easel. Who could paint
The young and shadowless spirit? Who could chain
The visible gladness of a heart that lives,
Like a glad fountain in the eye of light,
With an unbreathing pencil? Nature's gift
Has nothing that is like it. Sun and stream,
And the new leaves of June, and the young lark
That flies away into the depths of heaven,
Lost in his own mad music, and the breath
Of spring time, and the summer eve, and noon
In the cool autumn, are like fingers swept
Over sweet toned affections—but the joy
That enters to the spirit of a child
Is deep as the young heart; his very breath,
The simple sense of being, is enough
To ravish him, and like a thrilling touch
He feels each moment of his life go by.

Beautiful, beautiful childhood! with a joy
That like a robe is palpable, and flung
Out by your every motion! delicate, but
Of the immortal flower that will unfold
And come to its maturity in heaven!
I weep your earthly glory. 'Tis a light
Lent to the new born spirit that goes out
With the first idle wind. It is the leaf
Fresh flung upon the river, that will dance
Upon the wave that stealth out its life,
Then sink of its own heaviness. The face
Of the delighted earth will to your eye
Grow dim, the fragrance of the many flowers
Be noticed not, and the beguiling voice
Of nature in her gentleness will be
To manhood's senseless ear insensible.
I sigh to look upon thy face, young boy!

From the Legendry.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

"It was a perfect Eden, for beauty. The scent of flowers came up on the gale, the swift stream sparkled like a flow of diamonds in the sun, and a smile of soft light glistened on every leaf and blade, as they drank in the life giving ray. Its significant loveliness was eloquent to the eye, and the heart; but a strange deep silence reigned over it all. So perfect was the unearthly hush, you could almost hear yourself think."

Kathadin.

Has thy foot ever trod that silent dell?—
'Tis a place for the voiceless thought to swell,
And the eloquent song to go up unspoken,
Like the incense of flowers whose urns are broken;
And the unveiled heart may look in and see,
In that deep, strong silence, its motions free,
And learn how the pure in spirit feel
That unseen Presence to which they kneel.

No sound goes up from the quivering trees,
When they spread their arms to the welcome breeze;
They wave in the zephyr, they bow to the blast,
But they breathe not a word of the power that passed;
And their leaves come down on the turf and the stream,
With as noiseless a fall as the step of a dream;
And the breath that is bending the grass and the flowers,
Moves o'er them as lightly as evening hours.

The merry bird lights down on that dell,
And hushing his breath, lest the song should swell,
Sits with folded wing in the balmy shade,
Like a musical thought in the soul unsaid;
And they of strong pinion and loftier flight
Pass over that valley, like clouds in the night—
They move not a wing in that solemn sky,
But sail in a reverent silence by.

The deer in his flight has passed that way,
And felt the deep spell's mysterious sway—
He hears not the rush of the path he cleaves,
Nor his bounding step on the trampled leaves.
The hare goes up on that sunny hill—
And the footsteps of morning are not more still,

And the wild, and the fierce, and the mighty are there—
Upheard in the hush of that slumbering air.

The stream rolls down in that valley serene,
Content in its beautiful flow to be seen;
And its fresh, flowery banks, and its pebbly bed
Were never yet told of its fountain head.
And it still rushes on—but they ask not why
With its smile of light it is hurrying by;
Still gliding or leaping, unwhispered, unsung,
Like the flow of bright fancies it flashes along.

The wind sweeps by, and the leaves are stirred,
But never a whisper or sigh is heard;
And when its strong rush laid low the oak,
Not a murmur the eloquent stillness broke;
And the gay young echoes, those mockers, that lie
In the dark mountain sides, make no reply;
But hushed in their caves they are listening still
For the songs of that valley to burst o'er the hill.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

SUMMER MORNING.

How comes, you cool white cloud,
Sailing majestic in the upper air,
Bringing no thunders loud,
Nor lightnings fierce to scorch its bosom fair?

But silent and serene,
With peaceful shadow bathing the hot earth,
Giving to all its green
And holy places, good and sober mirth.

How heave the vigorous trees,
And the low grasses toss their withering blades;
When comes the wandering breeze,
Seeking the freedom of the pleasant glades.

Near vale and distant hills,
The mimic heaven by the lake's clear flood,
Wear such deep joy as fills
The grateful heart that feels a present good.

So, sister, ever me,
Fevered with care and bowed with heavy fears,
Come pleasant thoughts of thee,
And thy heart's beauty, till I weep sweet tears.

And as the wakening life
Of mirror lake, smooth hill, and trembling leaf,
So my whole heart is rife
With sober joy, and then I have no grief.

1822.

SCOTTISH SONG.

Boot and saddle, bonnie Scot,
The fae! the fae! in sight man!
Out wi' your sword, and in wi' shot,
And shew that ye can fight, man!
See the saucy flag unfold,
Where Scotland's lion "ramps in gold,"
Charge, my Highland birkies bold,
For royal Geordie's right, man!
Boot and saddle, bonnie Scot,
Shew that ye can fight, man!
Stint ye neither steel nor shot
For royal Geordie's right, man!

Brawly done, my bonnie Scot,
Ye've proved your Highland bluid, man!
Sheathe the sword, and spare the shot,
They're brithers when subdued, man!
Furl old Scotia's flag o' flame,
Her bluidy lion now is tame;
But wow! he played a gallant game
For royal Geordie's gude, man!
Boot and saddle! bonnie Scot,
Hame wi' a' your might, man!
Love and honour be his lot,
Wha strikes for Geordie's right, man!

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben-streets, up stairs. Entrance from Steuben-street.

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MASONICK RECORD.

PUBLIC OPINION.

We have always contended that, to every mind possessing sufficient candour to strip off the palpable cloak of party zeal from the great show of sanctity made by the enemies of freemasonry, their boasted purity of intent would be revealed in the stature and form of naked hypocrisy; but such has been the distrust of the uninitiated, that few have believed our report. It cannot be expected, among a reasoning people, that assertions of a forensick nature are always founded on the fairest premises; and accordingly, when we demonstrated to them ever so clearly, that politicks, and not patriotism, —sectarianism, and not religion,—were the first principles and chief end of all this clamour against us, the disinterested publick have given more credit to our masonick zeal than to our candour, for the accuracy of our reasoning. But we do not ask them to believe us as masons. Our labours are not called for, as if the institution needed them to defend herself from unmerited opprobrium. The precepts of freemasonry rather impose silence in such cases, and teach us to bear reproach in any shape, before we presume to defend our principles from the attacks of those who know not, and who would not relish if they could comprehend, the doctrines taught in our secret communications. It is rather as citizens than masons, that we have contended, and shall contend, with those who wrest both truth and justice, for the prejudice of the fraternity. We do it rather to avert the consequences which will be felt by our civil and religious institutions, than from any fear of the least injury resulting to the masonick order. We deprecate that spirit which is ready at any time to make a man's opinions a criterion of his claims to the liberty and privileges of any good citizen. We would avert the consequences of a mania so obnoxious to the publick peace, and which would make even the doctrines of Divine Revelation a sacrifice to the object of their ambition. These principles, however, are not taught by masonry with a view to self defence; but only as a part of those general lessons of patriotism and philanthropy, which she inculcates, in common with every other charitable or moral institution.

We should think that candid arguments ought to have their full weight in defence of our institution; but coming chiefly from those connected with it, it is not strange that the clearest reason should be treated with distrust. But it is now our design to lay before our readers, some ideas from a wholly impartial, and consequently a liberal and candid source.

In a late number of the Vermont Advocate, we have the proceedings of a meeting of the freemen of the town of Randolph, in that state, "who are

neither masons, nor have pledged themselves to oppose masonry," which our readers will look upon, we believe, with different feelings; and the extracts which we shall make, so far as our limits will allow, shall be made with no other view than to elicit that candour which we believe the majority to possess, even among the uninitiated.

After the usual preamble, giving in abstract the motives which led to the convocation of the meeting, the address adopted goes on to state their opinions of the principles of freemasonry, in the following terms.

"We do not appear as the advocates, or apologists of that institution. Neither those who invited this meeting, nor, it is believed, a single individual of those who compose it, belong to the masonick fraternity, or have ever thought fit to solicit admission into it. We know nothing of its principles, or its object, except what we learn from the character of its individual members, and from the books which they have seen fit to publish to the world. From the latter we learn that it is of very high antiquity, and has been very extensively diffused through most of the civilized world; that its object is to meliorate the condition of the human race,—but that it is entirely distinct from religion and politicks; and from the character of the many eminent men, who have in every age adorned its ranks, we have a satisfactory pledge that these representations are true, and that the principles of the institution can not be dishonourable, nor of immoral or dangerous tendency. And though we may not have entertained a very high opinion of its utility, and may even have been disposed to ridicule its high-sounding titles, and its, to us, unmeaning displays of pomp and pageantry, yet we have ever considered it, to say the least, a harmless institution."

After this declaration, they proceed to recapitulate the rise and progress of the present excitement, and express the surpriss they felt at witnessing the "recent and systematick exertions of a few individuals," in that vicinity, "to prejudice the publick mind against it;" and then declare the motives which induced them to give their testimony against such unfounded and unprovoked vituperation.

"While the efforts of the anti-masons were exerted to weaken and overthrow freemasonry by the legitimate means of persuading masons to secede, and of dissuading others from joining the institution, we could look on with the most perfect unconcern; we stood on strictly neutral ground. And even when they waxed warmer, and grew furious in their attacks, discharging upon their unresisting adversaries whole volleys of those offensive and scurrilous missiles, of which they seem to have the whole magazine at command, we were still unmoved; and could say with the philosopher, while watching the assaults of the spider upon the elephant, "the attack is unprovoked and unjustly and unfairly conducted; but surely I have no call to interfere in behalf of him who neither asks nor needs my assistance." But when we find that under pretence of hostility to masonry, our political and municipal rights are invaded; when we are told that a great portion of our most eminent and most useful men must be considered as

no longer eligible to office; that we must no longer avail ourselves of their wisdom and experience in the management of our publick concerns, nor even their integrity as jurors; when we see that anti-masonry is evidently intended, by its principal abettors, as a political hobby-horse on which to ride into power and office, after having ridden out the present incumbents, it is time to look about us and defend, if not freemasonry, at least our own rights. And we call on our fellow citizens to examine candidly and see whether these things are so. We ask them first to examine the charges brought against the institution; for if these be true, so far from having cause to complain of the anti-masons, we must unite with them in their laudable exertions.

They accuse masonry of being incompatible with the liberty for which our fathers fought and bled. Must we not say to them in answer to this, we have our Washington, our Lafayette, our Lee, our Putnam, and many others who fought and bled for our liberties, who were still masons. We had our Hancock, our Adams,* our Franklin, and a large proportion of those who signed our Declaration of Independence, and who framed our Constitution who, as we are told, were masons; and we have hundreds of our neighbours, and acquaintances, who are masons, and whom we have ever ranked among our most intelligent and upright citizens. Had none of all these discernment enough to discover, nor honesty enough to disclose the dangerous tendency of masonry? And further, gentlemen, you have yourselves for years borne testimony in favour of masonry and contrary to what you now allege; and can you now expect us in opposition to all this evidence, to give credit to your accusations?

They charge masonry with having corrupted the fountain and paralyzed the administration of justice. You, fellow citizens, are not strangers to our courts of justice; and we appeal to you to say, whether you ever knew or even suspected a decision of a court, a verdict of a jury, or the testimony of a witness to be in the least influenced by the consideration whether either of the parties was or was not a mason? Did you ever know an arbitrator, a referee, or an appraiser to be either proposed by the one party or objected by the other because either party was or was not a mason? If these questions must be answered in the negative, must we not pronounce this charge to be unfounded?"

"We would wish to judge candidly and charitably of the conduct of our fellow creatures; but we cannot extend our charity so far as to believe, that the seceders from masonry in this vicinity do themselves believe the charges they have made against the institution. They have been members of that institution for years, and profess to have governed their conduct by its principles; nor do they pretend to have made any new discovery respecting them: if then those principles were, as they now affirm, "contrary to the laws of God and the civil laws of our country," they must have known it, and might have withdrawn from the lodge at any moment. Would they have us believe they have been living for so long a time in the deliberate and constant violation of the laws of God and their country? If so, to what credit is their testimony now entitled.

* Samuel Adams, the associate of Hancock, and pronounced by historians as a patriot equalled in his labours only by the martyred Warren, was a freemason.

They profess to believe "that the fraternity of freemasonry is highly dangerous to the equal rights of this or any country," that it is a "hydra-headed monster, so frightful, that when compared with it, all political distinctions, which have for many years existed, or which agitate our country at this time, are mere shadows." Can they be sincere in this? Let facts answer. Of the two candidates for the presidency, it is a notorious fact, that general Jackson is an eminent mason, while president Adams was never connected with the institution; yet these same seceding masons are in favour of general Jackson's election, and opposed to president Adams. It is a fact, that at our last March meeting, when they voted off six respectable gentlemen from the list of jurors 'because they were masons,' they voted for, and continued on the list five other masons, because they belonged to their own political party."

"From this view of the subject, we must say that the charges made against the institution of masonry, appear to us to be not only unsupported by evidence, but altogether groundless; and that the conduct of the authors of those charges, gives us strong reasons to suspect, to say the least, their sincerity in making them,

"Therefore, resolved, that we have as yet discovered no reason to withdraw our confidence from our fellow citizens who are members of the masonic fraternity, but shall still, as heretofore, consider it our duty to elect our best men to offices, without inquiring whether they do or do not belong to that institution.

"Resolved, that an excitement of popular passion and prejudice is an evil most fatal to the peace, and even to the existence of a republic; that it is the duty of every good citizen most vigilantly to guard against it, and to 'frown indignantly' on any body of men, whose object shall appear to be, 'to alienate the affections of any portion of the people from the rest.'"

TIMOTHY EDSON, Pres't.

WILLIAM NUTTING, Sec'y.

NEW-YORK.

Officers of Fidelity Lodge, No. 309, in Ulysses, Tompkins county, N. Y. for the present year:—

Nicoll Halsey, Master; William Atwater, Senior Warden; Elias J. Ayers, Junior Warden; David K. M'Lallen, Secretary; John Creque, Treasurer; Abraham G. Updike, Senior Deacon; Philemon H. Thompson, Junior Deacon; Jared Tremain, and R. M. Pelton, Stewards; Ebenezer Fairchild, Tyler.

Officers of Fidelity Chapter, No. 77, in Trumburg, Tompkins county, N. Y. for the present year:—

Henry Taylor, High Priest; Lyman Strobridge, King; Nathaniel Ayers, Scribe; Erastus Crandall, Captain of the Host; Uriel Turner, Principal Sojourner; James M'Lallen, Royal Arch Captain; Abraham G. Updike, M. O.; Ephraim Lockhart, S. O.; Elias J. King, J. O.; Simeon M. Crandall, Secretary; John Creque, Treasurer; Robert M. Pelton, and Philemon H. Thompson, Stewards; James Rhodes, Tyler.

MAINE.

Mosaick Lodge, in Bangor, Maine, will be consecrated, and its officers installed on the 17th September inst.

DELAWARE.

At a stated communication of the Grand Lodge of Delaware, held at Wilmington, on the 27th June, 1828, the following grand officers were elected.

John F. Clement, Grand Master; John M'Clung, Deputy Grand Master; David R. Smith, Senior Grand Warden; A. H. Pennington, Junior Grand Warden; E. H. Thomas, Grand Treasurer; W. T. Read, Grand Secretary.

The M. W. Grand Master then made the following appointments.

Thomas Clark, Senior Grand Deacon; James Lattimer, Junior Grand Deacon; George Frame, Grand Sword Bearer; Rev. J. Wilson, Grand Chaplain; Brs. Huxley, Chandler, and J. Simpson,

Grand Stewards; Brs. S. Harker; J. Lattimer, jr., J. G. Oliver, T. A. Rees, C. Tunnel, and John Tenant, Grand Visitors; Willard Hall, Arnold Naudain, George Read, jr., James Cochran, and W. T. Read, Committee of Correspondence.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

PRESSURE OF THE SEA.

From the London Philosophical Magazine, for July 1823.

*Experiments on the Pressure of the Sea, at considerable Depths. By JACOB GREEN, M. D. Professor of Chymistry in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, United States, North America.**

Among the various expedients resorted to for the purpose of relieving the tedium and monotony of a sea-voyage, no one is more common during a calm, than to attach to a long line (the log) an empty bottle, well corked, and then to sink it many fathoms, in the sea. In all such experiments it is well known, that the bottles upon being drawn up are either full or are partially filled with water. The manner in which the water gets into the bottle is in some instances perfectly obvious, but in others very perplexing, if not wholly inexplicable. Sometimes the cork, however well secured and sealed, is driven into the bottle, and when drawn up the vessel is of course found filled with water; and in such cases, what is little surprising, the cork is often found occupying its original position in the neck of the vessel, being forced there no doubt by the expansion of the dense sea-water on being drawn near the surface. This seems to be proved by the cork often being in an inverted position. In the above experiment; and in some others to be mentioned presently, the bottle appears to be filled instantly; as the person who lowers the bottle down often feels a sudden increase of weight, somewhat similar to the sensation produced when a fish takes the hook on a dipsey line.

Sometimes the above experiment is varied by filling a vessel with fresh water, which, on examination is found to be replaced by salt water; the cork remaining apparently undisturbed.

Sometimes when the previously empty bottle is only half full of water, this when poured into a tumbler effervesces like water highly charged with carbonic acid gas. This is readily explained: for when the bottle descends it is full of air, and when the water enters, it will of course absorb the air; especially when the dense water itself expands as it is drawn towards the surface.

Sometimes the experiment is performed by first corking the bottle tight, and then tying over the cork a number of layers of linen dipped in a warm mixture of tar and wax; in fact, every device seems to have been tried to prevent the entrance of the water by the cork. In many of these cases, when the bottle is drawn up from a depth of 200 or 300 fathoms, it is found filled or nearly filled with water, the cork sound, and in its first situation, and the wax and tar unbroken. Two experiments are mentioned, in which vessels with air tight glass stoppers were used. In one case the bottle was broken, and in the other some drops of water were found in it.

How does the water find its way into the bottles? There are two opinions: One is, that it passes through the cork and all its coverings, in consequence of the vast pressure of superincumbent water, in the same manner as blocks of wood are penetrated by mercury in the pneumatick experiment of the mercurial shower. The other and less popular opinion is, that the water is forced through the pores of the glass.

The following experiment, which I made on the 7th day of May, 1823, in latitude 43, — longitude 25° 34', will perhaps throw some light on the subject. Mr. Charles Dixey, the obliging and intelligent master of the packet ship Algonquin, had a boat rowed off, from the ship for me, to the distance of about half a mile, when the sea was almost perfectly calm. A hollow glass globe her-

metically sealed, which I had previously prepared in Philadelphia, was then fastened to a line, and sunk, with a heavy mass of lead, to the depth 230 fathoms, or 1380 feet. On the same line, and 30 fathoms above the glass globe, was fastened a small bottle with an air-tight glass stopper; 50 fathoms above this, a stout glass bottle, with a long neck was tied; a good cork was previously driven into the mouth of this bottle, which was then sealed over with pitch, and a piece of linen dipped in melted pitch was placed over this; and when cool, another piece of linen treated in the same way was fastened over the first. Twenty fathoms above this bottle, another was attached to the line, much stouter, and corked and sealed like the first, except that it had but one covering of pitched sail-cloth. Thirty fathoms above this was a small thin bottle filled with fresh water closely corked; and 20 fathoms from this there was a thin empty bottle, corked tight and sealed, a sail-needle being passed through-and-through the cork, so as to project on either side of the neck.

Upon drawing in the line, thus furnished with its vessels, and which appeared to have sunk in a perpendicular direction, the following was the result:—

The empty bottle with the sail-needle through the cork, and which came up the first, was about half full of water, and the cork and sealing as perfect as when it first entered the sea.

The cork of the second bottle, which had been previously filled with fresh water, was loosened and a little raised, and the water was brackish.

The third bottle, which was sealed and covered with a single piece of sail-cloth, came up empty, and in all respects as it descended.

The fourth bottle, with a long neck, and the cork of which was secured with two layers of linen, was crushed to pieces, all except that part of the neck round which the line was tied; the neck of the bottle both above and below the place where the line was fastened had disappeared, and the intermediate portion remained embraced by the line. This I thought a little remarkable; and perhaps may be explained by supposing that the bottle was first filled by the superincumbent pressure with dense sea water; which expanded on being drawn up near the surface. Had the vessel been broken by external pressure, that part surrounded with the line ought to have been crushed with the rest.

The fifth bottle, which had been made for the purpose of containing French perfumery or ether, and which was therefore furnished with a long close glass stopper, came up about one-fourth filled with water.

The hollow glass globe, hermetically sealed, which was the last and had been sunk the deepest of all, was found perfectly empty, not having suffered the smallest change. It is therefore concluded, that at the depth of 230 fathoms the water enters glass vessels through the stoppers and coverings which surround them, and not through the pores of the glass. What the effect of a pressure of 400 fathoms or more will have on the glass globe above mentioned, Captain Dixey has engaged to ascertain for me on his return to America, if opportunity shall offer.

POLAR FOGS.

From Silliman's Journal of Science.

The fogs that pervade the Arctic seas, in the summer months, have been generally supposed to be produced by the moist air depositing its vapour in consequence of being chilled by contact with the seas, &c. But Dr. Wells (on dew) proves that dew and hoar-frosts result only from air, perfectly or imperfectly saturated with moisture, coming in contact with a cooler body. Dr. James Mutton, (Trans. Royal Soc. Edin. vol. I.) has shown that volumes of air, of unequal temperatures, and holding moisture in solution, must be mingled to produce mist and fog; and the circumstances of the Arctic seas appear to be in perfect accordance with these conditions.

Before the end of June, the shoals of ice are usually divided and scattered; and the temperature of those icebergs is evidently lower than that of the surrounding water, and will therefore impart a corresponding influence to the air; therefore, the atmosphere resting on the interrupted surface of the

* Communicated by the Author.

† See Perkins on Pressure, Phil. Mag. vol. lviii. p. 54. J. Deuchar's Remarks on the same, Ibid. vol. lviii. p. 201. Campbell's Travels, 1st. series. p. 335. Silliman's Journal, vol. xiv. p. 194. Deuchar's Mem. in the Trans. of the Wernerian, Soc. 1821--2--3.

ocean, will be warmer than that in the immediate vicinity of the icebergs. This cooling influence, too, in consequence of its elevations considerably above the sea's surface, will be diffused not only by radiation upwards, but horizontally into the surrounding air. The portion of atmosphere between two or more neighbouring pieces of ice, will necessarily be in the middle, or higher temperature, rather than in the immediate vicinity of the ice, which must present considerable inequalities of temperature, affecting the surrounding air, of which examples are found in accounts of Polar voyages; and Captain Franklin particularly remarks "the temperature of the surface of the water was 35 degrees when among the ice, and 30 when just clear of it, and 41.5, at two miles distant;" consequently, such unequal distribution of temperature will produce the effects stated, and the density of such mist or fog will depend on the quantity of vapour contained in the air, and the differences of the intermingling temperatures.

The elevation of the mist will also be regulated by the height of the masses of ice; and accordingly, Capt. Ross remarks, "the fog was extremely thick upon the surface of the sea, but at the mast head, and at the top of the iceberg, it was perfectly clear." Capt. Scoresby, too, in his paper read before the Wernerian Society, on the fogs of the Polar Seas, alludes to this definite elevation, and to the clearness of the supervening sky. Two icebergs may, however, be so situated that their reciprocal horizontal radiations may cool the air between them, and reduce it to nearly a uniform temperature, thus preventing the formation of mist.

THE GATHERER.

DUTCH MANNERS,

IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF NEW-YORK.

From the Mirror for Travellers.

That the soil was once rich, is established by the fact of this whole district being settled by the Dutch, than whom there never was a people better at smelling out rich vales, and fat alluvions. Here the race subsists unadulterated to the present time. The sons are cast in the same moulds with the father and grandfather; the daughters depart not from the examples of their mothers and grandmothers. The former eschew the mysteries of modern tailoring, and the latter borrow not the fashion of their bonnets from the French milliners. They travel not in steam boats or in any other new-fangled inventions; abhor canals and rail roads, and will go five miles out of the way to avoid a turnpike. They mind nobody's business but their own, and such is their inveterate attachment to home, that it is credibly reported there are men now living along the shores of the river, who not only have never visited the renowned Tarrytown, directly opposite, but who know not even its name.

They are deplorably deficient in the noble science of gastronomy, and such is their utter barbarity of taste, that they never eat but when they are hungry, nor after they are satisfied, and the consequence of this barbarous indifference to the chief good of life, is that they one and all remain without those infallible patents of high breeding, gout and dyspepsia. Since the period of the first settlement of this region, the only changes that have ever been known to take place, are those brought about by death, who, if report says true, has sometimes had his match with some of these tough old copper-heads; in the aspect of the soil, which from an interminable forest has become a garden, and in the size of the loaves of bread, which from five feet long have dwindled down to the ordinary dimensions. For this unheard of innovation, they adduce in their justification the following undoubted tradition, which, like their hats and their petticoats, has descended down from generation to generation without changing a syllable.

"Some time in the autumn of the year 1694, just when the woods were on the change, Yffrow, or Vrouw Katrinchee Van Noorden, was sitting at breakfast, surrounded by her husband and family, consisting of six stout boys, and as many strapping girls, all dressed in their best, for it was of a Sunday morning. Vrouw Katrinchee had a loaf of fresh rye bread between her knees, the top of

which was about on a line with her throat, the other end resting upon a napkin on the floor; and was essaying with the edge of a sharp knife to cut off the upper crust for the youngest boy who was the pet; when unfortunately it recoiled from the said crust, and before the good Vrouw had time to consider the matter, sliced off her head as clean as a whistle, to the great horror of Mynheer Van Noorden, who actually stopped eating his breakfast. This awful catastrophe brought the big loaves into disrepute, but such was their attachment to the good old customs, that it was not until Domine Koontzie denounced them as against the law and the prophets, that they could be brought to give them up. As it is, the posterity of the Van Noordens to this day keep up the baking of big loaves, in conformity to the last will and testament of their ancestor, who decreed that this event should thus be preserved immortal in his family."

RAIN, RAIN, RAIN.

From the Berkshire American.

We intended to say a word or two on this interesting subject, but so much has already been said by every body living, old and young, male and female, that there is hardly room for another word; or if we could find room, it would be next to impossible so to alter our phraseology as to present the old subject in any thing like a new dress. Nevertheless we can repeat a few of the many sage, conjectural, prophetic, vituperative, exclamatory, and quizzical observations engendered by the superabundance of rain.

"Quite rainy today, Mr. Snuggins."—"Yes, it beats the nation for rain; I never saw the like on't since the day when I was borned!"—"Is the rain all under, Mr. Bluejoint?"—"All under! by gorry, I think there is enough under at any rate!"—"Fine hay weather this, Mr. Longswarth."—"Ye-es, ye-es, glorious hay weather this! I've twenty loads of my best hay now rotting on the ground; I've tried my prettiest to get it dry for a week past; but as soon as I get it spread out, there comes another rain, and dash! it's wet again."—"It only rains three times a day, Mr. Soaky."—"Yes sir, and has done so any time these two months."—"When do you think we shall have fair weather, Mr. Scrabblewind?"—"Not till the next change of the moon, if I know any thing about it; for I observed when it changed the corners hung down!"—"and so let out all the water I suppose! ha, ha, ha!"—"Well, you may laugh as much as you please; but I never knowed it fail of rain when the corners of the moon hung down."—"Rain, Rain, rain—it does nothing but rain all the time," said Mrs. Clinkum, "in a rage."—"I've been trying for three weeks to dry my clothes, and they're all mildewed as black as an old dishcloth!"—"Lord bless you my dear," said Mr. Clinkum, "we shall have fair weather when it comes."—"Yes, you're always saying so, like a silly dolt as you are; but there is no truth in what you say, as I've found out to my cost!"—"Will you lend me an umbrella, Mr. Neighbourly?"—"Indeed, that is out of my power at present having lent fifteen already, which is all I had. However, I suppose they are going the rounds, if they ever get back again, they shall be entirely at your service."

SUBTERRANEAN LAKE

AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

From Walsh's Journey from Constantinople.

We entered a private house, descended a deep flight of steps, and found ourselves on the borders of a subterranean lake, extending under several streets. The roof was arched and supported by 336 magnificent marble pillars; a number of tubes descended into the water, and supplied the streets above. Of all the reservoirs which the prudent precautions of the Greek emperors established, this is the only one which now exist as a cistern; and such is the apathy and ignorance of the Turks, that they themselves, it appears, did not, in the time of Gillius, three hundred years ago, and do not at present, generally know of its existence. The Turk through whose house we had access to it called it Yere batan Sarai, or the Subterranean Palace, and said that his neighbours, whose houses were also over it, did not know any thing about

it. Indeed, from the state of neglect in which the walls and every thing about it appeared, it seemed probable that it had not been visited or repaired since the Turks entered Constantinople. Should the Russians ever approach and lay siege to the city, a supply of water will be its first object. In its present state, if the besiegers cut off the communication with the bends, which, it is to be presumed, they would do in the first instance, the city could not hold out for a week. It appears that the Sultan has prudently supplied it with corn; it is probable he will clear out the cisterns, and supply it with water also.

MISTAKES OF AMBIGUITY.

From the Berkshire American.

Ambiguity of speech sometimes leads to very sad mistakes. A militia captain received a billet from a lady of fashion, requesting "the pleasure of his company to tea" on a certain evening. Now a query arose how to understand the word company; and the captain being a man of real military views, very naturally came to the conclusion that it meant neither more nor less than the *Company of Militia* which he had the honour to command. Accordingly what was the astonishment of his hostess and her friends to behold not only the captain, but his whole company, from the highest subaltern to the most ragged private, armed and equipped in their usual style, punctual to the hour of invitation, dry as dust and hungry as lions! Never was such consternation in the drawing room before. The old ladies lifted up their hands and eyes in astonishment; the young ladies squalled as if they had seen a spider or a snake; the dandies exclaimed, "they'd ought to be shot, odd rat 'em!" the master of the house bit his lip with vexation; and the hostess, as in duty bound, went into the hysterick. In which situation we leave them to the sympathy of the reader, while we relate another of the mistakes of Ambiguity.

A gentleman owned a bitch, which he was in the habit, as many are, of improperly calling a *slut*; and at the same time he chanced to have a hired girl who was notorious for her dirty habits. While the bitch and the girl formed a part of his household, he engaged an honest matter of fact fellow to work for him as a hired man. While the man was yet new in his place, and little accustomed to the language of his employer, the latter suspecting the bitch of killing sheep, but being unwilling to put a favourite animal to death on mere suspicion, ordered the man to take the *slut* and tie her up in the barn. "Very well, sir," said Tom; and the gentleman going out immediately after, to ride with his wife, Tom hastened to execute his orders, which (having noticed the filthy habits of the maid, and never dreaming that a *slut* was any thing but a *slut*) he did exactly according to the letter. The gentleman returning in due time, and not finding Betty in possession of her premises, inquired of the hired man where she was. "In the barn, sir," replied Tom. "What is she doing there?" asked the master. "Nawthin, as I know on," said Tom, "she's a sulky as Satan." "But how came she there, man?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Why," said Tom, "dang it, I tied her up, sir, as you told me to!"

BONAPARTE AND M. DE STAEL.

It was at one of these parties that General Bonaparte saw Madame de Stael for the first time. The hero had always excited a lively interest in that celebrated woman. She attached herself to him, entered into conversation with him, and in the course of that colloquial intercourse in which she attempted to soar above her height, she suffered a question to escape her which betrayed the ambition nourished in her breast. "Who is the first woman in your eyes?" she asked him. "Madame," he replied, "the woman who brings the most children into the world." Madame de Stael was stunned: she expected a totally different answer. [Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.]

Age and Love associate not; if they are ever allied, the firmer the friendship, the more fatal is its termination; and an old man, like a spider, can never make love, without beating his own death-watch.

POPULAR TALES.

THE CURATE OF SUVERDSIO.

(Continued from page 244)

The sun had sunk placidly—like the benignant eye of heaven—beyond the great hills, whose ragged fringework of larch, pine, and fir, yet glowed in dark outline against the pavilion of the west, while the evening star, peeping from behind a pale grey cloud, heralded the galaxy of night, as a tall youth, wrapped in his cloak of firs, solicited at the curacy of Suverdsio for leave to warm himself a while by the hearth, ere he proceeded on his farther journey amid the mountains. The curate was absent, having gone out in the afternoon to visit the mourners at the cottage of old Magnus; nor was his daughter without anxiety for his return. But Margaret made bold to admit the traveller, even though quite alone in the house, and conscious of the distracted state of the times; informing him that her father, whom she expected home every minute, would, she was quite sure, make him perfectly welcome.

After the offer of some slight refreshment, which was duly accepted, Margaret, in her usual affable way, began to enter into conversation with the stranger. And the massacre of Stockholm being still the theme upon every tongue, she inquired if he had recently come, or had heard any thing from that quarter?

"Oh yes," answered the youth; "and bloody work they made of it. But I have come up among the hills in search of an old comrade in arms of mine, one Regner—I forget his name just now."

"Regner Beron, can it be?" asked Margaret, eagerly.

"Ay, that's the name; you have not, I find, forgotten. But let me ask you, Margaret, —"

"Heavens! is it you, Regner!—Ah, Regner, do I see you once more, safe, safe, safe!" and springing across the floor, she threw herself upon his neck, while he pressed her to his heart in an ecstasy of affection; then, as suddenly withdrawing herself like a wild bird from the grasp of the truant school-boy, she said to him, while her bosom heaved, and her cheek glowed with the blush of maidenly modesty, which in the irresistible vehemence of her emotions she had somewhat over-excited—"Oh, fly—fly, Beron! do you not know that the horsemen are in our dales in search of you—may be even at this moment at our gates—and how could I survive your fate!—But I talk simply; perhaps you have forgotten me!"

"Forgotten you, Margaret!—but you are jesting."

"Nay, nay,—but I am not jesting at your danger. Have you not heard that your protector, Magnus Vere, poor old white haired Magnus, has been slain by your pursuers, in their rage at not finding you? Grasp not round for your pistols—alas! it is now too late."

"Impossible!" said Regner, starting to his feet, soul-struck at the intelligence he had received.

"Then I swear—"

"Swear not at all, Beron," interrupted Margaret. "The thing is past, and you are blameless. Let your care now be for the living—for yourself."

"Be not dismayed, Margaret, on that score. Well know I these my native hills; and I have a sword-arm to protect my head. Ah, poor Magnus! and hath thy charity paid the penalty of blood! rather had I fallen into the hands of my enemies. How can I repay such loss!"

"His cause was thine," answered Margaret; "and if he has perished at his post, like a loyal Swedish mountaineer, scarcely is his fate to be lamented, seeing the degradation to which the living are subjected. Were I a man, Beron, we should conquer or fall together! In the meantime, see to yourself, and fly for secure refuge! But whither fly? No—no—remain here. You can not be safer than with my father; and if perish we must, let our house fall together. Like Saul and Jonathan we have been united in our lives, and in death let us be not divided."

"My dear, kind Margaret," said Beron, seizing

the hand she faintly attempted to withdraw, "it must not be so at present. Yet, credit me, matters are not so desperate as your solicitude pictures to your fears. Cheer up, my sweet one, I have undergone many hardships, encountered many dangers, but I have held them all lightly, compared with the simple sorrow of being separated from thee. We have known happy days, Margaret, and may yet. How grows the hazel by the mill-stream! Does the declining sun never invite you to a saunter there now?"

"Ah, Beron, do you ask that!" said she, with a sorrowful playfulness. "But whither go you this evening? You must not stir before my father returns."

"I promise you I do not, for I have business with him. Have you no other visiter?"

"Why do you ask?"

"So, Margaret, you are careful not even to open yourself to me! but I applaud your caution. Where have you hidden him?"

"I am a trusty housekeeper, Beron, and divulge not family secrets, so shall not implicitly depend even on you. Could you have thought so, Beron? But how would you judge of me, were my idle openness to endanger any one, who reckoned himself secure in the character of our guest. But, hark!"

"What do you hear, my faithful Margaret?"

"Yes, 'tis my father's footstep;" and she rose to hurry to the door, when Beron, interposing, snatched a first, fond kiss; and, ere she had breath to chide him, he laid his hand on her arm, saying,—

"Stay, Margaret, stay; I too have reasons for privacy, and perhaps even from him; for I journey in the character of a special messenger, and know not yet how his heart stands affected regarding our cause. Fear not, however, Margaret, that I have embarked in any enterprise wherein my honour may be compromised. If we succeed, we reap a harvest of glory; if we fail it is after having acted the parts of true men. We shall hope the best, Margaret," he added, as she withdrew the hand he affectionately pressed. "The cloudiest day may set in the pure tranquility of sunshine; and, though unworthy thee, I know thy bosom too faithful to desert that man in peril to whom thou didst pledge thy troth in peace!"

At this moment the father entering, repeated a step in surprise at seeing a muffled stranger seated by his hearth; not that the thing was uncommon, or that any traveller of the hills had ever received other than a kind welcome, but because, in the existing troubled state of Dalecarlia, he was in danger of having at the same moment the pursuer and the fugitive under his roof together, well knowing, at the same time—so high ran the spirit of conflicting parties—that should such ever chance to be the case, small would be the scruple of the persecuting Dane, and as small the hesitation of the persecuted Swede, about staining the hearth with human blood.

"Good even, sir," said Beron, rising and bowing respectfully; "I presume you are the curate of Suverdsio. If so, I bear you a confidential message."

"From whom?" asked the curate a little anxiously, as Beron, in the act of pushing aside his cloak, to draw a packet from his breast, displayed two pistols stuck in the broad leathern belt which girdled his doublet.

"From whom I may not say," replied Beron; "but to Count Erick Voss bear I my message. Perhaps you may direct me where that nobleman is to be found?" This was the appellation, though without the title, by which the stranger told the curate he should be inquired for.

"And is Erick Voss one of our nobles?" asked the curate, with not a little surprise, as the unreserved nature of the communications they had held together flashed back upon his memory. "Indeed his stately mien and bearing mark him out as such, and separate him from the common crowd, not less than his learning, sense, and information. I find, too, he has travelled, and knows the world as well from observation as from books. Have you had any refreshment? I shall lead you to him immediately."

"Thanks to your kind daughter," said Beron,

giving Margaret a gentle look unobserved by the curate. "I am abundantly refreshed, and ready to follow you—as I doubt not my presence is anxiously wearied for by the count, though I am yet an hour earlier than I appointed."

The curate resumed his hat, and led the way to the door, followed by Regner; while Margaret came up behind with the ostensible purpose of seeing it closed. But, perhaps, she might have some other object equally in view; and what guess you, reader, might that be? Perhaps a parting squeeze of her lover's hand; and in this she was not disappointed.

By sunrise on the succeeding morning, Count Erick Voss, and Regner Beron, departed from the sanctuary of the hospitable curate, who accompanied them a short way on their route. They made a halt, however, at the small wooden bridge thrown over the river Leissac, about a mile and a half from the church of Suverdsio; and standing beneath the immense trees of pitch-fir, whose dark branches overhung the sharp rocks on the left bank of the stream, they conversed together for a little while on the state and prospects of affairs around them, promising that, either in weal or woe, their host should soon hear of them.

Before parting, the count unbuttoned the coarse shaggy cloak in which he was clumsily wrapped, the better to disguise his quality, and cut, with his penknife, a golden button from the curiously embroidered tunic he wore underneath, saying to the curate, "Money, my kind friend, I have not to offer you, the which I less regret, knowing as I do, that your hospitality flows not from base thirst of lucre, but from pure benevolence to your fellow-creatures. Preserve this button, which I have now cut from the left breast of my tunic. Its intrinsic value is insignificant, but it may serve you as a memorial of one whom you relieved from urgent distress, and set on his path rejoicing. When I came to your hospitable door, but two days ago, my prospects were black as the shade these rocks cast on the water; now they are brightening like yon skies beneath the influence of the rising sun."

And now the tints of autumn were again pervading the woods, the acorn fell from the oak, the pine tree began to drop its leaves, and the fir shook down its dark cones upon the moist turf; while the skies waned like the lower world, and amid the shortening days, the shorn grain disappeared from the plains into the granary of the farmer. It was in this season of melancholy fruitfulness, that the curate, while amusing a vacant afternoon in pruning some creeping acacias that greened over the front of his secluded dwelling, paused to behold a company of horsemen, whose arms glittered in the flood of mellow sunlight, approaching on the steep road which formed the southern approach; some riding before, and some behind a caleche, or little carriage, drawn by four horses.

The leader of the party, dismounting from his horse, first assured himself that he addressed the curate of Suverdsio, and then informed him that he had orders for carrying away him and his daughter as prisoners; while he acknowledged that he had positive commands to treat both with every leniency, which interfered not with their chance of escape.

"What may I have done," asked the curate, "to bring upon me so much marked attention of your government? Can I be informed, sir?"

"Oh," replied the commandant, "as to that, it is not my province to inquire. The soldier does the bidding of his sovereign; and the civil laws of the kingdom take cognizance of right or wrong. That is a subject on which it is not my duty, neither have I ability to enter."

"Well, since it is so," said the curate, "let the righteous will of heaven be done! For myself I care little, comparatively nothing. What I have said, I have said as conscience, the oracle of the soul, dictated; what I have done, I have done as my strict duty to God and my fellow-creatures dictated. But my daughter, oh, my daughter! let not what she knew nothing of, know nothing of, bring down a punishment she deserves not. Take me—take me! I am ready—willing to go with you; but, as you

have wives, as you have daughters, spare her, and let her remain behind! Whither am I to be carried?"

"Our orders command your being carried to the castle of Westeras, the palace of the viceroy; where a council of state sit, giving trial, and awarding just sentences to such as have rebelled against the just government, or despised the edicts of the king. In this thing, it causes me regret that I may not attend to you, being positively enjoined to bring your daughter with you, and with all due speed to the appointed place of examination; the court being about to remove, for a like purpose, to a more remote part of the country."

Upon entering into the house, at the request of the curate, while preparations were made, as could best be made, for their immediate journey, the commandant explained at length the imperative orders he had received to bring both father and daughter along with him; begging of him not to repeat requests that his public duty left him not at liberty to comply with, however repugnant that duty might be to his private feelings.

With heavy hearts, although nerved with the fortitude which only conscious virtue can bestow, the curate and his daughter in a short time declared themselves in readiness to accompany their captors.

After a journey of two days, during which every attention was paid to the wants and wishes of the curate and his daughter consistent with their security, the commandant arrived with his charge at the hamlet of Waddersteine, about half-a-mile from the castle of Westeras, where the Danish assembly were then sitting.

It was now evening, and the commandant, who, in the afternoon, had left his charge under sufficient guard, returned to escort the captive mountaineers to the great assembly, already meeting or met for their trial. To the interrogatories of the curate, he returned no satisfactory answer, re-memo-ning his injunctions of secrecy; but he ventured to express the hope, that things might yet turn out more favourable than was anticipated.

When the father, dressed out in his best sables, and the daughter in a white robe as pure as her innocent heart lingered a moment at the door for the drawing up the carriage, far borne through the silence of evening, came, like a sepulchral voice, the toll of the great bell, summoning them forward to the hall of trial.

Halting by an immense arched gateway, they passed through the vestibule of a building, whose quadrangular turrets seemed to support the weight of the lowering sky. Neither of the two had ever known more of the palaces of the great than what the apocryphal testimony of books had conveyed to them, so that on being ushered by folding doors, of a sudden, into the very heart of the hall of assembly, it was no wonder their eyes were dazzled, and their hearts died within them. The stupendous vaulted roofs, covered with grotesque paintings, and an infinitude of stuccoed imagery, the tall gothick diced windows with their magnificent traceries, the walls groaning under their load of gorgeously embroidered tapestry of arras, the curiously carved benches, the velvet cushions, the marble floors, and the flaming cressets that depended from on high by silken cords, struck on the bewildered imaginations like the visions of some fancifully distempered dream, as for a little they felt themselves as it were in the enchanted habitations of the eastern genii, of whom romancers had written;—and it was some time before they perceived, or at least regarded before them the large assembly of nobles and leaders, some in their rich costly robes, and others in coats of glittering armour.

(Conclusion next week.)

MISCELLANY.

THE SAILOR IN LONDON.

From the Night Watch.

Well! I soon found *Linnen*, as the song says, "to be the devil." My money began to fail me; for, whenever I thought on *Sophy*, I ran to the publick house, partly from anger, partly from thirst, and partly from fear of thinking more.

Every morning I found myself lower in body, money, and mind. All the pretty faces that I used to look and laugh on, now seemed to tell me what a precious scoundrel of a fellow I was. I pawned my last shirt, and then went to seek work in the rope line; but no one would even look at me without a character from my last master.

"No, no!" said one, "the parish is stocked with too many of your breed already! We have scamps enough to look after, without enlisting a parcel of strolling rascals into our service. Go to the bogs of your fathers, Pat. Tear up your mosses and sow wheat, ye villain! Learn, like your Scotch neighbours, to live on porridge and potatoes, till your soil is tilled to grow herbs for broth and food for cattle. Bid your witty rascals of countrymen leave off cracking jokes, bottles, and heads; and stay to plough and sow, that they may reap without signing post-obits. Bid them talk less of domains and castles, and think more of the ragged reality of their country, that nature intended to be rich by the talents of her generous people, and the fertility of her soil. Bid them labour, that they may enjoy profit and rest, and let none of them think they are off duty."

"I'm no Irishman," said I.

"You're no Englishman," said he. "Be off! and remember idleness covers a man with nakedness. Oh, the Irish hound!"

In a few days after that, I was regularly hard up in a clinch; not a skirrick in my pocket, and but little on my back; and reduced to what I am now almost ashamed to tell ye, Wad,—to beg!

My first trial was to a well powdered old gentleman in black, who trudged it along as stiff as a crutch. He did not turn his head even to look at me, but said, "Go, work, young man; I never encourage idleness." My next was what we call a black stocked blood in a blue frock. "Pray, sir," said I,—and "Pray, sir," said he, looking through a thingumbob, "be off! be off!" as big as Belcher, by Jove! The next was an old bleacher of a woman with butter in a basket, and a little sooty dog in a string; she looked, stopped, "Stay, Midge,—here," and sticking her fingers into the side of the butter, dislodged a farthing, gave it to me, licked her fingers, and made sail.

Then came fleets of girls, rigged out in all the colours of the rainbow, with girths as taught as the string of a pudding poke, coming like streamers against the wind, but with their canvass flat aback against the mast, and steering to a small helm. Gathering way as they came near me, some sheered to port, and some to starboard—"Pray," again said I; but all I got was, "No, no! nothing for you, young man"—"young feller"—"idle creature"—"dirty man"—"don't be troublesome"—"go away, sir!"

Then a porky man, with a ledger under his arm denied me by "No, no, my fine fellow; paid sixpence three farthings in the pound poor-rates, already. Well, well, you lazy scoundrel, work!"

At last came a white faced hawbuck I saw at the play. "Pray, sir," said I again. "What's your name, fellow?" said he; and raising his left yellow hooped fingers to his chin, he put his right into his pocket, and brought forth a card; and then giving it to me, sheered off, shutting his white-blue eyes. Meantime I read the card, and there was printed on it "Mend—Mendi—Mendici"—Oh, I forgot—some kind of long-named society, and I was to take it myself: but there was an N. B. staring me in the face—desiring that it might be given to none but beggars, which fairly clinched the matter, and I was ashamed to deliver it. The night was now coming on, the weather was cold and bleak, and the smoke, like the Devil's Table-cloth at the Cape, was hanging over the town. I had no money but the greasy farthing, and nothing on me that I could sell. The woman where I lodged had given me warning to look no more near her house, "a beggar as I was." I was sitting on one of the steps of the Court of Chancery,* as the Irishman who began to talk to me told me it was, when one of his comrades, with a broom in his hand, hailed me.

* We presume the Boatwain meant one of those tenanted, windowless houses so common in the outskirts of the metropolis, stuck over with notices of Warren's Blacking—"Hunt for ever"—Play bills and Lottery Schemes, with due warning to "Stick no bills."

"Now what are ye doing there, boy! Sure you have but a could birth of it now! If you'll be after coming with me, I'll give you a dthrop of the crater, to comfort your bowels, boy!"—"I have no money," said I.—"And who the devil asked you for money, now! and here's three pence for you, boy. Ah, but it's a swate, heavenly thing, to beg, sure! And why don't you take a broom in your hand now! it will save you the use of tum and tongue, and keep you without the law, boy! I was tired of digging in the bowels of the river, and of the black jokes of the black jacks; but I have been an angel ever since I had a broom in my fist. Now, do as I do, boy! I'll engage it will cram your maw and save your breath." Dermot then took me to a corner house in the Seven Dials, where we got half drunk, and then reeled to his lodgings, where Phelim, Terry, and Larry were singing "Hugga ma fain," and "Sour a lin," and were like to fight about Shelah, their landlady.

"THE LAST TIME."

From Hook's "Sayings and Doings."

In one only situation can a man be placed where the awful doubt is converted into a tremendous certainty—not the sick patient on the bed of death, whose pulse beats faintly, and whose subsiding seems to announce the coming of his release. He may linger for hours; he may recover—the ray of hope beams, and those who love him share its brightness. His hours are not numbered. The sinking mariner clings to the last fragment of his ill-fated ship, and holds on while nature gives him strength; and as he mounts the toppling wave, strains his anxious eyes in search of assistance. A vessel may heave in sight; he may be drifted to some kindly shore; his fate is not decided.

The unhappy wretch who alone lives his last day hopeless and in unmitigated misery, is the sentenced convict on the eve of execution; he sees and hears all that is passing round him with the terrible consciousness that it is for the "last time."

He beholds the sun gleaming through the bars of his cell, in all his parting brightness, and knows he sees his golden rays for the "last time;" he hears the prison clock record the fleeting minutes—how fastly fleeting to him!—throughout the night each hour sounds to him for the "last time." Seven strikes upon the bell—at eight he dies!

His wife, his children, his beloved parents, come to him: he stands amidst his family in the full possession of his bodily health, and all his mental faculties. He clasps them to his heart—they go: the door of his cell closes and shuts them from his sight: he has seen them for the "last time."

He is summoned to the scaffold—the engine of death stands ready: he feels the pure air of heaven blow upon his face—the summer sun shines brightly for the "last time" he sees the green fields and the trees, and ten thousand objects familiar to us all. The cap is drawn over his tear fraught eyes!—the objects vanish, never, never to be seen again by him! He hears for the "last time" the sacred word of God from human lips; in another moment the death struggle is on him, and he breathes for the "last time."

To him alone, then, is the *exit* from this world of cares regular and certain; in every other case it is a mystery when the "last time" shall come.

A MAHOMETAN'S SERMON.

From the "Algerine Captive."

The attributes of the Deity were the subject of the Priest's discourse; and, after some exordium, he elevated his voice, and exclaimed,—

GOD ALONE IS IMMORTAL!

Ibrahim and Soliman have slept with their fathers; Cadijah, the first born of faith; Ayesma, the beloved; Omar, the meek; Omri, the benevolent, the companions of the Apostle, and the sent of God himself; all died—but God, Most High, Most Holy, liveth forever! Infinites are to Him as the numerals of arithmetic to the sons of Adam! The earth shall vanish before the decrees of His eternal destiny; but he liveth and reigneth forever!

GOD ALONE IS OMNISCIENT!

Michael, whose wings are full of eyes, is blind before Him! The dark night unto Him is as the

rays of morning: for he noticeth the creeping of the small ant, in the dark night, upon the black stone; and apprehendeth the motion of an atom in the open air.

GOD ALONE IS OMNIPRESENT!

He toucheth the immensity of space as a point; He moveth in the depths of the Ocean, and Mount Atlas is hidden by the sole of His foot! He breatheth fragrant odours to cheer the blessed in Paradise, and enliveneth the pallid frame in the profoundest hell!

GOD ALONE IS OMNIPOTENT!

He thought, and worlds were created; He frowneth, and they dissolve into smoke; He smilith, and the torments of the damned are suspended. The thunderings of Hermon are the whisperings of His voice! The rustling of his attire causeth lightning and an earthquake: and with the shadow of His garment He blotteth out the Sun!

GOD ALONE IS MERCIFUL!

When he forged His immutable decrees on the anvils of eternal wisdom, He tempered the miseries of the human race in the fountains of pity. When He laid the foundations of the world, He dropped a tear upon the embryo miseries of unborn men; and that tear, falling through the immeasurable lapses of time, shall quench the glowing flame of the bottomless pit. He sent His Prophet into the world to enlighten the darkness of the tribes; and hath prepared the pavilions of the the Hour for the repose of true believers.

GOD ALONE IS JUST!

He chains the latent cause to the distant event, and binds them both immutably fast to the fitness of things. He decreed the unbeliever to wander amid the whirlwind of error, and suited his soul to future torment. He promulgated the ineffable creed, and the germs of countless souls of believers which existed in the contemplation of the Deity, expanded at the sound. His justice refreshed the faithful, while the damned spirits confess it in despair.

GOD ALONE IS ONE!

Abraham the faithful knew it; Moses declared it amidst the thunderings of Sinai; Jesus pronounced it; and the messenger of God, the sword of his vengeance, filled the world with that immutable truth. Surely there is ONE GOD, IMMORTAL, OMNISCIENT, OMNIPRESENT, MOST MERCIFUL, and JUST, and Mahomet is His Apostle!

FIRST AND SECOND DEATH.

By the Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood.

The first death is the death of the body; the quenching of that undiscovered spark, which warms and animates the human frame; the return of our dust to the earth as it was; the event which happeneth unto all men; "the sentence of the Lord over all flesh." We cannot prevent it. Like birth, it is inevitable. Helplessly, and without our own will, we open our eyes at first to the light of day; and then, by an equal necessity, we lie down to sleep, some at this hour, some at the next, on the lap of our mother. This death is an ordinance of God. It was intended for our benefit; and can do us no essential harm. It disturbs not the welfare of the soul; it touches not the life of the spirit.

The second death is more awful and momentous. It is the death of that which the first death left alive. It is the death of reputation, the death of love, the death of happiness, the exile of the soul. It has connexion with the first death, for its causes are all engendered in the life of the body. Unlike the first, it is a death which all men do not die. Unlike the first, it is a death from which there is a way to escape. And yet there are more who are terrified with the first death, unimportant as it is, than there are who fear the second, though it includes every wo. And almost all men attempt to fly from the very first, though they know it to be impossible; while few take pains to avoid the last, though it is within their ability to do so.

The first death, then, is invested with complete power over all men. It withers human strength, it respects not human authority. Rank is not exempt from it, art cannot elude, riches cannot bribe, eloquence cannot soften, nor can even virtue overcome it. But with that second and far more dreadful death, it is not so. There are those over whom

it hath no power. Any one may join their number. There is no mystery no hardship, in the terms of the blessed exemption. All may read, all may comply with them. They arise from the nature of the second death. For as nothing but vice and disobedience towards God can affect the life of the spirit, and invest the second death with its power, so it is righteousness only, and the healthful fruits of religion, which can defy and render it powerless. "In the way of righteousness there is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death." So little is the first death considered, and so little account of it is made, in many parts of scripture, that we are told, in some of its sublimest strains, that the believer in Jesus, the true christian, "shall never die." Goodness carries with it the eternal principles of life, deeply engrafted into its constitution; so that it cannot lose it, nor part from it. It is the good, the benevolent, the pious, and the pure, to whom life is promised; and on such "the second death has no power."

In the sight of men they die; and so far there is indeed but one event to the righteous and the wicked. But this is only the first, the corporeal death; and in all essential respects they live.

A BACHELOR'S CONFESSION.

The first young lady with whom I was particularly interested, was the daughter of a farmer of considerable property and respectable connexions. She was intelligent and unassuming, possessed great sweetness of disposition, and an easy and fascinating address. For several weeks I fondly hoped and believed that the long wished for "good" was obtained. But as my brief acquaintance in the family ripened into intimacy, I at length discovered that my goddess, though a *farmer's daughter*, was wholly uninitiated into the mysteries of domestick management. A blast from heaven would not have been more appalling than this discovery. A dark cloud gathered over my hymeneal prospects, and threatened an abrupt termination of my fondly cherished hopes. Painful as was the effort, I resolved on an immediate and final abandonment of the pursuit, unless, indeed, by great gentleness, she could be reclaimed. Thus determined, I sought an opportunity to introduce the subject of domestick economy into conversation, without very distinctly intimating my own opinion, endeavouring to elicit hers. After some little hesitation, she frankly avowed her conviction, that it was grossly indelicate for a lady of fashionable education to superintend in person domestick concerns, and that she had come to the conclusion never to appear in her kitchen. I cordially thanked her for this full and frank disclosure, and as frankly communicated to her my deliberate resolution not to make any person mistress of my family, who would not be mistress of my kitchen. After playing off some few airs of coquetry, as sighs, and tears, and of diplomacy, as regrets and unchangeable opinions, the negotiation was determined. My mother, at this moment, coming in, bearing her arms full of wood, not a little increased my disgust at the above sentiment, and hastened my departure. In bidding her farewell, I expressed an earnest wish that she might never experience the disastrous consequences of indulging such high-toned and rainous doctrines. I could never forget her, and often inquired of my friends near her, after her welfare. She soon after married a young merchant in fair business, and carried her high notions into full operation. The consequences may be easily guessed. With extravagant furniture, numerous servants, and attendant expenses, her husband's affairs became embarrassed, and his creditors alarmed for the safety of their debts. Hoping to find a reformation in his domestick management, they delayed pressing him, till hope had fled, when they seized his effects, and the high-minded and accomplished Zelia had the mortification of returning to her father's house; in less than one short year, a victim to her conceits.

Moral virtue (says Aristotle) is neither natural, nor contrary to nature. We are born capable to attain, but the invaluable attainment must be made and perfected by habit.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "*American Masonic Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

STORMS AND TEMPESTS.

'Tis pleasant by the cheerful fire to hear
Of tempests, and the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe.
Then listen to the perilous tale again
And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo terror to delight us.

SOUTHEY.

It is impossible to describe the impressions made by these phenomena on the mind of man, when the imagination has been lifted from the grovelling state of native ignorance, to feel an independence and pride of its own. Clouds, lightning, thunder, and wind have elicited the descriptive powers of many a poet; but who ever felt while perusing their descriptions, that fulness of poetick feeling which is roused by the actual and sensible experience of their sublimity? Yet there is a satisfaction,—a high fruition of soul, to be found in the works of the most ancient of poets when they speak of them, and more particularly in the inspired writings of the Hebrews. Ossian, Milton, and Tasso have not neglected the example; the former almost surpassing every other poetical description within our knowledge.

It would be trifling with the patience of our readers to attempt an enumeration of these descriptions, or the instances in which poets have made use of these elemental strifes to illustrate and embellish their subjects. Our thoughts are naturally led to them, by the simple aid of association, when we look upon the realities they describe; they are fictions, but there are realities far more poetical to be found in every man's experience. At dead of night, when

From the deep womb of darkness
The lightning flash leaps,

and the thunder follows it with a sound that apparently fills the whole mighty space which the light illuminated, with one tremendous roll, what mind that has ever read, will not remember the sublime scene in *Æschylus*, where Prometheus, after refusing to reveal the secret entrusted to him by the fates, is loosed from his bonds; then the lightning smites the rock, the thunder hovers over the scene, and in the midst of the agonies of nature, Prometheus sinks to Tartarus. Again, when the winds howl like demons, and the pattering of rain and hail are mingled with the whole, there are scenes in *Lear* and *Macbeth* which come unawares into our thoughts, and though the power of language, to express fully the agonizing stretch of the imagination, is no where to be found, we gladly seize on that which comes nearest to that power, and think aloud in the language of Shakespeare! If then the fury of the elements suddenly becomes spent, and the sun looks from a placid sky, how easily can we realize the fine image of Darwin, when Love snatches the thunderbolt from Jupiter, bending the triple shaft upon his knee, till it breaks; when the gods retreat in awful trepidation; but the eternal sire,

Indignant to his child,
Bowed his unbosomed locks, and heaven reluctant smiled.

Paganism, with its usual share of superstition, has some curious records, both of ancient and modern opinion, respecting thunder. The Greeks and Romans esteemed any object which it had stricken as sacred to the gods. The Curtian lake, and the Riminal fig-tree, in the Forum, at Rome, were held sacred on this account. Bodies struck dead were thought to be incorruptible; and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity on the person so distinguished by heaven. Those killed were wrapped in a white garment, and buried where they fell. [See *Notes to Child Harold, Canto IV.*] *Lui-shin*, the Chinese God of thunder, is represented with wings, beak, and talons of an eagle. The ancient Gauls and Scythians, according to Lucan, worshipped thunder under the name of *Taranis*; and we are told that the Laplanders once adored a similar deity under the name of *Horagalles*.

We learn by the holy scriptures, that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed by lightning. The same was the

fate of Job's flocks and shepherds, and the whole army of Senacherib.

In Chili, thunder is sometimes heard among the Andes; but lightning is never known. The Cape of Good Hope is another place very rarely visited by electric phenomena.

Much has been written to describe the hurricanes of the West Indies; but we have the testimony of travellers to prove that the monsoons of the East Indies commence with commotions among the elements indescribably more sublime, and often more destructive. One of the most dreadful monsoons on record is that described by Forbes, in his Oriental Memoirs. "The British combined force lay encamped at Baroche, and were preparing to renew their march after the enemy the next morning. In the night, however, the heat became oppressive; the sky darkened; stillness pervaded the air; and in a few minutes the clouds burst, and a deluge poured upon the plain, in a manner almost inconceivable. The tents soon gave way; the waters rose, and 200,000 horses, oxen, camels, and elephants, with 100,000 human beings, were exposed to the visitation, in a strange country, and in the midst of darkness, rendered more awful and sublime by vivid flashes of lightning. In the morning it was discovered that upwards of two hundred persons had perished. The plain was covered with the carcasses of oxen, camels, and horses, some half smothered with mud, and others in a state of positive putrefaction. Women were seen expiring with wet and fatigue; old men contending for life; and parents bearing the dead bodies of their children."

In our favoured climate, storms and tempests, though frequent, have but a few of their most dreadful features. They serve oftener to prompt the sensations of sublime pleasure, than to create fear and dread in their beholders. The thunder gusts which happen at night are an object worthy of the poet's page; and especially among the mountainous regions of our eastern states, the inimitable description of the "va-grant childe" is realized, and felt.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O, night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

Who that has looked on such a scene, has not involuntarily pursued the description, and exclaimed;—

—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest, and of thee!

Scenes which we have witnessed while others slept, or lock their senses up in foolish fear, have led us to scorn the low soul which cannot relish them; but it is a vain pride. The grandeur of the elements ought to teach us, not to stimulate our vanity. While we contemplate things above the world, what have we to do with beings who grovel on its surface. They lead our meditations to the fields they strive in, and there are our own turbulent and wandering pictures too clearly illustrated;—

But where of ye, O tempests, is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest?

All who are acquainted with the independent character of masonry, must know that the order has no debt of gratitude to pay for the good will of those who belong not to us; neither have we any malevolence in store for those who wrest our principles, or treat the institution with contumely. All the uninitiated are more or less anti-masons. If any one has the good manners to defend us when we are calumniated, it is from a sense of the injustice evinced by the aggressors, or that he sees some evil ready to result from the contention about to arise. It is indeed sometimes the case that the advocates of our cause spring up without either of these motives; but it is seldom, and unlooked for. We hope then that our brethren will not accuse us of courting the favour of the world, or putting too much weight on their opinions, when we give place to such communications as the follow-

ing. The desire of allaying a dangerous and unfounded schism in the church; the hope to ensure the continuance of good order and peace in community, as well as in families; the wishes of respectable friends, to whom we feel grateful for many favours; and above all, the veneration due to the precepts of a veteran in patriotism and piety, will be our plea for publishing it. We shall offer no comments on the sentiments, nor strictures on the style of the appeal. It is like the record of a generation already passed; and we earnestly request our fellow citizens to receive it with the same unassuming honesty in which it appears to be written.

For the Masonick Record and Saturday Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,—An old man is induced to beg a corner of your paper, while he submits to the public a few brief remarks on the subject of the present anti-masonick excitement. I will first state that I am not a member of the masonick fraternity, and bending as I am under the weight of years, it is probable I shall never enter it. I have heretofore entertained a prejudice against the institution, which undoubtedly originated in the perusal of anti-masonick newspapers. But I must now say, that having carefully traced them from step to step, and taken notice of all their veerings, I am thoroughly convinced that their object is not the preservation of the country, nor the spread of religion.

I have read, from time to time, the remarks of an editor in this county, on whom I had been accustomed to look as a man of truth and candour. But when I see him going from one degree of rancour to another, until at last he attacks publicly an honest individual, and heaps upon him all manner of evil names, merely because that individual stated a circumstance which I know did take place in Danville, as stated, and which the editor himself does not deny—I say, when I see all this, and reflect that this editor professes to be a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus,—my heart is pained within me; I shudder for that man, and am ready to cry out, "O Lucifer! Son of the morning, from how great a height art thou fallen!"

I have known Mr. Eaton when he was a dissipated and degraded man; I have known him when he professed to become acquainted with Jesus, and it did rejoice my soul to see the "Ethiopian change his skin." I have known him since, and esteemed him as an honest man, and still hope that he is such; but when I see him using all his exertions, and even making use of the press to sow discord among friends, neighbourhoods, and families, and what is more shocking, to confuse and distract the church of God, and openly to traduce those who have been the instruments in the hand of God of preserving him from hunger and rags,—it causes my heart to bleed; my confidence in him is shaken, and I awfully fear that he is "returning like the dog to his own vomit." I feel awfully sensible that the tears of Zion, the waste of the church, and the blood of souls, will be required at his hand.

My youthful reader, I once was young like you. I have seen danger and peril; my blood has bedewed the American soil, to purchase for you the glorious liberty you enjoy; and I trust, blessed be God, that I remembered my Creator in the days of my youth. Suffer then a soldier of the revolution, and of the cross, to address you, with his dying voice, that you trifle not with that liberty which was bought with blood. Mar not the peace which pervades our happy country: but as far as in you lies, counteract these efforts of disaffected, disorderly, and unprincipled men, to destroy society, and distract the church.

Middle-aged men, I once was middle-aged. I know the burden of your station; therefore, let me entreat you that you discountenance this persecution of the innocent. Are you anti-masons? I have been one. I have seen the evil; I have discovered the intention of the excitement, and now warn you to flee from it as from a deadly poison. Our political and religious institutions have far more to fear from anti-masonry, than from masonry. Therefore, I entreat you, beware, "touch not, taste not, handle not."

My companions in grey heads are already white for the harvest:—time is short. Let us be careful that we fill up our days in usefulness. Let us "study the things which make for peace." Let us use our endeavours to suppress the spirit of discord that is abroad in the land, and restore peace to the church and community, that our gray hairs may go down in peace to the grave. Above all, may we remember to discountenance that man, who "throws about firebrands, arrows, and death, and says it is only in sport."

Caledonia, Vt. Aug.

SEVENTY SIX.

FOREIGN. By the ship Josephine, from Belfast, lately arrived at New-York, we have news from Europe of a late date. Irish papers to the 24th of July, and London to the 21st. have been received at New-York by this arrival.

The Archbishop of Canterbury died at his palace in Lambeth on the 21st, in his seventy-sixth year.

We learn that it is the determination of the British government to increase their naval force in the Mediterranean.

On the 19th of July, the subject of the American Tariff was before the British House of Commons. Mr. Huskisson spoke for some time on the subject. He at first seemed to deprecate the tendency, rather than to take any notice of the intention, and observed that it was "certainly calculated greatly to injure and impede the trade and manufactures of Great Britain." After a long recapitulation of the fa-

vours intended by his government, in their policy towards the United States, he lamented the distress which the American government would bring upon herself by such a course. He comforted himself after all by reflecting that it would punish itself. So far from retaliating, he would leave the American government to find out the folly of their proceedings; and he had no doubt they would soon repent the day they adopted this weak and absurd policy. He was of opinion that for every one pound of injury the Tariff would inflict upon England, the injury to America would be four fold.

Mr. Hume said nothing rankled more in the breasts of the Americans, than our exclusion of their corn. This was the staple of half the country, and it was the influence of those states which grew corn, that this unwise and impolitic Tariff had been passed.

Mr. Peel said, it was a mistake to suppose the Tariff was a retaliatory measure, for in the very year that it was introduced we had relaxed in our regulations respecting American corn. He had no objection to the production of the documents, from which he gathered sufficient to prove to him, that the security of America would before long induce that country to recall the present step, as it must necessarily lead to considerable suffering there, if continued; and in the mean time he was glad that circumstances prevented the possibility of adopting any retaliatory system, as the only effect likely to be produced by such a course, would be, its being taken wrong by the Americans, and leading to still further steps.

It seems, however, that they feel somewhat galled, with all their pains to disguise it. The House went into committee, when the usual seasonal of addresses were agreed to.

"The Continental papers," says the Globe of the 21st, "which have reached us this morning, bring further accounts of the progress and successes of the Russians. Anapa, the fortress in Asiatic Turkey, which was attacked by the force of Admiral Greig and Prince Menzikoff, has surrendered, and Tuleza, or Tultsch, a fortress which the Russian army, under the immediate command of the Emperour, left behind it, has fallen into the hands of the besieging corps. The supplies of stores and provisions which have been found in Brailow, are represented to have been very important. Meantime the Russian army under the Emperour has been reinforced."

There was a report at Paris, on Wednesday, that the Trident had brought intelligence from Corfu, of the Porte having agreed to accept the mediation of France and England.

France. On Monday se'nnight, the Chamber of Peers terminated the deliberation on the project of Law respecting the Journals. The censorship, the monopoly of Journals, and a law of tendencies (as to libel) have all been done away. The French nation is not divided by unequal laws; and the people, instead of quarrelling with each other, are united in rectifying the defect of their constitution.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND HANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Handbox Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those who wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the public. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for Bristles. June 28. 1846.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1848. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Green Dragon, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship.

An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the American Masonick Record can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec 22. 4717

JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to No. 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Book, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspaper and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders; Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanical Professions and Arts. May 5, 1848. 1516

POETRY.

From the Boston Statesman.

REMORSE.

I'm growing old, and my conscience
Begins to trouble me sadly;
It never seemed tender before,
Though as now it is doing but badly.
My sins I will therefore confess,
And all the tough stories I've made;
I'll do myself, first, though, the justice to say
It was all in the way of trade.

I have written three odes to the moon,
On nights when she could not be seen;
When the fields were covered with snow
I have clothed them in velvet green;
I have written at one in the day,
And said it was one at night;
And been ready to swear that the stars were up--
With the sun at its noon day height.

I have sung I was fat as I could be,
And the fact is I'm thin as a lath;
I have boasted of kissing beauties
When they never have crossed my path;
I have fallen in love in rhyme,
And sported my gig on paper;
Have pretended a fondness for stars,
And for books by a midnight taper.

Good heavens! how fast they thicken--
How terribly wicked I've been!
I must do a year or two penance,
Before I touch pen again.
The ghosts of the lies I have told
Pass by me in horrid review;--
And the dreams of the evil I've done,
Remind me of that yet to do!

I must go on fibbing, I fear--
I've grown to a hardened sinner;
And I can't stick to truth in poetry
As I could when a young beginner.
You'd have thought I was writing on oath,
When I first turned fact to rhyme;
I was able to give the true data of all--
The how, the where, and the time.

But I found it a monstrous damper,
Making poetry so like prose,--
No room for a little embellishing--
It must all be as plain as your nose.
So I've given it up altogether,--
And unlike the days of my youth!
It is now the merest chance in the world--
If you get a stanza of truth.

ROSANNE.

From "Minor Poems," by Joseph Snow.

The dial's finger points the hour of ten!
And the first music of its silver bell
Rung sadly on the ear of one--for then
Came parting, and that dismal word--farewell.
Yet he was pledged, and he might not rebel:
He rose and pressed her hand, then spake a word
Which on the maiden wrought as by a spell;
Deeply she blushed, although alone, she heard
The voice which to their depths her woman's feelings stirred.

He is departed--and her following eyes
Have gained their sweet serenity again:
Yet on her father's placid brow there lies
A smile half playful, not unmixed with pain;
While her fond mother, anxious to restrain
Her rising feelings, turns away her face.
Futile expedient! and attempt how vain!
Rushes Rosanne into her warm embrace,
And now their mingled tears flow silently apace.

Oh! how akin to grief is happiness!
Who would not deem, this weeping group to see,
That some o'erwhelming cause of deep distress
Had fallen suddenly upon the three?
Not so--to-morrow, and Rosanne will be
The fond, confiding, and the happy bride
Of one who loved her long and tenderly;
Of one whose virtues justify her pride,
And with her parents' wish her choice is ratified.

Rare is such union on earth--forsooth

The stars 'gainst lovers bear unholy spite,
"The course of true love never did run smooth"--
Alas! the saying is as true as trite,
Yet here one happy instance we may cite
Of love that knew no "agony," but ran
In the calm "course" of sunshine and delight,
From the deep blush that answered to Rosanne,
To that important moment when our tale began.

The only olive branch that heaven did spare
To grace their table and to bless their sight--
All that was left of many blossoms, where
The tree was once with richest promise white--
Such was Rosanne; and it may well excite
The heart's deep trembling and the purest tears
(Even where the hopes are promising and bright.)
To yield such solace of declining years
Into another's charge;--and such were now their fears.

They deemed this solemn hour might be the last
Which they might spend together; they might meet
No more on this side heaven. These feelings past,
A calm succeeded, and their bosoms beat
Less painfully, as, in communion sweet,
Her parents poured their blessings on her head.
Then came the well known signal for retreat,
The kiss succeeded, and the prayer was read,
And each in holy frame now sought a peaceful bed.

Strong in her faith, of clear and open soul,
Rosanne, the young, the innocent, the fair,
Entered her chamber, and a slight blush stole
The lily from her brow--for on a chair
Her bridal vestments lay arranged with care;
And, be her maiden vanity forgiven,
A silver rose she placed upon her hair;
But soon the transient thought away is driven,
She drops the flower, and turns her dark blue eyes to heaven.

To Him who what is best, best understood,
Oh, with what fervency of soul she prayed
That He would make her holy, pure, and good:
No word for her own happiness e'er strayed
Into the prayer of this betrothed maid--
Goodness was happiness in her pure creed,
Not to be purchased, were all India laid
A dowry at her feet,--yet in her need
If God her portion was, O, she was rich, indeed.

It is a gracious sight in form so young
To see devotion's heavenly spirit there;
A gracious sound to hear a youthful tongue
Pour forth the simple eloquence of prayer.
Oh! what rich blessings may not others share
By early faith and piety brought down!
What anchor for themselves do they prepare,
"Stedfast and sure" in earth's severest frown,
Who discipline the soul for an immortal crown!

She rose refreshed, as they will rise who seek
Strength in submission to superiour will;
Her head is on her pillow, and her "meek
And quiet spirit" now is hushed and still,
Yet visions of delight her slumbers fill,
And brilliant dreams which fancy could not paint,
Float o'er her brain and all their balm distil--
Scenes that might cause the waking sense to faint,
Yet pure as ever trance that blest the holiest saint.

Yet something of the morrow is mixed up
With all the images that fill her mind--
Still something of that joy's delicious cup
Prepared for her, is pictured and designed
A foretaste of the bliss she is to find--
The white-stoled priest, the altar, and the prayer,
"Virgins that be her fellows," and who bind
The wreaths of roses in her flowing hair,--
All is confused she sees, yet every thing is there.

Thus passed her first and joyous sleeping hours;
But now she restless grows, the frequent start
Betrays uneasy sleep:--ye guardian powers,
Who watch o'er innocence, your aid impart!
"A change is o'er her dream"--her labouring heart
Beats fearfully--her breathing now is thick,--
Is it the fabled night mare's cruel art
That works this outrage? and behold how quick
Her fluttering pulses play, until her soul is sick.

There is a wild and hurried noise without,
And hasty feet are running to and fro;
And hark, there comes a wild terrific shout,

And a loud knocking at the doors below,
Followed by smoke, whose dense black volumes show
That the house blazed with internal fires:
Then bursts a loud appalling shriek--ah no,
It must not be--oh, say not, truth requires,
It is Rosanne's wild shriek, who in that shriek expires.

This is an awful sketch, and if it shake
The faith of one in heaven's all seeing eye,
Or if one timid spirit it shall make
Doubtful of prayer, if faith too hard it try,
Or if obedience stagger,--I reply--
On you who falsely reason be the blame,
For we are God's; he knows the when, the why--
Who may dispute? for he his own may claim
By quick or lingering death--in pestilence or flame.

THE PLEDGE.

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

Come, let your cup flash sunshine-like
To friends now far away:
"Here 's to the absent and the loved!"
The absent, did you say?

And wherefore should we drink to them?
It is a weary toast:
What boots it to recal the friends
Whom we have loved and lost?

Fast cuts our good ship through the sea--
What does it leave behind?
There is no path upon the wave,
No track upon the wind.

Like that swift ship we have past on,
And left no deeper trace;
The circle parted from at home
Has now no vacant place.

Fewer and happier years than mine
On thy young brow are set;
Soon thou wilt learn time's easiest task
Is teaching to forget.

I'll fill as high, I'll drink as deep--
Or, must a toast be said?
Well, here are all I ever pledge--
"The present and the dead!"

BALLAD.

BY JOHN CLARK.

If love be such a wilderness,
So full of ills and pains and fate,
Where to pass through is sure distress,
As wailing, doleful drones relate,
Why should I to such danger grow,
While there are safer roads to go.

But well I wot the pains and ills
That sighing lovers do reveal,
Are fashioned most by their own wills,
And as they fancy so they feel:
If they must mourn 'cause one says "no,"
Themselves alone do will it so.

A maiden's frown is not my fate,
My heart for her's I'll freely give
But if for love she offers hate,
I'll keep my own, and rather live:
Fool should I be to pain endure,
Which frowns can make and smiles can cure.

Let lovers fancy what they list,
I'll but admire it for its joys,
Nor sigh and grieve as beauty wist,
Like restless children after toys;
For why should I in trouble run,
Which I by heeding not may shun?

That love which youth sets out to seek,
As eager as the brook doth run,
Is not sown on a painted cheek
Whereat fools tamper and are won;
But wisdom speeds till these be past,
And finds it in the heart at last.

THIS PAPER

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AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1825.

NO. 33.

MASONICK RECORD.

A CANDID APPEAL TO THE PUBLICK,

By the members of the Masonick Fraternity, connected with the lodges of Waterford, Concord, Lyndon, St. Johnsbury, Peacham, and Craftsbury, and the Royal Arch Chapter at Danville, in the State of Vermont.

FELLOW CITIZENS,—for some time past, the feelings of the publick have been greatly agitated upon the subject of freemasonry.

In the fall of 1826, an act of violence and outrage, is said to have been committed in the state of New-York, highly revolting to the feelings of the friends of humanity, and which excited the indignation of an enlightened community against the perpetrators.

It is now generally believed, that, in consequence of the expectation that a book was about to be published, purporting to be, and entitled "Illustrations of Masonry," by William Morgan, the said Morgan was kidnapped, and carried to parts unknown, and, from the deep mystery which attended every succeeding movement, that he was subsequently murdered. Of the facts relating to this transaction, we know nothing more than is communicated in the publick papers, and consequently can be no better judges of the truth of the statements than yourselves.

So vague, however, and contradictory were the reports, in this section, concerning the transaction, at the time, and so novel were the circumstances attending its commencement as to leave the publick entirely at a loss, as to its character or extent. While many considered its very existence as doubtful, and read the discrepant reports as the effusions of inventive newspaper scribblers, common in seasons of dearth of news, others supposed it a plan of Morgan and his associates, to produce an excitement, which would ensure the sale of his books. To the latter opinion, many in our connexion were very naturally inclined, and when rallied upon the subject, not unfrequently, in expressing their opinion, have made remarks, which themselves would have condemned, had they believed that the outrage had been committed.

Different opinions are entertained, by the members of our lodges, as to the nature of the transaction at Batavia; and the fate of Morgan; but in proportion as the belief has obtained among us, that the alleged outrages were committed, has been our regret and mortification, that men should have been found connected with the institution of freemasonry, so entirely lost to a sense of their obligations to the laws of God, their country and the institution itself, as to become the perpetrators of such a crime; and no efforts of ours will at any time be wanting to apprehend such offenders and deliver them to the officers of justice.

With these sentiments, fellow citizens, judge of our feelings, when we find ourselves publicly accused not only of tolerating, but being accessory to such a crime. We are "men of like passions" as yourselves—we have the same common interest—we are connected with society by the same ties—our reputation is as dear, and our sensations, when wrongfully accused, as acute as your own. Conscious of our integrity, and at peace with the various classes of our fellow citizens among whom we associated, we had supposed ourselves, equally with them, secure from the tongue or pen of slan-

der, and entitled to the same privileges and respect.

It is with mingled emotions of indignation and of pity, that we have witnessed the untiring efforts of our accusers to fix, in the publick mind, the belief, not only that the principles of the institution are anti-christian, and highly dangerous to our civil institutions, but that laws and injunctions, tolerating and authorizing the most unheard-of wickedness;—that obligations and ceremonies, blasphemous and obscene, exist and are well understood by the fraternity; that the alleged outrages at Batavia are the legitimate fruits, the indigenous productions of the order, and that the "members generally have considered it their duty to take the life of any one who should expose their system."

It is to defend ourselves from allegations such as these that we make the present appeal. We have long, perhaps too long, been silent: we had not supposed it possible that charges so absurd could continue to be urged, or if urged, believed. We have deprecated the evils necessarily attending an excitement like the present—evils extending to every class, and society, and individual in community; and we have been unwilling, by any act of ours, to contribute to the continuance of the excitement.

Among the many arts which have been used to draw us into a controversy, is the unjust inference, that our silence is a tacit admission of the correctness of the charges brought against us; a suggestion which would not have been noticed by us, were it not, that it has been made with such address, as to create, among a respectable portion of community, the expectation that we should reply. As the subjects of a free government, however, we must be permitted to say, that in the peaceable and lawful exercise of privileges, chartered to us by law, no man may call us to an account. But as citizens and republicans, the respect and courtesy we owe to an enlightened community, demand from us this appeal.

It is not our intention, nor is it necessary at this late period of the existence of the institution, to enter into a defence of the principles of masonry. For centuries, the wise, the virtuous, and the good have approved it. Our object is to defend ourselves—to vindicate our characters from the unjust aspersions of those, who, in their zeal to overthrow the institution, have thought it necessary to immolate upon its funeral pile, the reputation of all its members.

In thus defending ourselves, however, we must necessarily express our opinion of the institution. We know not, indeed, what corruptions may have crept into it elsewhere, nor can the vices and irregularities of individual members of lodges, with any fairness, be charged upon us. "If we have done evil, bear witness of the evil;" and let our conduct show whether the principles of the institution encourage or authorize the commission of crime.

Much has been exhibited to the publick, purporting to be disclosures of the secrets of the institution, which is shocking to the feelings of the christian and the philanthropist, and which if true, would have driven from its pale, long ere this, every member possessing the least moral principle or refinement. But as those abominations are inconsistent with, and directly opposed to what has come to our knowledge, we feel at liberty to judge of the character of the institution, only from our own experience; and we do most solemnly aver,

that, so far as we can judge from that experience, the representations and assertions which go to show that its precepts and rites are at variance with religion and our civil institutions, have no foundation in truth.

We shall not be accused of arrogance, when we remind you, that until the present excitement the members of our society stood at least as high for integrity and moral honesty as the body of community generally. This reputation was not unmerited;—and being conscious of no offence against our country or our fellow citizens, we still fearlessly claim, as a body, the character of men of truth. In this capacity we offer the following remarks:

We believe the institution of freemasonry designed for the moral improvement of its members.

We believe that none of its precepts can fairly be construed so as to give license to principles or practices hostile to religion, or the peace and well being of society.

We believe that the interference of masons, in their associated capacity, in the affairs of government, or touching any election to office, would be a violation of the precepts of the institution, and an unheard-of practice in our lodges.

We believe, (and in this position we are sustained by obvious facts,) that in exercising the right of suffrage at elections, the members of the fraternity have never been influenced by the consideration that the candidate was or was not a mason.

We believe that the members of the fraternity have never considered their obligations to their brethren as extending to the concealment of crime; but they were bound to use all suitable measures to bring to justice, indiscriminately, every offender against the laws of his country.

We believe that no precept of the institution has ever been considered, by the members of the fraternity, as authorizing revenge or retaliation for injuries.

In accordance with the foregoing sentiments, are the monitorial charges, which have been before the publick, and which have ever been considered obligatory by the members of our lodges. In the "ancient charges," it is enjoined that masons "employ themselves diligently in their sundry vocations, live creditably, and conform with cheerfulness to the government of the country in which they reside. At home, and in their several neighbourhoods, they are to behave as wise and moral men; they are to study the preservation of health by avoiding irregularity and intemperance, that their families may not be neglected and injured, or themselves disabled from attending to their necessary employments in life. They are not to confine their charity to the relief of a particular individual, nor to the brethren of their order, but liberally extend it, so far as they have ability, to all mankind; always relieving the distressed, consoling the afflicted, and living up to the golden rule of loving their God with all their heart and their neighbour as themselves; cultivating brotherly love, the foundation and the capstone, the cement and glory of this ancient fraternity; avoiding, upon every occasion, wrangling and quarrelling, slandering and backbiting."

Such, fellow-citizens, are our views and the principles of an institution which the editor of the "North Star," at Danville, declares, "is immoral—irreligious—anti-republican, and based on murder"—such the sentiments we are called upon to

renounce, or be proscribed as "murderers"—as "carrying in our skirts the blood of the innocent"—as men "whose tender mercy is cruelty towards all who dare disclose the secrets of their order."

In regard to the sweeping allegation, that "masons, no doubt, have generally considered it their duty to take the life of any one who should expose their system"—that Morgan was executed "according to a well known law of the society," &c. &c. we can only express our indignation. Do you believe, fellow-citizens, men with whom you have associated for years—whom you have ever found men of integrity and honesty in the common concerns of life—who have sympathized with you in affliction, and exhibited all those sensibilities common to the virtuous of every class, and who, in many instances, have not only been professed christians, but have given indisputable evidence of their piety, by a blameless and holy life? Do you believe them capable of becoming demons, so soon as they enter the lodge-room? You do not—you *can not* believe it—nor do those who assert it. It is a wicked slander, invented by men whose object is to excite and put in motion the tempestuous passions of their fellow men, for the detestable purpose of "riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm."

It is truly painful, to every lover of peace, to witness the present perturbed state of society, in this vicinity, compared with its happy and prosperous condition a few months since. And while he deprecates the present, and looks forward with fearful forebodings to the future consequences of the excitement, he can not but express his decided disapprobation of their conduct, who have been the agents in producing it.

The alarm was unnecessary. Facts have not been produced, nor do they exist, showing probable cause for such an excitement. The sober judgement of every disinterested person, will reject the idea so repeatedly urged, that masonry has designs upon our civil and religious liberty. The reflecting part of community can not be made to believe that, during the unparalleled prosperity and peace which has been enjoyed in this State, by every class and condition of our citizens, for a series of years, "the chains of slavery have been drawn around us, and tightened and burnished by the masonick fraternity."

The conduct of our members can not be adduced as authorizing such a belief; no concessions of those whose names are before the publick, imply it. It is notorious, that in common with our fellow citizens at large, the members of the fraternity have contributed their share in promoting the publick good. It was their interest to do so—it is still their interest; and the united influence of duty and of interest will ever operate to secure their efforts for the general welfare, and in perpetuating our inestimable institutions. A system, therefore, fraught with such evil, can never be supported by them, and any scheme unfriendly to these institutions will ever be resisted by promptness and decision.

Again, our Lodges have ever been composed of men of different political creeds; men whose political interests were at issue. Hence, it is obvious, that a Masonick Lodge, of all places, is the most unfavourable for political intrigue.

Equally preposterous and false are allegations, that the precepts and rites of the institution are irreligious, profane and blasphemous. We have in our connexion, a large and respectable portion of professed christians, of different denominations, who join most heartily in this appeal; men of intelligence and discernment, who can not be deceived, and whose conscientious regard for the religion they profess, forbid the thought, that they should barter the interests of the church for those of an inferior institution.

We could have wished to avoid personal animadversions. But as the "*North Star*" has been the successful, and almost the only instrument of spreading the work of moral desolation, in this section, we are bound in justice to ourselves and to the publick, to notice, what appears to us, the very inconsistent conduct of its publishers.

For some months previous to the 19th of March last, these men adopted the highly consistent and only rational conclusion, that the outrages at Ba-

tavia were perpetrated by some fanatical zealots of the order, led on by their own impetuous passions; and that it was unreasonable and unjust to charge their crime upon the fraternity at large; a great majority of whom, were men of acknowledged worth and respectable members of society.

We will not pretend to decide whether the editorial article which commenced the anti-masonick career of the *Star* exhibited all the motives which operated to induce its editors to such a step; nor will we say that it was the intentions of its conductors to prosecute their undertaking to such unwarrantable lengths as they have since done. Suffice it to say, that the same plausible language was used in regard to the members of the society. "The institution, not its members," said the editors, "is the object we oppose."

Happy would it have been for their reputation as men of candour and truth, and happy for society, had they adhered to this preliminary. But receiving at this time, (as might have been expected from the novelty of the subject,) a considerable accession to their list of subscribers, the editors seem to have hailed this circumstance, as a certain indication that their cause was good. Hence, their reason, probably, for the indiscriminate proscription of all those members, "who retain their connexion with the society."

For some time past, both the editorial and copied articles published in the *Star*, have teemed with charges of folly and crime upon the members at large. In a communication which the editor "believes proceeded from the purest motives," it is asserted that "the line must be drawn. There can be no neutral ground. He that is for masonry, unveiled, and ugly as the monster is, must take his ground."

Perfectly in keeping with this sentiment is the frequent repetition in editorial articles of the phantasms, "masonick vengeance," "masonick calumny," "the revilings of the benevolent brotherhood," "masonick influence and intrigue," &c. &c. while in articles copied from western papers, and recommended to the readers of the *Star*, are sentiments like the following. "All the members of the unholy league are bound to subscribe to every such murderous transaction, or renounce their connexion with the society." "All who still hold a standing in this fraternity, and labour to support it, are stained with his (Morgan's) blood." "They are murderers." "All carry in their skirts the blood of the innocent." "These men are found in almost every neighbourhood." "Masons no doubt have generally considered it their duty to take the life of any one who should expose their system." Anonymous articles have been published questioning the motives and even ridiculing the conduct of those masons who, "desirous to restore peace and mutual confidence, have proposed to refrain from ever entering a Lodge." Others, with fictitious signatures, are allowed to narrate how, that in a distant State, the masonick fraternity had interfered with and rescued from the hand of justice, those of the order who had been guilty of murder. The whole calculated to deceive the credulous and create feelings of popular disgust and resentment against the members of our Lodges.

We can not determine how far the Editors of the *Star* have "*verily thought*" they were doing right in calling upon the members of churches to renounce the institution. But when assured by those members that such a step would in their view be inconsistent and wicked, a "zeal according to knowledge" could never have prompted to the measures adopted to coerce them into a violation of their consciences.

As though "the end could sanctify the means," the writers for the *Star* have not hesitated to "sow discord among brethren."

A direct appeal has been made to "every church and congregation which regards the cause of God, or the good of our country, to withdraw from such ministers (as are masons) and treat them as heathen men and publicans, until they repent of their great wickedness."

In this manner have the suspicions, the fears, and the prejudices of community been excited, until multitudes are filled with honest indignation at the imaginary "orgies and crimes" of men, who,

conscious of their innocence, can not but feel equally indignant at the conduct of their traducers.

REMARKS.

Not to recapitulate the elements of the appeal, from which the above extracts have been made, we have a duty to perform to our readers,—to excuse our seeming unwillingness to array ourselves against the present enemies of freemasonry, with a zeal equal to the magnitude of the cause. Let no one think that our silence has proceeded from any doubts of the tenability of our precepts. We hold the principles and moral tendency of the institution to be above reproach. All we have waited for, to take up the defence which our opponents so clamorously call for, is evidence that the truly wise entertain doubts of our sincerity, in our masonick profession. Such evidence we have not yet had. It is true that much of the same scandalous obloquy is now forced upon the publick, which has always proceeded from the lips of bigoted and abusive zealots. But so long as we see political intents at the bottom, and political leaders at the head of this crusade against us, any reasonable defence of our order would be but a gratification to their pride, which we do not believe they deserve. Look at the moral characters of those men who are foremost in this work of defamation and persecution, and then at those who look calmly on, without deigning to open their lips in reply. It is true, and no man of credibility has ever attempted to deny it, that there may be members among our acknowledged brethren, men who are a disgrace to its privileges,—who would be a disgrace to any institution; but they are not our leaders. It is not in their hands to wield the destinies, or to lead the operations of the fraternity. There may be professed infidels,—abandoned debauchees,—violators of all laws, human and divine, numbered with us,—men who have escaped the state-prison, or the gallows, by their wealth and intrigue. But let our enemies point to one of this character, who is endeavouring by the aid of this excitement, to enrich himself by selling his ranting and libellous tracts to the bigoted and the ignorant; or to another who is resorting to all manner of shameful expedients and lawless outrage, to identify masonry with politics; or to a third who is trying to make masonry a stepping stone to the highest office in the state. If we have such villains in our order, they are not suffered to take the lead; for were that the fact, masonry would really stand in need of that defence which it now disdains to give.

The time may come when we shall feel ourselves called upon to speak aloud in its defence. Till that time arrives we hope no one will accuse us of any want of courtesy to the body of our fellow citizens, by withholding argument against our accusers. We certainly shall not insult them with a denial, when our views are fairly and candidly called for. But we shall not stoop to answer every pratepace who thinks it his privilege to call us to an account. When it is necessary to uncover the whole plot of these intriguers, and show at one view, their depravity, their personal demerit, their inconsistency, their irreligion and the whole history of their intrigues, and to contrast it with the domestick virtues, the forbearance, the liberality, and the personal worth of those who stand foremost in the ranks of the brotherhood, we shall do it. Without fear, and without reserve, we shall do it; and our enemies may prepare themselves for the ordeal.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

CLIMATES.

From Bucke's Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature.

Varenus, without consulting refraction, enumerates thirty different climates; Ricciolus about twenty; the most agreeable of which are those, situated between the thirty-fourth and forty-second degrees of latitude. If, however, we reckon from the equator to the poles, and allow half an hour's difference in the longest day in summer between each parallel, there are, strictly speaking, twenty-four climates between the equator and the polar circles, and six between the poles of each hemisphere.

The climate of the Brazils is delightful to a proverb; and the entrance into the harbour of Rio Janeiro is said to be even more magnificent than that of Constantinople. The landscapes of the Brazils derive additional charms from the quivering of the humming-bird. The size of this little animal is between a large bee and a small wren. Its wings, tail, and bill, are black; its body of a greenish brown, with a beautiful red gloss; its crest green, gilded at the top. The large kinds have no crest; their colours are crimson; which appear to vary in different lights; hence the Indians call them "sun beams." Their nests hang at the end of the twigs of orange, citron, pomegranate, and other odoriferous trees. Such is the bird, that gives life to every shrub and flower in many parts of South America; while, in Africa, the creeper-bird, of brilliant plumage, flutters from blossom to blossom; and, sitting on the edges of the corollas, sips the honey from the mellifera, and warbles in a most delightful manner.

Mount Etna, proudly overlooking a country, which, though profusely fertile in all natural advantages, and enriched with many of the noblest monuments of classical antiquity, has in every period proved an hereditary nurse of tyranny, is divided into three regions: the fertile, the shady, and the barren. These have been called the torrid, temperate, frigid regions. But the greatest variety of climate on one range may be found among the Cordilleras; for in the space of a few hours may be experienced the greatest intensity of heat and the greatest intensity of cold: while in the ascent, every intermediate variety is quickly observed, and sensibly felt. These varieties, however, produce scarcely a wrinkle in the cheek of an Indian. Age in this country creates few wrinkles; and it is difficult, as we are informed by M. Humboldt, to observe any difference between twenty and fifty years of age: the father appears as young as the son: the hair is of the same colour; and even an age of sixty years produces little or no decrepitude.

Peru is a country, says Vanier,* on which Providence has bestowed summers, which emulate the coolness of spring; a winter free from cold; and a sky unincumbered with clouds. The people of this country live to a great age; not only Indians, but Spaniards. Signor Atychio mentions several instances. In Chota he knew an Indian, who had lost only one tooth; had not one grey hair; and appeared not above sixty or seventy years of age. Another named Agif, one hundred and forty-one, whose sight was clear; hair of a fine black colour; pulse firm; and of a frame so strong, that he took the exercise of shooting every day.

Chili derived its name from a peculiar species of thrush. It is the garden of South America. In some parts the soil is so inexhaustible, that the lands have been cultivated every year, since the Spaniards arrived; and yet have lost none of their original fertility: and artificial manures are said to be not only superfluous, but injurious. Of the ninety-seven species of trees which are indigenous, thirteen only shed their leaves: and so refreshing are the breezes, that, though on the frontiers of the Torrid Zone, Chili has no extremity of heat. In some parts it enjoys the balsamick air of Valencia, Murcia, and Estremadura; and the atmosphere is impregnated with the most delicious perfumes. The ancient inhabitants of this country and Peru divided the year into four parts;

marking the arrival of summer and winter, and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes. "What blessings," exclaims Montesquieu, "might not the Spaniards have done for the natives of this country, and the Mexicans! They had a mild religion to impart to them; but they filled their heads with a frantick superstition. They might have set slaves at liberty; they made free men slaves. They might have undeceived them with regard to the abuse of human sacrifices, instead of which, they destroyed them. Never should I have finished, were I to recount the good, they might have done, and all the mischief they committed."*

WEAVING.

This art, which, like all other useful arts, has undergone a variety of successive improvements, and which by means of machinery has arrived at a great degree of perfection, is of very ancient origin. Reduced to its original principle, weaving is simply the insertion of the weft or filling into the web. From the history of this art, it appears that none of the species of it originated in Great Britain; which has so long been the great work-shop of Europe. The silk manufacture was first practised in China, and the cotton in India: the linen and woollen both originated in continental Europe. The Britons derived their knowledge of the art of making cloth from the Gauls who learned it from the Greeks. The making of Linen, probably the first species of cloth invented, was made known to the Europeans by the inhabitants of Egypt and other eastern countries. Encouragement was first given to the woollen manufacture in England in the reign of Richard I; and Edward III, encouraged the art by advantageous offers to foreign weavers to settle in England. Beside the individuals who availed of these offers, a number of weavers emigrated from Flanders into England in consequence of the persecutions of the duke of Alva in 1567. From the revocation of the edict of Nantz and other acts of religious persecution by Louis XIV in 1686, nearly 50,000 manufacturers quitted France for England, thus introducing improvements of various description, chiefly relating to the linen weaving. The manufacture of silk in England was first carried on by a company of women in London, called silk-women. The art of cotton weaving, in its present improved state, has not been long known in any country; and it has attained this state of perfection, as it might properly be called, by a very rapid progress. To give the reader some idea of the importance of weaving, as a branch of the art of manufacturing cloth, we add, that the estimated number of looms propelled by water and steam power in Great Britain, including those in preparation for working previous to the stagnation, and, as near as any calculation can be made, is 58,000; the average produce, taking it at 22 square yards a day, makes 1,254,000, or 1741 yards a minute; weekly, 7,524,000; monthly, 31,300,000; yearly, 376,200,000. Allowing six yards to each person for yearly consumption, will supply 62,700,000, and will cover 62,700 acres of ground, and in length would extend 213,750 miles, and reach across the Atlantick Ocean seventy-one times.

* Spirit of Laws, b. x. ch. 4.

THE GATHERER.

TORRIGIANO AND THE INQUISITION.

Torrignano had undertaken to carve a Madonna and child of the natural size, at the order of a Spanish grandee; it was to be made after the model of one which he had already executed, and a promise was given him of a reward proportioned to the merit of his work. His employer, the duke de Arcas, was one of the first grandees of Spain; and Torrignano, who conceived highly of his generosity, and well knew what his talents could perform, was determined to outdo his former work. He had passed a great part of his life in travelling from kingdom to kingdom in search of employment, and, flattering himself with the hope that he had now found a resting place, after all his labours, the ingenious artist, with much pains and application, completed the work, and presented to his employer a matchless piece of sculpture,

the utmost effort of his art. The grandee surveyed the striking performance with great delight and reverence, applauded Torrignano to the skies, and, impatient to possess himself of the enchanting idol, forthwith sent to demand it. At the same time, to set off his generosity with a better display, he loaded two lackeys with the money, the bulk was promising, but when Torrignano turned out the bags and found the specie nothing but a parcel of brass maravedi, amounting to only thirty ducats, vexation, upon the sudden disappointment of his hopes, and just resentment, for what he considered as an insult to his merit, so transported him, that, snatching up his mallet in a rage, and not regarding the perfection, or (what was to him of more fatal consequence,) the sacred character of the image he had made, he broke it suddenly in pieces, and dismissed the lackeys, with their load of farthings, to tell the tale. They executed their talent too well. The Grandee, in his turn, fired with shame, vexation and revenge, and assuming, or perhaps conceiving horror for the sacrilegious nature of the act, presented himself before the inquisition, and impeached the artist at that terrible tribunal. It was in vain that Torrignano urged the right of an author over his own creation. Reason pleaded at his side, but superstition sat in judgement, the decree was death, with torture. The Holy Office lost his victim, for Torrignano expired in prison, and not under the hands of the executioner.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

During the winter campaign of 1775, our soldiers suffered extremely for the want of provisions. A penurious old Dutchman, living in the vicinity of the quarters of the army, was known to possess great quantities of beef, pork, &c.—but the object of the most particular regard among the soldiers, was his well-filled smoke house. It was a small building, situated a short distance from the house, and contained, as the soldiers well knew, a goodly number of delicious hams. Arrangements were made for carrying off both smoke house and hams. Eight muscular men, provided with long poles, repaired to the scene of action, and with little noise and less ceremony, transported the house and its contents to the camp. Immediately on discovering his loss, the old Dutchman waited on Lafayette, the commanding officer, with a doleful complaint:—"Sheneral, your tam sogers hab carry off my smoke hoo." "De diable," exclaimed the Marquis, whose English was remarkable for its purity, "'tis no possible." "Dunder und blixum dis drue." "Vell den," replied the Marquis, "if dey hab got your smoke house you may be thankful dat dey did not take your meat too." [Mid. Gaz.]

WHEN TO KILL A LION.

I was told there that a lion had just killed an ox, and been shot in the act. It is the habit of the lion, it seems, when he kills a large animal, to spring upon it, and seizing the throat with his terrible fangs, to press the body down with his paws till his victim expires. The moment he seizes his prey, the lion closes his eyes, and never opens them again until life is extinct. The Hottentots are aware of this; and on the present occasion one of the herdsmen ran to the spot with his gun, and fired at the lion within a few yards distance, but from the agitation of his nerves, entirely missed him. The lion, however, did not even deign to notice the report of the gun, but kept fast hold of his prey. The Hottentot re-loaded, fired a second time, and missed: re-loaded again, and shot him through the head. This fact being well authenticated, seemed to me curious, and worthy of being mentioned.—Thompson's Travels in Africa.

THE NAUGHTY PLACE.

A Scotch pastor recognized one of his female parishioners sitting by the side of the road a little fuddled. "Will ye just help me up with my bundle, gude man?" said she, as he stopped. "Fie, fie, Janet," cried the pastor, "to see the like o' you in sic o' plight, do you know where all drunkards go?" "Ay, sure," said Janet, "they go to whor a drop o' gude drink is to be got."

* Felices nimium populi, quæis prodiga tellus
Fundit opes ad vota suas, quæis contingit Ætas
Æmula veris, Hyems sine frigore, nubibus æor
Uxque carens, nulloque solum fecundius imbre.
† Motin, vol. ii. p. 344.

POPULAR TALES.

THE CURATE OF SUVERDSIO.

(Concluded from page 253)

With the greensward under his feet, the rocks scowling, the trees flourishing, and the mountain winds whistling around him, the curate could think like a man, and feel as a patriot; but in the midst of such a dazzling assemblage, his spirit drooped, like a caged bird, and he dwindled away in the overwhelming consciousness of his own insignificance. Conviction might, or might not follow; but he had reckoned on at least making a defence which should neither be derogatory to his character as a Swede, nor his faith as a Christian. When put to the trial, however, he now felt that he might as well be at once led out to death, as to attempt in such a scene any defence of his conduct. As the stars in their beauty look as if they could brave the daylight, yet are swallowed up on the uprise of the effulgent sun, so his many noble emotions, the vigorous arguments, which his reason had suggested, the open manifestation of virtue, which he was sure his conduct must display, even to the eyes of his traducers—all, all vanished before the talisman of magnificence; and he gave up every thing for lost; but, at that desponding moment, he was startled by the touch of something from behind; and, turning his head half round, he discovered Margaret, who gathering hold of the skirt of his coat, had shrunk to his back, and with a blood-forsaken cheek, pale as the white lily of April, seemed ready to sink down on the floor. Then, as by force of magic, "the bowstring of his spirit" regained its elasticity, and the free blood of undaunted manhood came rushing back into his veins;—for nature is superior to art, and the strength of paternal affection deeper rooted in the soul than awe for power, or bedazzling pageantry. He beheld the being more dear to him, for her own sake, and for her mother's, than all other breathing things, clinging to him in the hour of tempest—as the ivy clings to the oak,—and the strong sense of the duty he owed himself and her came to his support.

When he had reached the area in front of the judges, one from the centre stood up and addressed him, saying, "Are you the Curate of Suverdsio?"—and, in a firm voice, he replied, "I trust, my lord, I have done nothing to make me ashamed to say I am."

"We shall see that immediately," said the spokesman of the assembly, in reference to the curate's answer. "Meanwhile let me ask you this simple question—Do you confess, or do you not, having harboured sundry of the rebellious subjects of King Christiern, when your allegiance bound you to deliver them up to justice, knowing them to be outlawed for their rebellion against his supreme authority, or for their personal crimes?"

"That I have given shelter to my countrymen, when travelling among the hills they required rest and refreshment, I do not deny; even to this time backwards for the last thirty years have I done so. If my word is gainsayed, let the traveller, that hath been refused admittance at my gate be brought forward to testify against me."

"Do you deny the authority of King Christiern?" asked the president.

"Before I answer that question," said the curate, seeing the dangerous turn that things were about to take, "methinks it were more consonant with the established law of nations to produce my accuser. You cannot surely wish to extort confessions which may ruin me, from my own lips. But before we proceed farther, my lords, let me implore you to send back this girl, who is my only daughter, to her native hills."

"No, father," cried Margaret, springing from her seat, her recollections seeming to come back at the allusions to her own situation; "I must not—dare not—shall not leave you. Shall it be said of me, that I fled from my father in the hour of distress! Shall the finger of scorn be pointed at me! Shall the good mock me, and say, 'Behold the woman that has a heart of rock!'—No—no—father, 'tis in vain. Whatever you are doomed to suffer, none on earth shall prevent my sharing it!"

"Hush—hush, silly girl," said the distracted father, stemming the torrent of her affectionate elo-

quence. "Speak not in that rash manner—you know not what you are saying." Then, turning to the court, he continued more aloud,—"Justice, my lords, denies that you have the power of extorting confessions from me; especially when confessions of any sort may be tortured into treason, and may end in the spilling of my blood. I stand before you ready to abide your doom; let him then, who hath ought to say against me, be brought before me, face to face."

"Assuredly," replied the judge; "your request is most reasonable, and can be momentarily complied with." Then striking his rod on a large bell, which hung suspended from the ceiling, he ordered to be summoned into his presence "the Count Regner Beron."

The curate looked as if he had heard the knell of doom rung in his ears; and Margaret—but we shall not attempt to describe her sensations.

"Regner Beron!" at length cried the curate, starting back pale and faltering. The same syllables died on the lips of Margaret. The cloud of despair settled down upon them.

A side door being opened by the attendant officers, a person in a rich dress proceeded forward to the end of the council table, confronting that where the curate and his daughter stood; while, as surely as the sun sheds the light of the day, they perceived it was no other than Regner Beron.

"For a moment halt," cried the curate, recovering himself, and calling in the whole vigour of his soul to brave a fate, which he now saw unavoidable. "For a moment halt,—and allow not that man to bow down his soul with a greater load of perdition. Regner! attend to me. I knew thee once poor,—the sole relic of an honourable house,—and I hear thee this night addressed by the title of count. Better had it been for thee, to have been earning thy bread by the sweat of thy brow, like the lowest miner on our native Dalecarlian hills, than to stand in this assembly, arrayed in purple and fine linen, as the betrayer of thy country."

"Halt, halt," said the judge; "know ye not that you are speaking treason?"

"Perhaps I may," replied the curate, dauntlessly; "perhaps it may sound so to the ears of men: but before heaven I am speaking truth!"

"He asks not gold," said the judge; "but we have promised him your daughter as a reward for his services to the state!"

"My daughter! my pure child Margaret, to become the mate of a perjured renege! the earth would sicken at such a union. In the nature of things it is monstrous, it is impossible! and heaven with its lightnings would either strike dead the offerer of such profane violence, or summon from a world of sin and woe the spirit of its own against which the powers of evil expected to triumph!"

So fervent was the curate, and so absorbed in his subject, that for a little, the court seemed to vanish from his eyes; and, looking round to soothe his fainting child, he was about to recommence his address to the assembly, when, to his surprise, on looking up to the judgement bench, he observed the chair of the president empty. A few seconds after he however resumed his seat, having put on the black silk robe in which it is customary to pass sentence.

"It is needless," said the president, rising to address the assembly, "to waste the time of this court by a further examination of the case before us. The witnesses have already given their evidence before you; and, so convincing are the proofs, that you perceive the reverend gentleman has not a single word to say in his own defence. From his own lips indeed he is condemned, as you have this night heard him utter treasons, and pronounce the lawful evidence of the witnesses against him a betrayal of his infatuated country. You have heard how he has been in open rebellion against King Christiern, in word and deed, having openly preached insubordination, and having aided and abetted in the escape of outlaws, whom it behoved him to deliver up to justice. More especially, my lords, it becomes us to remember, that he harboured under his roof that arch-rebel the Count Erick Voss, and was the principal means of his not fall-

ing into the hands of his pursuers, when a price was set upon his head, and when, so strong was the scent of his track, that he could not otherwise have escaped. Recollect, my lords, that had his capture at that moment been effected, the bloodshed of this awful rebellion might have probably been averted.

"Of these facts, and more especially of the latter, there can be no doubt, as the Count's then Esquire, Regner Beron, hath this day borne testimony before us, in a manner at once explicit and incontrovertible."

"Of his daughter, the young lady now before you, it hath also been clearly proved, that she aided and abetted her father in the same course of treasonable proceeding, by carrying food and other necessaries to the church, wherein the said Count lay concealed."

"As there can be no division of opinion on such a case, I shall now, my lords, proceed to decree judgement in your name."

After whispering for a few seconds with the nobles more immediately around him, and gathering, as it were, their various opinions on the sentence to be pronounced, he advanced to the centre of the hall, where the curate and his daughter were now standing up,—the one thoughtful, yet calm and resigned, as if he cared less for his own fate than the misery he was about to entail on her; the other pale and languidly beautiful, like a flower that has been vainly contending with the strong wing of the tempest, her bright black eyes cast despondingly on the floor, her hands clasped together and hanging down before her, her bosom heaving slowly and oppressively, as if a cumbrous load weighed upon her heart, and her lips apart, as if her spirit fainted for lack of free air.

"Curate of Suverdsio" said the judge, "out of respect to the memory of Count Erick Voss, that mistaken nobleman who hath already reaped the harvest due to his crimes, I am commissioned by my brother judges to inform you, that the Count requested, in the event of your ever being taken, our asking the production of a gold button, which he gave you as a token of remembrance; and that, if you could show it, we should deal more merciful with you, for the sake of one who had seen the end of his folly. Rememberest thou aught of such a thing?"

"It is here—it is here!" cried Margaret, startled from her Niobe-like reverie, by this unexpected glimpse of sunshine breaking through the hitherto impenetrable cloud of her father's misfortunes; and producing from her breast a button, which she held up between her finger and thumb.

"Indeed!" said the judge, "this is an unexpected circumstance, and will go some way to alter the features of the business; but let me see if it be the real one," he added, throwing off his gown, and applying the button, which he had snatched from Margaret's hand, to a vacancy on the triple row which ornamented his own tunic.

The curate started back in astonishment. "It is he,—it is he himself!" cried the daughter. "It is Count Erick Voss; it is the Count! Stand away, stand away, father; and let me throw myself at his feet!" and so saying, she rushed suddenly forward, and throwing herself down on the floor, seized hold of the under hem of his garment.

"This must not—cannot be," said the Count. "Come hither Beron; and, since you have had the audacity to appear this day as a witness against those who hospitably received us both, you must make atonement to the injured feelings of a father, by thus taking from me the hand of his much-loved child. Her heart is already pledged; and she dares not say me nay. Henceforth regard her as your own. The castle of Othorstone hath as yet no mistress,—let this day that deficiency be supplied."

"No, no," cried Margaret, springing to her feet, and half bewildered in the perplexity of her feelings. "If he be not a true Swede, though he were the Emperor of Allemagne, he should be no husband of mine!"

"Ah but, Margaret," said Count Beron, soothingly, and still holding by the hand she had but half withdrawn, "in this I fear you have but little choice, since the administrator commands it."

"The administrator!" cried Margaret, her cheek blushing, and scarcely deigning to believe her ears, which tingled as if all the great bells of Moscow had rung an alarm.

"Yes," said the Count Erick Voss, "in me you behold Gustavus Vasa. I came to your door, my worthy friends, hungry, and ye gave me food; naked, and ye warmed me; friendless and a fugitive, and ye visited me in my solitude.

"Pardon the whimsical way I have taken to shew my gratitude; but, believe me," he added, laying his hand on his heart, "that it is not the less sincere on that account. I could have adopted no other method of bringing you before the assembled representatives of Sweden, in whose presence I now profess my obligations to you; and thus, taking you by the hand, declare myself proud in calling the Curate of Suverdsio my friend.

"I have ventured to unite before you, the hands of a pair, whose hearts, I understand, have long been united. Do you proceed in cementing more securely, according to the laws of the Church, what I have done merely in outward form. Bear no scruple towards your intended son; for, believe me, if he is a renegade, it has merely been in deserting from the phalanx of oppression, to risk his blood under the standard of a few seemingly inefficient revolutionists. He has proved a true man and a brave; and scarcely hath the gratitude of his country deemed the title of Count a sufficient equivalent for his many and important services."

Why lengthen our joyous tale? Suffice it to say, that preparations were made for a magnificent wedding; and that the whole court of Sweden were invited to behold the nuptials of the curate's daughter, who had preserved the life of Gustavus Vasa,—and of Count Regner Beron, one of the best and bravest of his generals. The curate pronounced his paternal blessing over them.

MISCELLANY.

SPECTACLE OF THE UNIVERSE.

By Chateaubriand.

There is a God. The grass of the valley and the cedars of the mountain bless him. The insect hums his praises. The elephant salutes him at the dawn of day. The bird sings for him under the foliage. Thunder displays his power, and the ocean declares his immensity.

It may be said, that man is the manifest thought of God, and that the universe is his imagination rendered sensible. Those who have admitted the beauty of nature as a proof of a superior intelligence, should have remarked a circumstance, which prodigiously aggrandizes the sphere of miracles. It is, that movement and repose, darkness and light, the seasons, the march of the stars, with diverse decorations of the world, are successive only in appearance and in reality are permanent. The scene which is effaced for us, is repainted for another people. It is not the spectacle, but only the spectator, who hath changed. God hath known a way, in which to unite absolute and progressive duration in his work. The first is placed in time; the second in space. By the former, the beauties of the universe are one, infinite, always the same. By the other, they are multiplied, finished, and renewed. Without the one, there would have been no grandeur in the creation. Without the other, it would have been all monotony. In this way, time appears to us in a new relation.

The least of its fractions becomes a complete whole, which comprehends every thing, and in which all things are modified, from the death of an insect to the birth of a world. Every minute is in itself a little eternity. Bring together then in thought the most beautiful accidents of nature. Suppose that you see at the same time the hours of day and all the seasons; a morning of spring and a morning of autumn; a night bespangled with stars, and a night covered with clouds; meadows enamelled with flowers, and forests robbed of their foliage by storms; plains covered with springing corn, and gilded with harvest. You will then have a just idea of the universe.

Is it not astonishing that while you admire the sun sinking under the arches of the west, another beholder observes him springing from the regions of

the morning? By what inconceivable magick is it, that this ancient luminary that reposes, burning and fatigued in the dust of the evening, is the same youthful planet that awakens, humid with dew under the whitening curtains of the dawn? At every moment in the day the sun is rising, in the zenith, or setting in some portion of the world; or rather, our senses mock us; and there is truly neither east, nor meridian, nor west.

Can we conceive what would be the spectacle of nature if it were abandoned to simple movements of matter? The clouds obeying the laws of gravity, would fall perpendicularly on the earth, or would mount in pyramid, into the upper regions of the air.

The moment after, the air would become too gross, or too much rarified for the organs of respiration. The moon, too near or distant from us, would be at one time invisible, and at another would show herself all bloody, covered with enormous spots, or filling with her extended orb all the celestial dome. As if possessed with some wild vagary, she would either move upon the line of the ecliptick, or, changing her side, would at length discover to us a face, which the earth has not yet seen. The stars would show themselves stricken with the same vertigo, and would henceforward become a collection of terrific conjunctions. On a sudden, the constellation of summer would be destroyed by that of winter. Bootes would lead the Pleiades, and the Lion would roar in Aquarius. There, the stars would fleet away with the rapidity of lightning. Here they would hang motionless. Sometimes crowding into groups they would form a new milky way. Again disappearing altogether, and rending asunder the curtain of worlds, they would open to view the abyss of eternity. But such spectacles will never terrify men before that day when God, quitting the reins, will need no other means of destroying the system, than to abandon it to itself.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

From the Night Watch.

Daylight of the 21st of October, 1805, displayed the signal for the enemy's fleet. Let that day never be forgotten! The almost calmness that prevailed in the morning and harbingered the battle, seemed but to render the deadly strife more conspicuous. As the British fleet was wafted by gentle winds towards the powerful enemy, the preparations for battle evinced every man to be in earnest. The cabin bulk heads on each deck were cleared away, and displayed long, level, unbroken batteries, tended by their gallant and rejoicing crews. Fire buckets, match tubs, shot racks, powder boxes, and wadds, were arranged in their proper places; arm chests lay open, and pikes, pistols, and cutlasses gleamed in every direction. The tomkins were taken out of the muzzles, and here was a loud cracking of the gun carriages, as the officers examined that every thing was in fighting order. All now was ready; the fleets were closing. There was a dead silence till the signal of the great patriot—"England expects every man to do his duty!" flew at the Victory's mast head. Instantly an enthusiastick murmur of approbation spread from ship to ship, from deck to deck, from gun to gun, from man to man. A few straggling shot hissing through the air, indicated the near approach of the fleets, and a loud, long drawn fire of heavy cannon soon showed the lee division breaking the dark concave line of the enemy. "Bravo, Collingwood!" was in every heart, and there was but one common soul in the fleet. Many a valiant heart beat high with expectation, which was doomed never to survive another day. Many an eye gazed that moment on the instruments of death, which in a few short hours were to close it forever. The ships passed on to their stations, the battle became general, loud peals of cannon roared throughout the line, fire gleamed on the ocean, and the air was filled with the thick fumes of sulphur. The very masts shook in their sockets, the sails trembled, and the affrighted wind breathed low.

The stately ships which so lately sailed gayly forth, now presented the mangled appearance of wrecks, giving evidence of the deadly strife that was at work, till ship grappled with ship, and man with man. The day advanced, crash succeeding

crash, of the falling masts, till amidst the groans of the dying, and the loud huzzas of the victors, the great struggle was decided in favour of England, and her flag waved triumphant over the deep; but her hero had fallen. Nelson, the father of his men, the patriot of his country, was no more! Peace be to his ashes, and honour to his name! The dark clouds which had been gathering over the devoted spot during the bloody contention, now began to roll wild and portentously. The storm arose, and many a shattered and unmanageable hulk became the coffin alike of the living and the dead, and numbers of the conquerors and conquered were immersed in the same watery grave. "That joy of battle in the field of death," produced by the loud shouts of victory, still thrilled in the heart of Morland, when he was called to endure more mournful scenes among the mangled forms which met his view, as he descended from the blood stained decks to the cock pit, where amputations were still performing. The hearty greetings of messmates was followed by most painful feelings, at their first meal after the battle. In the mess to which Morland belonged, there were three vacant places; where was poor Harry? whose cheerful mirth had been "wont to set the table in a roar." Where was Frank? and—but the inquiring tongue was stopped by the solemn and heart appalling silence, which but too well told the mournful tale. The young heroes were shrouded in the flag of their country; and when, with the rest of the fallen brave, their bodies were committed to the deep, many a tear was observed to trickle down the sun-burnt furrows of the sailors' cheeks as the blue waves broke over the remains of their departed shipmates.

DESCRIPTION OF CALCUTTA.

Calcutta, when seen from the south, on which side it is built, round two sides of a great open plain, with the Ganges on the west, is a very noble city: with tall and stately houses, ornamented with Grecian pillars, and each for the most part surrounded by a little apology for a garden. The churches are not large, but very neat and even elegant buildings, and the government house is, to say the least of it, a more showy palace than London has to produce. These are, however, the front lines; behind them ranges the native town, deep, black, and dingy, with narrow, crooked streets, huts of earth baked in the sun, or of twisted bamboos, interspersed here and there with ruinous brick bazars, pools of dirty water, cocoa trees, and little gardens, and few very large, very fine, and generally very dirty houses, of Grecian architecture, the residence of wealthy natives. There are some mosques of pretty architecture, and very neatly kept, and some pagodas, but mostly ruinous and decayed; the religion of the people being chiefly conspicuous in their worship of the Ganges, and in some ugly painted wooden or plaster idols, with all manner of heads and arms, which are set up in different parts of the city. Fill up this outline with a crowd of the people in the streets, beyond any thing to be seen in London, some dressed in tawdry silk and brocades, more in white cotton garments, and most of all black and naked, except a scanty covering round the waist; besides figures of religious mendicants, with no clothing but their long hair and beards in elf locks, their faces painted white or yellow, their beads in one ghastly lean hand, and the other stretched out like a bird's claw, to receive donations; marriage processions, with the bride in a covered chair, and the bridegroom on horseback, swathed round with garlands, so as hardly to be seen; tradesmen sitting on the ground in the midst of their different commodities; and old men, lookers on, perched, naked as monkeys, on the flat roofs of the houses, carts, drawn by oxen, and driven by wild looking men with thick sticks, so unmercifully used as to deceive perfectly all our notions of Braminical humanity, attendants with silver maces, pressing through the crowd before the carriage of some great man or other; no woman seen except of the lowest class, and even these with heavy silver ornaments on their dusky arms and ankles; while coaches, covered up close with red cloth are seen conveying the inmates of the neighbouring seraglios to take what is called "the air;" a constant creaking of

cart wheels, which are never greased in India, a constant clamour of voices, and an almost constant thumping and jingling of drums, cymbals, &c., in honour of some of their deities; and add to all this a villainous smell of garlic, rancid cocoa nut oil, sour butter, and stagnant ditches; and you will understand the sounds, sights, and smells, of what is called the "Black Town" of Calcutta. The singularity of this spectacle is best and least offensively enjoyed on a noble quay, which Lord Hastings built along the shore of the river, where the vessels of all forms and sizes, Arab, Indian, Malay, American, English; and the crowds of Bramins and other Hindoos, washing and saying their prayers; the lighted tapers, which towards night they throw in; and the broad bright stream which sweeps by them, guiltless of their impiety, and unconscious of their homage; afford a scene such as no European, and few Asiatic cities, can at all parallel in interest and singularity.

FATHER SULLIVAN.

On board the steamboat to Boulogne, an Irish gentleman gave us, on honour, a specimen of a sermon which he declared he heard Father Sullivan, of Ballymore, deliver. Father S., says the narrator, was a worthy stout man, with a red face, who found his parishioners rather slack in paying their Easter dues, and he took the following simple means to quicken their apprehension. Preaching to them about the gathering-time he said,—"My Christian hearers and worthy parishioners, we must all die. You must die, Tim Hearty, though fat and big you are; and you must die, Mistress Hennessy, though you are a likely and decent woman. You must die, Ned Casey, though you have slated your new house; and I must die, though I am a priest of the parish, and have the care of all your souls—the Lord between you and harm—to account for the great and the last day. Eh! then, I am thinking, honest men, what account I will be able to give to God Almighty of ye all, from the top to the bottom of the parish. I will have to walk at your head, on the day of judgement, carrying all your sins on my back, and standing before Goodness to excuse you from the devil and his angels, who will be roaring and stirring the fire to roast ye—the Lord spare ye from his hands. Eh! then, when I'm at your head, Goodness will ax me, 'What kind of a congregation have ye here, Father S——?' and I will say, 'Pretty like other congregations, my Lord.' Goodness will then ax me, 'How are they off for drunkenness, Father S——?' and I will answer, 'Mighty decent please the Lord.' And so Goodness will go through the ten commandments, and the precepts of the church, and the cardinal virtues, and the seven deadly sins, and may be its a good character I will be able to give ye, my Christian hearers. But when Goodness axes, 'How were they off, Father Sullivan, for paying their Easter dues?' what answer shall I give to that, ye blackguards! Now mind me, honest men, next Sunday will be Easter-day, and let me see what an answer I'm to give the Lord. [Lond. Morn. Herald.]

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1828.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

The several masonick addresses forwarded to us by mail, we shall turn our attention to, 'in order,' as soon as possible. Matters of present importance alone shall excuse any further delay.

A NEW POEM. And who do you think is the hero, gentle reader? Not William Morgan, nor Joanna Southcote, nor Jemima Wilkinson; but that hero of the scalping knife, Tecumseh. Yes, it is a fact that a new poem in four cantos, by an English Officer, has come from the English press, bearing the title of "Tecumseh, or the Warriour of the West." English periodicals, the New Monthly, for instance, would have us to believe, that the reputation of the military bard has been placed, by the elevation of his subject on a foundation little if any inferior to the imperishable monuments of Grecian and Roman poetry.

The New Monthly is not content with praising up the poet; but perhaps with more justice, lavishes all the force of classic flattery, to prove his hero something more than mortal. Johnny Bull is very well practised in this species of hyperbolic extravagance, and with a proper share of assurance, whenever an opportunity offers, gives us a sample of his fidgetty mood, by speaking in the harshest terms of American civilization. No extracts are given from the poem, but the following paragraph from the review, will be recognized by those who have read "John Bull in America," and other equally correct pictures drawn by real British travellers, as a fair specimen of English ignorance, ill-nature, and absurdity.

"It is a tribute to the memory of a great and noble character in savage life, that was distinguished as an ally of the British in Canada, during the late war there, and fell in battle. The Kentuckians afterwards skinned the fallen warrior, to make razor-strops of his hide—a proof of Kentuckian civilization, which the Americans of other states refer to in proof of their charges against that, of being a semi-barbarous province."

Now this beats the honourable Frederick De Roos; and the writer in the New Monthly richly deserves promotion to some honourable station; for his zeal in the cause of civilization, and his devotion to the memory of England's civilized allies, ought to obtain for the distinguished military poet the post of a Lieutenant General, to say the least. Then the government should erect a monument for the noble ally in Westminster Abbey, to perpetuate the fame of a hero, at the sight of whose valour and patriotism the name of Tippoos Saib should sink into oblivion. No better inscription could be written on this monument than the following sentences, extracted from the same review in the British periodical.

"He seems to have been one of those dignified and noble characters which occasionally burst forth from the shackles of savage and untutored nature to command and direct the meaner spirits around him, and to obtain unqualified admiration from civilized nations. Not only the British, but the Americans (not Kentuckians) have paid the tribute of admiration to the tried virtues of Tecumseh. He was a brave and honourable savage, whose name should not die in England."

If any advice from this side the Atlantick would be taken, we would recommend to some other, or the same "English Officer," to compose an epick, the hero of which shall be the no less "distinguished ally" of the British crown, Benedict Arnold. This would furnish a free field for his imagination. Then, if his poetick powers are not exhausted,—and such powers never fail,—let him write the tragedy of "Arbuthnot and Ambrister;" and wind off his theme of immortality with a tribute of harmonious song to the glory of the runaway negroes, who were also very efficient allies to the English, in their glorious achievements at Hampton, Havre de Grace, Fredericktown, Georgetown, Ocracoke, and Portsmouth, on the Chesapeake.

GREAT ANTI-MASONICK MEETING AT THE CAPITOL. On Thursday morning last, notices appeared in the daily papers of this city for a meeting of Anti-masons and those opposed to all secret societies, on the evening of that day, at the Capitol. Handbills were also circulated during the day, soliciting the attendance of all truly patriotick men, and signed by the names of several of our citizens, professing the best intentions, and promising every thing calculated to make the invitation respectable, and the meeting generally attended.

At the hour appointed, the assembly began to collect, and the meeting proceeded to organize. The number present it is difficult to determine; but speaking within bounds, it was any number between two hundred and fifty, and three thousand five hundred. At any rate, the tessellated marble pavement in the great hall of the capitol was most gloriously trampled upon. After the meeting was called to order, Mr. Spencer Stafford was called to the chair, and Mr. Daniel Shields appointed secretary. A committee of five was then appointed to draw up resolutions.

While the committee were out, Mr. John B. Southwick was called upon to address the meeting. The young gentleman expressed much diffidence; but consoled himself with

the reflection that, since no one among so many older, more experienced, and "probably wiser" men, would come forward to the ordeal, it was a duty devolving upon him, which he had no desire to avoid. His speech was long and laboured, and was received with acclamation. Some parts were even encored, after three several repetitions. No one else addressed the meeting, and immediately on his resuming his seat, the committee returned with resolutions prepared for the consideration of the meeting. Mr. Chauncey Webster, after stating that he had never before undertaken to read in public, and craving the indulgence of the meeting, if he should make any mistakes, proceeded to read the resolutions.

A motion was then made and duly carried, that the resolutions be read separately, and offered to the meeting for their concurrence. The question was then put on each resolution in order, and carried with a thunder of acclamation. If any one has the effrontery to say that the "noes" were longer, louder, and more in number than the "ayes," it cannot be denied; but it can be rationally accounted for, by supposing that about two thirds of the meeting were masons, and masons' jacks. They were all however carried, and may properly be recorded as passing unanimously;—for it cannot be disputed that the meeting was anti-masonick; therefore, all votes that were not purely anti-masonick must be counted null and void. And even if some few anti-masons were dissentient, there were more than enough of neutrals and jacks, who voted in the affirmative to make up any deficit of that kind. The only resolution which created any division, of importance, was the one professing a determination not to support any candidate for any office, who is a mason, or who would give his support to a mason for any office within the gift of the people. To this resolution a proviso was added, leaving it optional with any anti-mason to pursue what course he pleased, in the choice of electors for president and vice-president of the United States. This proviso was resolutely opposed for a time, by some gentlemen near the chair; but it had no difference of effect upon the meeting, who went on with the same vociferations of "aye" and "no," as before, without waiting for motion or question. The remainder of the resolutions were very prudently read low, so as to reach the ears of a few only who were near the chair; and the chairman had the satisfaction to find that they were received with the same acclamation by the meeting, as when distinctly heard.

The most important part of the proceedings was a concurrence in the re-nomination of Solomon Southwick for governor, recently made at Batavia, and John Crary for lieutenant governor. This was the prime intention of the meeting, and Mr. Southwick with his peculiar modesty and delicacy, was of course absent; otherwise his absence would have been considered as an unpardonable sin.

The editors of anti-masonick papers were highly complimented, especially the indefatigable David C. Miller. All other newspapers, without exception, were brought under the strongest expressions of disapprobation, and pronounced unworthy the countenance and support of a free people. Measures were taken, and delegates were appointed to hold a county convention, to nominate candidates for members of assembly, and other officers for the county eligible by the people, at the next election. Thus we see a determination manifested to have a full ticket in the field, composed of such, and only such as have thrown off the chains, and declared themselves independent of the obligations of free-masonry.

TABLE-TALK.

An everlasting Snore. A girl of Silesia fell into lethargy which lasted for two years and four months. When it first seized her she could not open her eyes when she awoke. The moment she has swallowed any light nourishment she sinks into her slumber again.—Natural History. A whale was recently taken in Oyster Bay, Van Dieman's Land, whose blood appeared of a blood red, and after boiling, the oil, which is of a very good quality, assumed the same colour.—The Dutchman's Shower. Our steady rain has been interrupted by two or three days of

good weather, and pleasantly cool. We have found a good description of the previous month, in the Dutchman's weatherjournal—"Had a dunder shower for tree weeks, and then it set in for a settled rain."—The following precious morceau is a literal copy of an epitaph to be seen in Knottingley church-yard, England:—

A virtuous wife in the prime of life
Was snatched away, her soul is blest and
Gone to rest, her flesh is gone to clay,
She's left behind a husband civil, and
A beloved Sun which must prepare to
Meet again for True love is never done.

A paper published at Paris, Tennessee, contains in a *bona fide advertisement* the following very honest annunciation of the legal acquirements, and special qualifications of an attorney, for the due practice of the law:—

"G. W. Terrell, attorney at law. Without the benefit of age or experience; without the aid of theory or practice; offers his professional services to the publick. He will practice (if he can get any business) in the counties of Humphreys, Carroll, and Henry: he promises nothing but honesty in his profession, and not over much of that."

"The 'Old Boy.' We yesterday saw in our streets, says the Portsmouth Journal, Donald McDonald, who is seven years older than Dr. Holyoke. He seems to be much addicted to intemperance, for which he frequently has received correction, with little hope of reform, however. He has served in several wars. Nearly fifty years ago, he offered himself for re-enlistment in the American army. Washington told him he was too old, and with a present dismissed him.—"Four and twenty fiddlers" in a *Whale's Belly*. An entertainment has been given by Mr. Kessels, the naturalist of Gand, for the purpose of exhibiting an enormous whale, which Mr. Cuvier and others think must have reached the age of nine or ten centuries. The orchestra were arranged in the interior of the stupendous animal, and there were twenty-four performers.—*Elegant Extract*. The Ontario Phoenix contains the following beautiful paragraph, verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim. Surely we shall acquire a style of elegant rhetoric, with such patterns.

"The institution is rotten, corrupt, blasphemous, and blood-stained, and stripping it of its gaudy dress exposes it to the contempt of a wondering world. Masons see this, and beholding the finger of scorn continually pointing at the hateful monster, the noble brotherhood, drunk with vexation and despair, stoop to the bottom of human depravity in search of revenge to pour on the *noble few* who have dared to say that *masonry is not virtue*. Libel after libel has been brought against the editors of free presses to gratify that meanest of all passions—revenge! Even quacks, meaner, if possible, than touch-woods, try to make their nonsense operate on the anti-masonick papers as a cathartic. Every anti-masonick paper is ridiculed without mercy—every editor abused, and every press, where the screws can be applied, is stop't."

Another. The Boston Free Press has the following paragraph, among many others of like spirit, too numerous to mention. We can learn something more than the art of composition from such examples.

"How do you reconcile the meek and lowly spirit of the Saviour, the Author of our divine religion, who said of his murderers, 'Father! forgive them; they know not what they do!'—with the proud, intolerant, revengeful, and blood thirsty spirit of Solomon, the founder of masonry, who commanded Joab to be slain, even at the horns of the altar, because he had interposed to save the life of Adonijah, the guiltless brother of the king?"

The inferences drawn from the above paragraph are,—first, that Solomon was a mason, though seldom acknowledged at this day. Secondly, Adonijah, his brother, was an anti-mason; as may be seen by the fact that he *innocently* usurped the kingdom, even in his father's life time, without speaking of his impudence in asking for one of his concubines, after his death. Thirdly, Joab, the son of Zeruiah, was also an anti-mason; proved also by his murder of Abner and Amasa, Captains of the Host, and of course masons, and also by the murder of Absalom, contrary to the express command of his king, but more clearly, by his assistance to Adonijah in his rebellion, and afterwards flying from the death he deserved, to the horns of the altar, for sanctuary. Fourthly, old king David must have been a mason himself; for proof of which we learn by the scriptures, that he gave

Solomon a strict charge to commit all these enormities which the anti-masonick writers of this day attribute to him.

—*Anti-Masonick Gin, cheap*. A man, having the appearance of a gentleman, says the Daily Advertiser, called on one of the late hot days, at a respectable inn in this city, for a glass of gin, and after having drank the same, shoved towards the bar keeper three cents, who informed him that he sold gin like that at six cents. "Why," said the man " 'tis extortion. We get the best gin to the west for three cents, and anti-masonick for a cent and a half a glass."

—*Shameful*. A coat, says the Buffalo Journal, somewhat faded in its colours, was lately found 'upon the fence,' with the following label upon it:

"Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant
Of a better man, thou shadow of consistency!"

The coat was recognized as belonging to Rip Van Winkle, an old Republican.—*Antiquity of an Auditor's Office*. There are four or five auditors, says the New-York Morning Courier, in the United States Treasury Department. The office is of ancient date, and can boast of one distinguished character. Juvenal was, it seems, an auditor, and aspired to a higher office, if we may judge from the first line of his first Satire:—

"Semper ego auditor tantum?"

which means "Shall I never be any thing more than an auditor? History does not say whether Juvenal's soaring ambition was or was not gratified with a secretaryship.

"Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no! although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels officed all." *Shakespeare*.

The editor of the Cleveland (Ohio) Newsletter makes an apology to his readers for issuing but half a sheet on the regular publication day of his paper, by saying that his workmen have all run away. We hope his *workmen* will follow suit.—*Gathering Sheaves*. Married at Philadelphia by the Rev. P. F. Meyer, David W. Sheaff to Miss Maria Rebecca Kucher.—*Hopeful Convert*. At Nantucket, by Benjamin Gardner, esq. Samuel Christian to Miss Lucinda S. Davis.—*Plighted Troth*. In Old Town, Baltimore, Samuel F. Troth, of Philadelphia, to Mary, daughter of John Trimble, of the former place.—At Newburgh, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, Mr. John Tripp, to Miss Mary A. Ross, all of that place.

While others tarry, lone and stupid,
Come, take a Tripp with me, says Cupid.

—*Mary's Bliss*. In Norfolk, Massachusetts, Mr. Ralph Bliss, of Springfield, to Miss Mary Thompson, of the same place.—*Nap taken off*. At Washington, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Levi M. Weston, merchant, to Miss Esther Maria Knapp.—*Adams become a good Man*. In Boston, by the Rev. Dr. Palfrey, William Goodman, esq. merchant, to Miss Margaret Rand Adams, daughter of Dr. Samuel Adams, of Boston.—*A Female Mason*. In Cincinnati, by the Rev. Dr. Adelot, Mr. Caleb T. Lodge, of this city, to Miss Sarah W. Irwin, formerly of Pittsburg.—*O, the bonny Banks*. At Huntsville, Alabama, by the Rev. J. W. Allen, Mr. Lawrence S. Banks to Miss Isabella M. James.—*Juvenile Indiscretion*. In Harbaughs Valley, Michael Waltman, to Miss Polly Pattie, after a short courtship of fifty years. The age of the happy groom is a little rising of eighty, and that of his blooming bride above three score and ten.—*Be Blythe and have Patience*. In Huntingdon, Indiana, by the Rev. John Peebles, Calvin Blythe, esq. secretary of the commonwealth, to Miss Patience Augusta, daughter of Benjamin Elliot, esq.—*Conundrums*. The following original conundrums appear in the first number of the Boston Paul Pry:—Why is a black-leg like a cow? He goes on all fours. Why is a person who takes a certain Boston paper like a loaded rifle? He has got a *Bullet-in*. Why is a person justifiable in purchasing a ticket in the Rhode Island lottery? He trusts to *Providence*. Why is a bottle of wine like a pig's tooth? Because it is drawn from a *hogs-head*. When Bonaparte conquered every province in Spain but one, why was he like a naked man? He had not Aragon—a *rag-on*. What four states may be considered as female states? *Mary-land, Virginia, Mississippi* and *Missis-sippi*. Why are the pieces got up at the

Tremont theatre, like a man who wears glasses when he can see as well without them? They are *imposing spectacles*.

—The following interesting dialogue is from the same paper:—*John*. Why, Charley, is this you? where have you been this long time? *Charley*. Oh! well, I don't know, all round *John*. Oh! where have you been? *Charley*. Oh! well, almost any where. *John*. Why, you're quite a stranger. *Charley*. Oh! I don't know. *John*. How are your folks? *Charley*. Well, I don't know; pretty well. *John*. How much funds have you got? *Charley*. Well, I don't know; over considerable. *John*. When do you go to Salem? *Charley*. I don't know; when our folks come up. *John*. When will they come? *Charley*. Well, I don't know; I guess about Saturday. *John*. Will you try something? *Charley*. I guess not. *John*. Well, good night; you must call up. *Charley*. Well.

LITERARY NOTICES.

(3) Contents of the *Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences* for July:—*ESSAYS AND CASES*:—Ischuria successfully treated with the Cold Affusion; Poisoning by Opium successfully treated with Cold Water; Beneficial Effects of Ergot in Hydatids of the Uterus. REVIEW of an Essay upon the Medical Properties of Plants, compared with their Exterior Forms, and their Natural Classification. MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE:—*Analectick*—Communication between the Bloodvessels of the Uterus and the Placenta; New Views of the Fœtal Circulation; Puerperal Peritonitis cured by Ice; Congenital absence of Sensation of Voluntary Motion in a Female; State of the Spinal Marrow and Nerves in Tetanus; Mercury absorbed into the System; Amputation of the lower Jaw; Writ for a Medical Convention in 1830; Treatment of Poisoned Wounds; Death by the External application of Opium; Sounding the Internal Ear in Deafness. *Original*:—Report on the Diseases of Cincinnati in the Spring of 1828; Fractures of the Thigh; Board of Health in Cincinnati; Splendid Engravings of American Birds; Lectures in the Medical College of Ohio; Lectures in the Medical Department of Transylvania University; To Subscribers.

(3) A paper entitled *Paul Pry, and Ladies' Advocate*, has just come out at Boston. It is, if we mistake not, a satirical, quizzical kind of thing, and intended to keep the gay laughing, while the grave frown.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the several Bookstores in Albany, Troy, New-York, and elsewhere.

A DEFENCE OF FREEMASONRY, in a Series of Lectures addressed to Solomon Southwick, esq. and others, in which the true Principles of the Order are given, and many late Misrepresentations corrected. With an Appendix, containing explanatory Notes and Masonick Documents. By Luther Pratt, Editor of the American Masonick Register, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine, recently published in the city of New-York.—"Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."—St. Paul. The work is comprised in 216 pages, 18mo. in boards, at 50 cents single, and \$4 per dozen. * Orders from a distance addressed to the author at Albany, including the money, free of postage, will be punctually attended to; and the books sent according to the directions.

* Such printers in the United States and British America as will give the above an insertion, will receive the thanks of an old brother Editor. Albany, July 18, 1828.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDOBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bando-box Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the publick. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. 27¢ Cash paid for *Bristles*. June 23. 18.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—Two subscribers respectfully inform his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 229, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at all times. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Leger, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workman-hip.

RECORD can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec 22. 1828.

JOHN H. HALL respectfully informs his friends and the publick that he has removed to No. 454, South Market street, three doors north of the museum, where he continues to execute engravings of Books, Fancy, and Toy Cuts, Stamps, Seals, and Society Emblems; Newspapers and Handbill Heads and Ornaments; Card Ornaments and Borders, Vignettes, in all their variety; Engravings of Public Buildings; New Inventions; Patent Machines; and Devices for different Mechanisms, Professions and Arts. Albany, May 5, 1828.

POETRY.

THE LAST CONFLAGRATION.

From Pollok's Course of Time.

Nor yet had vengeance done. The guilty Earth
Inanimate, debased, and stained by sin,
Seat of rebellion, of corruption, long,
And tainted with mortality throughout,
God sentenced next; and sent the final fires
Of ruin forth, to burn and to destroy.
The saints its burning saw; and thou mayest see.
Look yonder round the lofty golden walls
And galleries of New Jerusalem,
Among the imagery of wonders past;
Look near the Southern gate; look, and behold,
On spacious canvass, touched with living hues,—
The Conflagration of the ancient earth,
The handiwork of high arch-angel, drawn
From memory of what he saw that day.
See how the mountains, how the vallies burn!
The Andes burn, the Alps, the Appennines,
Taurus and Atlas, all the islands burn:
The ocean burns, and rolls his waves of flame.
See how the lightnings, barbed, red with wrath,
Sent from the quiver of Omnipotence,
Cross and re-cross the fiery gloom, and burn
Into the centre! burn without, within,
And help the native fires which God awoke,
And kindled with the fury of his wrath.
As inly troubled, now she seems to shake;
The flames, dividing, now a moment fall;
And now in one conglomerated mass,
Rising, they glow on high, prodigious blaze!
Then fall and sink again, as if within,
The fuel burnt to ashes, was consumed.
So burned the earth upon that dreadful day,
Yet not to full annihilation burned:
The essential particles of dust remained,
Purged by the final, sanctifying fires,
From all corruption; from all stain of sin,
Done there by man or devil, purified.
The essential particles remained, of which
God built the world again, renewed, improved,
With fertile vale, and wood of fertile bough;
And streams of milk and honey, flowing song;
And mountains cinctured with perpetual green;
In clime and season fruitful, as at first,
When Adam woke, unfallen in paradise,
And God, from out the fount of native light,
A handful took of beams, and clad the sun
Again in glory; and sent forth the moon
To borrow thence her wonted rays, and lead
Her stars, the virgin daughters of the sky.
And God revived the winds, revived the tides;
And touching her from his Almighty hand,
With force centrifugal, she onward ran,
Coursing her wonted path, to stop no more.
Delightful scene of new inhabitants!
As thou this morn, in passing hither, saw.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.*

Hark to that voice! what spirit gave
Its mighty accents birth?
A cry of "Freedom to the Slave!"
O'er all the startled earth;
The fettered worlds of East and West
Are toiling to be free,
And soon beneath thy shade shall rest,
Immortal Freedom's tree.
Long nursed by martyrs' blood and tears,
Deep root that tree shall take,
Which tyrants through a thousand years
Have bowed, but could not break—
And cherished thus, its tenderest shoot,
Although in deserts placed,
Shall bloom and bear that glorious fruit
The brave would die to taste.

The dwellers of imperial halls
Behold with craven fear
A dreaded band upon their walls
Which writes of Freedom near.
In vain they bid their vassal hordes
The spear and buckler take—
Earth's broken fetters forged to swords,
The mightiest weapons make!

"To heaven the blade! to earth the sheath!"
(Thus glows the patriot flame)
"And God above, and man beneath,
Attest the rights we claim!
To win again our native land
We brave oppression thus;
And palsy strike the coward hand
That will not strike with us!

"E'en though we perish in the strife,
Or deep in dungeons pine,
Or all the weary load of life
On rack or wheel resign,
His country's voice the patriot's knell
Shall echo to the skies;
Each fallen hero's name a spell
To bid ten thousand rise!

"Cities, by crouching slaves debased,
We leave to slaves a while;
Our camp shall be the mountain waste,
Our castle—its defile:
There, ere the glorious die be cast,
Come all who dare be free!
Come like the torrent and the blast
When tempests sweep the sea!

"Come from the glen—the plain—the hill—
From fields, and towns, and towers;
Accursed be they who toil or till
For tyrants and their powers!
And deeper deadlier curses still
Through life's dishonoured hours,
With the wretch who fears to spill
His blood in cause like ours!

"Our swords have fought the holiest strife,
The holiest need to gain,
And, lost with us, the meanest life
Shall not be lost in vain;
Who in his country's gap hath stood,
And lavished there his gore,
The prayers and praises of the good
Shall bless forevermore!"

* These stanzas are a close imitation of the German poet Körner.

From the Philadelphia Monthly Magazine.

MERMAID'S SONG.

For beneath the azure wave
Of the boundless Indian sea,
Is the rude sequestered cave
Where I hold my Jubilee.
Joyful are those dripping halls,
Where the sun's imprisoned light
Shines upon the coral walls,
Like the meteor-stars of night.

There are shells from every strand,
There the pearls of Ormus shine;
There I tread the golden sand
Gathered from the Ocean mine.
Wreaths of gems, in bright display,
Twine around the portals there;
But far brighter still than they
Are my virgin sisters fair.

Lovely forms and sparkling eyes
Cast their wild enchantment round,
And whene'er their anthems rise,
Spirits pause to catch the sound.
When the sun the ocean hails
From yon mountain's rugged steep,
Then we walk the fairy vales
That are spread beneath the deep.

Rocky halls and coral shades,—
Things by other eyes unseen,
Thus we rove till morning fades
From our world of waters green.
When are past the beams of day
Wide the festal scene is spread,
And we dance the hours away
Till the spell of night has fled.

List—O list! the tempest raves,
And the lightning flashes fast;
I will rise upon the waves,
I will mingle in the blast.
I have pledged the mystick cup,
Bring me now the fairy shell:
Waft—ye waters! waft me up,
And ye sister forms—farewell!

STANZAS.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
Around are unexampled buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.
I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me—and a tone
Arises from its measured motion;
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have not hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
Who walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away my life of care,
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

EPIGRAM.

A member of the modern great
Passed Sawney with his budget,
The peer was in a car of state,
The tinker forced to trudge it.
But Sawney shall receive the praise
His lordship would parade for;
One's debtor for his dapple greys,
And t'other's shoes are paid for.

THIS PAPER

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1828.

NO. 34.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the brethren of Hiram Lodge, Newfield, Tompkins county, New-York, on the anniversary of the nativity of St. JOHN THE BAPTIST, June 24, A. L. 5828.

By Dr. C. M. TURNER.

BRETHREN,—dedicated to the solemn observance of the mysteries of our order, is the day we have assembled to celebrate. If our eye rests for a moment upon the page of history, we find that since the first formation of society, men have associated for purposes and upon principles connected with their temporal or spiritual happiness; and days marking the occurrence of some remarkable circumstance, such as an emancipation from servitude, or the birth of some illustrious personage, have been handed down to posterity. In like manner, would we perpetuate the memory of departed worth, and transmit to those who are to follow the splendid example of virtue and excellence.

Brethren, we form the part of a society, which has existed through the lapse of ages almost innumerable. We belong to an order which has seen empires and kingdoms arise in their might, and in their power, and with gigantic strides, attain the highest summit of national glory, and national magnificence, and finally moulder away into a worse than oblivion, and scarce leave "a wreck behind." We belong to an institution which has lived through centuries of darkness, when the moral and intellectual capacities of men were deadened by tyranny, and palsied by a relentless persecution; and yet it has withstood the shock of time, and come forth from the deformity and darkness by which it was surrounded, with renewed brightness and renovated beauty.

The fury of barbarians has prostrated in the dust many of the wisest institutions of which mankind can boast. The superb edifices of ancient literature and greatness, have perished "like the baseless fabrick of a vision," and yet masonry hath survived the wreck of all that hath borne the impress of antiquity. Philosophy hath been unsteady and wavering in its course; ignorance hath obscured its brightness; superstition hath deadened its energies; oppression hath trampled it to the ground; and yet masonry hath continued to exist, supported by its principles alone.

In its extent, masonry hath equalled the bounds of the globe we inhabit. In the wilds of Africa, the hand of a brother is proffered to our grasp; and a language soft as the accents of childhood greets our ear, like the breathing of distant melody. In the land of Palestine, a land endeared to our recollection by its association with subjects, which as masons we delight to contemplate, we meet with those whose friendship assures of safety, and makes us feel, indeed, that we are not lone wanderers upon the earth, and that charity may find a residence even in the breast of an infidel. On the banks of the Ganges, the same interchange of sentiment and office, may take place; and the Hindoo, the Mahometan, and the Christian meet in friendship, and unite in social intercourse. In the snows of Lapland, the brother is found, whose heart is replete with charity; and in the wide spreading forests of America, the savage has been tamed of his natural ferocity; the hatchet of the warrior hath been rendered harmless; the scalp-

ing knife hath fallen from his sanguinary grasp, and the holy dictates of mercy and benevolence, calmed as with a breath, the headlong fury of his passion.

In view of the exposition of the principles of freemasonry, we may remark that they have an important bearing and influence upon our moral and intellectual faculties. The Almighty Creator of the human family, hath given us capacities for improvement. He hath implanted in our breasts an earnest desire for the advancement of all that is truly wise and noble; that is calculated to elevate us in the scale of intelligence, and draw forth the latent virtues to action. By fostering this desire, we rise higher in intellectual acquirement; the darkness which clouded our reason, vanishes; and the light of wisdom points out to us the path of truth. We attain the summit of human reasoning by a slow and toilsome progression; and it is by a progression as slow, that we excel in virtue. The flight of genius is rapid; but genius stoops to fancy, and is attracted from its pursuit by the glare of novelty. The human mind is quick and active in its perceptions; but it has the ignorance of ages to encounter, and it is only to him who hath laboured hard in the field of investigation, who hath employed the whole energies of his mind in removing the rubbish of error, who hath looked abroad upon the face of nature, and seen the order and beauty which govern her operations, that wisdom hath unveiled herself in her peerless brightness and majesty.

Freemasonry is progressive; simple in its rudiments, it gradually embraces a wider field, and the whole circle of science is included. Not only the more useful arts are taught; but it engages the mind in contemplations the most sublime, and in investigations the most intricate. It not only teaches us the power of numbers, the essential principles of language, but it dives deep into the recesses of the human intellect. It shows how, by the operation of external objects upon the external senses, the powers of perception and reasoning are excited, and it directs us in our weary search for truth, by the light of inference and deduction; it explores the works of nature in all their grandeur, and in all their sublimity; even space which would hide from man many parts of a system so astonishing, is conquered, and the eye of inquiry is sent to the farthest bounds of the universe. To the mind of the mason, there is order throughout creation, and beauties in the wildest scenery of nature; and above, around, beneath, there are harmony and loveliness. There is order in the growth of the plant, from the time it puts forth its leaves, until the flower, the fruit, and the seeds are developed; and yet there is a beauty in its green leaves and the hues of its blossom, which the pencil can not imitate. There is order in the progressive march of the seasons, and there is a beauty in them surpassing every other; a beauty which calls forth all our admiration, and excites the holiest feelings of our natures. There is order in the distribution of hill and streamlet, mountain and river, continent and ocean; and yet there is a beauty in that hill that rises before us, and the lofty mountain whose summit is crowned with the snow of ages; in the river which meanders through fields and flowers, and woodland and wilderness, and in the ocean which spreads its tranquil bosom to the breeze, ere the tempest rouses its dormant fury. There is order in the regular movement of the heavenly bod-

ies, and beauty in the blue sky and spangled heavens.

It is in a moral point of view that the principles of the order appear in all their excellence. They act as a strong incentive to the discharge of many of the duties incumbent upon us as members of society, and subjects of law and government. Man considered in an individual light, without any of the relations and dependences of society, is a savage. He is born to the endurance of evil, and his mind is on the constant look out for danger; suspicion, jealousy, anger, and revenge, and the whole class of wicked and turbulent passions, harrow his soul, poison his felicity, and close every avenue to the social affections. Hath God given to man to be happy within himself? Hath he formed him of materials which require not the contact or contiguity of others, to polish the asperities of his disposition? Will all the virtues which adorn the human character, spring forth spontaneously, and all the warm affections of the human breast? those affections which are so immediately intertwined with our existences; those feelings whose accompanying thrill, though pleasurable or painful, is still enjoyment,—exist without the mutual relation and dependence which society confers? Can we wrap ourselves up in our own self-importance, and coldly proclaim to the world that the means of felicity are within ourselves, and that we ask not the love or friendship of our fellow-creatures? Can we wish that no hand of proffered affection should be extended to us while living, and that no tear of regret or remembrance should water the green turf where our ashes repose?

The moral faculties direct us in the choice of good, and rejection of evil. It were vain to argue that there is no right or wrong in nature, and no fixed rule of justice. The philosophy of our minds would show at once the folly of our speculations; it would pronounce in a voice too loud to be mistaken, that there is a standard of right, and that the distinctions between good and evil are not merely imaginary. Where do we find the man who has not some moral sense within him, however vicious his conduct may appear; and where is the nation or association of individuals, however ignorant or barbarous, who are not governed by some principle which they imagine equitable and just? We believe that there is none; and we further believe that the condition of men must be much altered before they can entirely lose sight of the first law of human nature; that humanity must be more degraded than ever it has been, and a state more horrid ensue, ere the light of truth and of reason shall go down in darkness, and all the angry and malevolent passions which disgrace human nature, be suffered to reign in undisturbed control.

My brethren, do we seriously believe that such miseries shall occur? Is there nothing to transmit to the countless ages of posterity the light which now is? Is there no temple erected by the wisdom of ages, supported by the strength of antiquity, and adorned with all the beauty which virtue can bestow, in which may be preserved inviolably the precepts of truth and intelligence?

The principles of our order are well calculated to deprive us of many of the vices which the vile tendency of our natures would otherwise lead us to embrace, and they draw forth many virtues which might not otherwise exist in their full force. We are taught to believe in the existence of an over-ruling Providence. He who studies nature.

must be seriously impressed with the belief of the existence of DEITY. He is seen in the multiplied works of his creation, in the earth, in the heavens, but more particularly with man. The earth and the innumerable orbs which move through an endless infinity, obey the original laws of matter; but it is man only, that speaks with the voice of intelligence; it is upon man, created after his own image, animated with a spark of immortal life, and into whom he hath breathed a portion of his own spirit, that the impress of divinity is most conspicuous.

The virtue which is the next in importance to the mason is *truth*. Brethren, are we true? Is the square of truth our guide, in our intercourse with each other? It were well to ask ourselves these questions, for if our recollection rests upon a single instance where we have done falsely by one of our fellow-men, we have gone counter to the injunctions of masonry. We have acted in direct opposition to that golden rule, which is "to do unto others as we would wish them to do unto us," and have forfeited our places in the fraternal circle. Truth is the foundation of every virtue, and the first lesson we are taught in masonry; ere our minds have contemplated the monuments of antiquity, ere our eyes have rested on the beauties which masonry unfolds, we have learned to be true and faithful.

The duties of good will and benevolence to our fellow-creatures, are particularly incumbent upon us as masons to discharge. In vain would all the virtues unite to render us good men and true, we are wanting in *charity*. In vain would we if divest ourselves of all the vices of our natures, and assume the garb of morality, were not the principles of disinterested benevolence and philanthropy ingrafted in our bosoms. Charity alleviates the distresses of suffering humanity; it pours an oil into wounds which disappointment hath given, and when sorrow hath wrecked in the wide ocean of despair, every bright prospect that can sustain our trembling faculties, every hope to which our hearts have clung with an overweening fondness, the voice of charity is heard amid the strife of passion, the light of charity is seen in the solemn darkness which broods over our mental anguish, and the hand of charity is felt as it smoothes the furrows of care, and wipes the tear from the face of woe. Ask the mendicant who begs a scanty subsistence from door to door, what is charity. Ask the wayfaring man in a land of strangers, without a morsel to satisfy the wants of nature, with nought but a stone for his pillow, and the cloudless canopy of heaven for a covering, what is charity. Ask the exile from his country, who hath left behind him all to which his dearest hopes have clung, who hath been torn from his home, from his family, from every scene of youthful recollection, and forced to wander an outcast in a foreign land, what is charity. Ask the widow who hath seen interred in the grave, the companion of her life—him unto whom in the sunny days of youthful joy and youthful anticipation, when hearts beat high with the promise of future happiness, she pledged her youthful affections, who hath witnessed the utter and total annihilation of all her hopes by the hand of death, and hath been left a solitary mourner, what is charity. Ask the orphan who hath been bereaved of parental protection by a stroke of Providence, whose prop and support have been swept away, in whose solitary and despairing look the utter friendlessness of his situation is seen, what is charity.

That we should possess charity, is of great importance in our masonick character. Many are the opportunities we shall have of bestowing the comforts of life upon those who are destitute; many are the scenes of suffering we shall meet with in the journey through life, and when but a mite may calm the phrensy of distress, let that mite be freely given, and let it be given for the sake of charity; let it be a balm to the wounded spirit, and the smiles of an approving conscience will be ours.

When upon the subject of the moral and intellectual influence of masonry, we may remark, that it seriously behooves every mason to live up to the tenets of his profession. Let us convince the enemies of our institution that its principles

are good, not by our words, but by our actions; and let us disarm the multitude of their prejudice by our patience and forbearance, and masonry will still continue its glorious march, when the obloquy which is now heaped upon it will be forgotten.

(Conclusion next week.)

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

CHYMICAL CHANGES.

There is no animal, vegetable, or even mineral, but what sustains increase or diminution of weight every moment. They are either expanded by heat, contracted by cold, or affected by the substances with which they are combined. It is no proof of the contrary to this position, that many of these changes are neither visible to the human eye, nor sensible to the human touch. Animals and vegetables sustain these changes even oftener than every thousandth part of a second. Gold, platinum, and silver, are less liable to change than other metals: but even their changes are frequently apparent. The ten simple earths are not only incapable of being analyzed into other bodies, but they are equally unsusceptible of being converted into each other. They are also incombustible and infusible; and they enter into the composition of all substances that fill up the space, beginning with gems, and finishing with the smallest grain of sand. Even these have perpetual increase and diminution. Some minerals impart their virtues without losing any of their sensible weight;—but they lose weight nevertheless. It is only insensible to us.

The diamond is the most unchangeable of earthly bodies, when remaining in its quarry: and yet this hardest of all bodies is a combustible substance, and furnishes pure charcoal;—and charcoal itself, the most obstinate of all bodies, may be melted by the gas blow-pipe.

The apparent changes in mineral bodies are exceedingly curious and beautiful. If nitric acid is poured on copper filings, the particles of copper will combine with the acid, and form a new body, distinct from either.

Mercury will dissolve in vapour in the common temperature of the atmosphere; or be shaken into dust. Iron is burned in pure oxygen gas; and when applied red hot to a roll of sulphur, becomes obsequious and pulverizes. Gold and silver may be reduced to a calx, and then reclaimed to their primitive nature and form: and all bodies resolve themselves by chymical analysis, into earth, water, salt, sulphur, or mercury. Shells, wherever found, in the sea, in rivers, or on the backs of animals, will ferment with acids and burn into lime.*

Silver is generally found combined with lead, antimony and sulphur. Copper with many substances; iron mostly with sulphurick and carbonick acids; pyrites with iron and sulphur; tin with sulphur and copper; lead with sulphur and silver; Mercury is found among ores, stones and clay; nickel with iron and arsenick; zinc with carbonick and sulphurick acids; arsenick with iron, gold, and silver; and cobalt with arsenick and sulphurick acids. Of these, gold and platinum are most unchangeable; they are dissolved by oxygenated muriatic acid, and they all burn readily in oxygen gas.

Sulphur, plumbago, the several bitumens, coal, jet, and amber, are combustible, and therefore freely change their forms and nature. The harder metals are combined by the force of chymical affinity, and decomposed by the same principle;—a power supposed to arise from positive and negative electricity.

Some have even effected, not only to separate the component parts of objects,—the science of chymistry,—but even to change one body into another. The industry of alchemists took this direction;—hence their endeavours to discover a menstruum, which, being cast upon metals in a state of infusion, would convert their true mercurial parts into gold. This menstruum they called

* Limestone is formed by a combination of water and carbonick. When a limestone rock appears, therefore, we may rest assured, that water once flowed there. Indeed the whole form and disposition of the earth prove, that it was once in a state of fluidity.

the powder of projection. The possibility of metals being transmuted into gold was entertained by Bacon, and in some measure countenanced by Boyle and Newton. The changes of mineral bodies may be supposed to arise from a union of the combined effects of electricity, magnetism, and chymical affinity.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont took a less objectionable ground, when they insisted, that in nature there existed a fluid, which has the power of reducing all bodies to their original elements. The existence of such a fluid is doubtless not impossible; but it has never yet been discovered, and if it really exists, will most probably be given to accident to discover. Nature has trusted no animal with fire, but man. A universal dissolvent would be too powerful an agent for man to be intrusted with. The time may however come, when nature may condescend to speak a more intelligible language, and intrust posterity with greater prerogatives. Indeed the time seems rapidly approaching; for M. Lussac has discovered the means of rendering the most inflammable substances combustible without flame or fire. By means of the gas blow-pipe, rock crystal may be melted into a substance resembling pure mercury; rubies, sapphires, and emeralds may be melted into one mass; and even magnesia and pure carbonate of lime, long supposed to be the most refractory substances to fuse, may be melted by it. This astonishing power is derived, as Clarke has demonstrably proved, from the mixture of hydrogen gas with that of oxygen gas, in the exact proportion in which they form water;—that is, two parts by bulk of hydrogen gas added to one part of oxygen gas. By this art of burning the gaseous constituents of water, all things in nature become fusible, and in many instances even volatilizable.

Mercury is said to be the foundation of colours, salt of savours, and sulphur of odours. Metals in a voltaick battery burn with various colours:—zinc with a bluish light fringed with red; silver, emerald green; lead, a purple light; copper, a bluish light with sparks; gold, white tinged with blue. Sulphur has such affinities, that it is found combined not only with minerals, but with vegetable and animal substances. Also with hydrogen. When combined in a state of combustion with water, it produces sulphurous acid; burning it in pure oxygen gas produces sulphurick acid.

Phosphorus exhibits another beautiful instance of change. One pound of it will melt one hundred pounds of ice. When combined with hydrogen gas, it takes fire at any temperature, upon being exposed to the atmosphere; and when associated with sulphur, it forms a compound so combustible that, when exposed to the air, it bursts into a vivid flame.

Oxygen gas assists combustion; nitrogen gas destroys it. Fire is detected in the fat of animals, in the wax of bees, in vegetables, in flints, and in minerals; but gold has the remarkable property of enduring its greatest power, for several weeks, without any apparent diminution of its weight. Fire hardens earth, softens metals, vitrifies rocks, reduces alabaster to powder, purifies air, and evaporates water. It destroys vegetables, crystallizes, sublimizes,—and in fact seems to be nature's most universal agent, not only of change and ruin, but of fructification and reproduction.

The compression of air produces both fire and water. Newton observed that all bodies which possess high refractive powers, have an inflammable base; and as water and the diamond possess those powers, he predicted that both those substances would one day be proved to have an inflammable base also. These predictions are now verified. Water is composed of fifteen parts of hydrogen, and eighty-five parts of oxygen; and it is so impregnated with various extraneous matter, that none can be esteemed pure, that has not undergone the process of distillation. In fact, the four elements unite in a single drop of water, all of which may be separated at the discretion of the chymist. It is decomposed by throwing into it phosphuret of lime: while calorick forces itself in such abundance between its particles, as to destroy its attraction of cohesion.

Muriatic acid, on the contrary, has such an affinity for water, that whenever it meets with

moisture, it assumes the appearance of a cloud; and so great an affinity for it has muriate of ammonia, that it cannot be collected in a receiver; it is therefore collected over mercury. All vegetable acids, whether obtained from mucilage, cork, balsam, bark, ripe fruits, lemon juice, sorrel, amber, vinegar, or tartrid of potash, are soluble in it; they are also decomposable by heat. But copal, mastic, and the gluten of vegetables, are not soluble in water, though they are in oil, nor is magnesia, though it is in every kind of acid.

NOXIOUS PROPERTIES OF GAS.

Dr. Paris, in his work on diet, speaks strongly against the introduction of gas lights into the interior of dwellings. "Carburetted hydrogen," he observes, "is a deadly poison, and even in a state of great dilution it is capable of exerting a very baneful effect on the nervous system. I have been consulted on several occasions for pains in the head, nausea, and distressing languor, which evidently had been produced by the persons inhaling the unburnt gas in our theatres." In support of these objections he quotes an account of an experiment made by Sir Humphrey Davy, to try the effects of inhaling pure carburetted hydrogen, the result of which was, that, after three inspirations, the vital powers were completely suspended, and he did not perfectly recover until the following day.

THE GATHERER.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN INNKEEPERS.

From Cooper's Notions of the Americans.

The innkeeper of Old England and the innkeeper of New England form the very extremes of their class. The one is obsequious to the rich, the other unmoved, and often apparently cold. The first seems to calculate, at a glance, the amount of profit you are likely to leave behind you; while his opposite appears only to calculate in what manner he can most contribute to your comfort, without materially impairing his own. It is a mistake, however, that the latter is filled with a sense of his own imaginary importance. It troubles him as little as the subject does any other professor of a certain established rank, since there is no one to dispute it. * * * A striking and national trait in the American, is a constant and grave regard to the feeling of others. It is the best and surest fruit of high civilization: not civilization which chisels marble and gilds salons, but that which marks the progress of reason, and which, under certain circumstances, makes men polished, and, under all, renders them humane. In this particular, America is, beyond a doubt, the most civilized nation in the world. * * * The effect of this diffusion of common instruction is pre-eminently apparent throughout New-England, in the self-respect, decency, order, and individuality of his inhabitants. I say individually, because, by giving ideas to a man you impart the principle of a new existence, which supply additional motives of concern to his respectability and well-being.

BONAPARTE IN THE FIELD.

From Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.

No French soldier thought of complaining of the hardships that were shared by their emperor. The following is an interesting picture of one out of many of the nights he passed on the field:—"The plain on which the army was bivouacking was so barren of trees and houses, that not a single light was to be seen from the right to the left of it. There was great difficulty in finding a couple of trusses of straw and some fragments of door to light a small fire for the emperor's use; every one slept wrapped up in his cloak; and a bitter cold was felt the whole night. I passed it on my legs near the fire, because the Emperor had directed me to be careful that answers should be given to the officers and orderlies, who, under such circumstances, go over the lines the whole night, mostly in search of the Emperor and of the generals commanding the several corps of the army; on the eve of a battle he was mindful of the smallest details, and would not allow any one to pass without receiving the information sought for.

He slept but little that night. I had placed myself before him to screen his eyes from the blaze with the skirts of my cloak: but whether he felt cold, or that his mind was too much engaged he was up before daylight."

A GERMAN DORMITORY.

From Planché's River Danube.

Making for the little town of Tüln, that lay directly before us, in a kind of bay, we landed under a spacious building, the mutilated colossal statues of saints, prelates, and monarchs, in front of which, bore testimony to its former grandeur; and groping our way through a narrow passage, emerged into the court-yard behind it, where stood the wretched auberge, in which our steersman informed us we must pass the night. To our great relief, however, a red-elbowed, yellow-haired, blue-stockinged, round-about *madchen*, seizing a candle and a huge bunch of keys, recrossed the court with us towards the great building, and opening a postern door, which Mrs. Radcliffe would have worshipped, led the way up a winding staircase into a long gallery, hung with paintings of martyrdoms and miracles, fussy virgins and chubby cherubs, fat abbots and fair nuns; and ushered us into a wilderness of a chamber, furnished with one table and sixteen beds! The astonishment of our guide must be imagined, when my companion requested yet another room. The idea of separate chambers never entering her head, she naturally enough supposed that sixteen beds would surely be sufficient for two persons. However, as there was no accounting for the whims of foreigners, and as no other travellers were likely to arrive, she found another apartment for my friend, containing nine beds, and, with a stare of amazement I shall not speedily forget, after furnishing us with some coffee and another candle, left us to sleep in any or all of our twenty-five beds, as we might eventually determine. On mentioning this circumstance afterwards to a Viennese, I was assured that, had a larger company arrived, the remaining fifteen beds in my chamber would have been unceremoniously occupied by men or women, as it might have happened; for, as he remarked to me with the greatest coolness, "how would the poor people, who possess but two or three good rooms, be otherwise enabled to accommodate forty or fifty persons of both sexes, as they are frequently called upon to do."

PRACTICAL MEN.

The most important improvements in the arts and sciences have been made, not by the "regularly educated practical men," but by persons trained up to other pursuits. The greatest improvements in agriculture have been made by persons bred up in cities. The best laws are made by persons who are not practical lawyers. The same causes will, perhaps, account for the circumstance so frequently observed, that whenever a man of superiour mind arises, the last thing benefited by the exercise of his powers of invention will be the pursuit to which he was "regularly educated." Ramage, the optician, who has rendered so important a service to science by the improvement of reflecting telescopes, in which he has obtained equal power in half the size used by Herschell, made no improvement in tanning leather, his original occupation. It may be laid down as a general rule, that unless the mind of a practical man has been trained to habits of generalizing beyond the details of his profession, his conclusion as to the effects of any change in his practice is less to be relied upon than that of any other man of equal general intelligence, to whose mind the same facts are presented and who gives them an equal degree of consideration.

HUMANITY OF BONAPARTE.

The Duke de Rovigo gives some singular traits of Napoleon. At Jena and Austerlitz, we are told that, after the victory was gained, he rode around the field of battle to inspect the unhappy objects that remained on it. "He often alighted," says Savary, "from his horse to give a little brandy to the wounded; and several times I observed him putting his hand into the breast of a soldier to ascertain whether his heart beat, because, in consequence of having seen some slight appearance of colour in his cheeks he supposed he might not be

dead. If he found a greater number of dead on one part of the field than another, he looked at the buttons to ascertain the number of the regiment, and it was his custom, at the first review in which he saw that regiment, to ask questions as to the manner in which it attacked, or had been attacked, in order to discover the loss he had observed. While thus making the tour of the field of battle, I saw him two or three times discover, in the manner I have mentioned, men who were still alive. On these occasions he gave way to joy which it is impossible to describe, but which was quickly followed by a melancholy expression occasioned by the reflection that there were many others in the like situation whom he could not hope to find."

INFLUENCE OF AMERICA UPON EUROPE.

Every change in America has occasioned a correspondent change in Europe; the discovery of it overturned the systems of the ancients, and gave a new face to adventure and to knowledge—the opening of its mines produced a revolution in property; and the independence of the United States overturned the monarchy of France, and set fire to a train which has not yet fully exploded. In every thing, its progress is interwoven with the fates of Europe. At every expansion of American influence, the older countries are destined to undergo new changes, and to receive a second character, from the colonies which they have planted, whose greatness is on so much larger a scale than that of the parent countries, and which will exhibit those improvements which exist in miniature in Europe, unfettered by ancient prejudices, and dilated over another continent.

AMUSING SUPERSTITION.

The bull is an object of worship, and in most Hindoo towns of eminence you will meet with tame bulls overburdened with fat, lolling their length in the streets and highways, obstructing passengers and carriages. They are fed by the people, or rather they feed themselves, for they make no scruple of shoving their heads into whole baskets full of grain or vegetables, exposed for sale in the windows, or in open stalls—and though driven away by the waving of handkerchiefs in their faces, or by other gentle methods, yet no Hindoo of any character would think of striking one of these animals with such severity as to endanger its life, or would run the risk of maiming the sacred brute. And, ridiculous as it may sound, you may see a Hindoo driving away one of these animals from his grain basket by hearty slaps on the face and on the back, addressing him at the same time by the respectful title of "mahraj! mahraj!" meaning "your holiness," or "your worship!"

ANECDOTE.

When the late Admiral Crosby was dining with Colonel Fitzgerald, at Merion-square, London, he happened to lay his huge brown fist upon the table; at that moment Dr. Jenkins, who was very short-sighted, casting his eyes around the table in search of a loaf of bread, happened to rest them on the Admiral's fist; and mistaking it for a loaf, thrust his fork plump into it! The Admiral, smarting with the wound, said in a rage, "don't trouble yourself to reach—I'll help you," and raised the same fist to demolish the doctor. The doctor, perceiving his mistake, immediately cried out, "only a slice, sir; it won't go round!" This disarmed the Admiral of his wrath, and so convulsed the company with laughter, that all the dyspeptic cases at table were discontinued.

ECONOMY OF TIME.

The Chancellor d'Aguessau, finding that his wife always kept him waiting a quarter of an hour after the dinner bell had rung, resolved to devote this time to writing a work on jurisprudence. He put his project to execution, and in the course of time produced a quarto work of four volumes.

POETRY.

Poetry is a pleasant honey; I advise thee only to taste it with the tip of thy finger, and not to live upon it. If thou dost, it will disorder thy head, and give thee dangerous vertigoes.

POPULAR TALES.

THE SEA SPRITE.

BY A. CROWQUILL.

The boisterous winds and the unruly waves were roaring hastily in concert, threatening demolition not only to the little cabins of the industrious fishermen, which were scattered along the pebbly coast, but even to the craggy cliffs that overhung them with a fostering care. But the hardy and adventurous habitants of these humble retreats were too much accustomed to behold the ravages and contemplate the terrors of the raging element to experience the least apprehension. Their smacks were safely moored upland in secure creeks, and their nets and tackle housed. The wild yellings of the wind and the beating of the foaming waters against the strand, like claps of distant thunder, would have had no other effect than lulling them to repose. But on this stormy night there was not one among the fishermen that sought his lowly pallet. They were all, to the number of eight, assembled round the death-bed of Ernst van Eick, the venerable patriarch of the whole crew. The icy hand of remorseless death had seized upon him. His long, white, and straggling locks hung like flakes of winter snow about his shoulders. His eyes were dim, and the flaccid muscles of his weather-beaten, hard-featured visage appeared to have lost all power of motion. Some twenty hours before had beheld him a hale and hearty man of eighty, in full possession of all his faculties. But he was suddenly and mortally stricken, and looked like a pitiable object of fast declining nature. Hendrik van Eick, his only son, supported his listless form with his left arm, while his right hand administered a cordial. For a single moment the flickering and dying flame of life appeared re-illuminated in his breast. His eyes were lit up with all the light of returning animation, and he gazed with a fond, but sorrowful, expression upon Hendrik. His spirit was struggling for utterance. His lips moved, but no audible accents fell from them. "Dearest father," cried Hendrik affectionately, "why dost thou gaze so steadfastly upon me? What would'st thou say? Big drops of perspiration burst from the old man's wrinkled brow, and with a great effort he mentioned his friends to leave him. They instantly obeyed his silent mandate. Hendrik alone remained with him. The old fisherman gazed ardently upon Hendrik, and tears filled his eyes.

"Open—open—yon cabinet," said he, in a low and tremulous voice. Hendrik did his bidding with trembling hands;—that cabinet had ever been a forbidden thing—a sealed mystery to him. "That casket!" continued the dying man anxiously—'tis thine—keep it."

"Oh! father!" cried Hendrik, with emotion, "at this awful moment take no care upon thee of worldly things."

"Just heaven! mercy!" exclaimed the old man in agony; "worldliness and gold have conspired to ruin me: I am lost, Hendrik; I am lost."

"Dearest father!" interposed Hendrik, deeply affected: but ere he could proceed, the fisherman, by a violent exertion, raised himself in the bed. "Call me not father!" cried he, with a frantic look: "I am no father! I am thine enemy! Thou art—thou art! O! my soul!" He could articulate no more. His hoary head dropped upon his breast. Hendrik's arm encircled him; but Ernst van Eick was a lifeless corpse!

On the morrow, at early dawn, the sorrowing Hendrik was surprised by a visit from Alwyn, the lord of the castle which reared its proud and impregnable battlements menacingly above the craggy cliff.

The fishermen were the poorest among his numerous dependents, but the venerable Ernst van Eick had always enjoyed the favour and countenance of the noble lord.

Nor did any envy this flattering preference; for had they a favour to ask, or petition to prefer, Ernst van Eick was their ready and willing mediator.

"My lord!" cried Hendrik, rising.

"No ceremony, Hendrik," interrupted Alwyn: "I seek it not in the house of mourning. Yonder," pointing to the bier, "lies a cold lesson of

humility. But tell me, Hendrik, how did his spirit part from its mortal tenement?"

The young fisherman was agitated. The dying words of Ernst were fresh upon his memory. Their mysterious import troubled him, but he was resolved to confine the secret to his own breast.

"Death struck him so suddenly, my lord," replied he, "that it almost bereft him of the power of speech."

"Did he make no bequests?" asked Alwyn earnestly; "no—"

"Nothing, my lord," replied Hendrik, wondering at the interest Alwyn took in his concerns.

The lord of the castle clasped his hands together; a smile flitted across his wrinkled brow, and murmuring something to himself, he appeared for an instant entirely absorbed by the intensity of his thoughts.

"I am satisfied!" at last he exclaimed.

"Satisfied, my lord?" said Hendrik, inquiringly.

"Ay—with this old man's (thy worthy father's) fidelity and services," continued Alwyn. "Be thou, too, diligent and loyal, Hendrik, and thou shalt not lack a just reward."

Hendrik uttered the unfeigned and grateful acknowledgements of his heart, and the lord of the castle departed.

After the humble obsequies of Ernst van Eick were performed, Hendrik diligently pursued his avocations, and pleasantly too; for the natural good humour and generosity of his nature had won the favour of all, and upon every emergency their willing and friendly assistance was at his command.

Hendrik was by no means ungrateful, but yet he was far from happy. It was not the dying words of Ernst van Eick that rendered him so, for they rather perplexed than depressed him. The fact was, he was in love; and yet wholly unconscious that he entertained such an engrossing passion. Indeed it was the purest sentiment, the intensest feeling of his heart. Nor was he less capable of inspiring than experiencing it.

His figure was firmly set, yet elegantly formed; his features handsome, and his dark hazel eyes glanced with an elegant expression from beneath his long eyelashes.

In his gait and address he was easy, agreeable, and winning. Nature appeared to have formed him to fill a station far above the humble one in which he moved.

In the pursuit of his avocations he was generally selected by his comrades to be the bearer of the title of their nets, which was the lord of the castle's due. All were glad to escape a duty which it was Hendrik's highest pleasure to perform.

Alwyn's daughter, the young innocent and beautiful Elvina, almost invariably received the tribute, and with so much sweetness and grace withal, that it appeared more like the bland acknowledgements of a gift.

She loved, too, to hear the vivid relations of the dangers which he and his comrades oftentimes encountered on the treacherous main in procuring the means of their precarious livelihood. Her gentle heart sympathized with their sufferings, and sometimes the startling tear would bedim her fair blue eyes.

It was impossible not to esteem and love so angelic a creature, and yet Hendrik had never ventured to think that he loved her. Such boldness would have been unpardonable.

One day, wandering listlessly along the shore in a pensive and abstracted mood, a broad red stone of about a foot in diameter caught his eye. He struck it with the toe of his heavy boot. It moved, but he was astonished to behold it return to its original position. Again he applied his foot to it with redoubled vigour, and cast it some yards before him.

A tremendous roaring, as of distant waters, followed its removal, and presently a column of water gushed forth and scattered a shower of glittering spray in the beams of the sun.

Hendrik was rivetted to the spot. As he gazed upon its summit, he observed it gradually assume a strange and altered appearance. The features of an animate being were speedily developed, and

grinned forth from the bubbling mass of water. Hendrik began to feel some apprehension of impending evil, and prepared to fly, when the shadowy monster took a more definite form; gigantic, indeed, but by no means repulsive. A three-cornered hat was cocked knowingly upon his head; and otherwise, both in habits and proportion, he appeared a genius of a most eccentric order.

"Fly not hence, Hendrik van Eick," said the sprite, with a coaxing suavity in his address; "avoid not one whom thou hast (however unwittingly) befriended. A blessing on that truly great toe which propelled yonder magick stone, and happily enfranchised my confined and troubled spirit. May it never know the pangs of *podagra*, or the shootings and twinges of a rooted corn! But to prove I have more gratitude than egotism, I will drop all allusions to myself, and proceed to give thee an account of thyself."

"Hah! what knowest thou that may concern me?"

"Much, much!" replied the sprite, smiling at his eagerness. "Why, I knew your dad! as nice an old gentleman as ever drew steel in the service of his country. Thou'rt truly the spit of the old boy!"

"Of Ernst van Eick!" said Hendrik.

"Ernst van devil!" contemptuously answered the sprite. "A weather-beaten old grampus! Thy father, Hendrik, was a noble lord, and a warrior to boot."

"Just heaven!" exclaimed Hendrik.

"Spare thy rhapsodies," interposed the sprite, "and I will give thee a concise account of thyself and fortunes. About twenty years since, I and Gomlah (as mischievous an imp as ever chewed brimstone!) were walking up and down the beach, enjoying the wild music of the winds and the waves, when suddenly a small bark, tempest-torn and shattered, was driven on the rocks, and beaten into a thousand fragments. The shrieks of the drowning, in the pauses of the storm, were terrible, but they were soon swallowed up by the devouring waves. 'See, there!' cried Gomlah, with a devilish grin; 'yon bark is scattered upon the white foam of the ocean, and the mariners have gone to feast the hungry sharks. Unfortunately, however, there are two souls saved. Albert, the lord of yon castle, and his motherless son, whom he is bearing from a foreign land to inhabit the halls of his fathers. And a very unwelcome visitor he'll be, for his brother Alwyn has, for some time past, regarded him as lost, and been, by his own desire, invested with all the honours of the lordship. It is not an easy thing for a man who has once enjoyed power to resign it, and Alwyn's fraternal love, I am certain, will never have sufficient weight in his breast to make his ambition kick the beam. But there is a compact between us, and I must fly to warn him of the cloud which is rising to obscure his glory.' And instantly taking the form of a mariner, he presented himself before lord Alwyn, and informed him of the shipwreck; and that his brother Albert and his infant son were cast upon the beach. Lord Alwyn, accompanied by Gomlah and Ernst van Eick, proceeded without delay to the sea shore. They found lord Albert dead, but his little son showed signs of life. Alwyn would have cast the infant into the sea, but Ernst remonstrated, and his lord exacting a sacred vow from the fisherman that he would never discover the secret of his birth, but adopt the child as his own, he listened to his prayer."

"And am I indeed that son?" exclaimed Hendrik.

"The same. And that golden lily, which thou didst find in the casket, bequeathed thee by old Ernst, is thy father's. The old fisherman discovered it beneath thy clothes—knew its value, and preserved it for some future occasion. Alwyn would give half his wealth to possess it; for if thou goest forth among his vassals, (more justly thine) and display the jewel, they will instantly recognize the symbol of their late loved lord; and which, coupled with thy perfect resemblance of thy father, will gain thee their favour and assistance in retrieving thy usurped rights. I would have aided thee before in thy recovery thereof, but Gomlah, learning my intention, set a spell upon me, and confined me till thou shouldst free me. *Chapeau*

bath directed thee to my rescue, and I will endeavour to return the obligation."

On the morn of the following day a loud tumult in the court of the castle alarmed the usurper. He rushed forth, and beheld Hendrik accompanied by fifty armed vassals, displaying the banner of his house.

A single glance was sufficient to convince him of the whole truth. Conscience-stricken, he offered no resistance. Age and infirmity, too, had tended to weaken his ambition; and, in compliance with the loud demands of the rightful heir, and those loyal dependents who recognized him, he yielded possession to Hendrik.

And none less willingly than the virtuous Elvina acknowledged Hendrik's worth and true nobility.

And the cousins very soon afterwards discovered (what they had never before dreamed of.) that they were over head and ears in love with each other.

So, no sooner had penitence led Alwyn to a monastery, than love conducted Hendrik and Elvina to a church.

MISCELLANY.

THE THREE DEVILS.

One stormy night in the middle of December, three genteel inhabitants of the infernal regions met on the summit of the peak of Derbyshire. All three were devils of some consideration in their neighbourhood, and had been occasionally fellow-travellers and boon companions. Many were the splendid feasts at which they had alternately presided; many were the goblets of liquid sulphur which they had quaffed; many were the libations of hot blood which they had poured out, while yelling joyful and roof-ringing toasts to the success of their glorious sovereign, and confusion to the hated human race.

But, though thus united in habits and friendly intercourse, they were devils of differing characters and dispositions. Hiorlothrombulo was a fiend of a sly and intriguing disposition; he had given his attention chiefly to politicks. He was distinguished in the grand Satanick Council, of which he was a member, by the powers of his eloquence, and was supposed to have done more service to his royal master, and more mischief to the human race, than any devil, not in office, had ever achieved.

Amatusus was a devil of a gay, airy, and volatile character. He was considered not to think deeply; but he was the life and soul of convivial parties. It was whispered, indeed, that even the consort of his Satanick Majesty had not been able to keep always her loyal wings closed against the instances of his eloquence and vivacity.

Strombulogo was a character differing from both his friends: he was serious, meditating and profound. He had given his attention chiefly to theology. He was the inventor of most of the pious frauds which have from time to time cajoled mankind, and was supposed to have had the ear of nine successive popes, and to have had in his pay, from time to time, at least a hundred cardinals, not to mention protestant bishops, deans, and dignitaries innumerable.

The usual compliments on meeting had passed; the common topics of wind and weather had been discussed. The worthy trio fell into a kind of desultory conversation. "Friend Hiorlothrombulo," said Amatusus, "I should be glad to know, and I have no doubt our friend Strombulogo would be amused by the recital, how thou hast employed thyself since last we met; what hast thou done or conceived in the common cause, and towards the discomfiture of the hereditary foe of our master's royal house? To pass away the time agreeably till daybreak, favour us with a recital of thy adventures, and we in our turns will be equally communicative."

"Agreed," replied Hiorlothrombulo. "Know, then, my friends, that pursuing my studies according to the best of my inclination, I dived deep into the heart of the creature man, and discovered a strong leading principle which not even his natural selfishness had been able to eradicate. I fore-

saw numberless inconveniences arising from this principle, should it ever be able to get the upper hand. Man would be inclined to mercy, to justice, to generosity, to benevolence. Adroitly, therefore, removing from his heart the hated position, I substituted for it a doubtful and capricious principle, called patriotism. Since that moment, instead of seeking the good of the human race, men, under pretence of love of country, rob without compunction, burn, pillage, murder and destroy; and, while a few are left to play awhile with the toys of distinction, whole hecatombs are offered in grateful service at the altar of our Satanick King. Is not this a glorious change?"

"Worthy indeed of the projector," replied Amatusus. "For my part, less enterprising and less ambitious, I have contented myself with more modest triumphs. My pursuits led me to discover in the heart of man a bland and soothing principle, sweetening the toils of life by its influence, and lending innumerable charms to existence, the love of woman. Dreading the influence of this lovely and too potent creature, in place of this troublesome principle I substituted the love of money. Since this change, the deluded being, man, steeling his heart against the feelings that would have softened his nature, and have guided him half the way at least on his road to heaven, sordidly contracts its sensibilities into the love of gold; gathers heaps of worthless pelf, and purchases, with every acquisition, a new title to some place in our infernal kingdom."

"I, my friends," said Strombulogo, "have been led, as well you know, into speculations of a different nature. Examining attentively the actions of mankind, I arrived at the conclusion that there is inherent in his nature a principle of powerful influence, inclining him almost irresistibly to good, and affording him an intuitive perception of right and wrong—Religion, or a sense of the Godhead. Looking for the seat of this principle, I found it, after much laborious search, to be in the heart. Removing it cautiously thence, I placed it gently in the head. Since which change, man, instead of cultivating piety, and obedience, and resignation—instead of cultivating those virtues which would have rendered him little less than an angel of light—bewilders himself in a maze of doctrines, and opinions, and subtilties; and persecuting his fellows for the sake of these, populates the suburbs of our imperial city."

"In truth, my friend," said Hiorlothrombulo, "I and our excellent compeer must yield the palm of successful enterprise to thee. But come, my dear associates, the dawn approaches, and we have left our magick bounds in shapes which we have not here the power to put off: should the morning surprise us here in these visible forms, much inconvenient scandal might arise. Let us be gone."

On this suggestion of Hiorlothrombulo, the three friends, spreading their dusky pinions, made the best of their way towards their infernal homes.

ETYMOLOGIES.

From the Berkshire American.

HOOSICK.

On the borders of the stream, now called by this name, (as tradition saith) there formerly dwelt a good old lady, of rather a gossiping disposition, and who was possessed of an insatiable curiosity to learn, and an unconquerable desire to be the first to communicate, all the wonderful news in the vicinity. Among other things, she was prodigiously fond of hearing of all the lamentable cases of sickness far and near, and seemed to live on the pains and aches, the "gripes and grumbles" of her fellow creatures. With this fondness for the sad and horrible, she never failed to run out when the doctor was passing, and bawl as loud as she could—"Doctor, who's sick?" This she repeated so often, that at length the man of medicine grew tired of her importunities, and invented a hundred stories of impossible and improbable cases, with which he amused himself and ridiculed the old woman's love of the marvellous, but which she swallowed with the same avidity as she did the Westminster Catechism.

At one time he told her he had been to see a patient who had the Mortal Borborigmus, and that he had cured him completely by taking out his

"insides" and washing them in soap suds and vinegar. "Is it possible, Doctor!" exclaimed the old woman, "well, I hope the man will have a clean conscience after this."

At another time the doctor told her he had called to see a child that was born without any tongue. "O me!" cried the old lady "how will the poor thing ever talk!—is it a boy or a gal, Doctor?" "A girl," he replied. "Ah, well," said she, "I ant a bit afear'd then but what it will talk well enough."

On a third occasion he told her he had been to visit a woman who was bitten by a rattle snake. He said the patient was a great snuff taker, and she was one day picking up blackberries, the snake, which was concealed among the briars being highly enraged at the smell of the snuff, sprang from his lurking place and seized the woman by the end of the nose. "O lord!" ejaculated the sympathizing listener, and giving her own nose a thorough wipe, "didn't it kill the woman?" "No, by Jove," returned the doctor, "but it killed the snake."

But to return to the etymology. The doctor from being so often questioned by the old lady, "who's sick?" at last began to call the neighbourhood of her residence *Who's sick*; and when asked by his own neighbours, "which way are you riding to-day, Doctor?" would reply jocularly, "I'm going to *Who's sick*." This appellation was at first caught from the doctor and familiarly used by his neighbours, and afterwards by those more remote; and thus not only the neighbourhood of the inquisitive old lady, but in process of time the whole stream and the valley on its borders, came by a slight alteration in the spelling, to be called by the name of *Hoosick*.

NOBILITY OF BLOOD.

Crantz, in his Saxon History, tells us of an Earl of Alsatia, surnamed, on account of his great strength, *Iron*; who was a great favourite with Edward the Third of England, and much envied, as favourites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some nobleman maliciously instigated the queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favourite, by causing a lion to be let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that "if the earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him." It being customary with the earl to rise at break of day, before any other person in the palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the earl came down in the morning, with no more than a night-gown cast over his shirt, he was met by the lion bristling his hair, and growling destruction between his teeth. The earl not in the least daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog!" At these words the lion couched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window, to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turned him into his cage, and placing his night-cap on the lion's back, came forth without ever casting a look behind him. "Now," said the earl, calling out to the courtiers, whose presence at the windows instantly convinced him of the share they had had in this trial of his courage, "let him amongst you all, that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE TURKS.

From Walsh's Journey to Constantinople.

A Turk differs from a Frank even in the most trifling habits. The house next to the barber's shop was in progress of building, and there was a man writing down some inventory. All the persons I saw engaged were working in a manner opposite to our usage. The barber pushed the razor from him—ours draws it to him; the carpenter, on the contrary, drew the saw to him, for all the teeth were set in—ours pushes it from him, for all the teeth are set out; the mason sat while he laid the stones—ours always stands; the scribe wrote on his hand, and from right to left—ours always writes on a desk or table, and from left to right; but the most ridiculous difference existed in the manner of building the house. We begin at the

bottom, and finish to the top; this house was a frame of wood, which the Turks began at the top, and the upper rooms were finished and inhabited, while all below was like a lantern. However absurd these minutiae may appear, they are traits of Turkish character, which form, with other things, a striking peculiarity. It is now more than four centuries since they crossed the Hellespont, and transported themselves from Asia to Europe; during all that time they have been in contact with European habits and manners, and, at times, even penetrated as far as Vienna, and so occupied the very centre of Christendom. Yet, while all the people around them have been advancing in the march of improvement, in various ways, they have stood still and refused to move; and such is their repugnance to any assimilation, that almost all the men who attempted to improve them have fallen victims to their temerity, or the Turks themselves have perished in resistance; and, with very few exceptions, the great body of them are, at this day, the same puerile, prejudiced, illiterate, intractable, stubborn race, that left the mountains of Asia. And so indisposed are they to amalgamate with us in any way, that they still preserve a marked distinction in the greatest as well as in the minutest things—not only in science and literature, but in the movement of a saw and a razor.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1828.

37 New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

FLOWERS ON GRAVES. Nothing can be more gratifying to some of the best feelings of human nature, than that amiable, yet almost obsolete custom of adorning with flowers the graves of those we loved. The practice once prevailed among many of the most celebrated nations of the ancient world. The Medes bequeathed it to the Persians, from whom the Greeks adopted it, and Pythagoras introduced it into Italy. Many of those immortal worthies, whose names have descended to us through classic channels, have had their memory dignified by the record, that their surviving friends deemed them worthy this token of their love. The urn containing the ashes of Philopœmen was covered with chaplets of flowers. We learn, also, that the grave of Sophocles was embellished with roses and ivy, if the epitaph, written by Simonides, deserves that construction;—a metrical translation by some one unknown, we offer.

"Wind, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid.
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs, and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine.
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the joys he sung."

Ivy and flowerets were also planted at the grave of Anacreon. The tombs of Hafiz and Sadi, the great poets of Persia, are honoured by their survivors with every token of gratitude. The former stands under the cypress which he planted with his own hand. Sadi is buried in a building, erected in the heart of a mountainous amphitheatre, surrounded with perpetual verdure and fertility. Ninus of Babylon, was buried under a white mulberry tree. Klopstock, one of the first German poets, has a monument, over which shadows a lime tree. Flowers were formerly spread over his grave.

Thus we have the authority of example worthy of imitation; but we have more. Poets who have descended from the darkest ages, as patterns of taste, have embellished their descriptions of funereal rites with this amiable custom. Æneas is beautifully represented as sprinkling his father's grave with flowers. Andromache is described raising green altars to the memory of Hector.

Grateful as the tribute of affection seems to be, there are but few, even among those modern nations which lay the strongest claim to refinement, who have not let this pathetic rite go to oblivion, with many other of those customs which are too innocent and full of tenderness for modern

taste. In some of the romantick regions of Switzerland and Wales it is yet prevalent. In China, in Java, in Crimea, in the country of the Moors, and among many of those nations which by our standard are ranked with the half-civilized portions of the globe, this monument of refinement still stands, a living rebuke to enlightened pride. After the celebrated defeat of the French and Bavarians, among the Tyrolese mountains, one circumstance is worthy of the same immortality which must be the portion of these hardy people. In all the records of bloody strife, we have no instance of the kind. Contrary to the usual mode of interring their dead on the field of battle, the Tyrolese who fell on that day were all carefully carried to their homes, and buried, each in the church yard of his native village. There the hands of the survivors have planted their graves with living flowers, and the traveller, to this day, can number the little mounds under which repose the sacrifices, offered in that strife, on the altar of their country's liberty. Envious monument for the martyr! Who would not die for a country who will thus cherish the ashes of its defenders.

This is no theme for the licentious to deride; it has a real divinity in its lessons, which will find a response in every soul, that is not sunk beneath the sphere it was created for. Many are the eulogies on the life and labours of the departed great; but when we visit their tombs, no flowers are there; no emblems of that state of eternal bloom to which they have passed. We find the dust where their ashes rest, shaded with the meanest weeds, trampled by the most degraded animals; and if any memorial of affection is to be found, it is only the cold stone; niter for any thing else than the type of what was once warm with friendship, and beautiful with smiles.

ORIGIN OF WORDS. From some speculative writer we have imbibed the idea, that in the formation of such languages as are now spoken, all the names were originally significant, and so sensible, to the ear and the comprehension, that there was never a compound needed to express any idea necessary to the existing state of human knowledge. The original language, derived from the Creator, which even the heathen Plato terms, the language in which the gods were accustomed to speak, was no doubt more perfect, less incumbered with qualifying inseparables, and better suited to colloquial convenience, than any which has existed since the flood. The art of poetry, and more particularly the invention of letters, has done more to swell the nomenclature of every language, and introduce redundancies, expletives, compounds, and hyperbolical terms than any cause whatever. Hence we see languages, in which very little classic progress has been made, and such tongues as have recently or not yet assumed a written form, containing very few words, and those of very simple and easy etymology, the very sound of which mark the meaning too clearly to be misunderstood. It is also observable that, from the first stages of classic perfection to which the ancient languages were brought by the poets and philologists, every modern language, drawing its figurative expression from, and founding its literary improvements upon these ancient learned tongues, has increased its vocabulary, both in the number of its words, and in its latitude of signification. The increase has also been more considerable in such modern dialects as have drawn their stock of terms from several distinct and opposite sources. To illustrate this, let us appeal to comparison. We can go no further back than the Greek, which is said to contain about 30,000 words. This number is probably far more than the Egyptian, or any other of its primitive ancestors. Next we have the Latin; almost a contemporary, but somewhat behind in the date of its highest perfection. Enough however, of Grecian phraseology, and more of its poetical fashion, has been adopted by the Roman authors, to render it, though radically leaner and far less copious in the main, ultimately a gainer of nearly two thousand words. The Latin language is set down at about 31,500. The French is radically Latin; but from the simplicity of its construction, and an averseness to the adoption of foreign terms, its numeral strength is but little greater than its parent. The French may be set down as containing not far from 32,000 words. But the Italian, with no other source

of increase than the invention of its classic writers, and the casual corruptions originating in colloquial abuses, has advanced more than four thousand words on its parent stock. The Italian language of the present day is said to exceed 35,000.

The English language contains more than forty thousand words. For this immense number we are more indebted to the diversity of tongues from which this curious compound has been drawn, than to any other cause. To show the number of sources from which the fathers of our language selected their terms, we will take the synonymous terms landscape, scenery, prospect and view, as an example. The first is Dutch; the second and third Latin; and the latter, French. Of the component parts of the complex idea represented by these synonyms, harbour, lake, ocean and valley are Latin; cascade, forest, fountain, river, rock, vale, are French; bower, dingle, field, flood, hill, meadow, orchard, sea, spring, stream and wood are from the Saxon; lawn from the Danish; dale from the Gothick; garden from the Welsh; glen from the Erse; alcove from the Spanish; and cataract from the Greek. The general name of tree is derived from the Danish; cherry, jasmine, lilach, osier, pear, peach and poplar, are from the French; arbut, alder, acacia, cedar, cypress, juniper, laurel, larch, myrtle, pine, rose, willow, vine, are from the Latin; ash, aspen, apple, beech, bramble, birch, box, broom, chestnut, elm, elder, honeysuckle, holly, ivy, lime, mulberry, nut, oak, plum, walnut, yew, are from the Saxon; thorn from the Gothick; hornbeam from the Dutch; and willow and fir from the Welsh. Bridge, cottage, church, house, and most other artificial objects which embellish scenery, are from the Saxon. The colours which finish the description are as various in their derivation as the objects themselves. Blue, red, white and yellow are Saxon; purple, French; indigo, Latin; and green, German. This is only one specimen of derivation, and that too in relation to such words as come into daily conversation. Some idea of the chaos of elements from which the seeming order of language has been called, may be drawn from this specimen; but time will not permit us to enlarge upon the subject.

It is not improbable that words representing ideas wholly foreign to their original meaning form the whole body of our language. Names of familiar objects have by the simple process of association, found their way into other departments of language, in the form of figurative expressions. Thus we speak of the hero's laurels; the poet's bays, &c. Not improbably such figurative terms have adhered to the language long after the object which first possessed them has ceased to be known by them. In this manner, what was once used as figurative has become literal, and it would be no very visionary thought to suppose that our whole language has been made up of such materials. It is a fact well known, that all nations in their barbarous state, give, or assume the common names of animals, trees, &c. for individual appellations. These persons in their turn, as the whim of the moment may suggest, not unfrequently give their own names to inanimate objects, which is often out of peculiar respect to the individual, sanctioned by their contemporaries; and thus, by perpetual change, a few generations are sufficient to revolutionize a language, and give it any thing but its original genius and meaning.

The study of philosophy is altogether too much neglected, and treated only as a secondary pursuit. There is, however, but one pursuit, more necessary to human happiness; and that is the pursuit of food. Nature has placed the faculty of speech next in order to it, by a testimony not to be gainsayed. Till man acquires some proficiency in the power of communicating his thoughts, his whole knowledge is comprised in that of eating. If he be so unfortunate as to have that power subject to any natural impediment, or insuperable obstacle, his other faculties will falter or prove abortive in the same proportion. But whenever he has found a way to give utterance to the omnipotent workings of his mind, his powers are at once let loose, and then he stands before his fellow beings in the full mental stature and strength of man. Brutes have the same duty which we place first, to perform; but man has a faculty which alone distinguishes him from their nature, and it is his duty to improve it.

THE ELECTION. Less than two months will decide the important question which has agitated and, we may add without fear of contradiction, degraded the people of this republic, for more than two years. To those who have laboured and sweated, without cessation, in this strife, there is less, perhaps, of the disgusting discernible, than to us, who have stood apart from it, and viewed it without bias. The pioneers of party are familiarized to deception. It would be as much a matter of surprise to hear a party editor or a party orator speak candidly on the merits of his opponent, as it would to hear the old father of evil preaching against avarice; and we cannot but look upon the forensic fuss they make, as we would at the rehearsal of a class at school. They elicit reason without conviction; and they who hear, return with the same opinion which they came, perhaps strengthened by the futility of the logic mustered against it.

We have never believed that either of the candidates for president was so corrupt as his worst enemies, nor so honest as his firmest friends. But let us suppose that one half, or one tenth of the scandalous contents of our political papers were believed by their readers:—what a pretty picture does it represent of American integrity. But when our newspaper articles get abroad, and fall into the hands of the natural enemies of our country, no matter how much any two slanderers refute each other, or how absurd they may appear to the test of truth;—if one of our good-natured kinsmen over the Atlantick ever doubts any thing respecting our national affairs, we may rest assured that he will in preference believe every thing which is disgraceful to our national character. He may call all our editors liars, by way of politeness; but he will never fail to believe their grossest misrepresentations when they will feed his ill nature.

American readers will recollect a quizzical kind of an advertisement, which went the rounds of American newspapers a few years ago, by Doctor Van Dundertwiller, inventor and vender of "Metallick Corsets." It was conceived and uttered by some sly wag, to take off the wonderful puffs in circulation, such as "Botanick Pills," &c. &c. and accompanied as usual with the proper number of certificates of cure. Some of these were really amusing, and if any fault was observable in the whole, as a satirical production, it was that of being over wrought. But our good English friends did not think so. They swallowed the whole, as bona fide puffing, and believe Doctor Van Dundertwiller to be a real man of flesh, blood and bones; not forgetting to give him, as he deserves, a sound castigation, and calling him an "American empirick" and an "impudent quack;" and the very respectable patients who have given their testimony of the efficiency of the "Metallick Corset," the English editor pronounces to be ignorant and deluded dupes of quackery!!

Now let the same editor get hold of some very pretty paragraphs which are going the rounds of our political journals; but he would scorn to handle them. They are so much worse than Doctor Van Dundertwiller's puffs, that he would not debase a sheet of four penny stamped paper with a hint to them.

WE are glad to perceive that the unwarranted attack made by one of the daily papers in this city, upon our Postmaster and his clerks, has called forth the marked disapprobation of the whole community. Such petulant language may do well enough in places where the insolence and spleen of editors is absolute with the people; but in Albany, some just cause of complaint must be proved, before the faithful and industrious servants of the public shall be assailed with impunity, even from a source so dignified as the Albany Morning Chronicle.

DOMESTICK. The late freshet has done immense damage, in almost every part we have heard from, where mountain streams have a tendency to sudden rises. In the state of Vermont, the destruction is inconceivable. Bridges, mills, barns, factories, clothiers' works, dwelling houses, and flocks of sheep have been swept away, and totally lost! At Bethel, on White River, the whole loss is estimated at \$20,000. At Barre, on Onion river, the mills and factory belonging to Mr. Day, are wholly destroyed. By this calamity, one man has lost at least \$10,000. Similar accounts, though not generally so disastrous, are heard from all quarters.

Import movements are going on in the United States'

War Department. Fort Niagara is said to be fixed upon as the head quarters of the frontier line of posts, and will be garrisoned with four companies of infantry. Forts Dearborn and Gratiot are to be re-occupied, and a new post is to be established upon the portage between Fox and Ouisconsin rivers, as stipulated in the late treaty concluded with the Winnebagoes at Green Bay. This post is upon the extreme northern verge of the mining district. Permission was granted by the natives to take possession of the mining district until a council can be held to deliberate among themselves respecting the purchase. Meantime, several of their chiefs are to visit the interior and seaport towns of the states, to learn, by actual observation, the strength and resources of the whites. "Should the proposed treaty result favourably," says the Buffalo Journal, "we trust no time will be lost in rendering perfect the navigation between the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers, and thus open a way, by the short route of the Erie canal and the lakes, for the flood of emigration which is ready, through that channel, to penetrate the forests of the west."

FOREIGN. By the ship Caledonia, arrived at New-York, we have the official account of the prorogation of parliament, on the 28th of July. Nothing is said in the speech of the king, concerning the American Tariff, nor the repeal of the corporation and test laws.

The Nuremberg Correspondent mentions a report that an alliance had been formed between England, France, and Austria, to prevent the threatened aggrandizement of Russia. Of the expedition from Toulon, there remained no doubts. The destination is the Morea, and the troops it carries amount to from six to 12,000. It is insinuated, that instead of delivering Greece at the expense of the Turks, it will provide for itself at the expense of the Greeks; that an English fleet will co-operate with it, and that the two powers understand each other, and it is possible the whole may proceed to Constantinople, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Russians.

The London Globe and Traveller, July 26th, says—"His Britannick Majesty's ship Bramble has arrived from Oporto, with letters announcing the seizure of three English merchant ships at Oporto, by the Portuguese authorities, under plea of their being about to convey to England property belonging to the leaders of the late Constitutional force." The Gibraltar steam-boat took about 100 Constitutionalists from Oporto, and landed them at Bordeaux.

Don Miguel had formally declared his acceptance of the crown, and on the 7th July took the oath, at the palace of Ajuda, in conformity with what was done in the Cortes, held in the year 1641.

A German paper asserts that 100,000 Russians are advancing to force the passage of the Balkan mountains.

The latest London papers contain two proclamations of Valdez, the governor of Madeira, denouncing the usurpation at Lisbon, and calling upon the inhabitants and troops of that island to support the rights of Don Pedro. These proclamations were dated June 22, and it was not long before a trial was made of the loyalty which they inculcated. The recall of Valdez had been previously resolved upon by Don Miguel, and on the 25th, a Portuguese frigate arrived in the bay of Funchal, with his Miguelite successor. The frigate being fired upon and refused admission, sailed for the Azores, as in her assortment of governours she was conveying likewise one for those islands. A declaration of war between the parties of the two princes had been, however, made, and the priests were not slow in taking advantage of their situation to second the perfidy of the usurper. An insurrection was got up by these interested fanatics against the governour, whose military force appears too small to suppress internal disaffection and to repel an external attack. On this occasion he was successful, his troops having dispersed the insurgents; but unless a reinforcement soon arrives from Brazil these brave men must fall a sacrifice to their fidelity and loyalty.

From the Boston Statesman.

The following is an account from Smollet's History of England of the alleged abduction of an impostor of the

name of Elizabeth Canning. This case created in England a thousand times as much excitement as the Morgan affair. It is the case which Voltaire notices among the most remarkable cases of popular enthusiasm, evincing the fondness of people for being gulled and excited by stories of imaginary violence and terror.

"Tumults are excited, and faction kindled into rage and inveteracy, by incidents of the most frivolous nature. At this juncture, the metropolis of England was divided and discomposed in a surprising manner, by a dispute, in itself of so little consequence to the community, that it could not deserve a place in general history, if it did not serve to convey a characteristic idea of the English nation. In the beginning of the year, an obscure damsel, of low degree, whose name was Elizabeth Canning, promulgated a report, which in a little time attracted the attention of the publick. She affirmed, that on the first day of the new year at night, she was seized under Bedlam wall, by two ruffians, who, having stripped her of her upper apparel, secured her mouth with a gag, and threatened to murder her should she make the least noise; that they conveyed her on foot about ten miles, to a place called Enfield Wash, and brought her to the house of one Mrs. Wells, where she was pillaged of her stays; and, because she refused to turn prostitute, confined in a cold, damp, separate, and unfurnished apartment; where she remained a whole month, without any other sustenance than a few stale crusts of bread, and about a gallon of water; till at length she forced her way through a window, and ran home to her mother's house, almost naked, in the night of the 29th of January. This story, improbable and unsupported, operated so strongly on the passions of the people in the neighbourhood of Aldermanbury, where Canning's mother lived, and particularly among fanatics of all denominations, that they raised voluntary contributions, with surprising eagerness, in order to bring the supposed delinquents to justice. Warrants were granted for apprehending Wells, who kept the house at Enfield Wash, and her accomplices, the servant maid, whose name was Virtue Hall, and one Squires, an old gipsy woman, which last was charged by Canning, of having robbed her of her stays. Wells, though acquitted of the felony, was punished as a bawd. Hall turned evidence for Canning, but afterwards recanted. Squires, the gipsy, was convicted of the robbery, though she produced undoubted evidence to prove that she was at Abbotsbury, in Dorsetshire, that very night in which the felony was said to be committed, and Canning and her friends fell into divers contradictions during the course of the trial. By this time, the prepossession of the common people in her favour had risen to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that the most palpable truths which appeared on the other side, had no other effect than that of exasperating them to the most dangerous degree of rage and revenge. Some of the witnesses for Squires, though persons of unblemished character, were so intimidated, that they durst not enter the court; and those who had resolution enough to give evidence in her behalf, ran the risk of assassination from the vulgar that surrounded the place. On this occasion, Sir Crisp Gascoyne, lord mayor of London, behaved with that laudable courage and humanity, which ought ever to distinguish the chief magistrate of such a metropolis. Considering the improbability of the charge, the heat, partiality, and blind enthusiasm with which it was prosecuted, and being convinced of the old woman's innocence by a great number of affidavits, voluntarily sent up from the country, by persons of unquestionable credit, he, in conjunction with some other worthy citizens, resolved to oppose the torrent of vulgar prejudice. Application was made to the throne for mercy: the case was referred to the attorney and solicitor-general, who, having examined the evidences on both sides, made their report in favour of Squires, to the king and council; and this poor old creature was indulged with his majesty's pardon. This affair was now swelled up into such a faction, as divided the greater part of the kingdom, including the rich as well as poor, the high as well as the humble. Pamphlets and pasquinades were published on both sides of the dispute, which became the general topic of conversation in all assemblies, and people of all ranks espoused one or other party with as much warmth and animosity as had ever inflamed the whigs and tories, even at the most rancorous period of their opposition. Subscriptions were opened, and large sums levied, on one side, to prosecute for perjury the persons on whose evidence the pardon had been granted. On the other hand, those who had interested themselves for the gipsy, resolved to support her witnesses, and, if possible detect the imposture of Canning. Bills of perjury were preferred on both sides. The evidences for Squires were tried and acquitted; at first Canning absconded; and afterwards surrendered to take her trial, and being, after a long hearing, found guilty, was transported to the British colonies. The zeal of her friends, however, seemed to be inflamed by her conviction; and those who carried on the prosecution against her were insulted, even to the danger of their lives. They supplied her with necessaries of all sorts, paid for her transportation in a private ship, where she enjoyed all the comforts and conveniences that could be afforded in that situation, and furnished her with such recommendations as secured to her a very agreeable reception in New England."

POETRY.

THE LAST DAY.

From the "Omnipresence of the Deity," by Robert Montgomery.

Ages has awful Time been travelling on,
And all his children to one tomb have gone;
The varied wonders of the peopled earth,
In equal turn have gloried in their birth:
We live and toil—and triumph and decay—
Thus age on age rolls unperceived away;
And thus 'twill be, till heaven's last thunders roar,
And Time and Nature shall exist no more!

O! say what Fancy, though endowed sublime,
Can picture truly that tremendous time,
When the last sun shall blaze upon the sea,
And earth be dashed into eternity!
A cloudy mantle will enwrap that sun
Whose face so many worlds have gazed upon!
The placid moon, beneath whose pensive beam
We all have loved to wander and to dream,
Dyed into blood, shall glare from pole to pole,
And light the airy tempests as they roll!
And those sweet stars, that like familiar eyes,
Are wont to smile a welcome from the skies,
Thick as the hail drops, from their depths will bound,
And far terrific meteors flash around!—
But while the skies are shattered by the war
Of planet, moon, rent cloud, and down-shot star—
Stupendous wreck below!—a burning world!
As if the flames of hell were on the winds unfurled!

Around the horizon wheels one furnace blaze,
Streaking the black heavens with giant rays;
Now bursting into wizard phantoms bright,
And now immingled in a sea of light!
Till ramping hurricanes unroll on high,
And whirl the fire-clouds quivering through the sky;
Like sea foam dashed upon a mountain side,
When the mad winds upon the surges ride.

And lo! the Sea: along her ruined shore
The white waves gallop with delirious roar!
Till Ocean, in her agonizing throes,
Rounds, swells and sinks, like leaping hills of snow!
While downward tumbling crags and torrents sweep,
And wildly mingle with the blaze-lit deep.

And now, while shadowy worlds career around,
While mountains tremble, and while earthquakes sound,
While waves and winds rush roaring to the fray,
Who shall abide the horrors of the day?
How shall we turn our horror-stricken eye,
To gaze upon the fire-throned Deity?

Hark! from the deep of heaven, a trumpet-sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around!
From north to south, from east to west, it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls!
And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep:
The Sea has heard it!—coiling up with dread,
Myriads of mortals flash from out her bed!
The graves fly open, and with awful strife,
The dust of ages startles into life!

All who have breathed, or moved, or seen, or felt:
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;
Tyrants and warriors, who careered in blood;
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are plucked from every isle and land and tomb
To hear the changeless and eternal doom!

Now while the universe is wrapped in fire
Ere yet the splendid ruin shall expire
Beneath a canopy of flame behold
With glittering banners at his feet unrolled
Earth's Judge!—around seraphic minstrels throng
Breathing o'er golden harps celestial song:
While melodies aerial and sublime
Weave a wild death dirge o'er departing Time!—

Imagination! furl thy wings of fire,
And on Eternity's dread brink expire;
Fain would thy red and raging eye behold
Visions of Immortality unrolled
The last the fiery chaos hath begun
Quenched is the moon! and blackened is the sun!
The stars have bounded mid the airy roar;
Crushed lie the rocks and mountains are no more:
The deep unbosomed with tremendous gloom
Yawns on the ruin like creations tomb!

And lo! the living harvest of the earth,
Reaped from the grave to share a second birth;
Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air;
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,
Like lurid snow flakes in the moonlight beam.

And see! amid the skies' terrific glare,
Like a wild planet wheeling through the air,
The Eternal Spirit, on a fiery car,
Cleaves through the clouds, and blazes from afar!
And, like an ocean vollied from his throne,
Roars the deep thunder of his judgement tone!—
Winged on the wind, and warbling hymns of love,
Behold the blessed soar to realms above;
The cursed, with hell uncovered to their eye,
Shake, shriek, and vanish in a whirlwind cry!
Creation shudders with sublime dismay,
And in a blazing tempest whirls away!

THE HYPOCRITE.

From Pollok's "Course of Time."

Great day of revelation! In the grave
The Hypocrite has left his mask; and stood
In naked ugliness. He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in; in virtue's guise,
Devoured the widow's house and orphan's bread:
In holy phrase transacted villainies
That common sinners durst not meddle with.
At sacred feast he sat among the saints
And with his guilty hands touched holy things.
And none of sin lamented now, or sighed
More deeply, or with greater countenance,
Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man
Whose infant children, at the moment, he
Planned how to rob; in sermon style he bought,
And sold, and lied; and salutations made
In scripture terms: he prayed by quantity,
And with his repetitions long and loud,
All knees were weary; with one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out.
On charitable lists—those trumps which told
The public ear who had in secret done
The poor a benefit, and half the alms
They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding—
He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there
Than in the book of life. Seest thou the man!
A serpent with an angel's voice! a grave
With flowers bestrewn! and yet few were deceived.
His virtues being over-done, his face
Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities
Too pompously attended, and his speech
Larded too frequently, and out of time,
With serious phraseology—were rents
That in his garments opened in spite of him,
Through which the well accustomed eye could see
The rottenness of his heart. None deeper blushed,
As in the all piercing light he stood exposed,
No longer herding with the holy ones:
Yet still he tried to bring his countenance
To sanctimonious seeming; but meanwhile,
The shame within, now visible to all,
His purpose balked:—the righteous smiled, and even
Despair itself some sighs of laughter gave,
As ineffectually he strove to wipe
His brow, that inward guiltiness defiled.
Detested wretch! of all the reprobate,

None seemed maturer for the flames of hell;
Where still his face from ancient custom wears
A holier air, which says to all that pass
Him by: I was a hypocrite on earth.

HYMN.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

Lo, the lillies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree,
Warbles sweet philosophy;
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
"God provideth for the morrow!"
"Say, with richer crimson glows
"The kingly mantle than the rose?
"Say, have kings more wholesome far?
"Than we poor citizens of air?
"Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
"Yet we carol merrily,
"Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
"God provideth for the morrow!"
"One there lives whose Guardian eye
"Guides our humble destiny;
"One there lives, who, Lord of all,
"Keeps our feathers lest they fall;
"Pass we blithely then, the time,
"Fearless of the snare and lime,
"Free from doubt and faithless sorrow!
"God provideth for the morrow!"

BLACK EYES AND BLUE.

From "Poems," by Thomas Gent.

Blue eyes and jet
Fell out one morn;
Azure cried in a pet:
"Away, dark scorn!
We are brilliant and blue
As the waves of the sea!"
"And as cold, and untrue,
And as dark as the sea, ye."
"We are born of the sky,
Of a summer night,
When the first stars lie
In a bed of blue light."
"From the cloudy zone
Round the setting sun,
Like an angel's throne
Are our glories won."
"Pretty ladies, hold,"
Cupid said to the eyes;
"For beauties that scold
Are seldom wise:
'Tis not colour I seek,
Love's fires to impart—
Give me eyes that can speak
From the depths of the heart."

THE HELIOTROPE.

From the same.

There is a flower whose modest eye
Is turned with looks of light and love,
Who breathes her softest, sweetest sigh
Whene'er the sun is bright above.
Let clouds obscure, or darkness veil,
Her fond idolatry is fled,
Her sighs no more their sweets exhale,
The loving eye is cold and dead.
Canst thou not trace a moral here,
False flatterer of the prosperous hour?
Let but an adverse cloud appear,
And thou art faithless as the flower.

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MASONICK RECORD.

ADDRESS.

(Concluded from page 266.)

Freemasonry can boast of having taken its stand in the rank of danger, and fought and bled for the civil and religious liberties which mankind now enjoy. It hath planted its standard in darkness and oppression, and light and liberty have rallied around it. It hath raised its voice in the wilderness of error, and ignorance and superstition have fled affrighted. And will it be said, its principles are opposed to civil law and government? Will not the many statesmen who have shone in the halls of legislation, and who have been at the same time humble followers in the track of masonry, give the lie to this charge? Are not the names of Washington, Franklin, Warren, and Lafayette, dear to every American bosom? And do we not feel a thrill of lofty veneration, when our memories recur to their bright examples? In the darkest hour of our country's tribulation; in that eventful struggle when freedom had nearly expired under the weight of tyranny, they devoted the whole energy of their minds towards the emancipation of our country from infamy and oppression. And yet, my brethren, they were masons. Let it be remembered that Washington drew his sword in defence of the rights of man; that Franklin helped to devise those plans of policy which have resulted in our present prosperity; and that Lafayette came from a foreign land to combat for freedom, in freedom's holy strife. Let it be remembered, too, that Warren, the fearless, the intrepid, the dauntless Warren, laid down his life, breathed out his last breath, and spent the last drop of his blood in the cause of liberty. My brethren, when oppression dared to rear her hated form on this side the Atlantick; when she put forth her iron chain that would bind a nation in servile dependence, and deaden every noble and aspiring faculty of the soul; when the last refuge of freedom was contaminated by the footsteps of slavery, and the last noble structure of independence was tottering to its fall; when the last altar on which had blazed an offering of truth, justice, and religion, was desolated by the hand of wanton violence, who dared to arise, and in that storm, where justice and liberty were contending against oppression and tyranny, proclaimed to an astonished world that man was free? O let it not be said that masonry is corrupt and evil in its tendency. Let it not be pointed out to our youth as an institution that would dismember the bonds of society, and clothe the earth in mourning. Rather cite them to Washington, for an example to imitate; rather show them Warren, wounded, bleeding and expiring in the last trench of freedom, and awaken in their breasts the true spirit of patriotism.

Will it be said that masonry is opposed to christianity? When all Europe was engaged in wresting the holy sepulchre from the hands of infidels, our order was among the first to take up arms and march to the scene of danger. And will the christian in later days throw a stigma upon the institution that hath expended its blood and its treasure for the religion of the cross? Is this the way in which the christian should requite the obligation? Masonry is not incompatible with christianity. There are thousands of christians who look with an eye of faith for the fulfilment of the prophecies, who are masons; and why, if its principles are

corrupt, do they come out from the sink of pollution, and denounce them as dangerous?

As men who are firmly bound to preserve order in society, and permanence in our political institutions, we believe in the utility of masonry; and as masons, we shrink not from a calm and dispassionate investigation. The light of truth will prevail, and its enemies come out from the contest beaten by truth alone.

The good which masonry inculcates, is exemplified by symbols and emblems. They convey to our minds subjects for reflection, and teach the fundamental principles of morality. This they do through the medium of the faculty of suggestion or association; a faculty residing in our mental part, and of universal operation. The mason hath ordinarily before his eye, whether it be bent upon the objects by which he is immediately surrounded, or sent through the regions of space to explore the heavens, lessons from which he may draw instruction, and objects for his serious contemplation. Motionless matter, if it possess certain forms—the humble flower that blooms in the valley and spreads its fragrance upon the air; the tribes of insects which disport away the merry hours in the sunshine of summer; this bright earth with all its beauties of hill and dale, and landscape and river, and all its sublimities of mountain volcano, cataract, and ocean; the heavens themselves, and all the wonders of the higher creation, convey to our minds impressions which the levity of our natures can never efface. But when the thought arises within us, that the flower shall be cut down in all its beauty, and the leaves scattered upon the ground; that the insects shall wither away before the cold blast of autumn; that this earth, teeming with life and light, be struck from the roll of existence, and the wide arch of the heavens dissolve at the nod of the Eternal, we are taught to consider the frailty of our existence, the certainty that death will dissolve the texture of our animal frames and that our immortal spirits will burst the chains of mortality and stand in the presence of the Supreme Architect of Nature. Every object upon which we gaze, shows how changing and transitory are the things which pertain to our temporal being. The stately tower crumbles before the touch of time; the proudest works of human genius are laid low in the dust; the plant which bursts its seminal prison, arises to life and beauty; higher and higher still it rears its head, and puts forth its thousand branches—but soon its branches are scattered to the winds of heaven, and the trunk is felled to the ground by the rushing tornado. It is thus with man. In his childhood he awakes to pleasure and enjoyment. This life, which to the aged is a life of vexation, is to him a life of peace and innocence. In his youth he studies for the acquisition of knowledge; he courts the patronage of his fellow men, and pants for distinction. But manhood creeps after him, and his plans of aggrandizement are not realized; he finally sinks down to old age, the victim of disappointment, and death closes his earthly sojourn.

Since the last celebration of this anniversary, an event hath occurred which hath called forth all our sorrow, and clothed the institution in mourning. Death hath been among us; and his victim hath been one of no ordinary distinction. My brethren, DE WITT CLINTON, the warm friend, the enlightened patron, and firm supporter of masonry, hath been cut down in the full measure of his glory.

When men who have served their country in

various responsible stations, are laid low in the dust, the violence of party spirit ceases with their death. Clinton, while living, received a full share of public confidence; and let us hope that the honest differences of opinion which his policy excited will be buried in the grave, where sleeps all that now remains to us, of our departed brother.

As a statesman, his views were grand and magnificent. The state of New-York may boast to posterity that she led the van in the march of improvement; and that during his administration, a free people arose from their slumbering and bade the fertile West yield her treasure and her riches.

As a mason and philanthropist, he used every exertion to meliorate the miseries of his fellow creatures. Called to preside in our councils, the energies of his mighty mind were directed to the interests of masonry. Of him it might be said, he was a mason in practice as well as in profession; and all the virtues which our principles so forcibly inculcate were his.

It is around the tomb of De Witt Clinton, the statesman, mason and philanthropist, that we would assemble. In that silent spot lie the remains of him who hath done so much for our institution. That small space contains a body that was animated by a mind great and comprehensive; a mind that seemed to grasp at universal knowledge.

Let us draw nearer; let us catch in the imaginary association, a tone of deeper sorrow, while we survey the lonely dwelling of the dead. Is this all that remains to us of yesterday's greatness? Is it thus that the mind shall be arrested in its earthly career, and the ocean of death quench the fire of genius that would illumine the world of matter and of mind, by its blaze.

My brethren, let us water with our tears the flowers with which orphan gratitude hath decked his grave. Let us bring the tribute of grateful hearts, and pour them out at the shrine of earthly excellence. He was our brother; and a brother whose heart yearned with affection for us. He hath left the fraternal circle, and his place is vacant. But his name remains, and that name is ours, a name consecrated to masonry; a name that will be held in remembrance while virtue is held in estimation; a name that will exist while Erie heaves his bed of waters, and the Hudson rolls in majesty to the ocean.

What though no sculptured marble guards his dust,
No mouldering urn receives the hallowed trust?
For him a prouder mausoleum towers,
That time but strengthens with his storms and showers,
The land he blessed, the empire of the free,
Thy broad and steadfast throne, triumphant Liberty.

In concluding this address, we may say that freemasonry is a moral institution; that its express object is to bring men together in a closer bond of social union, and to cherish the virtues. Let it not be said that our principles are secret, and that darkness shrouds them from public gaze. Our principles are no secrets. Openly, boldly, and proudly do we avow them to be moral and social improvement. We believe that no human institution is calculated to be so beneficial to mankind as masonry. Government may unite men in a compact, but it is by the influence of law. Masonry has no laws but those of brotherly love, relief, and truth. The law of government may be arbitrary and tyrannical; but masonick usages have for their support the immutable principles of truth and justice; they are founded in our very natures.

Be it our pride that masonry aims at the happiness of mankind; that it would place virtue on a foundation sure and steadfast; and that it serves to elevate our thoughts, our ideas, our minds, above ignorance and dependence. Let us never forget that we are masons; and that as such we are bound to exercise the virtues which masonry inculcates. Let us remember that Justice is the first law of nature; and that Truth is the first requirement of Eternal Wisdom. Let us never forget that Faith unlocks the door of futurity, and gives us a foretaste of the eternal world; that Hope animates our weary and despairing faculties when we search among the ruins which barbarism has left behind it, for the lost treasures of light and knowledge. Let us bear upon our minds that our Charity should extend to the utmost limits of human existence; and that unless we relieve the wants of the needy and soothe the sufferings of the afflicted, it is but as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. In fine, my brethren, let us live up to the tenets of our profession; and when our labour is ended, and we have placed the cap-stone in that bright arch which circumscribes our vision, may we be numbered among the builders of the temple, and receive our wages in the right hand of gratitude and joy.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

BUOYANCY OF BIRDS AND FISHES.

If any quantity of matter, as a pound of wood or iron, is fashioned into a rod of a certain length, say one foot, the rod will be strong in proportion to its thickness; and, if the figure is the same, that thickness can only be increased by making it hollow. Therefore, hollow rods or tubes, of the same length and quantity of matter, have more strength than solid ones. This is a principle so well understood now, that engineers make their axles and other parts of machinery hollow, and, therefore, are stronger with the same weight than they would be if thinner and solid. Now the bones of animals are all more or less hollow; and are, therefore, stronger with the same weight and quantity of matter than they otherwise would be. But birds have the largest bones in proportion to their weight; their bones are more hollow than those of animals which do not fly, and therefore, they have the needful strength without having to carry more weight than is absolutely necessary. Their quills derive strength from the same construction. They possess another peculiarity to help their flight. No other animals have any communication between the air-vessels of their lungs and the hollow parts of their bodies; but birds have it; and by this means they can blow out their bodies as we do a bladder, and thus become lighter when they would either make their flight towards the ground slower, or rise more swiftly, or float more easily in the air; while, by lessening their bulk and closing their wings, they can drop more speedily if they wish to chase, or escape. Fishes possess a power of the same kind, though not by the same means. They have air-bladders in their bodies, and can puff them out, or press them closer, at pleasure: when they want to rise in the water, they fill out the bladder, and this lightens them; when they would sink, they squeeze the bladder, pressing the air into a smaller space, and this makes them heavier. If the bladder breaks, the fish remains at the bottom, and can be held up only by the most laborious exertions of the fins and tail. Accordingly, flat fish, as skais and flounders, which have no air-bladders, seldom rise from the bottom, but are found lying on banks in the sea, or the bottom of rivers.

TENDENCY OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS TO PRODUCE LUNACY.

From the London Lunatic Asylum Report.

Of all the causes which, by promoting actions and movements in the living body, disorder the functions of the intellect, the frequent use of intoxicating liquors is the most prolific. It would be well if the law defined the circumstances under which it may be justifiable to prevent men from effecting their own destruction, and involving their families in misery and ruin. All good legislators have endeavoured to oppose the progress of drunkenness. It was proscribed by Solon and Lycurgus

at Athens and Lacedæmon. The ancient Sarcens, Carthaginians, the Nervii, used no vinous liquor, because it made them effeminate. Amongst the Romans the vice was odious; and the Koran of Mahomet expressly denies wine to the Mussulman. "Wine biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," says Solomon; and our own unequalled bard declares, that "every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil." The immediate effect of wine or spirits on the human frame is to increase the circulation, excite the brain, and, by producing an unusual determination to it, irritate and force it into serious irregularities. When violent and preternatural accumulation of blood in the vessels of the head keep up this irritation permanently, the intellectual operations become suspended or depraved, and insanity is the final consequence. In constitutions where there is a disposition to insanity or idiotism, the paroxysm will often be brought on by intoxication, and continue for months; remote but certain consequences of the abuse of fermented liquors are the disorder of the stomach and digestive organs, and subsequent disorganization of the liver, and alteration of its secretion. The sympathies of the viscera with affections of the head, and with anxiety of mind, were known to the writers of sacred history, and the remarkable dependance of mental disturbance on a disordered state of the abdominal viscera is now well established. A man, about the middle age, who had held respectable situations as a non-commissioned officer, was admitted into the asylum the 13th day of April, 1826; his disorder was of short date, and said to have been produced by frequent intoxication. He was quiet and inoffensive, but thoughtful and dejected; and he asserted that his wife (who had lately died) was always about him, urging him to self-destruction, and requiring him to perform extraordinary acts of expiation for his neglect of her. His case was marked with evident disorder of the digestive organs and hepatic depravity; means were taken to alter and restore these to their healthy action; mercurial purgatives and tonic aperients were used with effect, and the recovery of his reason was progressive with the improvement in his abdominal disease. He was discharged from the hospital the 13th of May, perfectly recovered in health and intellect. When a man is depressed by worldly misfortunes, he will often seek a dissipation of his gloom in the cheering stimulus of wine or spirits, "which carries in its draught the last confusion of thought." To this momentary relief from mental sufferings, a disordered state of the circulation and digestive organs will invariably succeed; which, reacting on the brain, increases the mental agony, and gives it a more severe and acrimonious character. If the practice is persevered in, the weakened digestive faculties cause the permanent disorder of the viscera, and render the determination of blood to the head habitual. The brain becomes more liable to be affected by the stimulus of the mind, and re-acts on it to the aggravation of the original disturbance. Thus common grief, which in health would soon subside, is converted into a compound of cerebral and visceral derangement, aggravated in its progress, frequently uncontrollable by medicine, and which will be likely to terminate in madness.

THE TRAVELLER.

DANGER OF CROSSING THE ANDES.

From Brand's Journal.

The preparations for crossing the Andes, at Uspallata, (the last abode of man on the eastern side) consist of laying in charcoal, making snow-boots, covering stirrups with wool, to prevent the toes from being frost-bitten, pounding chaqui, &c. all indispensably necessary before entering the frozen regions. We add a picture of one of the first passes. We now came to the Jaula, or Cage, from which the pass has its name, where we took up our quarters for the night, under the lee of a solid mass of granite, upwards of thirty feet square with the clear beautiful heavens for our canopy. Well may this place be called a cage: to give a just idea of it would be next to impossible, for I do not think a more wild or grander scene in nature could possibly exist: nevertheless, I shall attempt a descrip-

tion. The foaming river, branching off into different channels, formed by huge masses of granite lying in its course, run between two gigantic mountains of about one thousand five hundred feet high, and not more than one hundred yards distant from each other; so that to look up at the summits of either, we had to lay our heads completely back on our shoulders. Before us, these tremendous mountains met in a point, round which we had just passed, but now appeared as one mountain, closing our view in a distance of not more than four or five hundred yards; behind was the mighty Cordillera, a mass of snow, appearing to block up further progress. Thus were we completely shut up in a den of mighty mountains; to look up either way, before, behind, right or left, excited astonishment and admiration: huge masses of granite, that had fallen from the awful heights above, lay scattered about, and formed our various shelters for the night. The torrent, which now had become very formidable, rushed down with fury, bounding and leaping over the rugged rocks which lay in its course, keeping up a continued foam and roar close to our wild resting place. The mules were straying about, picking up the scanty shrubs; and our wild, uncouth-looking peons were assembled round a fire, under the lee of a large rock, cooking their unfortunate guanaco, which altogether rendered it a scene most truly wild and surprising. Here I was much astonished, on touching any part of my woollen clothing, to find electric sparks fly out wherever I put my hand: what was the cause of this, I am not philosopher enough to know; but my companion informed me, it was by no means uncommon in dry weather. However, never having heard or seen it before, I take this opportunity of mentioning it; for I must own it rather surprised me, on going to bed, to find fire fly out of my clothes.

The poor mules began stumbling, falling, slipping, but not losing their balance, slipping on their haunches, at times, thirty or forty feet down the mountain; all this time the peons were shouting, roaring, and whirling their lassoes: at last one mule lost its balance, and over he went, rolling and bounding, head over heels, two hundred feet down the mountain into the torrent beneath, where he was whirled and dashed against the rocks by the velocity of the current, and, much to my astonishment, reached the opposite side of the river apparently little injured by its fall, but its services were lost to us; presently the one with half our provisions lost its hold, and over and over he went, all the lassoes flew after him, when, after bounding all down the mountain, they brought him up just as he reached the torrent, thus saving the poor animal and our provisions; but we lost all our wine, some bread and beef, and a pot for boiling.

Every man took his station, and we crawled over as usual, on our hands and knees; the mules then followed, and the most distressing work began; they got frightened, stumbled, and slipped, and cut themselves with the hard snow, to that degree, in their efforts to plunge through it, that the whole tract was covered with blood. Several lost their balance, and went flying down the precipice, till they were brought up with astonishing dexterity by the lassoes. One poor animal came rolling down, head over heels; neither his struggles nor the lassoes could save him; he bounded like a ball into the torrent, where he rolled round and round, in vain struggling to stem its velocity, being dashed against rocks and stones till he was swept round a point, and I lost all sight of him. Another soon followed, but was more fortunate than its companion, for he succeeded in gaining the opposite shore, where, very much to my astonishment, instead of seeing him lying with every bone in his body broken, he got up upon his legs, and began browsing among the rocks: and thus we lost the services of three.

We soon came to a desperate descent in the side of a mountain, all snow and hard frozen. Now the labour of man commenced. It was with great difficulty the poor peons, being loaded, could keep their footing; several slipped down many feet, and were all but going into the torrent. One fell and rolled down a great way, but fortunately, with the assistance of his stick, saved himself from rolling into the torrent, but not until his ankle was dislocated to the degree that he could not rise to walk again.

thus, at first starting, losing his services, and encumbering us with a load more than we had a man to carry. The poor fellow was from necessity compelled to crawl his way back to the mules again, for we could do nothing to assist him. From hence nothing but snow was to be seen, and it was truly painful to witness the labour and continued falling of the poor peons; at every step sinking up to their knees. As they stopped to take breath their cries were most distressing, being a long drawn hey! uttered as if in the most dreadful agony, at the same time leaning on their sticks for support, which would frequently penetrate so deeply into the snow as to throw them flat on their faces, which the weight of their load would bury in the snow, and cause them a great struggle to get out again. About 4 p.m. it came on a heavy mist of snow, and we arrived at the spot where lay the body of the poor peon that had perished a few days ago. It was pointed out to me by the man that was with him when he died, who gazed at it a moment, then looking at me in the face, shook his head with much apparent feeling, lifted up his shoulders, and sighed—"Pobre companero," poor companion; then as if stifling a sigh to his memory, lifted up his load and hastened forward. Here was reflection for me. I cast my eyes first at his blanched corpse, now covered with snow, then at his companion, then on the dreary regions around me, when, finding a tear of sympathy involuntarily starting to my eyes, I pushed forward, wishing almos to forget I had ever seen it.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE PINDARREES OF INDIA.

From Bucke's Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature.

These outlaws have an origin much earlier, than has been generally supposed; for their ancestors fought against the army of Aurungzede. When at peace, they live in societies of one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred, governed by local chiefs. In times of excursion, they are assembled by the trumpet of their great chief, whom they style *Labbrea*. When this chief has resolved upon an excursion, he mounts his horse, and proceeds to a distance, preceded by his standard-bearer, and attended by trumpeters. At the sound of the trumpets the clans quit their occupations, like magick and join his standard. He then marches forward, waiting for no one; and his followers join him as fast as they can, taking with them provisions only for a few days. Wherever they go, they carry want, destruction, death, torture, and consternation. When attacked, they fly in all directions, and trust to chance and their own individual skill to unite again. By a large fire made at night the scattered forces know the post of their chief, and all endeavour to join him, as soon as possible. They have little order, no guards at night, and no scouts by day; they are, therefore, frequently surprised.

Their pride and chief care consist in their horses, which they feed in the best manner; giving them maize, bread, and whatever they can get: sometimes even cheering them with opium and balls of flour, stimulated by ginger. They sleep with their bridles in their hands; and are, at all times, prepared for plunder, for battle, or for flight: fighting only for the first, they never engage but when they are superiour in numbers. Flight with them is no disgrace; and he who flies the fastest, prides himself the most; and his joy at escape is signified by the manner, in which he caresses his horse. Such being the case, his greatest solicitude in the choice of a horse is swiftness; because, when surprised, he can spring upon his saddle, and be out of sight in an instant. If he loses him, however, the disgrace is indelible. His arms consist of a sword, a spear, and a lance; for his use of fire-arms is but partial. To a life of depredation the Pindarrees attach neither crime nor disgrace; personal interest and grandeur are the only laws they esteem: and to secure either, cruelty, stratagem, and every species of oppression are esteemed honourable. When one of their chiefs, taken prisoner in the last of their battles with the British forces, first he held Calcutta, the only sentiment, he expressed to Sir John Malcolm, relative to that fine city, was, that it was a glorious place to pillage!

PATRIARCHAL MANNERS IN JAVA.

From the same.

In many districts of Java, particularly in those of Sundha, manners and customs prevail, which bear no very distant resemblance to patriarchal ages. The villages constitute detached societies under a priest or chief: harmony prevails entire in these communities; though one village occasionally disputes with another. Great deference is paid to age; the commands of parents and superiours are strictly obeyed; they hold each other in great esteem; pride themselves upon any good or great deed, performed by their kindred or neighbours; and have a veneration for the tombs, ashes, and memories of their ancestors. They are honest, ingenuous, and kind-hearted; faithful in their engagements; and extremely cleanly in their persons. Hospitality is not only enjoined by many stiking precepts, but zealously practised: and they indicate their fear of acting unjustly or dishonourably, in the possession of a lively sensibility to shame. They rise before the sun; they go soon after into the rice field with their buffaloes; return home about ten; bathe and take their morning's meal. During the heat of the day, they occupy themselves under the shades of trees, or in their cottages, with making or mending their implements of husbandry, or in forming baskets. About four they again go to the fields with their buffaloes; at six they return and take their supper: then they form themselves into small parties, and the whole village exhibits a picture of quiet enjoyment.

THE GATHERER.

POWER OF HABIT.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

In regard to food, it is very certain that habit can raise us above the standard of ordinary men. "Meat and drink to which we are accustomed," says Hippocrates, "agree with us, though naturally pernicious; but not those aliments to which we are unaccustomed, though naturally wholesome;" and henceforth he concludes, that it is more beneficial to adhere to the same sorts of food than to change them abruptly, even though we substitute better in their stead. Alexander the Great, when in India, found it necessary to forbid his army the use of wholesome food because it carried off the men, owing to their not being accustomed to it. So true is the observation of Celsus, that "whatever is contrary to their habits, whether it be hard or soft, is prejudicial to their health."

Liban informs us that the Ethiopians eat scorpions, and Mercurialis states that the West Indians eat toads; neither of these facts is without a parallel in Europe. At Adua and Rome there were two children who ate scorpions, and a girl took pleasure in eating frogs, lizards, serpents, mice, and all sorts of insects. Another ate live lizards and caterpillars with pepper and vinegar. Of spider eaters, who grew fat upon these disgusting insects, we could collect half a dozen instances from different writers. Galen relates of an old woman, that she had gradually habituated herself to make a meal of hemlock; and Sextus Emairicus assures us that there have been persons who have taken thirty drachms of that poison without injury. A student at Halle accustomed himself on purpose to arsenick, which he took with his food, from a boy; and though it at first occasioned vomiting, yet in time he could bear a considerable quantity. Hence it is evident, how one who habituates himself needlessly to physick, breaks down the bridge which, in case of emergency, might carry him in safety over the abysses of disease.

BONAPARTE AND THE POPE.

From Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo.

The Emperor went to meet the Pope on the road to Nemours. To avoid ceremony, the pretext of a hunting party was assumed: the attendants, with his equipages were in the forest. The Emperor came on horseback, and in a hunting dress with his retinue. It was at the half moon on the top of the hill that the meeting took place. There the Pope's carriage drew up. He got out at the left door in his white costume. The ground was dirty; he did not like to step upon it with his white silk shoes, but was obliged to do so at last. Napoleon

alighted to receive him. They embraced; and the Emperor's carriage, which had been purposely driven up, was advanced a few paces, as if from the carelessness of the driver; but men were posted to hold the two doors open: at the moment of getting in, the Emperor took the right door, and an officer of the court handed the Pope to the left, so that they entered the carriage by the two doors at the same time. The Emperor naturally seated himself on the right; and this first step decided without negotiation upon the etiquette to be observed during the time that the Pope was to remain in Paris.

INDIAN TITBIT.

From Southey's History of Brazil.

A Jesuit one day found a Brazilian woman in extreme old age, and almost at the point of death. Having catechised her, instructed her, as he conceived, in the nature of christianity, and completely taken care of her soul, he began to inquire whether there was any kind of food she could take. "Grandam," said he, "If I were to get you a little sugar, or a mouthful of some of our nice things which we fetch from beyond the sea, do you think you could eat it?" "Ah my grandson," said the old convert, "my stomach goes against every thing. There is but one thing which I fancy I could touch. If I had the little hand of a little tender Tapuya boy, I think I could pick the little bones; but woe is me, there is nobody to go out and shoot one for me!"

DISREGARD OF LIFE.

The Sepoys are noted for their carelessness with respect to death. The crime of plundering is punished by hanging; and while a person high in office was absent one day on a ride, his cook was apprehended for stealing a fowl. On his return, the master being informed of the affair, hastened to the place of confinement, and began expostulating with the Sepoy for his incautious behaviour; when the fellow exclaimed, "Never mind me masser; masser know who can cook his dinner; good cook in next tent." "Pooh! fellow, (returned his master,) I care not about the loss of my dinner; I must go to the Governour's house to try to get you released." "O! never mind me, masser, never mind me," replied the Sepoy, "too hot for masser to go to the Governour, me care not for hanging, good cook next tent." The influence of his master, however, obtained his pardon, notwithstanding the trifling value he was accustomed, together with the rest of the Sepoys, to set upon life.

AFRICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Most of the African tribes are Mahomedan, others are not so. Almani, the chief of one of the former description, sent the following message to Daniel, the chief of one of the latter: "If you and your people do not mend your manners, we will make you. Choose between these two knives: with this, Almani will shave Daniel's head, if Daniel will consent to turn priest, and obey the law of Mahomet; with this, if Daniel refuse, Almani will cut Daniel's throat!" The answer was "I do not wish to make you either a barber or an executioner. Why do you trouble yourself about me? Do not you know that the prophet has said, 'Dispute not with the ignorant!' Keep then thy knowledge and be quiet. As for my part, I remember that this sentence from the Koran was once read to me, 'Pardon him who offends you.' For this reason, I send your messengers back without clipping off their ears; but let them not return. Mahomet has also said, 'Resign yourself to your fate.' If you make war upon me, I will resign myself to giving you a sound drubbing."

[Roger on Senegambia.]

MADAME DE GENLIS.

Madame de Genlis carries her purity of manners to such an extent that she reprimanded the bookseller who has the arrangement of her library, for having placed books written by male and female authors on the same shelf.

MAXIM.

We should not judge of a man's merit by his great qualities, but by the use he makes of them.

POPULAR TALES.

THE MAGICK MIRROR.

It was early in the last century, on the eve of an All-hallows Day, that a set of riotous young men, the greater part of whom were students of the university of Gottingen, were seated round the table of a publick tavern near the college. The bottles had circulated so rapidly that many of the boon companions were lying beneath the table, joining in the revels only by an occasional half uttered imprecation or a loud snore. By slow degrees the party dwindled away, and there were but two left whose brains had resisted the stupefying effect of their debauch. One of them was Leopold Von Desterreich, a student; the other was a captain in the regiment of Jagers, then quartered in the town: his name was Schwartzwald.

In the whole university there was not any young man who kept up the true character of a collegian with a more assiduous perseverance than Leopold Von Desterreich. He was the only son of a too indulgent mother; his follies and faults were not only overlooked, but his purse was so amply supplied that he had the means—and, to persons of his age, the inclination is never wanting—to indulge to the uttermost in all the absurdities of Burschenism, as a college life was then called.

Captain Schwartzwald was a soldier: he had upon many occasions shown a great inclination for the company of the students, and was one of the very few persons who, without being of their fraternity, were allowed to join their revels.

He was a profligate daring person, with a most forbidding countenance. His conversation was as odious as his manners were disagreeable. A professed freethinker in matters of religion—by turns a bully and a scyphant, but always ready to back his opinions and his insolence with his sword—he was feared and hated by most of the Burschen, to whom, however he contrived, upon many occasions, to make himself useful. His example was infinitely pernicious among young men already too apt to be seduced into wrong; and he was so well known to be a corrupter, that every new comer to the university was cautioned by the rectors not to associate with him.

Leopold neither feared the captain nor any other person; but he hated him cordially, and to this feeling he added an utter scorn of him, and Leopold was the only man in the university with whom the captain dared not trifle.

The soldier and the student now sat smoking their large pipes, and puffing the dense clouds into each other's faces with a laudable diligence: the bottle was stationary, and one of those deep pauses prevailed which sometimes ensue after very noisy revels. It was broken by the captain proposing to sally forth in quest of adventures.

"Shall we take a walk?" he said. "Shall we storm the governour's house, and run away with his nieces? Shall we break into St. Ursula's convent, where the blue eyed girl is going to take the veil, and prevent her locking up so much beauty from the world? Anything that is mad and wicked, and I'm your comrade."

"'Tis All-hallows Eve," said Leopold. "Hark how the wind blows! the devil and all his imps are riding on the night blast! Would you walk on such a night?" The captain soon overcame Leopold's scruples, by alarming his pride with some ingeniously placed sarcasms. At length he asked Leopold if he would go with him to the house of the witch Alice, and have their fortunes spelt. Leopold consented; and, quitting the tavern, they sallied forth into the street.

It was now twelve o'clock. The night was totally dark; not a star was visible through the thick black clouds which palled the heavens. The wind blew in fierce gusts; and, as it rushed through the ample sky, shrill sounds, which seemed horrible and unnatural, were mingled with its fitful blasts. The old houses shook, the signs creaked in the wind, chimneys were heard to fall into the silent streets, window shutters flapped, and watch dogs howled. Nothing could be more gloomy, nor oppressive to the spirits, than this weather; and Leopold, more than once, wished that he had never begun the adventure.

"We shall be sure to find the company at the old crone's," said Schwartzwald: "the girls will be afraid to return home while the wind blows thus."

"A man need have some inducement to go out on such a night," replied Leopold; "I mean something beyond that old woman's juggling. I look for some pretty wenches; and if I find them, they shall pay for it. I won't take all this trouble for nothing; nay, if I should even find some of those fiends, which, as folks say, visit the old sorceress, provided they come in the shape of young and pretty women, I will boldly make love to them." Leopold said this merely for the sake of saying something, and for keeping up the character of a dare devil, which he had got.

"Well said, Orlando innamorato!" replied the soldier; "even such a cold wind as this, I see cannot cool hot young blood; but here we are at the gate." He gave the word, which, as an officer of the guard, he was acquainted with; and being moreover, well known, he and his companion were permitted to pass.

They quitted the town, and struck into a path diverging away from the road, which led them on to a barren heath. A quarter of an hour's rough walking brought them to a low hovel, the lights in which, they had seen some time before they reached it. A loud sound of laughter, mingled with screams, was heard, but ceased as the soldier and the student approached. The lights, too, were extinguished; and by the time the visitors were at the door, all was dark and silent.

"This is odd," said Leopold: "it seems we are just too late; the revelling is finished."

"We shall make them begin again," replied Schwartzwald. "After coming so far, and in such a night, we must enforce old Alice's hospitality."

He knocked sharply at the door with his sabrehilt, and his dog set up a loud and disagreeable bark.

Immediately afterwards the door was opened, and the withered face of the wretched beldame, who called herself the mistress of the hovel, was seen by the light of a small lamp which she bore.

"How now, mother?" cried Schwartzwald; "are they robbers or goblin's that you fear, since you are so cautious in opening your doors?"

"You are not alone," mumbled the old woman, without replying to the soldier's observations, as she saw the figure of Leopold beyond.

"I am not," replied the captain; "I bring a gentleman to visit you on this auspicious night: he wishes to see some of your— But zounds! why do you keep us standing in the cold here?" he said abruptly, as he pushed into the cottage, and was followed by Leopold.

The place exhibited the most desolate appearance. On the hearth were scanty embers; on a table near it stood the homely food on which it seemed that the old woman had been regaling when her visitors interrupted her supper. This consisted of some of the coarsest bread of the country, and a raw onion. A starved black cat was lying near the fire, and was not disturbed either by the entrance of the student and the soldier, or by the black dog of the latter, with whom she seemed to be on very good terms.

"Come, mother," said Schwartzwald, "we thought to have found some of the lasses of Gottingen here, who had come to see their future husbands in your famous mirror."

"What! on this night?" cried the old woman.

"Aye, why not?" said Schwartzwald: "when were mad-cap girls to be frightened by bad weather from what they had set their hearts on?"

"There is not a girl in all Gottingen," said Alice, "that would come out to-night, even if she were sure of getting a husband to-morrow by doing so."

"Come, come, my good old dame," said Leopold, "tell us where you have hidden these young ladies. I am sure that I heard sounds as I came along the heath, which could be no other than female voices. Beseech them to come forth, now, my gentle sibyl; for, if you don't, I must begin to court you. I am pledged to make love to some one this night."

The old hag grinned, and shook her palsied head.

swearing over and over again that there was no female in the house but herself.

"Come, Alice," said Schwartzwald, "let us have a peep into thy mirror."

The hag muttered some unintelligible words between her teeth, but at length yielded to their importunities; and, still muttering, while her aged frame shook with an increased agitation, she arose and began to make her preparations for exhibiting the mirror. She first carefully raked up all the embers of the fire into a heap, and covered them with a close vessel, so that the faint light which before streamed from them was now wholly obscured. She next went to a recess in one corner of the room, and removing a quantity of rags and lumber, which stood against the wall, she opened a door, within which was seen a black curtain. She then took Leopold by the arm, and placing him directly opposite this curtain, she extinguished the lamp, and the room was left in utter darkness.

"Now," mumbled the old crone, "what is it you would see?"

Leopold had, in spite of himself, been in some degree overawed by the hag's manner, and the caution of her preparations. He hesitated as to what he should choose.

"I should like," said Schwartzwald, "to see the place of my burial, as in all probability, when I visit it for the last time, I shall not be able to recognize it."

"Thank you, for the hint," said Leopold; "it shall be so;—show me my grave."

The curtain was heard to be slowly withdrawn, and Leopold saw a small square mirror before him, which was perfectly distinct, and in which light seemed to be reflected, although there was none in the chamber. He looked again, and the surface appeared to be dulled, as if by some vapour passing before it. This soon cleared away, and he saw within the mirror a sight which rivetted his attention. A small square enclosure, surrounded by high walls; and thinly planted with cypress trees, seemed to lie before him. The walls were like those of a cloister, and were covered with a climbing shrub: the branches of some acacia trees, loaded with blossoms, hung over, and in that part which was opposite to him, and beyond them, he saw the spires of a building, which seemed to be either a church or monastical establishment. Looking down, he perceived that the small enclosure was thickly covered with graves, on each of which a small wooden cross had been placed, and flowers thickly planted. One grave was open as if it had been just dug: he looked upon the wall against which this open grave was made, and he saw upon it a marble tablet, with an inscription. He gazed upon the tablet and read his own name, "Leopold Von Desterreich," in large and distinct letters. An emotion for which he could not account, held him fixed to the spot: he rubbed his eyes, to be sure that he was under no delusion; still the silent burying-ground lay before him—still his own name seemed to be uttered from the marble on which it was written, and to ring in his ears as well as to pain his eyes. A cold sweat settled upon his brow—his head turned round—and he would have fallen but for Schwartzwald.

The hag, who knew well enough, although she could not see what was going on, called out, in an almost unearthly voice, "You have looked upon it once—of the third time beware!"

A hollow and discordant voice, which he believed to be hers, then groaned, rather than sung:—

"Hither, hither, shall you come;
This your last and lowly home.
Where'er your way you bend,
Hither must your travel tend:
Roam the earth, or swim the deep,
Hither, hither, still you creep,
In this dull cold bed to sleep."

While this melancholy strain still lingered in his ears the curtain was again drawn, and the lamp lighted. Leopold hurried from the house, and hastened back to the city. He reached his college, and threw himself in a delirium on the bed. On the following morning he was found to be in a fever which held him long.

By slow degrees he recovered his health, but

tranquillity and selfpossession seemed now to have fled for ever. He was not ill; but a heavy weight hung upon his mind, and prevented him from enjoying any of the amusements which had formerly given him so much delight. His courage, and the fiery temper of his mind, were still unsubdued: he looked back upon the events of the dreadful All-hallows Night with horror, but not with fear.

In order to dispel the horrid influence which seemed to beset him, he determined to enter the army, and took service in a French regiment, which was then making the first campaign in Italy after the French Revolution. After passing through a few mere forms, and proving that he was a soldier in more than mere words, he was promoted to the rank of a captain; and in this character he served throughout the campaign. He had, in a great degree, overcome the impressions which the fatal All-hallows Night had made upon his mind, although he had not forgotten them when a circumstance happened which recalled them with all their original force.

It was on a beautiful summer's evening that the party to which he was attached drew near the place appointed for their quarters. The fatigue of a long march had not rendered him insensible to the beauty of the country he was traversing. He was in a remote and unfrequented road among the hills beyond Bergamo; and the eminence which he had attained commanded an extensive view of the fertile country. The setting of an autumnal sun shed a blaze of liquid radiance over the plain, which lay laughing and rioting, as it were, with plenty; while the rich and varied colours of the foliage and the fields glittered under its beams with indescribable splendour.

Before the day had quite closed the detachment had reached the place at which they were to halt for the night: it was called the Convent of Santa Croce, and was situated upon a gentle eminence, commanding the whole of the view which had so much delighted Leopold.

The abbess had provided for the reception of the soldiers, who found a repast prepared for them in a large out-building, and where also they were to take up their abode. The officers and Leopold were her own guests, and were received by her in her parlour, where a simple, but elegant, supper was laid out.

It was nearly time to retire, when one of the officers, attracted by the beauty of the evening, proposed a walk in the garden of the convent, which was seen through the windows of the room where they were sitting.

This suggestion met with universal approbation, and, Leopold offering his arm to the abbess, the whole party quitted the parlour. The garden was disposed with great taste, and was well filled with flowers and fruit trees, exhibiting—as, indeed, every thing about the convent did—the good taste of the person who presided over it. The soldiers complimented the old lady upon the beauty of her garden; and, as this was one of those innocent enjoyments in which she indulged, and of which she was rather proud, their praises were highly gratifying to her.

"There is another part of my domain," said she, "which, although it is somewhat melancholy, looks so very beautiful by moon-light, that I will show it you, if you will permit me."

"By all means," was uttered simultaneously by the whole party.

"It is the cemetery," she said; and, calling to the gardener, she bade him unlock a door in the garden-wall.

They entered the burial-ground, which was one of the most striking that, perhaps, was ever beheld. The moon was now declining, and threw its strong broad light against one side of the square, while the other was in deep shade. Cypressess were thickly planted within the square, and the white marble pillars of the cloisters which surrounded it shone in the clear moonlight, between their black trunks and their sorrowful motionless foliage.

They had walked down one side of the quadrangle, and had passed under that cloister which was in shade. On turning out of it a sight met Leopold's eyes, which fixed him to the spot with astonishment.

The moon, which was now at his back, shone

full upon the wall of the opposite cloister;—behind it arose the acacia-trees, loaded with their white streaming blossoms, and waving like plumes in the soft night-air. In the distance were seen the slender white spires of the convent, against which the moon-beams fell, and showed distinctly the richly-carved crochets which decorated them. In short, he saw the very scene which he had beheld in the mirror at old Alice's hovel!—He looked again at the wall nearest to him. The stone upon which, in the mirror, he had seen his name inscribed, was not there; but the branches of a clematis that had been trained against the wall had left a square space of exactly the size of the tablet of his vision. Nothing was wanting but the name. He gazed at it with horror; a cold sweat stood upon his brow, and a groan burst from his overcharged bosom.

"You are unwell, I fear," said the abbess, who saw the paleness of his face, and felt the trembling of the arm she held.

Her voice recalled Leopold to himself. "I find the night-air chill," he said; "and the length of the march has fatigued me more than usual. With your permission we will return."

The company proceeded back to the convent, and Leopold was able to master his emotion so well that his momentary indisposition was universally believed to have arisen wholly from the cause to which he had attributed it. Having taken some wine, at the entreaty of the abbess, he retired to his chamber.

For a long time it was in vain that he attempted to sleep: when he closed his eyes the scene in the cemetery was as vividly before his sight as it had been when he gazed on the real substance. At length, shaking off, by a violent effort, the thickcoming fancies which crowded upon his brain, he recommended himself to the protection of Heaven; and, resolving that he would no longer vex himself with speculating upon an accident, which, however frightful it had been rendered by circumstances, he could neither prevent nor hasten, he closed the window, retired again to his bed, where his attempts to sleep were more successful.

He rose in the morning refreshed by his rest, but he could not entirely get rid of the seriousness which the sight of the burial-place had occasioned. After breakfasting with the abbess the order for marching was given; and, having bidden the old lady farewell, the whole party set off from Santa Croce.

(Conclusion next week.)

MISCELLANY.

THE DISAPPOINTED BRIDE.

At an age when the heart is open to every impression, and forms with the same readiness engagements and connexions, which, in a man of riper years would be the fruit of esteem and observation, St. A—— was travelling from his native province to explore the wonders of a metropolis which he had as yet beheld with the eyes only of hope. In the coach which was to convey him to Paris, he found a young man of prepossessing appearance; a conversation soon began that terminated in protestations of friendship, warmly reiterated on both sides. Mutual confidence soon flowed from their lips, and all the secrets of their hearts were revealed; it was then that St. A—— learned that his new friend was going to Paris to marry a young lady whom he had never seen, but whom his father and family had chosen for his bride, with the consent of her relations. The journey was finished without any accident, and they arrived in the morning at Paris, where they took lodgings in a public hotel. Scarcely had they taken possession of their apartments, when the young man was seized with a bilious colick, which, in less than two hours deprived him of his existence. Affected with the melancholy fate of his youthful acquaintance, St. A——, whose attentions had been unable to raise him; thought it his duty to inform the father of the future bride of the overthrow of his expectations, and taking with him the letters and portfolio of his friend, repaired to the house of the gentleman.

The servant who opened the door, conscious that his master expected his son-in-law, announced St.

A—— as such. The father, without giving him time to explain himself, embraced him with eagerness, and presented him to his daughter as her husband.

St. A——, naturally gay and volatile, could not resist the temptation of deceiving the family awhile longer, and played his part extremely well. He gave the letters, and being perfectly acquainted with the secrets and affairs of his friend, returned the most satisfactory answers to their questions. He succeeded especially in captivating the attention of the young lady, who, with side long glances admired the features and the fine shape with which nature had blessed her lover. Dinner was announced, and St. A—— was placed by the side of the timid bride; and the whole family yielded up their hearts to joy and satisfaction. The young lady spoke little, answered with difficulty, and often blushed, while St. A—— was polite and ardent in his attention to her; and though the expressions of his face were naturally serious, his conversation was pleasing and cheerful. After dinner, the father entered into all the details necessary to settle the marriage, when suddenly St. A—— rose, and, taking his hat seemed anxious to retire. "Are you going to leave us?" "Yes," answered St. A——, "important business compels me to quit you." "What business can you have in a city where you are a stranger? Perhaps you wish to draw money from a banker? my purse is entirely at your service; but if you will absolutely have recourse to a banker, I may send somebody to transact the business for you." "No," said St. A——, who continued to walk towards the door—and they were soon in the hall—when, addressing the father, "Now that we are alone," said he, "and the ladies cannot hear us, I will tell you—this morning, a few moments after my arrival, an accident happened to me; I was taken with the bilious colick, and died. I promised to be buried at six o'clock, and you will easily conceive that I must attend the place of rendezvous; for, not being known in this part of the world, if I fail to be exact to my word, it would awake suspicions of inattention to business that would prove very prejudicial to my character."

The father listened to him with astonishment, but taking the whole for a joke, returned to the ladies, and, bursting with laughter, related the cause of his son-in-law's hurried departure. While they were still conversing on the subject, six o'clock struck; it was soon seven, and the family were alarmed at not seeing St. A——. Half an hour after, the father sent to the hotel to inquire. The servant intrusted with the commission asked for him under his assumed name, and received for answer, that he had arrived at nine in the morning, died at eleven, and was buried at six. It would be difficult to express the surprise of the family at receiving the information; and as St. A—— left his lodgings and never visited there again, a general belief was spread around, that it was the ghost that spent the day with Mr. N——, in social enjoyment and conversation.

FALSE ALARM.

From the New-England Galaxy

"Ma," said a little urchin, "the yellow fever's in Purchase-street." "Why, Mr. Careful, do you hear what Tommy says?" "Yes, my dear wife, 'tis true, a man died there last night, and it's a dreadful calamity." "Oh! Mr. Careful, what shall we do?" "Why, my dear, I don't know." "Nor I," said the good woman. But she took a sudden start, and said, "Mr. Careful have you got ninnepence? Here Tommy, run to the Apothecaries and get some Camphire, I must make some little bags for you, and Sammy, and Billy, and John, and Domenibhino, and Eliza and Dorothea, and all the rest of the children; and here, Tommy, let me wet your pocket handkerchief, with some o' this 'ere Cologne, and you hold it to your mouth and nose, all the way, so as not to catch the yellow fever; Oh! dear, what a dreadful thing!" "Lord ma, I an't afraid on't, I guess it an't got up here in Green-street yet." "Oh! dear!" said Mrs. Careful; and Mr. Careful took a long breath. The milk man, who happened to hear a part of this conversation stood aghast—the chalk dropped out of his mouth, and he emptied his cannister, most-

ly upon the floor, in spite of the scolding of the maid, which was effectually stopped by the word "yellow fever."

The milk man told the sauce man, that he was going home as quick as possible, for the yellow fever was raging in Boston, and more than twenty people died yesterday. The sauce man emptied his cart as quick as possible, into the street, for he said the vegetables would poison his hogs—took a tumbler of raw brandy—filled his nose with snuff and his mouth with tobacco—stuffed two lumps of camphor into his horses ears and applied the whip for home. He drove by the milk man, with a shudder, and averted head as he was decanting his milk over West Boston Bridge—and stopped a stage full of passengers, with the terrible tidings—told them, that "half the streets were barred across,—and—get up Dobbin, I can't wait." The stageman turned about—he could not run the risk of losing his horses—but he didn't care two cents for himself, the yellow fever couldn't hurt him—and he cracked away manfully. "Hallo here," said a Green Mountain chap, "I'm not to be cheated out of my ride to Boston this 'ere way, by a darned sight, I tell ye, so just let me get out." "Oh! dear good Mr. Driver don't stop long, we shall all die here on the bridge." The Vermonter trudged off—and the driver cracked away again, as though the devil's hot pincers were hold of his horses tails. He brought up in Old Cambridge, where he found the sauce man, who tried to tell the amount of danger in the city—but at the first mention of the yellow fever, all the people scattered away from his corrupted person, and could not get within hearing distance. Then all the people stared, ladies and gentlemen, professors and shoemakers, like a crowd at a muster; but the moment the sauce man spoke or moved toward a particular quarter, the people disappeared like ghosts at cock-crowing. The sexton's knees knocked together, and the students took to their cigars for courage and protection. About this time came the milk man also amongst them—he had been detained on the bridge for his milk all curdled with fright, and he could not get it out of the canisters; he said that the Vermonter passed him about a rod, and was struck with the yellow fever, and dropped down dead in the middle of the bridge, just as yellow as a dandelion blow—whereupon he (the milk man) threw his cannisters overboard and made his go-cart rattle again. All the people of Cambridge gathered like sheep in a thunder storm, on the common, and round the market place, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns drove in, in flocks to hear the dismal stories that were told of the yellow fever in Boston, and there were the stage driver, and the sauce man, and the milk man, standing in the midst, and all the vast circle of people expecting to see them drop down dead—they could get nothing to eat or drink, till the fire engine was filled with brandy and water, and they were allowed to drink from the hose. Thus it was all day in Cambridge, and verily the good people thought that all Boston was a yellow fever case. About eight o'clock the students broached all their boxes of cigars, and raised a cloud of smoke, that darkened the moon and stars, and bid defiance to yellow fever. Morning came, and not a soul was to be seen—the bodies of the stage driver, sauce man, and milk man, were searched for in vain—and the sexton declared that he had not buried them; besides their cattle and carriages had gone. Little Tommy, and Sammy, and Billy, and John, and Domenichino, and Eliza, and Dorothea, and all the rest of the children, and the favourite dog, have worn their comphor bags ever since; but the yellow fever has gone—and they are "alive and kicking."

PRAYER AND PLAY.

In the spring season of Bath, in the year 1760, subscription books were open for prayers at the abbey, and for gaming at the rooms. At the close of the first day, the number of subscriptions for prayers were twelve, and for gaming sixty-seven, which circumstance occasioned the following lines:

The church and rooms the other day
Opened their books for prayer and play;
The priest got twelve, Hycle sixty-seven—
How great the odds for hell 'gainst heaven!

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1828.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

AGRICULTURE. It is remarkable that in all semi-barbarous countries this art is held in utter contempt. In Western Africa, and among the Indians of North America, it is almost unknown, or has recently been introduced, as these numerous tribes show a disposition to become civilized. If we trace the progress of civilization, we will readily find that there are many stages of refinement, from that in which men live upon the spontaneous fruits of the soil, to that in which the most elevated subjects of science are the chief pursuit. The hunting state is the second stage of society; the third, the pastoral; the fourth, the agricultural; and upward from this we know not which state to place next. We may however safely say, that agriculture is the state of society in which the greatest real independence is enjoyed, and consequently the greatest share of pure and undisturbed happiness.

A more tyrannical and oppressive law was never imposed on a conquered people, than was enacted by the Carthaginians against the inhabitants of Corsica and Sardinia, when they fell under their yoke. They were forbidden to plough, plant, or sow, under pain of death! These laws were eventually the ruin of Carthage; for no commercial country can ever prosper, when laws thus approaching to barbarism are imposed on any of its dependencies. It had been a policy far more conducive to the strength and independence of that nation, to encourage and foster this science. Wealth and power, arising from commercial pursuits are illusory, and too tangible from extraneous causes, to be permanent. If Germany, Russia, France, and Spain, had turned their attention more particularly to the encouragement of this internal source of wealth, their prosperity would show a different picture on the pages of modern history. An elegant British writer speaks of our own country, at the same time prophetically and with sound reason, when he says, that "Agriculture will probably make the United States of America the first dominion in the world; for it is a science at once favourable to the acquirement of wealth, to a knowledge of nature, to the constancy of health, to the multiplicity of marriages, and therefore to the permanency of population, and the preservation of morals."

There is something so charming in the task of rearing and cultivating the useful products of the soil, that even women have fallen in love with it. Mrs. Montague, the most accomplished of her sex in the days of Pope, was an enthusiast in this way. She used to assert that all the arts and sciences were contained in the first grain of corn. When she owned a farm, she had it filled principally by women. They weeded her corn, hoed her turnips, and planted her potatoes. There is an anecdote of Madame Helvetius, which Napoleon was always fond of relating. After her retirement to Auteuil, where she indulged in the native benevolence of her heart, by administering to the wants of animals, and in cultivating plants, she could not screen herself from the congratulations of her friends. Walking one day with a party, of which Napoleon, then first consul, was one, she observed to him in answer to a question he had proposed,—"Ah, Monsieur Grande Consul! you are little conscious how much happiness a person may enjoy upon three acres of land!"

Princes who have encouraged and taught agriculture, have been deified. Faunus, king of the ancient Latins, taught this science to his subjects, and the casts called Faunalia were instituted in honour of him. Mahomet, one of the Beys of Tunis, being dethroned by his subjects, sought the protection of the Dey of Algiers. The Dey promised to reinstate him, if he would discover the great secret of Alchymy, which Mahomet promised to do; and after his throne was secured, the Bey, with great ceremony, sent his benefactor a vast number of ploughs, harrows, and other farming utensils, as the fulfilment of his promise. Aristotle wrote much in favour of this science, and declared, that he regarded a commonwealth of husbandmen the best of all poli-

tical compacts. Noah became a husbandman after the flood. David was a lover of the art; and of Uzziah, the holy Scriptures assert, that "he employed planters in the plains, vine-dressers on the mountains, and shepherds in the valleys."

The Athenian nobles cultivated their estates; Pisistratus caused agricultural precepts to be engraved on tablets of stone, for the use of African farmers. An innumerable host of ancient philosophers and poets wrote on the subject, and several of the Grecian states annually sent the first fruits of their harvests into Egypt, in gratitude to the country from which they had received its first rudiments. Brissonot, the French philosopher of the last century, used to lament that he had not been born the son of an American farmer. Rittenhouse, an astronomer of whom America must be proud, studied mathematics in the field, drawing his diagrams and solving his numerical problems, on the board-fence which surrounded his labour, while his team took their momentary rest in the furrow. Our country can boast of many worthy citizens who have united cultivation of the soil with the labours of its defence; and it is no disparagement to the fame of Washington, to say that he was as great in the field of agriculture as he was in the field of war. Husbandry was his chief delight, and the glitter of his own bright plough share was more brilliant to his eye, than all the bristling arms he ever looked upon.

It is strange to mark the sterilizing effect of tyrannical government, upon any portion of the globe. The island of Sicily was once the garden of Rome. The productions of its soil were beyond calculation. The same generous soil is left; but its fruits are checked in their first germination, by the tears of an enslaved and degraded people. Its population is probably much less than in the height of its Roman prosperity; but in its present state, half a million of dollars annually, is a sum scarcely sufficient to pay for its consumption of foreign grain! We could name portions of the globe quite as destitute of the means of internal support, from the same cause; but it is needless to prove a position so self-evident, as the fact, that liberty is not the least important requisite to make a country fruitful.

To return from our wide range of remarks to our own proper sphere, we cannot conclude this article without repeating the opinion of the British writer alluded to, that agriculture must eventually make our own country the most powerful dominion on earth. While so much territory remains to be occupied, and society to be drawn from so many contrary sources, requires time and cultivation to make our agricultural policy uniform and efficient, the wealth and strength of our republic must necessarily be slow in arriving at a permanent station. But we have abundant proof of what it will ere long be, by looking into the resources already formed in the oldest settlements in our limits. While agriculture advances, every other pillar of our temple of liberty must be proportionally strengthened. Manufactures the next in importance to our complete independence, must depend upon it; and should the time ever arrive, that the jealousy or the self-interest of other nations should deprive us of all external means of support, these two alone will ensure us the permanent fruition, which, as true patriots, we must always look for with the most ardent hopes. The interests of the nation are, even now discussed over the handle of the plough; and those who own, and cherish, and beautify the soil, will ever be the first and most undaunted in its defence.

O Mores! There is a certain class of people who will "wander up and down among the tombs," and torment themselves for the sins of others, till they make themselves the laughing-stock of the gay, the aversion of the grave, and an object of real pity to the charitable part of community. If we give credence to their opinion, morality, religion, and good taste have but a short period allotted them for this world. Every age grows more impious, more immoral, and more rude; and from the days of our primogenitor to this day of most superlative degradation, poor human nature has made no other progress than downward, tumbling on, generation after generation, from bad to worse, for nearly six thousand years. Things cannot grow much worse; for plain geometry will teach us that by this rule, man will at no very distant period, become one of those decreasing infinite series, whose known terms may be proved

to be less than nonentity. Indeed we cannot conceive how things have been managed to become no worse than they now are. The rebellious angels, according to Milton, took up only nine days in performing the greatest possible feat of falling; and as we must believe, our first parents, even in paradise, were almost infinitely short of the height from which they fell, we have this consolation at least, that we do not descend with the same rapidity, nor can we fall further than they have gone before us. We ought rather to say *human nature*; for some individuals may possibly do both.

But while we are descending, let us take a look at those whose affecting lamentations over declining virtue and triumphant vice, are intruded upon our thoughts with such laboured pathos. Such solemn farewells to every thing that was virtuous or pure; to public spirit; to civil and religious liberty;—would not be made without some cause. Whether this cause is real or imaginary, can only be determined by looking into the characters of those who make them. And who are they? Are they free from the fallibility which their pretended declension has so strengthened in the human character? or do they not rather take their own perverse natures as their criterion, and thus, very naturally pronounce sentence on the whole human family?

Men of the meanest sentiments have always been the censors of their own, and the panegyrists of former times. That pride, envy, and malignity of the human heart, which can more easily commend the follies of a former age, than forgive cotemporary merit, has not originated with them. They put themselves up for patterns of morality, talents, and worth; and if the world will not take them at their word, its neglect of them constitutes the burden and measure of modern ignorance, corruption, and degeneracy. They volunteer their talents, and declare themselves willing to steer the great vessel of state, and take upon themselves the whole load of business, and burden of office, for the sake of their *dear country*; and if that country is kind enough to decline giving them all this unnecessary trouble and labour, wash their hands of the consequences, and spend their whole strength, like Jeremiah, mourning over her ruin, and chanting the praises of her ancient glory.

It is not difficult for such men, by playing their experiments upon the prejudices of the vulgar, who are just as querulous, and more ignorant than themselves, to raise up a host of echoes to their notes of evil omen. Light unbalanced heads are driven along by every gust of popular commotion. They take things wrong; and esteem every thing but calmness of reasoning an inward monitor to urge them to action. Hence those sudden transitions history records of them, from disgraceful loyalty to more disgraceful rebellion, according as the sudden puffs of popular feeling drive them. This is the invariable character of the uneducated vulgar; who in the same hour, fight for and against their country's rulers. They are in fact, overgrown children, and the fittest instruments of mischief which can be put into the hands of the disappointed aspirant, or the rejected sycophant, to join the cry of "Down with corruption!"

Such are the materials which compose the party now proclaiming an exterminating war upon the institution of freemasonry. If any one doubt the truth of this position, let him point to one prominent leader in their ranks, who has not, since the eruption of this excitement, assumed the impudence to ask for some office from the people, solely on the ground of his anti-masonick principles. If one solitary instance can be named in which the individual does not expect an office for his labours, can he say the same of *emolument*? Is he not in the pay of the party, to aid by his whole strength in the support of some other great leader who wants an office, and who has more talents or more impudence to embolden him to ask for it?

Since the nomination of *Southwick* and *Crary*, for the two highest offices in this great state, the anti-masonick party may be said to have thrown off all disguise, and declared its independence. *Party*, we say; for now they make no scruple to use that term among themselves. Not long since, they denounced it, and avowed themselves the advocates of principles alone. Before the event, they were so interwoven with the two respectable political parties which divide

the citizens of New-York, that it was a point of extreme delicacy, for men who belong to those two parties, to speak of their merits. They have endeavoured to profit by this situation; but finding that their strength has not been sensibly augmented by it, they have cast off the grapple, and left the convoy, to sail under their own flag. Nothing more auspicious to the success of masonick principles could possibly transpire. Masonry allows no political measures to intrude themselves into the lodge; but the policy hitherto pursued by their enemies was intended, and in some measure fitted, to provoke them to array themselves as a body in the political contest. Now they are left free to pursue their political principles without supporting their sworn enemies, and we shall see the result as disgraceful to the anti-masonick party as their designs are sordid and corrupt. Their cause now stands on its own merits alone; and they can reap no fruits but from the corruption which they have planted themselves.

MARRIAGE EXTRAORDINARY. Not long since, the editor of the Bachelor's Journal, whether converted like Saul, in the midst of his career against truth, or forced to surrender to the superior strength of the grand foe to single blessedness, we shall not inquire;—but suffice it to say, the Editor of the Bachelor's Journal perpetrated matrimony. But the cruel fortune of honest Bachelorism did not end here. No longer ago than last week, the Bachelor's Journal itself, instigated by, no one knows what,—and not having the fear of matrimony before its—pages,—took a Gretna Green leave of its patrons, ran away to Portland, and was married to John Neal's Yankee. This Yankee is, on the whole, a very Pelican of a cruiser. This is the second capture it has made on the high seas of Journalism.

FOREIGN. Two arrivals at New-York, since our last advices, have brought London papers to the 22d of August. British news is not of the greatest importance, except some existing difficulty in the internal affairs of the cabinet. The Duke of Clarence is stated to have resigned the office of Lord High Admiral, in consequence of some difference with the premier. It was also reported that Mr. Peel had tendered his resignation, on account of some difference of opinion respecting his currency bill. It is stated that the Duke of Wellington had commenced negotiations with the Pope, with a view to some decided step towards Catholic emancipation. The fact that some Irish priests, who lately had a conference with one of the ministers who is known to favour the Catholics, have gone to Rome within the last month, is spoken of as good authority for the statement. It is however our opinion that the whole admits of considerable doubt.

Much important intelligence from the theatre of war, is contained in the extracts we have seen. It is undoubtedly a momentous crisis for the interests of Turkey.

The accounts from Constantinople are to the 12th of July, at which time the Turks were making active preparations to receive the Russians in the capital. Fears were entertained for the safety of Shumla, one of the keys to the Turkish capital, and large re-enforcements were ordered to join the garrison of that fortress. Subsequent reports are, that it has fallen into the hands of the Russians; but it has no corroborating testimony to entitle it to our full belief.

It is stated under head of Smyrna, that an English frigate had brought to Vourla the joyful news, that the European Admirals and Count Capo d'Istria have had an interview with Ibrahim Pacha, and have made a formal convention with him, to supply the army with provisions from Zante, on his engaging to evacuate the Morea. An English brig was sent to Alexandria, to procure the vessels necessary to convey the troops. Till the time that the evacuation shall actually be effected, the blockade of Navarino, Candia, and Alexandria, is merely for the purpose of observation, as an armistice in fact exists.

The Odessa accounts of July 24, tell us that three hundred thousand men have been assembled on an extent of eighty leagues, and may march from the interior at the first signal, in any direction.

A letter from Moscow announces that the fortress of Bag-

dad has been taken by storm, by the troops under general Paskewitch.

The accounts from Semlia of the 4th, say, in relation to the reported capture of Shumla, that the emperor Nicholas was present at this mortal blow for the Turks. The details are expected to be important. It is said that the Balkan has been forced at three different points; that the Russians have effected a landing in the bay of Bourgas, in order to support one corps of their army arriving from Varna. It is added that all the Bulgarians are in arms to support the Russians. But the account from Trieste, which by the bye is a roundabout way of receiving the earliest news, tells us that the Russians were obliged to retire, with great loss.

These accounts have something the appearance of truth; but many rumours are in circulation, and too many contradictory statements to remove all skepticism. They serve however to prove that the next arrival may bring news of tremendous interest from that quarter.

In Portugal a tribunal has been established for the trial of those who were bold enough to resist the usurpation of Don Miguel. Executions and confiscations will be the consequence. The Inquisition is said to be re-established. In Oporto, assassinations took place almost every night.

FOUR DAYS LATER.

The packet ship Napoleon, from Liverpool, arrived at New-York on Thursday, bringing English dates to the 26th of August, inclusive. The fate of Shumla remains yet a matter of doubt. Turkish accounts represent the successes claimed by the Russians in a different light. They are said to have met with a defeat, and immense loss, in their attempts upon Varna, on the 15th and 20th of July.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MRS. HALE'S MAGAZINE. The September number of this elegant periodical has, if possible, greater claims on the publick attention than any preceding one. If the patronage goes on as promisingly as the spirit with which the work is conducted, its success will exceed the highest expectations of its most sanguine friends. The original poetry is the fairest specimen of the taste with which it is conducted. "The Sister," the "Fair Catechists," and lines to "the Spirit," are not to be placed behind any of the miscellaneous poetry in the periodical of the day. In many points they are extremely fine. The contents of this number are, —Dreams; Sketches of American Character, No. 9—Prejudices; Letter to the Editor; the Vacation; the Port Folio, No. 2; Education; Heber's Travels. ORIGINAL POETRY: —Invitation; the Sister; the Dying Moor; the Fair Catechists; the Deaf and Blind Girl; to "the Spirit;" The Talisman. Literary Notices, &c.

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at the several Bookstores in Albany, Troy, New-York, and elsewhere.

A DEFENCE OF FREEMASONRY, in a Series of Letters addressed to Solomon Southwick, &c. and others. In which the true Principles of the Order are given, and many late Misrepresentations corrected. With an Appendix, containing explanatory Notes and Masonick Documents. By Luther Pratt, Editor of the American Masonick Register, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Magazine, recently published in the city of New-York. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."—St. Paul. The work is comprised in 216 pages, 18mo. in boards, at 50 cents single, and \$4 per dozen.

* Orders from a distance addressed to the author at Albany, including the money, free of postage, will be punctually attended to, and the books sent according to the directions.

* Such printers in the United States and British America as will give the above an insertion, will receive the thanks of an old brother Editor. Albany, July 18, 1828.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bandbox Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the publick. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. *Per Cash paid for Bristles.* June 28, 18.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1829. JOHN F. PORTER.

BOOK-BINDING.—Sign of the Golden Lever, corner of State and North Market Streets, Albany.—WILLIAM SEYMOUR carries on the above business in all its branches; viz. Plain, Extra, and Super-Extra—has a first rate ruling machine, and other necessary implements for manufacturing Blank Books of every description, on the most reasonable terms, of the best workmanship. An assortment on hand. Subscribers to the *American Masonick Record* can have their volumes handsomely bound in boards, with leather backs and corners, at 62 1/2 cents a volume. Dec. 22—454

POETRY.

HUMAN LIFE.

From "The Pelican Island," by James Montgomery.

What is this mystery of human life?
In rude or civilized society,
Alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world
To that which is to come by the same stages;
With infinite diversity of fortune
To each distinct adventurer by the way!

Life is the transmigration of a soul
Through various bodies, various states of being;
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each;
In nothing, save in consciousness the same.
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,
Are always moving onward, always losing
Themselves in one another, lost at length,
Like undulations, on the strand of death.
The sage of three score years and ten looks back,
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,
And many a shuddering conscience fit,—on what
He hath been, is not, cannot be again;
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think
What he is now, but cannot long continue,
And what he must be through uncounted ages.
—The child;—we know no more of happy childhood
Than happy childhood knows of wretched old;
And all our dreams of its felicity
Are incoherent as its own crude visions;
We but begin to live from that fine point
Which memory dwells on, with the morning star,
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,
Or the first daisy that we ever plucked,
When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,
Pure brilliance, simplest musick, wild perfume.
Thence forward, mark the metamorphoses:
—The Boy, the Girl;—when all was joy, hope, promise;
Yet who would be a boy, a girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty,
And to dream of what will never come to pass?
—The Youth, the maiden—living but for love,
Yet learning soon that life hath other cares,
And joys less rapturous, but none more enduring;
—The Woman;—in her offspring multiplied;
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
That they may be the pleasure of beholders;
—The man;—as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make them room,
Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,
And grows immortal in his children's children:
—Then the gray Elder;—leaning on his staff,
And bowed beneath a weight of years, that steal
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep,
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,
None with more subtilty benumbs the frame)
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother;
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office;
—Man giveth up the ghost,—and where is he?

STANZAS FOR MUSICK.

Lady, why thus turn away
Youth and beauty's sunny glance?
Why, where all around are gay,
Tread'st thou not the lightsome dance?
Are thy thoughts on musick bent,
Is't for that thy young cheeks glow?
Wouldst thou hence the minstrel went?
Lady, no! lady, no!

Hark! I hear a deep drawn sigh!
Wildly throbs thy snowy breast!
Lo! a tear-drop pearls thine eye—
It is Pity's pilgrim guest?
Yet that sigh, what does it there?
Wherefore does that tear-drop flow?

Is it sorrow claims thy care?
Lady, no! lady no!

Near thee stands a youthful form,
Looking thoughts no words may speak;
Glances bright and blushes warm
Light his eye, and rose his cheek;
For he sings of "Love's young dream,"
O'er his lyre as bends he low;
Wouldst thou have him change the theme?
Lady, no! lady no!

THE OLD OAK TREE.

From the Boston Statesman.

The sand runs slowly in the glass,
The hours roll slowly by;
Time has no wings—the dull grey-beard—
And never was known to fly.
It seems an age since the break of dawn,
And an age to the close of day;
The minutes to me flow lazily on,
From Genevieve away.

Last night beneath the old oak tree,
The pale round moon above;
I dared my earliest vow to breathe,
And whisper her of love.
Though a crimson flush was o'er her cheek
From scorn it could not be—
This very night we meet again,
Beneath the old oak tree.

Their silent watches in the sky,
The silver stars were keeping;
The flowers upon the dewy sward
In holy rest were sleeping.
A mantle bright with beauty
Was gathered o'er the lea,
In a changing light the tree-tops stood,
In a glorious sheen the sea.

She long had been my dreams by night,
My cherished thought by day;
Her eye and lip are in my heart,
And will not ~~there~~ away.
The sacred seal—that bound for aye—
Her life and love to me—
I never shall forget the kiss
Beneath the old oak tree.

SOUR GRAPES.

From the New Haven Register.

My love, thou'rt fairer than the dawn
Of April's brightest day,
And the beauty of thy cheek outvies
The liveliest tints of May—
The odoriferous perfumes
Which load the spicy gale,
To thy sweet life-inspiring breath,
Are virtueless and stale.

O how enchantingly around
That polished neck of thine.
Thy artless raven tresses bright,
In glossy ringlets twine!
And as they wave so feelingly
O'er fields of purest pearl,
Ten thousand beauties sport around
Each captivating curl.

Those eyes, do turn them, dear away,
So ravishingly they roll,
The sun eclipsing diamonds,
They pierce my inmost soul,
Those lips how do they sparkle forth,
Thy brightest glow,
Thou outshines in purity
The winter's drifted snow.

Thy voice—how divinely sweet!
'Tis like the seraph's note,
And fairy-like thy perfect form
Seems o'er the air to float—

Words can not tell, nor thoughts can dream
The pangs I undergo
For thee, and wilt thou now be mine
My heavenly angel?—"No!"

What! zounds! thou red haired freckled slut!
Thou garlick breathed old maid!
Thou squinting, raw-boned, overgrown,
Ungainly, croaking jade:
What! rid of thee; ye lucky stars!
I'm thunderstruck with joy!
I would not marry such a chub,
For all the wealth of Troy!

DESTRUCTION OF SODOM & GOMORRAH.

A sound of mirth was heard by night,
Its merry peals rang high—
And song, and dance, and sinful rite,
Bade the winged moments fly—
Glad Sodom, in her pomp and pride,
Gave up her soul to glee;
And proud Gomorrah by her side,
Rang with the revelry.

Thy streets Zeboim, too, were glad,
Glad with unholy mirth—
And Admah's drunken sons were mad,
And ruled upon the earth.
The night passed on—the torch's light,
Flashed far, from tower to wall,
And gays forms gliding to the sight,
Glanced bright from tower to hall!

The morning came—and all was still,
Save they, the warned from high,
Who fast toward the distant hill,
With hurried steps flew by.
The sun arose and fiercely swept
Along his reddening path,
While Riot's drunken sons still slept,
Nor dreamed of coming wrath.

There is a dark cloud rolling on,
Swift as a rushing flood;
Its heaving bosom, dim and dun,
Seems filled with flame and blood!
It closes o'er them—fierce and fast
Red streams of sulphur pour!
Lightning and smoke and fiery blast,
Mix with the thunder's roar!

And hark, a dark yell rends the sky:
Ten thousands shrieks aloud!
The cry of mortal agony!
Man struggling with his God!
'Tis done!—the cloud is rolled away—
But where, O where are ye?
Yon dim, black lake, alone can say,
Ye cities of the Sea!

GOD.

BY MOORE.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

THIS PAPER

Is published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben-streets, up stairs. [C] Entrance from Steuben-street.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1828.

NO. 36.

MASONICK RECORD.

Communicated for republication in the Record.

A MASONICK ADDRESS.

Delivered before Chester Lodge, on the 12th of February, 1824, it being the first convention of a lodge in the county of Meigs, Ohio.

By Comp. SIMEON DE WITT DROWN.*

Chester Lodge, February 12, 1824.

Brother S. De Witt Drown.—The undersigned have the honour to be a committee in behalf of the members of Chester Lodge, No. 71, to return you their thanks for the ingenuous and instructive address, delivered by you before the brethren of this lodge, at its first convention, and request of you a copy for the press.

RANDAL STIVERS,
PETER GROW,
GEORGE SAUNDERS.

Chester, Meigs co. Ohio, February, A.L. 5824.

Brethren,—The address delivered to you by me, from the Oriental Chair, devolved on me involuntarily. My youth and inexperience in masonick fundamental truth would have prevented my assent to my address appearing before the public; but, confiding in the superior judgement of my brethren as to its merits or demerits, and presuming that such a request would not have been made, had they not the good of masonry at heart; therefore, feeling a wish to be serviceable to mankind, and the masonick fraternity particularly, I now submit it to your disposal. I am, brethren, Yours fraternally,

S. DE WITT DROWN.

Brs. Randal Stivers, Peter Grow, George Saunders,
Committee of Chester Lodge, No. 71.

ADDRESS.

BRETHREN,—being appointed to preside over Chester Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, I shall endeavour to sketch, in as short and comprehensive a manner as possible, some of the principles of the order, which have been handed down, inviolable, from time immemorial; though in the practice of its sacred rites, it has too often been polluted.

Freemasonry is a subject which has engrossed the attention of a vast multitude of people. The use of masonry, therefore, is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance and superstition; to adorn and improve, and in particular, to give it juster and more enlarged conceptions than are the mere growth of rude nature. The great utility and importance of masonry being thus apparent, an indispensable duty necessarily devolves upon those who are appointed guardians and protectors of the institution of freemasonry.

As masons, we are called upon more forcibly than any other class of men, to exhibit to the world a sober, virtuous, moral, and exemplary life. Have we not abundant reason to rejoice,—and ought we not, rather than lament, when we contrast our situation with thousands of the human race? My brethren, do you take this into consideration, where much is given much is to be required? The talent with which we are entrusted, shines pre-eminently transcendent, and is of superior value. What then? Does it not behoove us to exert every faculty to make a wise improvement of our talent, and not suffer the intellectual powers with which we are endowed, to lie dormant. Let us embrace every opportunity to do good. Let us not pause because there is a doubt that the attainment will be of magnitude. This duty is imposed upon us from the fact that every well informed and

liberal minded citizen is willing to do us the justice of believing and acknowledging, that the original objects of our institution are of a highly interesting, important, and useful tendency. They see daily and have seen enough of the consequences of masonry and its acknowledged influence upon society, to induce them to draw this conclusion. But on the contrary, by a portion of our fellow citizens, who are unfortunately deeply mantled in ignorance, and whose understandings are warped by prejudices, masonry is looked upon with a suspicious eye, as a sort of "ignis-fatuus," serving only to lead its devoted victims into ultimate immorality, ruin, and death. But here let me stop to take a cursory view of the young man who has been received among us, to share in the rites, light, and benefits of masonry.

Why may he not, if he feels disposed to reject the allurements of vanity, to withstand the illusive temptations presented to the imagination, be resolved to walk conscientiously and uprightly, be well received among mankind? Why may he not arrive at an eminence of respectability, and even superiority among his cotemporaries, and so be conducted through this transitory life, with the good will and well wishes of his fellow travellers, enjoying a degree of happiness and self-satisfaction to which the ignorant and unlearned will be strangers, and then at the time declining nature may no longer be adequate to oppose the grim terrific messenger, would he not be enabled to receive with composed tranquillity, his inevitable summons, and at the last be prepared to bequeath his body to the mother dust? If he pursued this course, I should call him an upright man, and worthy the name of a mason. We alone then are able justly to appreciate the high and inestimable value of our mystick institution; and as the uninitiated have no other criterion by which to judge of our usefulness and worth, except a view of our conduct, we are imperiously called upon to let our light shine as the meridian brightness of the sun, so that the world may be constrained to do that justice to the great principles of the order, to which they are so justly and so deservedly entitled.

The world will even be inclined to esteem and value, even mystery itself, if its good principles are exhibited in the character and conduct of its votaries; if their walk be regulated by the square of virtue, and the compass of reason; for in this case, mankind will be compelled to honour, value, and respect it. With what caution and vigilance then should we guard the avenue of admission, and oppose the introduction of unprofitable members to the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges among us! had none but meritorious, and such as are duly prepared and qualified, been introduced, masonry would have been saved many a severe curse, which has been pronounced against her mysterious ceremonies, and her votaries preserved from much censure and persecution; but sorry I am to say, this is not the pleasing fact. The door of admission has been too frequently and too widely opened, and I fear that sometimes unworthy candidates have not only been permitted, but invited and solicited to enter, without being convinced of the sacred purity of our rites, or of the highly interesting solemnities which should always pervade the truly masonick atmosphere around our consecrated retreat. Seeing then, that our society is suffering, let us be diligent, faithful independent and honest to ourselves and to the interest of the craft, which has been committed to

our trust; thus shall we redeem masonry from the numerous objections and foul charges under which it at present rests, and ever will rest, until the faithful members of this and every lodge, shall become regular in their attendance, and interested in the success of masonry, scrutinizing and reproofing the conduct of its members, and determined to raise their hand and voice against the admission of every one, who, upon the application of the plumb line, stands not upright before God and man. It is by the introduction of such strangers among us, that our ancient and honourable institution has fallen into disrepute with the pious and candid.

Let then, my brethren, our future course of conduct here commence with this new lodge, and be such as to silence the tongue of slander; and let not the foul breath of envy tarnish the bright escutcheon of our reputation. Is one of our members dishonest in his principles? unjust in his dealings? profane in his language? and loose in his moral conduct? he not only darkens the prospects of his brethren, but degrades the institution in the eyes of the world! Is he intemperate? he disgusts all his sober brethren, and diminishes the value of the craft. Is he a despoiser and mocker of that holy religion on which we depend for all our sanctions while sojourning here below, and which to us, all our hopes and prospects in that Grand Lodge for which we are all candidates! If so, he is no mason! And why call him one? Is the unfaithful, the censorious man capable of feeling the dignified principles of masonry in his breast? By no means. He that can hear his brother ridiculed or censured in his absence, and dare not defend him, is a coward, and unworthy the name of brother; but should he be perfidious enough to join it, he is a traitor; for he wounds you in the tenderest and most sensible part,—your character and reputation; like the midnight assassin, he robs you of that which is more precious than gold at the time you are incapable of justifying or defending yourself. If these things are continued, where are our boasted morality, virtue, and the fruit of a well-regulated life? For, says the world, (and justly too,) where are the boasted piety and religion, which your society proposes to instil?—In order to convince the world of the correctness of our tenets let us practise what we profess. If not, let the world know in an official character, that the lodge is dissatisfied with such conduct.

The institution of freemasonry, in its ancient and original purity, was in reality what it is now only in name. Then no unworthy or impious foot was permitted to step upon the Mosaic pavement; none but those who were emphatically prepared to understand and pronounce the shibboleth of masonry. And if, perchance either through duplicity or stratagem, any others should gain admittance, and dare defile its consecrated ground, the alarm was instantly given. Traitor—impostor—unworthy hypocrite,—were loudly re-echoed by every faithful brother, and the unworthy member was recognized as a disturber of their peace and harmony, immediately cast out among the rubbish. Such, my brethren, were the bright prospects and the unsullied purity of ancient freemasonry, when none were permitted to participate in the enjoyment of its sublime mysteries but the truly meritorious; and such would be its present condition and influence upon society, did we use similar vigilance, and exercise similar independence. But, my brethren, is this the fact? Will such be our vigilance in the admission of members? Will such

* Now Past Master at De Witt's Valley, N. Y.

be our masonick freedom and independence in re-proving severely though justly! in chastising acts of profanity, drunkenness, and every other species of immorality! If not for the want of independence, and by the continuance of such characters among us, the beauty, the harmony, and the usefulness of the whole masonick fabric, and particularly of this lodge will be materially injured.

Masonry survives,—the sole relic of antiquity,—bleached with the hoar of age,—bearing all the marks of youth about it, and diffusing, as in the days of its greatest glory, the munificence of its dispensations. And while its principles are unadulterated; while its landmarks are unimpaired; while its mysteries remain engraven upon the heart of its votaries, never—never—never to be revealed, it will continue to defy the shafts of persecution, as it has heretofore defied the ravages of time. "The rains may descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow, and beat upon it,—it will fall not," for like the house of the wise man, it is founded upon the rock of eternal truth, and will stand as it has stood, until the coming of that awful and inevitable moment,

When wrapp'd in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below.

Therefore, my brethren, let us, to make ourselves worthy of the name of masons, and members of the only surviving relic of antiquity, scrutinize the character of every member, and let our threshold be tyed by the sword of justice freely drawn against the admission of every unworthy candidate. And also, as masons, we must endeavour to imitate the workmen of the temple, where so much harmony prevailed; to cut, carve, and hew; and likewise to bear burdens of humility, that we may have a part in that temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

To the brethren of Chester Lodge. My brethren,—as you have elected me to preside over this lodge, I accept the office with diffidence, knowing my inability to perform so important a task; but I shall, however, endeavour to discharge that duty, as far as it lies in my power, hoping to receive your generous assistance. May we conduct ourselves, not only as masons in name, but as masons indeed; aid and assist each other in passing through this rugged path of mortality, not forgetting in all cases to endeavour to do as we would be done by, so that when we have finished the several parts assigned us in this world, and when we shall leave this transitory life, we may meet in the bright regions of eternal bliss, and there sit down in brotherly love, singing praises to God and the Lamb, and to him that sitteth on the throne forever and ever."

O thou, the great fountain of light, life, and love,
Shed thy effulgent beams on our lodge from above,
And grant that in freedom we still may repose,
And escape all the snares of our masonick foes;
Till the great light of masonry, which rose in the east,
Shall encircle the globe and illumine the west,
Till oppression shall cease, and the globe shall be free,
And from every Altar rise sweet incense to thee.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

MISSOURI.

At a special meeting of Missouri Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1, in St. Louis, Missouri, March 11, 1828, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to remove our illustrious companion DE WITT CLINTON, M. E. General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, from his earthly career of honour and usefulness among his companions and countrymen, and whereas this Royal Arch Chapter, deeply impressed with the loss which the Institution of Masonry has sustained by the decease of so distinguished a member and so valuable an officer, do sincerely deplore this signal bereavement,—therefore, be it

Resolved, that the officers and members of this chapter will wear the usual badge of Royal Arch mourning for the space of thirty days, in testimony of the profound veneration and sincere respect which they entertain for the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, that Royal Arch masons within the

State of Missouri be requested to wear the like badge of mourning for the same space of time.

Resolved, that a committee, to consist of companions Hardage Lane, John Daggett, and George H. C. Melody, be appointed to transmit one copy of the foregoing preamble and resolutions to the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States, and one other copy to the family of the deceased.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

ANTARCTICK EXPEDITION.

On visiting the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, a few days since, we were much gratified with an examination of a noble ship on the stocks, nearly ready to launch, which we found to be the one intended, by the Secretary of the Navy, for the exploring expedition to the South Seas and Pacific Ocean. She bears the name of the old Peacock, repaired, but is, in reality, in every respect, a new ship, prepared expressly for the intended expedition. Her length is one hundred and eighteen feet, breadth, thirty-two feet six inches, with a spar deck of seven feet, and measuring about five hundred and twelve tons. The frame is very strong, and of the best seasoned live oak. Her timbers are entirely solid, bolted one into the other, and caulked, as high as the birth deck, before planking, so that she might have been launched, and crossed the Atlantick, without planking or sheathing inside or out.

In addition to what in common in sloops of war, she is provided with a spar deck, which will afford shelter and comfort to the men in bad weather. Her bulwarks above the spar deck, are the same as in merchant vessels. The Naval Architect, Mr. Samuel Hartt, has superintended the construction of the vessel under Commodore Chauncey, in accordance with the model sent from the Navy department, and the manner in which he has executed his task, reflects the highest credit on his professional skill.

The vessel will be lightly armed with twelve instead of twenty-two guns; her spars and rigging will not be so heavy as in common sloops of war, so that she may be sailed with a smaller complement of men, an object of primary importance on a voyage of such duration.

We have been highly gratified to find, that the members of the Lyceum of Natural History, in this city, have taken up the subject with great spirit; they have long since communicated to the Secretary of the Navy the deep interest the Society felt in the enterprise to be sent out under his special care and direction, and their zeal and willingness to co-operate with him in maturing and arranging all the scientific details of the expedition. [N. Y. Statesman.]

SHOE BLACKING.

Large sums are annually paid by our fellow citizens for the article of shoe blacking, a considerable portion of which goes to encourage foreigners. In confirmation of this assertion, it is stated, on good authority, that there is annually imported into this country from England, shoe blacking to the amount of \$2,000,000, the chief part of which is made by Day & Martin, of London. This large sum might easily be kept in this country, and even in the pockets of those who have heretofore been in the habit of paying their portion of it, by each family's making their own; which can be done at very little trouble, and at small expense. Day & Martin's blacking is preferable to any other, and gives a high polish, and does not injure the leather. It is made in the following manner. To one pound of ivory black, in which has been mixed half an ounce of oil of vitriol and an ounce of sweet oil, add one pound of pulverized loaf sugar; mix the whole with a gallon of vinegar and let it stand three days, when it is fit for use. It should be stirred often and kept from the air, to prevent evaporation. The cost of a gallon of this blacking is seventy-five cents; and it is retailed at the stores for four dollars. [Williamstown Advocate.]

TELEGRAPHS IN INDIA.

Our readers will have some idea of the effective state to which the system of telegraphs has already

been brought in this part of the world, when we state that in favourable weather, in 8 minutes, a return has been made through a line of 400 miles to a communication from the presidency, or at the rate of 100 miles in the minute. The line of signals now reaches as far as Chunar, about five hundred miles from Calcutta. In no other quarter of the world has a system of telegraphs been carried to such an extent.

MIGRATION OF ANIMALS.

It has always appeared to me, that the two great sources of change of place of animals, was the providing of food for themselves, resting-places and food for their young. The great supposed migrations of herrings from the poles to the temperate zone, have appeared to be only the approach of successive shoals from deep to shallow water, for the purpose of spawning. The migrations of salmon and trout are evidently for the purpose of depositing their ova, or of finding food after they have spawned. Swallows and bee-eaters decidedly pursue flies over half a continent; the scolopax or snipe tribe, in like manner, search for worms and larvæ—flying from those countries where either frost or dryness prevents them from boring—making generally small flights at a time, and resting on their travels where they find food. And a journey from England to Africa is no more for an animal that can fly with the wind, one hundred miles an hour, than a journey for a Londoner to his seat in a distant province. And the migration of smaller fishes or birds always occasion the migration of larger ones, that prey on them. Thus the seal follows the salmon, in summer, to the mouths of rivers, the hake follows the herring and pilchard; hawks are seen in great quantities, coming into the east of Europe, after quails and land-rails; and locusts are followed by numerous birds, that fortunately for the agriculturalists, make them their prey. [Sir H. Davy.]

MIXTURE FOR SILVERING LOOKING-GLASSES.

Two parts of mercury are to be dissolved with three of lead, and the mixture then poured upon glass which has been previously polished and heated. This composition is found to adhere to the glass with great firmness, and to cast a very pure reflection. Care must be taken to separate from the amalgama the coat of oxide formed on during its fusion.

[London Journal of Arts and Sciences.]

THE REFLECTOR.

VOLUPTUOUSNESS.

Let the voluptuous person say out upon his death bed what pleasure or profit doth there abide with him of all his former sinful delights. Let him tell if there remains any thing of them all, but that which he would gladly not have to remain—the sting of an accusing conscience, which is as lasting as the delight of sin was short and vanishing. Let the covetous and ambitious declare freely, even those of them who have prospered most in their pursuit of riches and honour, what ease all their titles and possessions do then help them to; whether their pains are the less because their chests are full, or their houses stately, or a multitude of friends and servants waiting on them with hat and knee. And if all these things cannot ease the body how much less can they quiet the mind! And, therefore, is it not true that all pains in these things, and the uneven ways into which they sometimes stepped aside to serve those ends, and generally that all the ways of sin wherein they have wearied themselves, were vain rollings and tossings up and down, not tending to a certain haven of peace or happiness? It is a lamentable thing to be deluded, a whole life-time with a false dream. You that are going on in the common road of sin, although many, and possibly your own parents, have trodden it before you, and the greatest part of those you know are in it with you, and keep you company in it, be persuaded to stop a little, and ask yourselves what it is you seek, or expect in the end of it. Would it not grieve any labouring man to work hard all the day, and have no wages to look for at night? It is even a greater loss to wear

out a whole life, and in the evening of our days find nothing but anguish and vexation. Let us then think this, that so much of our life as is spent in the ways of sin, is all lost, fruitless, and vain conversation. [Leighton.]

THE TRAVELLER.

HINDOO GODS.

From Bishop Heber's Travels.

Most of the Hindoo idols are of clay, and very much resemble in composition, colouring, and execution, though of course not, in form, the more paltry sort of images which are carried about in England for sale by the Lago di Como people. At certain times of the year, great numbers of these are in fact hawked about the streets of Calcutta in the same manner, on men's heads. This is before they have been consecrated, which takes place on their being solemnly washed in the Ganges by a Brahmin pundit. Till this happens, they possess no sacred character, and are frequently given as toys to children, and used as ornaments of rooms, which when hallowed they could not be, without giving great offence to every Hindoo who saw them thus employed. I thought it remarkable that though most of the male deities are represented of a deep brown colour, like the natives of the country, the females are no less red and white than our porcelain beauties, as exhibited in England. But it is evident from the expression of most of the Indians themselves, from the style of their amatory poetry, and other circumstances, that they consider fairness a part of beauty, and a proof of noble blood. They do not like to be called black, and though the Abyssinians, who are sometimes met with in the country, are very little darker than themselves are, their jest books are full of taunts on the charcoal complexion of the "Hubshee." Much of this has probably arisen from their having been so long subjected to the Moguls, and other conquerors originally from more northern climates, and who continued to keep up the comparative fairness of their stock by frequent importation of northern beauties. India, too, has been always, and long before the Europeans came hither, a favourite theatre for adventurers from Persia, Greece, Tartary, Turkey, and Arabia, all white men, and all in their turn possessing themselves of wealth and power. These circumstances must have greatly contributed to make a fair complexion fashionable. It is remarkable, however, to observe how surely all these classes of men in a few generations, even without any intermarriage with the Hindoos, assume the deep olive tint, little less dark than the negro, which seems natural to the climate. The Portuguese natives form unions among themselves alone, or, if they can, with Europeans. Yet the Portuguese have, during a three hundred years' residence in India, become as black as Caffres. Surely this goes far to disprove the assertion, which is sometimes made, that climate alone is insufficient to account for the difference between the negro and the European. It is true, that in the negro are other peculiarities which the Indian has not, and to which the Portuguese colonist shows no symptoms of approximation, and which undoubtedly do not appear to follow so naturally from the climate as that swarthy complexion which is the sole distinction between the Hindoo and the European. But if heat produces one change, other peculiarities of climate may produce other and additional changes, and when such peculiarities have three or four thousand years to operate in, it is not easy to fix any limits to their power. I am inclined, after all, to suspect that our European vanity leads us astray in supposing that our own is the primitive complexion, which I should rather suppose was that of the Indian, half way between the two extremes, and perhaps the most agreeable to the eye and instinct of a majority of the human race. A colder climate, and a constant use of clothes, may have blanched the skin, as effectually as a burning sun and nakedness may have tanned it; and I am encouraged in this hypothesis by observing that of animals the natural colours are generally dusky and uniform, while whiteness and variety of tint almost invariably follow domestication, shelter from the elements, and a mixed, and unna-

tural diet. Thus while hardship, additional exposure, a greater degree of heat, and other circumstances with which we are unacquainted, may have deteriorated the Hindoo into a negro, opposite causes may have changed him into the progressively higher tints of the Chinese, the Persian, the Turk, the Russian, and the Englishman.

THE GATHERER.

CHRISTMAS IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

Preparations were made for the celebration of Christmas. The house was replastered with mud, all the rooms white-washed and repainted, and Matthews displayed his taste, by ornamenting a chandelier with cut paper and trinkets. On the evening of the twenty-fourth, the Indian hunters' women and children were invited to share in a game of snap-dragon, to them an entire novelty. It would be as difficult to describe the delight which the sports afforded them after they had recovered their first surprise, as to convey the full effect of the scene. When the candles were extinguished, the blue flame of the burning spirits shone on the rugged features of our native companions, in whose countenances were portrayed the eager desire of possessing the fruit, and the fear of the penalty. Christmas day falling on Sunday, the party were regaled with the best fare our stores could supply; and on the following evening, a dance was given, at which were present sixty persons, including the Indians, who sat as spectators of the merry scene. Seldom, perhaps, in such a confined space as our hall, or in the same number of persons, was there greater variety of character, or greater confusion of tongues. The party consisted of Englishmen, Highlanders who conversed with each other in Gaelic, Canadians, Esquimaux, Chippewans, Dog-ribs, Hare Indians, Cree women and children, mingled together in perfect harmony. The amusements were varied by English, Gaelic, and French songs. [Franklin's Narrative.]

"JACK'S ALIVE."

The late Lord Hernand, when presiding on a trial where life or death was at stake, was proceeding with that solemnity which distinguishes our judiciary courts over those of our neighbours, when a wag entered the court, and set a musical snuff-box, playing "Jack's alive," upon one of the benches. The venerable judge, who was to the last most admirably acute, stared for an instant at a sound so unusual in a court of justice, and, with a frank demeanour, exclaimed,—"Macer, what in the name of God is that?" The officer looked around him, in vain, to answer the inquiry when the wag exclaimed, "It's Jack's alive, my Lord." "Dead or alive put him out this moment." "We canna grup him, my Lord." "If he has the art of hell, let every man assist to arraign him before me, that I may commit him for this outrage and contempt." Every one endeavoured to discover the author of this annoyance, but he had put the check upon the box, when the sound for a time ceased, and the macer informed his Lordship that the person escaped. The trial proceeded, when in about half an hour, sounds of music again caught the ears of the court. "Is he there again?" exclaimed his Lordship. "By all that's sacred, he shall not escape this time—fence, bolt, bar the doors of the court, and at your peril, let a man living or dead, escape." All was now bustle, uproar, and confusion; but the search was equally vain as before. His Lordship began to imagine that the sound was something more than earthly, and exclaimed—"This is a *deceptio auris*; it is absolute delusion, necromancy, phantasmagoria." [Glasgow paper.]

CROMWELL'S ENERGY.

Professor Limborch, (says Mr. Rutt, in his recent valuable publication of the diary of Thomas Buxton, Esq.) relates a noble instance given by Oliver Cromwell, Protector of England, of interference with the "unrighteous practices" of the Holy Office. "Thomas Maynard, Consul of the English nation at Lisbon, was thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, under pretence that he had said or done something against the Roman reli-

gion. Mr. Meadows, who was then resident at Lisbon, advised Cromwell of the affair; and, after having received an express from him, went to the king of Portugal, and in the name of Cromwell, demanded the liberty of Consul Maynard. The king told him it was not in his power—that the consul was detained by the Inquisition, over which he had no authority. The resident sent this answer to Cromwell, and having soon after received new instructions from him, had again audience of the king, and told him that, since his majesty declared he had no power over the Inquisition, he was commanded by Cromwell to declare war against the Inquisition! This so terrified the king and the Inquisition, that they immediately freed the consul from prison."

LOADING HAY IN CHILI.

Almost all substances from the earth or sea, are transported upon the backs of mules in this country. Hay is wholly brought to market in that way. A man mounts his mule and stands erect, while a second throws him up small bundles of long green hay, which he places round him as our hay makers load a cart. When a mule is so laden that nothing but his long ears and the owner's head are visible, he is brought to the city, where the rider sells to one and another, until his load is gone.

Long sticks of timber are brought to market on mule-back, one on each side of the animal. They are crossed and lashed together on the saddle; the upper ends project beyond the mule's head, and the lower ends drag on the ground behind, and sweep the whole street.

SPIRITUAL HEROISM.

On the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, a yankee captain, who considered "discretion the better part of valour," chose to remain at Cambridge, instead of exposing himself on the bloody heights of Charlestown. He however permitted those of his men who were willing, to meet the foe in deadly strife. One of them, who was "in the fore-front of the hottest battle," and escaped unhurt, met his valourous captain many years after, and recognized him, though now clad in the sable garments of a clergyman. After a few salutations our quondam captain observes, "since we last saw each other I have become an altered man. I now fight with spiritual weapons against the powers of darkness." "Indeed!" replies the veteran, "I am surprised that a man who is afraid of gunpowder, should dare to fight the devil."

AN OLD CUSTOM.

In olden time, it is said that the inhabitants of a certain town in New Hampshire, consisting chiefly of Irish or Scotch presbyterians, adopted the following custom. As soon as their fields were planted and sown, their priest, accompanied by the elders, deacons and farmers, went from field to field, offering up a short prayer over each, that they might receive the fruits of their labours in a plentiful harvest. One day while engaged in this pious perambulation, they arrived at a field, where the priest stopped, took a keen eyed survey, and after some hesitation, addressed his flock to the following purport:—"My friends and brethren, it will be of no use to pray over this field till there is more manure spread upon it; for otherwise, even the prayer of a righteous man, however fervent, can not be effectual."

PETER BUFFIERES' SERMON.

Peter Buffieres, a priest in Limosin, who lived in the sixteenth century, was celebrated for the singularity of his sermons. As his parishioners did not pay much attention to his strange orders, he was extremely indignant, and on one occasion addressed them,—"On the day of judgement, when the Lord shall require an account of you from me, and shall say, 'Father Peter Buffieres, in what situation did you find your flock?' I will give no answer. And when he again asks, in what situation have you left your flock? I will not answer. But when he questions me the third time then will I say, '—Lord! as beasts I received them, and as beasts I render them to you.'"

POPULAR TALES.

THE MAGICK MIRROR.

(Concluded.)

Leopold felt relieved when he had quitted the convent; and, as he pursued his journey, the conversation of his companions, and still more, the increasing distance which every step put between him and that place of terror, contributed to restore his cheerfulness. When they had passed the Alps orders were received for the return of the troops into France, where they were to go into quarters; and Leopold, not choosing to accompany them in the dull country life they were about to lead, went to reside at Berne with some others of the officers, who had obtained leave of absence, intending to rejoin the army at the commencement of the next campaign.

In the festivities of Berne, which has the invidious reputation of being the most gay of all the towns of Switzerland, Leopold thought he should find the means of passing the winter very agreeably.

He had been living here for some weeks, when one day, as he entered the church on a religious festival, he saw a procession of young girls passing along the aisles, and collecting the contributions of the devout people who filled the church. His attention was particularly attracted by the sight of so much loveliness engaged in so pious an office. Every one of them was distinguished for personal charms, and none had yet reached the age of eighteen years.

One among them attracted the attention of Leopold by her remarkable beauty, which even the neighbourhood of so many other lovely faces only rendered still more striking. She appeared to be about seventeen years old, and the bloom of youth was just ripening into the mature graces of womanhood. Her figure was of perfect symmetry, and such as even the most exalted imagination, and the best efforts of painters and sculptors, could not surpass. In all her movements there was an eloquent dignity, and her every gesture seemed to be under the influence of that instinctive loveliness which pervaded her whole frame. Her walk, bounding and elastic, bespoke all the firmness and vigour of youth, but was repressed by a grave modesty, suited to the place and the occasion. Her face was more fascinating and lovely than her form, because it seemed even to pass mortal beauty: it would be impossible to describe accurately such a face; and, if the imaginations of the hearers cannot supply them with an adequate notion of it, it must even go undescribed, so totally is it beyond the feeble power of words to do justice to it. An expression of perfect goodness and simplicity added to it the only charm which it could have received.

Leopold gazed with a rapturous admiration that engrossed his whole faculties.

When she quitted the church he could still scarcely persuade himself that it was merely a human being; and when, by dint of reasoning, he had succeeded in doing so, his desire to know more of her became still more powerful.

Upon inquiry he learnt that she was the daughter of an Italian gentleman of respectability, whom the changes which had taken place in his native country had driven into exile.

It is not necessary to detail the means by which Leopold made his advances to the father and the daughter. It will be enough to say that, after some time, he was her accepted lover, and her destined husband.

The earlier part of Leopold's life had been one of professed gallantry. Now, indeed, he loved; for every thing in the world, compared with his passion and its object, was suddenly lowered in the scale of his estimation. His affection, like a pure flame, seemed to have expelled every dark and unworthy feeling from his bosom, while it filled the space with its own splendour and warmth.

A few weeks had now only to elapse before the day on which it had been fixed that the holy rites of the church should unite Leopold and his Laura.

On one night they were together at a ball given by the Prussian Charge d'Affaires in Berne, whith-

er all the most important persons, as well natives as foreigners, who then happened to be in the city, were invited. The assemblage was, of course, very numerous. Among all the beauties of the saloon, and they were many, Laura Baldini shone the most conspicuous, and excited universal attention. Leopold had so completely got over the gloomy notions which had once entirely poisoned his happiness, that although he knew this night was the anniversary of that fatal one on which he had been present at the infernal revels which were held in old Alice's hovel, he never once allowed the circumstance to master him.

The evening passed away rapidly and delightfully. The music—the exhilarating effect of the dance—the lively and agreeable conversation of his companions—and the society of his beautiful bride, who seemed to drink joy from his eyes—contributed to exalt Leopold's spirits to a height they had seldom reached of late years.

"Now," said he to himself, as he looked on the gay group around, "now, once more, my heart seems to be my own, and all my past sorrows are like an imperfectly remembered dream."

This thought had scarcely passed through his mind, when a voice sounded in his ear, which was at once familiar and horrible. He looked about and yet he could not discover whence it proceeded. Still it sounded in his ear audibly, though he could not distinguish in which way they were delivered. He turned entirely round; and directly behind him, leaning against one of the pillars of the saloon, he saw the senior Baldini engaged in deep conversation with a tall man, whose back was turned to him.

"Are you sure it is he?" asked the signor.

"As sure as I am of my own existence," replied the stranger; and as he spoke he turned slowly round.

His eyes fell upon those of Leopold, who, to his horror and surprise, saw in the stranger the form of the captain who had been his companion at Gottingen on the All-hallows Night.

Leopold's agreeable fancies were in a moment dispelled; his mortification increased when he saw, by the manner of Signor Baldini, that his presence was unwelcome as well as unexpected.

"Are you ready to depart?" said the signor: "it grows late." Leopold thought this was uttered with evident embarrassment.

He could not doubt that the altered manner of the signor was caused by something that had been said to his disadvantage by his quondam associate at Gottingen. He saw that this was an inconvenience to which he might be exposed as often as the person who thus harassed him should happen to fall in his way: he resolved, therefore, at once to put an end to such an annoyance, and turned to seek Laura, whom he intended to have seen to the carriage with her father, and then to return and demand an explanation of his conduct from the insolent person who presumed to interfere with his character.

He looked through the ball room for Laura, but in vain; he hastened into all the adjoining rooms, but she was not to be found; nor did he meet with the signor in his search. He then inquired of the servants, and learnt that the Signor Baldini and his daughter had gone home.

He was astonished beyond measure that they should have quitted the party without him. Some reasons must have induced them to so singular a step, and he could think of none unless they had been furnished by the slanders of the accursed captain.

His resentment against this person was heightened as he thought of this; and he hastened in search of him, to chastise his impertinence, and to prevent all future annoyance from him. He saw him quit the room, and hastening into the street, he overtook him.

"A word with you, sir," he said, grasping his arm at the same moment, and with not the most courteous pressure.

"You know me?"

"I do," replied the other.

"You have been speaking of me this evening?"

"I have done, then, no more than all the world does."

"I cannot make war with all the world, even if

they did as you say; but I can check your insolence, and I will."

"Insolence!—I only said that this time two years you went out to old Alice's hovel, near the city of Gottingen, and mingled in certain hellish ceremonies, which rendered you unfit for the company of good christians."

"Liar and villain, draw!"

"But one moment," said the captain.

Leopold lowered the point of his sword, but did not quit his position.

"I have said nothing," continued the other, "that you need be so much enraged at. There may surely be some less hostile mode of arranging any slight differences between us."

"You should have thought of that before," said Leopold.

"But surely you cannot be so very angry at my having told what you know to be truth."

Thoughts of unutterable horror came over Leopold's mind. He believed, now, that the enemy of mankind, in a human shape, was besetting him, and in a few angry words, he said, "I know and defy thee!" and he pressed on him with deadly thrusts.

The supposed Schwartzwald, and the real fiend, as Leopold could now no longer doubt him to be, parried every blow with as much coolness as if he had been practising in a fencing school, instead of being engaged in a mortal combat. He continued at the same time to address Leopold.

"And did you think to escape me after giving me so much trouble?" he said: "could you suppose I would permit you to marry the beautiful Laura—You have improved in your fence, though. And you would fain turn pious too—you, who have so often outraged heaven and earth with your blasphemies!"

At length the desperate impetuosity of Leopold broke through his guard—the sword of the supposed Schwartzwald flew several yards from him—and his adversary's weapon must have been through his heart, but that at the same moment he drew a pistol and discharged it at Leopold, who fell instantly.

The fiend stood over him, laughing exultingly. "With my last breath," said the fainting Leopold, "I defy thee!"

A loud noise was at this moment heard, and the voices of persons approaching, and when they came up, no one was to be seen but the bleeding Leopold. He was carried in this state to his own lodgings. His wound was immediately attended, and after much care and great doubt of his recovery, he was pronounced out of danger.

His first inquiry was respecting his Laura: and, as it was found impossible to deceive him on this subject, he was informed that, on the morning of his duel, Signor Baldini had departed from Berne, accompanied by his daughter, in a carriage hired for the purpose; but that the cause of their abrupt departure, and the place whither they had retreated, were equally unknown.

Leopold was thunder-stricken at this news: he saw that they had been brought to believe some horrible calumny against him, and he could not doubt that the signor had used or would use this as an inducement for his daughter's embracing a monastick life.

After every means had been tried to gain information of the Signor Baldini's retreat, Leopold set out himself in the vain search. He crossed the Alps, not knowing or caring whither he went. It was late in a summer's evening when he perceived that the Vetturino had got into a cross road, in attempting to make a short cut, and that he had lost his way. This was a matter of great indifference to Leopold, who was ill and fatigued, and he told the man to stop for the night at the first inn they should reach.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, Paulo, the Vetturino, drew up the carriage at the door of a very small and unpromising inn.

"These seem but sorry quarters, Signor Paulo," said Leopold, looking out.

"Signor," replied Paulo, "there is a house near this, where you would, perhaps, find a better lodging than in this inn."

"Let us go thither, by all means, then."

"It is a religious house, signor," said Paulo,

loading himself with a small bag which contained Leopold's dressing apparatus, and they set out across the vineyard which Paulo had pointed out.

As they went along, the Vetturino said, "You know, signor, you are to seek the Signora Laura every where; and, as this house to which we are going is filled with religious ladies, surely no place can be so proper to make inquiries in."

Leopold saw at once the drift of this, and believed that the man had some knowledge of the place of his mistress's retreat.

Arrived at the convent, permission was given by the lady abbess, as soon as asked, for the signor's lodging in that part of the building which was set apart for the reception of strangers.

Leopold begged permission to wait upon her.

This was unhesitatingly granted, and he followed the old porter through the narrow passage which led to the parlour of the principal.

The abbess was a prim, but kind looking old lady. She received Leopold with an air of stately politeness. He looked about the room, and could have fancied that this was not the first time he had been in it. He thought of the nunnery of Santa Croce, but this abbess was not like the principal of that house; besides, he believed this was situated in a different part of the country; and, upon looking again, he saw that, although the general plan of the rooms might be the same, that in which he was now sitting was deficient in the severe elegance which characterized the parlour of Santa Croce.

Leopold, mastering his agitation as well as he could, approached the abbess, and telling her his name, said he had come in search of the Signora Laura, who he had reason to believe was now within these walls.

"I assure you," replied the abbess with a cold and formal manner, "that she is not."

"I beseech you, madam," said Leopold—while his features expressed the anxiety and pain of his mind—"I beseech you not to trifle with the feelings of one who is already on the very edge of despair. I implore you, by all that you hold most sacred, not to make two persons utterly wretched. This cannot be the end of true religion; and this, perhaps worse than this, must be the consequence of your separating me from Laura. Our passion is mutual; our happiness—our lives—nay, the salvation of one of us—depends upon our being permitted to meet once more."

"My son," replied the abbess, who, apathetic as she was, could not avoid feeling moved by the vehemence of Leopold's manner, "it is not any more in my power to unite you than to increase the space which separates you. Pray calm your emotion, and arm yourself with christian patience to endure those evils which must be the lot of all of us in this world."

"Is she here?" cried Leopold impatiently.

"My son, she is not," replied the abbess.

"But has she been here?"

"It is very true that she has been here, but she has departed hence."

"When did she go, and whither? Tell me, and the speed of the winds of heaven shall not equal mine in pursuit of her."

"Again I say to you, be patient! Remember that sorrow and suffering are the lot of mortals, and that it is by them alone we can hope to enjoy that true happiness which is in heaven."

Leopold would have rushed from the room without listening to any more of the old lady's exhortations, but the desire of learning whither Laura had gone restrained him.

"If you will moderate your transport, which even now shakes your every limb, and will promise to bear like a man that which man is born to suffer, I will tell you whither our dear sister is departed."

Leopold bowed. There was a solemnity in the manner of the old lady's last address to him which shocked him. He had thought that to find the place of Laura's abode was to be happy. Now, for the first time, he began to think that some sinister accident might have happened, more fatal to his hopes than even her flight.

"I do promise," he said, and the blood receded from his cheeks as he gazed almost breathless on the abbess.

"The track of many years had obliterated, I thought, the very scars of former sorrows from my heart," said the abbess, as her eyes streamed with tears, "but the sight of your sufferings makes me feel the old wounds again. My son, the sister Laura has gone to her home—she is dead!"

Leopold gasped, and looked in stupid astonishment for a moment—then fell at the old lady's feet, as if a thunderbolt had struck him.

At length the cares of the persons whom the abbess had summoned to his assistance were successful; he slowly opened his eyes, and, as the recollection of the fatal information he had received recurred to him, a cold shuddering convulsed his frame.

"Tell me, when did she die?" he asked, in a scarcely audible tone.

Five days ago," replied the abbess; "and yesterday she was buried."

Leopold groaned deeply. He sunk back in despair. "The fiend triumphs!" he said; "it is in vain to contend further. The last blow is now struck."

After a few minutes he recovered again, and fixing his lustreless eyes upon the abbess, he said, "Lead me, I implore you, to her grave."

The abbess, hoping that the sight of this melancholy spot might, by exciting his tears, assuage that mortal agony which racked his heart, complied with his request.

The old priest and the porter supported him, for his own limbs almost refused that office; and, followed by the abbess and the nuns, all of whom wept at the piteous spectacle which Leopold exhibited, they proceeded towards the convent cemetery. Leopold never raised his head from the shoulder of the kind priest until they stopped.

"Here," said the father, "is the low grave in which lies she whom you loved, and who was the personification of beauty and virtue."

Leopold looked up. One glance was enough—the well known spot, which nothing could have erased from his memory, was before him. The ivy covered wall, the tall cypresses—the white tablet, on which the moonbeams fell with a silvery lustre—the sparkling marble spires of the convent in the back ground—all convinced him at once that this was the cemetery of Santa Croce—that the spot on which he stood was that predestined to be his grave.

Once he looked round, as if to assure himself—once he gazed on the grave of his Laura, where the flowers strewn by her weeping companions lay yet unwithered—then turned his eyes to the dark blue sky, and, sinking again upon the shoulder of the priest, without speaking a word, and uttering but one long sigh, his spirit fled for ever!

In that spot he was buried, and on that space in the wall was a tablet placed, with no other inscription than his name.

MISCELLANY.

ROMANTICK PATRIOTISM.

From Doctor Walsh's Journey from Constantinople.

At the commencement of the insurrection there was a number of Greek mercantile vessels in the Black sea, whose crews were not aware of what was going to take place. Feeling that sympathy in this cause which was known to pervade the Greeks wherever they were scattered, they were eager to return and rejoin their countrymen; but it was impossible they could do so by the Bosphorus, so they gradually assembled at Odessa, disposed of their ships, and having formed a body of one thousand five hundred men, they determined, like their ancestors, the Ten Thousand, to make their way by land to their own country. You will appreciate the extent and difficulty of this undertaking when you consider that there was no way open to them except by proceeding through the heart of Europe, and so returning back again by the Mediterranean. Count Laugeron, I think was the commander at Odessa. From him they obtained passports for twenty at a time; and having all set out in succession they formed a union on the road, and proceeded in a body to Brody, a town near the eastern frontier of Austrian Poland, in Galicia. Here they requested permission to pass

through the Austrian territories to Trieste, to embark for their own country; but they were informed they could not advance further in that direction, and here they were obliged to remain. The town of Brody is inhabited principally by Jews, between whom and the Greeks there is an inveterate enmity. Their means were almost exhausted, and they came to the desperate resolution of setting fire to the town if they were not suffered to proceed. Four hundred men, were at length allowed to proceed to Vienna, and the remainder marched to Hamburg; the only port where they would be permitted to embark. From hence the expense of transportation was greater than they could bear; they therefore left the town and ascended the Rhine to Switzerland, where they were hospitably entertained; a subscription was raised for them, and they were sent to Marseilles, where they embarked.

The four hundred who had proceeded to Vienna were detained there so long that they were reduced to great distress; till at length, as my informant stated, the Pope's Nuncio interfered, and they were allowed to proceed to Ancona, and enabled to do so by the subscriptions of their countrymen at Vienna. Here they embarked, and the two divisions arrived in their own country, nearly at the same time, after having been for a year and a half compelled to make a circuit of the greater part of Europe; and with the same perseverance and unsubdued courage as their ancestors, after equal hardships and privations, at length succeeded in their enterprise. Every man preserved in his girdle as much money as enabled him to purchase arms at his embarkation; entered the Greek fleet, and greatly contributed to establish the reputation which it acquired in the early part of the contest.

ALLIGATORS OF THE ORONOCO.

The following is related in the narrative of an officer of the Colombian navy, recently published, entitled "Recollections of Three Years' Service," &c.

In the course of the voyage, (we know not whether up or down the river,) I had an opportunity, the writer says, of ascertaining a fact concerning these creatures, which I do not recollect to have observed in the natural history of them. The Indians told me that, previously to their going in search of prey, they always swallow a stone, that, by the additional weight of it, they may be enabled to dive with the greater celerity, and drag whatever they may seize under the water with them with ease. They have frequently been known on this river, where they are exceedingly large and rapacious, to draw men and horses in an instant out of sight. Not giving implicit confidence to this statement of the Indians, I determined to ascertain if it were true, and mentioned my intention to his excellency, who assured me the Indians were correct; and, for the sake of amusement, consented to shoot some to convince me. The only parts where they are vulnerable to musket shot, are on the dirty white part of the skin along the chest and abdomen, and in a space of about three in breadth behind each ear. The former can seldom be aimed at, and we therefore tried the latter. Bolivar, whose aim was certain, shot and killed several with a rifle, in all of which when opened, were found stones, varying in weight according to the size of the animal. The largest killed was about seventeen feet in length, and had within him a stone weighing about sixty or seventy pounds. The Indians, whose occupation obliged them to be always on the river, or close to its banks, said that they had frequently observed the young ones in the morning swallowing small stones at the water side under the shelter of the wood before they searched for their victims, and deposited them at night in a place of safety.

I have never seen this myself, nor have I met with any person but the Indians who have asserted that they have;—and I have sometimes doubted whether these caculi are not secreted in the stomach. The alligators are very obstinate, and would never move out of the way of the canoe, unless the crew made a tremendous shouting, which, when there was a great number of them, they preferred doing, to avoiding them by steering

in another direction. They told us that small canoes had been upset by these creatures, which is not very improbable, as they are of so slight construction as to render capsizement a very easy matter.

THE JEWISH TALMUD.

From the Boston Statesman.

This is a collection of traditions which have been orally preserved, though the Jews, believe them to be of divine origin. It comprises the body of the Hebrew law, and consists of expositions of the duties imposed on the nation, in Scripture, or by the authority of the Rabbis; the polity, doctrine and ceremonies of the Jews in their public worship and domestic intercourse with each other. There are two Talmuds; that of Jerusalem, and the Babylonian. The former is least esteemed. The Jews venerate the latter so highly, that they compare it to wine, while the Old Testament is likened to water. D'Israeli tells us that of the twelve hours of which the day is composed, God employs nine to study the Talmud, and only three to read the written law. Our fair readers will not entertain the most exalted opinion of the Talmud, when they are told that, according to one of its orders, a man may claim a bill of divorce from his wife, if she suffers her husband's soup to be burnt! Hence it may be inferred that among the Jews, a thorough knowledge of kitchen affairs, was esteemed a necessary item in female education. Another of its regulations, we can not but notice, as salutary. Where there is an estate, it says, the sons inherit and the daughters must be maintained; but if there is not enough for all, *the daughters shall be maintained*, and the sons must get a living as they can.

Some of the Rabbinical stories in the Talmud are exceedingly ludicrous. Take, for instance, the following. "A Rabbin once saw in a desert a flock of geese, so fat that their feathers fell off, and the rivers flowed in fat. Then said I to them, shall we have a part of you in the other world, when the Messiah shall come? And one of them lifted up a wing, and another a leg, to signify these parts should we have. We should otherwise have had all parts of these geese; but we Israelites shall be called to an account touching these fat geese, because their sufferings are owing to us. It is our iniquities that have delayed the coming of the Messiah, and these geese suffer greatly by reason of their excessive fat, which daily and daily increases, and will increase till the Messiah comes."

The birds that are occasionally mentioned, go a little beyond even the Roc of the Arabian Nights. One of them spreading his wings, blots out the sun. An egg from another fell out of the nest, and the white thereof broke, and glued together about three hundred cedar trees and overflowed a village. A feathery monster stands up to the lower joint of the leg in a river, and some mariners imagining the water to be shallow, are hastening to bathe, when a voice exclaims, "step not in there, for seven years ago a carpenter dropped there his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom."

There is a queer tale about Abraham, the Patriarch, who is represented as another Othello for jealousy. He built a city, an enchanted city, for his wives. The walls were of iron, and so high and dark that the sun could not be seen from the inside. He gave the women a bowl of pearls and precious stones, to shed light through their prison. This was the manner in which Noah received his light, during his passage in the ark. Abraham went into Egypt, and the Custom-house officers exacted duties upon a great chest which he had with him. He desired them not to open the lid, but consented to pay the excise upon clothes. His ready acquiescence induced them to think that it might be gold. He agrees to pay for gold, and they think then that it must be silk. Abraham was willing to pay for silk, or even for pearls. They then insisted upon opening the chest, when lo! it was Sarah herself! The jealous husband to conceal her beauty, had locked her up in a box, and lugged her with him slung at the back of a camel.

Solitude damps thought and wit; too much company dissipates and hinders it from fixing.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1828.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

Musick. The sentiment, so often quoted from so great authority as Shakespeare, to condemn that want of taste for this divine accomplishment, has probably been wrested in a great manner from its literal meaning. He that has not "musick in his soul," must be far removed from any enviable situation in the scale of mind, it is true; but it is not the fact, that every one who is averse or indifferent to the charms of finished musical skill, is at the same time destitute of that sensibility to the beauty of sublime sounds, which may justly be termed the musick of the soul. We find among the most perfect models of mental superiority, individuals who were wholly destitute of musical taste. Pope, for instance, though a giant in poetry, was but a dwarf in this, its sister science, and we have seen this fact produced to account for the decided superiority of Dryden, in his manner of treating subjects which were connected with musick. It is nevertheless true, that the perfection of taste which characterizes such authors as have stood foremost in the priesthood of fancy, has generally been associated, and in most instances identified with the cultivation of a musical ear. Such instances may be illustrated by the bare mention of such names as Rousseau, Dante, and Moore.

But let the great, the learned, and the opulent relish or reject the delightful study of this science, there is no recreation which is at the same time so conducive to the health of the body and the elevation of the mind, as musick. Among the peasantry of those countries, where the most fruitful soil, and the most happy climate have combined to render their names synonymous with paradise, it is one of the favourite employments of their hours of relaxation. The winter evenings of the French and German peasantry would be without a charm, but for the flute and the violin. The Spanish guitar and the Italian mandolin, are as dear to the poor, industrious, and in other respects, benighted peasantry of their country, as their country itself; and deprive them of these charms to drive away the gloom of toil and care, and you deprive them of their whole earthly happiness. In some part of Wales the harp yet remains as the accompaniment of the spinning wheel; and in the summer, the women of a neighbourhood assemble at each other's houses, or under a large tree, and spin their woollen yarn, having a harper to amuse them. And in Scotland, it is justly said that musick alone has the power to make enthusiasts of the temperate and manly peasantry.

It is melancholy to look at the difference in moral and social character, which is so plain to discover between the peasantry of a country where musick is cherished, and one where it is wholly neglected or contemned. In the latter we find that avarice is the ruling principle—cold, calculating, and delving avarice. If ever a spark of sociality is to be found, it is soon kindled into a flame which consumes all but selfishness. They may have some recreations which are mainly in appearance; but what lesson of morality or real happiness can be learned from a prize fight, a bull bait, or a horse race? But where there is a national love for musick, we see every little selfish amusement laid aside; and as this state of society becomes more general,—and it must yet be so in our own country,—the brutal and demoralizing nurseries of strife with which we are surrounded, will vanish; the principles of universal charity will be understood and taught; and there will be less musick in the simple words "my own" than in the songs of patriotism and religious devotion, which make our people virtuous, contented, and happy.

If we look into the private characters of those masters, who have made the most conspicuous figure in the annals of musick, we shall see living proofs of the amiable influence which this elevated and innocent pursuit has upon the mind. Haydn was a lover of the calm and noiseless scenes which are the natural atmosphere of domestic peace. He passed most of his hours of relaxation in his gardens; and was often heard to express the pleasure he derived from such a course, as the summit of earthly felicity. Mozart, another

of those few whom selfishness could not reach, spent his days in study, and his evenings with the interesting and virtuous family which he was proud to call his own. His residence was a garden in the suburbs of Vienna, where he attended to his flowers and shrubs, and took a sublime pleasure in making all with whom he associated cheerful and happy. Beethoven was perhaps of too diffident and sensitive a disposition to administer to the cheerfulness of his friends; but he was far from the character of a misanthrope, which his acquaintance unjustly imputed to him. Some of his posthumous papers show that he had a mind which was like a neglected gem; its value only truly known when it was lost forever to mankind. His musick yet lives, and will never be forgotten, till harmony is wholly lost to the human ear.

One of the proudest acquirements for any people, is a national style of musick. If we look into the collections of national melodies, which are handed down from ages before us, we are forcibly struck with the peculiarity of style which every nation has of its own. The Italian and Russian style are remarkably similar, which is only accounted for, by the fact that they both proceeded from the ancient Grecian. There are also striking resemblances between the real ancient Scottish style, and the present musick of China and Japan, which is not so easily accounted for. The Irish is perhaps more clearly defined, as a peculiar style, than the musick of any other nation, ancient or modern. We may yet acquire a national style of our own; but never until it has become the foster-child of our yeomanry, in their own retreats, beyond the influence and liability to change, that the fashionable world at present subject it to. When this noble art has become the study of our countrymen, and they have made it so independent of foreign taste as to give it a national character, it must be a bold one. It is impossible for a land like ours to fare otherwise. Then some future bard shall say of our musick, as the gifted Leyden has spoken of the Scottish.

If—as ancient sages ween,—
Departed spirits, half unseen,
Can mingle with the mortal throng;
'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
The deep-toned musick of the soul,
That warbles in our country's song.

LOVE OR POWER. This mental pestilence; this scrofula of the human mind, is the fundamental cause of all the miseries with which civilized society is ever visited. It is that idolatry, which, like the sin of Moses at the waters of Marah, brings its curses not only on the head of the idolater himself, but on the whole people. Nothing disastrous or bloody ever happened to any nation, that did not owe its dreadful effects to this hateful passion as its sole cause. It seems as if the being who is actuated by this spirit of diabolical origin, could never be satisfied with the blood, the tears, the groans, the treasure wasted, the reputation blasted and the wreck of domestic peace, which are all to be sacrificed at the shrine of his idol. Such a policy, when it is the common motive of a whole nation, is certainly calamitous enough in its effects; but it is infinitely more so when an individual sets his pony self against the interests of a whole people, and seeks the fruition of his lust in the slavery of the whole.

There is no limit to the impudence or the impertinence of that tyrant who sets himself up as the infant who will make all the rest of his fellow creatures the playthings of his tyranny. In no folly, unless we call cruelty by the name of folly,—is the usurper more ridiculous and at the same time more incorrigible, than in the foolish trumpeting his own merits. He is the only one that can enfranchise the nation; he is the only true patriot; he will make plenty and peace the inmates of every man's dwelling. Such boasts as these are on the lips of every usurper and lawless aspirant to the chair of power, from Caesar down to Jack Cade;—and even lower,—to the afflicted tyrant who wishes to be the "terror to evil doers" in the state of New-York. No matter how iniquitous and shameful have been their past lives: no matter how much they have contributed to disturb the public confidence in the best supporters of the government and its prosperity; no matter how often they have been foiled and detected in the meanest artifices, to obtain ur-

limited power; no matter how profanely they have opened their lips against every thing sacred and worthy of devotion;—their impudence is a match, and more than a match for all this. They preach their own piety, their integrity, their love of peace, their patriotism, their disinterestedness, and their orthodoxy, themselves; and have the assurance to think that their followers believe them sincere, when every one knows them to be false. It is true they have followers who profess to believe and honour them; but they are just such tools as are fit for tyrants to work with. They are the free born with slavish souls; who are ready to make allegiance to Belzebub to-day, and if he fail of success, curse him as readily to-morrow.

In a population of a million there may be a hundred thousand who think themselves in every way qualified to rule the rest; but who are they? If we look at their qualifications, we shall more than probably come to the conclusion, that of the other nine hundred thousand, two ninths at least, are far more fit than any of them. We shall find again, that more than half of these volunteer rulers would be the very scourges of their fellows; discords in the world of harmony; converting a land of prosperous hope into a wilderness of tears. "Nature recognizes them only as she does the serpent and the alligator."

And what a disgusting theme for human patience is herock history! It tells of wars, and origins of wars. It trumpets the praises of heroes who were only such, by being more successful villains than any of their contemporaries. It tells of a kingdom wasted and a mighty city destroyed for the honour of an adulterous woman. It tells of the freaks of tyrants;—cities set on fire for their diversion;—the innocent slain to satiate their revenge; and human victims, after their death, offered at the shrine of their deified manes.

It has pleased him who made us, to work wonderful contrasts in the execution of his plans. He has often given a temporary success to vice, and a temporary depression to virtue. Regardless of moral right, the villain lives and prospers. His wealth increases, his power is rooted in his wealth; his will is his law, power is his mistress, and he becomes the very despot of his village; his state, or whatever sphere he may be placed in. Again, the good man is seen to pine from day to day, under the fatigue and disappointment of unavailing industry. He sinks under the load,—and suffers more for the thought that those he loves must eat the bread of adversity, than for his own griefs. If the question should be started, whether of these two extremes of the scale of divine will is calculated to draw forth human envy, who could answer it?

But there is a class of beings, who, bearing the shape of human, seem to be only the disguised habitants of some higher sphere, come down among mortals, for no other purpose than to do good. They whose labours of love are ever the theme of grateful lips. They who advise us in secret, and reprove us without a frown. They who dry the tears of the widow, and cheer the bosom of the orphan. They who teach us to derive happiness from ourselves, and who can draw water even from the barren rock. Who are they? Look around you, and your own eyes will not deceive you. Look to the humble poor man whose task it is to sow the first seeds of knowledge in the infant mind. Look to them who toil and weep over the midnight lamp, to prepare nutriment for the voracious mental appetites of their fellows. Look to the humble spirit who seeks out the habitation of the desolate, and pours plenty into the lap of poverty. Look to the true and worthy mason, whose hand is ever ready to lift him who has fallen, and warn the wanderer of his danger. And then say, ye who hold the telescope of reason in your hand, who would aspire to power?

Happy would it be for the living, did they but draw their lessons of life from the monuments which the dead have left. All have their monuments. Some of marble erected over their graves, to their everlasting infamy; others of their invaluable worth, erected in every grateful heart, to their endless glory. What then is the lesson to be learned from the memorial pillar, which records nothing of its perished dust, but that he loved power? Let them die and be forgotten. Their memories are not for the good to contem-

plate, unless to warn the world of their ignominy. But where the philanthropist sleeps, there let us build altars and offer incense; not to their manes, for they would rise from their dust and curse us for the impiety; but to the God they worshipped, and the virtues they taught. They have borne the "strife of little tongues," in their lives; but where they sleep, the "coward insults of the base-born crowd" are awed into silence. No hatred follows them to their silent rest; for the malignity of their enemies was sated, when they ceased to live; and the good who survive will suffer no nettles to grow around their monument.

✶ The new steam packet, the DE WITT CLINTON, made her first trip, between this city and New-York, this week. Her passage down, was performed in twelve hours and six minutes. Her passage up, in which she stopped at all the regular landings, was performed in twelve hours and twenty minutes. The De Witt Clinton is the first steam packet ever begun and entirely finished in our city. She is to ply in the line with the Victory, another beautiful boat owned by a company of Albanians. We hope these vessels may meet with the patronage they deserve from our citizens, as they are truly a credit to our city.

From the Boston Palladium, September 26.

CAPTAIN MORGAN. We should not mention the name of this individual had we not been informed yesterday, by a gentleman entitled to the most entire confidence, that captain Waterman, of Duxbury, a gentleman of undoubted respectability and veracity, who commanded the brig Herald, in her last voyage from Boston to Smyrna, is fully convinced in his own mind that he carried William Morgan as a passenger. The gentleman who gave us captain Waterman's opinion on this subject, is Mr. Job W. Tyler, of this city, who sailed with captain Waterman on his next voyage, as first officer of the Herald. Captain Waterman, at that time, often mentioned the subject to Mr. Tyler, and has since expressed his sincere conviction that Morgan was his passenger.

From the Boston Bulletin, September 27.

MORGAN. A paragraph in yesterday's Palladium concerning this notorious individual is deserving of some attention. The editor says that he has received information from a highly creditable source, that captain Waterman of Duxbury, a gentleman of respectability and undoubted veracity, who was master of the brig Herald on her last voyage from this city to Smyrna, is perfectly convinced in his own mind that a passenger which he carried thither was no other than the renowned William Morgan. The editor of the Palladium gives the name of the gentleman from whom this intelligence is derived, and who had repeatedly heard captain Waterman express his conviction of the above fact. A writer in the Gazette of this morning endeavours to destroy the force of this statement, offering to bet one hundred dollars that Morgan did not sail in the brig. The writer is safe, perhaps on two grounds—certainly on one. It is not at all likely that the fact can now be proved by any positive evidence; if it could, captain Waterman would not merely declare his opinion; he would furnish proofs, if attainable—and still that opinion may be based on truth. Another consideration may, or may not have influenced the writer in the display of so much confidence—does he know where Morgan was at the period in question?

There are other opinions however, connected with this subject which cannot be bullied aside by any valorous challenges in the shape of wagers. Among these is an opinion that a more scandalous and successful hoax, than the "Morgan Excitement," was never before played off upon an intelligent community—and that the gross delusion which has pervaded a certain portion of the state of New-York for so long a time, will at some future day be fully developed, to the shame and discomfiture of those wretches who are interested in spreading it abroad as a convenient sort of fog, through which they may crawl into office and pick the pockets of their staring dupes.

From the Batavia People's Press.

MORE MILITARY CHIEFTAINS IN THE FIELD. The last Ontario Phoenix, an anti-masonic paper published at Canandaigua, and edited with great spirit and ability!!! recommends general William Watworth, whom he says headed (not be-headed) ten thousand freemen at Le Roy on the 4th of July last, for president of the United States, and Nathaniel Elmaker, of Pennsylvania, whom he recommends as being a whig of the revolution and a despoiser of kidnappers and murderers, for the vice president, to be supported by the anti-masons. He says then they can go the whole hog. We should think they had better.

ANTI-MASONRY IN NEW-YORK. We learn that there has been an anti-masonic meeting in New-York. This is the first time that the citizens of that metropolis have met

together with reference to the great cause of the people against masonry; and we hail it as the forerunner of much good.

[The above paragraph from the Auburn Republican contains intelligence of which we were not before aware. The meeting must have been a very private one. We rather think, however, that no such meeting has been held here. Our citizens do occasionally commit some follies, but we believe they have not yet bid adieu to their senses, nor caught the silly infection of the west. "Forerunner of much good." What effects can possibly arise from the excitement than personal animosities and hot blood. It is a well authenticated fact that the anti-masonic fever in the west has arrayed friend against friend, brother against brother, son against father, and vice versa, with an enmity and implacability seldom experienced. And can such a state of things be good? We opine not.] [N. Y. Gazette.]

DIED,

In this village, on Saturday night, in the 39th year of his age, after a long illness, ISRAEL W. CLARK, formerly of Cooperstown, Otsego county, and for the last eleven years a resident of Albany. Mr. Clark has been for twenty years connected with the newspaper press. He established a Journal at Cherry Valley, in 1810, became Editor of the Watch-Tower at Cooperstown, in 1812, revived the Albany Register in 1818, and for the last five years, until his removal to this village, to assist in the editorial charge of this paper was employed as associate editor and Legislative Reporter for the Albany Daily Advertiser.

The deceased was a man of singular disinterestedness and fidelity. His private and political sentiments were entirely guileless. His aim through life, has been to adorn that bright maxim of Franklin, which teaches us to do "as much good and as little evil to our fellow citizens" as was possible.

Politically, Mr. Clark has laboured to purify the character and to elevate the standing of our public Journals. He never uttered a venal sentiment, or traced a servile line. His friends and party were chosen from his sober convictions of their worth and patriotism, and all who knew him, know with what devotedness he adhered to both through every variety of fortune. Mr. Clark though contributing largely to produce important political results has derived, personally none of their advantages. He has done much for others—little for himself. No man ever laboured more zealously with such generous disregard of pecuniary or political reward. Once, indeed, when impaired health unfitted him for rugged employment, his friends solicited a vacant appointment for him from one whose justice, if not whose gratitude, should have promptly accorded it. But the claims of the fast friend were postponed to secure the adhesion of the wavering politician. Such is the gratitude of politicians!

We have never known a man more thoroughly imbued with professional sentiments. When bodily pain had unseated his mind, it ran wildly with reflections which had filled so large a space of his life. "Let me finish this paragraph before I go!" "Are the ballots all in?" with other expressions of a similar character, indicated that the ruling passion was strong even in death. In view of the messenger, who lingered to receive his departing spirit, he enjoyed the calm, confident hope of redemption. To the friends who administered the consolations of religion to him, he said he was prepared to exchange the cares of this life for the repose of "home sweet home." His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of our citizens, and his memory will long be green in the heart of a bereaved widow, and recollections of an extended circle of friends. [Rochester Titicgraph.]

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Prout's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new fonts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Type cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. "Secular care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new fonts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiqua, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO. Albany, October 4, 1838. 26 if

ELECTION NOTICE.—A General Election is to be held in the County of Albany, on the third, fourth and fifth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. Dated at Albany, this twenty-seventh of August, 1839.

C. A. TEN EVCK, Sheriff of the county of Albany. State of New-York, Secretary's Office. Albany, August 12, 1839.

Sir—I hereby give you notice that at the next general election, Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the third Senate District, in the place of Richard M. Michael, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. And that an elector of President and Vice President is to be chosen for the Tenth Congressional District.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State. To the sheriff of the county of Albany. Oct. 4, 1839.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 230, corner of North Market and Stoughton streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1839. JOHN F. PORTER.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDOBOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bando-box Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those who wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the public. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for Bricks. June 28, 41.

POETRY.

CLEOPATRA'S DEATH.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

'Twas noon upon the pyramids; the sun
In his high zenith, looked in splendour down
O'er Egypt's vernal valleys; not a breath
Breathed thro' the lofty aycamores, or waved
The labouring palms' thick foliage; mid-day's sleep
Was on the orange grove; and silently,
The deep, broad bosom of the mighty Nile,
That "mother of the waters," rolled along,
Throughout the land.

The battle's din had ceased,
Full many a phalanx of Egyptian youth
Had fallen at Actium, and the bloody troops
Of Rome's insidious Emperor had quenched
Their thirst for carnage, and had overthrown
The towering expectations, and the hopes
Of the ambitious Antony, and made
The high triumvir rue the fatal day
That brought his steps within the walls of Tarsus.

Wo for his wedded Queen when he had rent
The cord that bound his life; it were a stroke
To crush *Man's* towering spirit—but it fell
On Cleopatra, like the lightning's bolt
Upon the willow—on her couch she sunk,
Within her guarded palace; her whole heart
Broke forth in an ungovernable gush.—
"Go from my presence, servants; do not strive,
With counterfeited sympathy, to sooth
This heaving bosom; 'twere but mockery.
Sorrow has built his home within mine heart;
Affliction there is dwelling; I have drunk
Deep of the sedimental chalice; wo
Has stood before me with deceitful smile,
And accents on his tongue, which might have lured
A less unwary bosom. O, what now
Is regal pomp to me? The princely robes,
The powerful sceptres, and the blazonry
Of every earthly crown, are but as gold
That gilds a baser metal: O, how man
Is bound a slave to fortune. He who thinks
That life may be breathed out in pleasing dreams
And happy moments, has ne'er seen the world,
Or studied human nature. But the foe
Is in my footsteps, and must I be bound
By a proud tyrant in degrading chains,
And borne from freedom? No, the world shall see
That Cleopatra still must die a Queen."
She rose upon her couch, and throwing back
Her curling tresses, they disclosed a face,
Whose pale expression could not but divulge
The workings of the bosom. She had nerved
Her feelings for the worst, and now she looked
On death with fortitude,—
She clasped the venomed serpent to her bosom,
And drawing round her the imperial robe
Of earthly majesty, again she sunk
And breathed away her life.

THE FALL OF NINEVEH.

The following verses are from an unpublished poem entitled "The Fall of Nineveh;" by Mr. Alderson, the author of "The Last Day of Herculaneum."

Within his splendid chamber, by all flowers
Of fragrance rare and exquisite perfumed,—
Beneath a silken canopy gold-dropt,
Reposed the guilty king: One crystal lamp,
With oil sweet scented, and its soft pure ray
With the pale moonlight mingled.

As he slept,
Again the murderous deed he acted o'er,—
The pale stern seer again cried out "beware!"
Again with boundless rage his bosom heaved.—
He rushed again to dash him headlong down,—
But then he griped some hideous, nameless thing,

That with him fell, and crushed him to the earth,
And held him there, all shattered, yet alive.
Such was his agony. Above the couch
Azubah leaned, and gazed upon his face,
Guessing what stirred him thus: for down his brow
The big drops ran; his teeth were set, his hands
Fast clenched; his every limb convulsed and stiff.

"Unhappy king!" said she, "by night and day,
The prey of passions strong and terrible;
Fierce in thy love, and fatal in thy rage,—
Yet with a heart by nature noblest framed,—
But oh! perverted! lost! Awake! awake!"

Speaking she stirred him: but the dream was strong,
And held him like a spell. He woke at length,—
Startled with trembling limbs, and griped her close,—
Glaring upon her with distorted face;
As on some monster. But, with soothing voice,
"Tis I," she said,— "Azubah."

At the sound,
His hands relaxed their gripe,—his face grew calm,—
One deep long sigh he breathed, and laid him down;
Nor spoke, but on her pale face gazed long,
Pressing her hand—for her of all he loved
With passion least debased.

But at the gate
A trumpet blast was heard. Half starting up,
He listened—and again the clang burst out.
"Tis Salamenes," cried the king—"away!
Haste thee, Azubah,—for that timeless note
Speaks evil in the message."

Stooping then,
His brow she kissed, and went. A rapid foot
Upon the marble staircase echoed loud,—
And soon within the chamber, bright in arms,
Stood Salamenes. Breathless with his haste,
Into the ear of the indignant king,
The new revolt he told,—the Bactrians fled,
And all the nations of the farthest east.

Fierce as a roused up lion sprang the king,
"Call up the soldiers,—every man!" cried he,—
"Pursue, and slay them utterly. My arms!
Traitors and cowards!—not a foot shall tread
Its native soil again—away—away—
Why dost thou linger?"

Salamenes then:
"Let not the king judge rashly: the wild boar
Escaping who would stay, when on himself,
He saw the tiger rushing?—better thus
That they fly both than with our enemies league.
Enough, and more, the audacious Mede to crush
With us remain: but, by an ill-timed stroke,
Urge not the fliers, for commutual help,
Their arms with his to join, lest harder strife
Await us; and, by bad example lured,
Others as false may prove."

To him the king:
"Wisely thou counsel'st—but the vengeful stroke,
Though for a while delayed, shall surely fall.
To-day the Mede shall sink,—to-morrow they.
Away at once! the dawn begins to peep;
Arouse the camp,—but silently,—the bolt
Shall strike them, ere they dream the thunder nigh.
Worms! they shall know their lord."

TO A GRAY HAIR.

From the New-York Evening Post.

Sage monitor!—what brings thee here?
The first my temples e'er invaded;
I knew not that my leaf was sear,
Though borrow long my brow hath shaded.
I pluck thee from this startled brow,
And ask—what may thy errand be?
Art come to warn my sands are low,
Nor Time will shift his glass for me?

That well I know—yet suppliant ask
Of him who levels worlds no favour—

His scythe to sweep is all his task,
To stay it not my vain endeavour.
Why art thou of his pioneers?
Sure he can need no aid of thine:
Lo! his rude track is steeped in tears,
That round his dusky pathway shine.

Art too the same that once in youth
With my fair forehead's ringlet twined thee?
And shall I of thy plighted truth
And new trimmed rose at once remind thee?
Ah, faithless!—whither hast thou borne
The bloom my boyhood's cheek possess'd
Why can that peace no more return
Thy bidding gave my artless breast?

Com'st now to tell me life is pain,
And joy a mist that sweeps the mountain—
And hope a weed, that shuns the plain
To die by sorrow's chosen fountain?
I feel 'tis so, prophetick friend!

The Stygian wave sends shadows thick;
And the sad eye would pierce their end
Grows dim, the bosom faint and sick.

Forth then, and mount the viewless wind—
Go, tell the *Fates* where thou hast left me—
In converse dark, with self-riven mind,
O'er all whenceof their frowns have reft me;
Tell how I mourn my childhood's joys,
And all their sharers, in the tomb—
And how, unmoved, I hear a voice
From Hermon's groves that calls me home!

If, haply, on my auburn brow,
In life's bright morn, they traced thy duty,
Sure thou hast earned to mark, ere now,
The wane of youth, of mandood's beauty.
So, having watched me o'er the wild,
And talked of pleasure day by day,
They bid thee rouse their heedless child,
And beckon hence—away—away!

Ah! their black death hath kissed the plum
Themselves once charged to bloom before me;
Then wherefore should I seek in vain
The blushing flowers they 'll ne'er restore me!
Take then this tear, dread herald pale—
'Tis my heart's pledge to meet their doom;
Go—bear it to their shades—my seal—
And say I come—ere long I come.

MONTGARNIER.

TROUT FISHING.

The following apostrophe taken from a poem ascribed to Dr. Watson, proves him to have been no friend to piscatory amusements:—

Why fleest thou away with fear?
Trust me, there's nought of danger near;
I have no wicked hook,
All covered with a staring bait,
Alas! to tempt thee to thy fate,
And drag thee from the brook.

Oh! harmless tenant of the flood,
I do not wish to spill thy blood—
For nature unto thee,
Perhaps, hath giv'n a tender wife,
And children dear, to sweeten life,
As it hath done to me.

Enjoy thy stream, then, harmless fish;
And, when an angler, for his dish,
Through gluttony—vile sin!
Attempts, a wretch! to pull thee out,
Heaven give the strength, O, gentle trout,
To pull the rascal in!

THIS PAPER

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MASONICK RECORD.

The following beautiful lines were written by L. Arnold, esq. of Providence, on the death of Mr. B. B. Marshall, Tyler of St. John's Lodge of Boston, who fell dead immediately on the last brother's leaving the room.

With age, with want, infirmity oppressed,
Death said to Marshall, "Thou shalt shortly rest;
I see no reason for thy tarrying here,
But fear of me, and me 'tis vain to fear:—
No wife remains with thee thy grief to share,
No tender infants to demand thy care:
Few are thy comforts, numerous are thy woes,
And few thy friends, but what the Lodge compose.—
Say, with one blow shall I thy soul release,
And send it joyful to the realms of peace?"
The sage replied—"These things, Oh Death, are true:
One boon I ask, and then submit to you;
These genuine friends, those brothers of my heart,
Whom kind affection prompted to impart
The means of living to my feeble age,
And still sustain me tottering on the stage,
This night in social brotherhood convene;—
My wish, O death, would lead me to the scene;
There, when the lodge in harmony shall close,
And each one hasten homeward to repose;
I'll wait thy coming, thy commands obey,
And through thy rigours, meet eternal day."
'Twas reason's claim, nor death refused the grace,
But met him punctual at the time and place.

THE COUNT DE TOLODA'S CHARGE.

The following Discourse (translated from the original French) was pronounced at Brunswick, Lower Saxony, where Prince Ferdinand is Grand Master, by the Compté de Toloda, at the initiation of his son.

I congratulate you on your admission into the most ancient, and perhaps the most respectable society in the universe. To you the mysteries of masonry are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never showed lustre on your eyes. In this awful moment, when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue! May this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades human nature; and may you feel the elevation of soul which scorns a dishonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue.

These are the wishes of a father and a brother enjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our expectations be deceived. You are the son of a mason, who glories in the profession; and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

You are now, as a member of this illustrious order, introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are open to your view, whose true patriotism is exemplified in glaring colours, and a series of transactions recorded which the rude hand of time can never erase. The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Marius to sacrifice their children to the love of their country are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honour and reputation of this venerable order.

This moment, my son, you owe to me a second

birth; should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of masonry, my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and our constitutions. The best, the most humane, the bravest, and the most civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are strangers to our works, the greatest geniuses have sprung from our order. The most illustrious characters on the earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in masonry. The wisest of princes, Solomon, planned our institution, and raised a temple to the eternal and supreme Ruler of the universe.

Swear, my son, that you will be a true and faithful mason. Know, from this moment, that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the world by your new alliance you are deserving of our favours, and never forget the ties that bind you to honour and to justice.

View not with indifference the extensive connexions you have formed, but let universal benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilities in the service of your king and your country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained, the happiest acquisition of your life.

Recall to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue, and govern your passions; and ere long you will have occasion to say, "in becoming a mason I truly became the man; and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize."

If I live, my son, to reap the fruits of this day's labour, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and worthy freemason.

MASONICK SCHOOLS.

In Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, charity schools were erected by the lodges, for educating the children of freemasons whose poverty debarred them from this advantage. In that which was formed at Brunswick, they were instructed even in classical learning and the mathematics. At Eisenach several seminaries of this kind were established. The teachers were endowed with fixed salaries, and in a short time after their institution, they had sent into the world seven hundred children instructed in the principles of science, and the doctrines of Christianity. In 1771 an establishment of a similar kind was formed at Cassel, in which the children were maintained and educated till they could provide for themselves. In 1773 the united lodges of Dresden, Leipsic, and Gortitz erected at Frederickstadt a seminary of learning, for children of every denomination in the electorate of Saxony. The masonic subscriptions were so numerous, that the funds of the institution were sufficient for its maintenance; and in the space of five years above 11,000 children received a liberal education. In the same year an extensive work-house was erected at Prague, in which the children were not only initiated into the first principles of learning, but into those branches of the useful and fine arts which might qualify them for commercial and agricultural stations. It deserves to be remarked, that the founders of these institutions, amid their anxiety for the publick prosperi-

ty, never neglected the spiritual interest of the children. They saw that early piety is the foundation of all that is useful and honourable in life; and that, without this, speculative knowledge and practical skill are of little avail.

Our English brethren, in 1788, instituted the Royal Cumberland Freemasons' School, "to train up children in the knowledge of virtue and religion; in an early detestation of vice and its consequences; in industry, as necessary to their condition; and to impress strongly on their minds a due sense of subordination, true humility, obedience to their superiors."

In New-York a plan was laid in 1809, and has since been in constant execution, by which fifty poor children of masons are educated. The school is supported by a contribution of ten dollars a year from each lodge in the city, and eighty dollars more from the Grand Lodge.

In 1765, a splendid apartment was erected at Marseilles for the accommodation of brethren. It was adorned with the finest paintings, representing the most interesting scenes that occur in the history of the Old and New Testaments, and calculated to remind the spectator of his duties as a man, a subject, and a christian.

FREEMASONRY.

Translated from the "Doylestown (Penn.) Express," a German Paper.

In the western parts of New-York and Pennsylvania, there are printers and others who on account of Morgan's disappearance, exert themselves very much to produce and continue an excitement, and attract the attention of community in regard to the masonic order. We ourselves are not a mason. But if this fraternity holds in view schemes dangerous to the publick welfare, they surely have had sufficient time to put them into execution—for this order exists since the time of Solomon; and yet they have not acquired the dominion of the world, which many believe to be their object—nor have they attempted to govern any part of the world. Others again believe them to be in league with the devil—if so, then had the children of Lamech, Noah, Saint John the Baptist, Solomon, the Roman Alfred, Athelstane, Peter the Great of Russia, Frederick the Great of Prussia, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and De Witt Clinton, &c. dealings with the devil. For example it were so, could this fraternity have existed and prospered so long! No!—Were this order so dangerous to our liberty, would not such patriots as Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Warren, have revealed the secrets and mysteries of this society to the world!—Yes, without doubt!—Reader, we will reveal the secret to you:—the masonic fraternity is nothing more or less than a religious and benevolent society; and among this society are found like amongst all other christian denominations, good and bad men. This is the great hobgoblin of the entire secret. And as regards the clamour and the odium which some printers and others carry on against the order, it has also a purpose in view! You know there are various ways of making money—one speculates on this, another on something else. One day as we were walking through one of the principal streets of New-York, we observed a sign against a house, with the inscription,—“The Devil upon two sticks to be sold here!” We went in, bought a book under the above title, and expected, arguing from the price and title, to find something interesting in it: but after we commenced reading in it, we found that it contained nothing more than an

old merry tale, which we had read before under two different titles. Now this, on the part of the bookseller was a speculation. Even so in relation to the anti-masonic newspapers; we read, read and read, and when we are done reading through, we are not a whit wiser than we were before—for they contain neither more nor less than the world knew for centuries. Quite applicable here is the old proverb,—“The mountain laboured and brought forth a mouse.”

The following advertisement is from the Winchester (Va.) Republican. We understand that Mr. Dewar has withdrawn himself to avoid expulsion.

TO THE PUBLIC. I take this method of publicly renouncing forever all the privileges and immunities of freemasonry. I disclaim all authority it may presume to exercise over me, and hold myself answerable only to the laws of my country and my God.

THOMAS J. DEWAR, E. A.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

From the Harmonics of Nature.

The effects of volcanoes* are generally known; it is not, therefore, our intention to enter into a history of them; but we may just state a few of comparatively recent occurrences. A great part of the Passandayang, in Java, was swallowed in 1772, with explosions more than equal to the heaviest cannon. Forty villages were destroyed; two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven inhabitants; and fifteen miles in length and six of breadth ingulphed. The terrible catastrophes in Borneo have been amply described; and the convulsions in 1766, in which the whole city of Cumana was overturned; and a subsequent one at Carraccas, in which nine-tenths of that city was destroyed, and ten thousand persons buried under its ruins, are described in Humboldt's best manner.

Earthquakes are frequently fatal in Peru; where entire districts are devoted, as it were, to incessant volcanick impulses; and the natives perpetually behold new territories lying on the wrecks and fragments of old ones. In 1600 a volcano in Peru covered an area of ground above thirty-four thousand square acres, with sand, ashes, and other matter. Bouguer seems to think, that from the multitude of caverns and volcanoes, the solidity of the Cordilleras by no means corresponds with their bulk. It is curious to observe, that while volcanoes spread such wide and incessant destruction in South America, they are totally unknown in the northern part of the American continent. Nor have any data yet been discovered, which can, in any way, lead to the conclusion, that there ever has been any.

Java, one of the finest islands in the world, is, on the contrary, almost entirely volcanick. Dr. Horsfield visited one of the craters. “Every thing,” says he, “contributes to fill the mind with the most awful satisfaction. No doubtless is one of the most grand and terrific scenes, which nature presents; and afforded an enjoyment, which I have no power to describe.” In that island there was an eruption in 1586, which killed ten thousand persons. But a more extraordinary one was that of Tomboro, a mountain situated in the islands of Sumbawa, in the year 1815. So tremendous was this explosion, that its effects extended over the Molucca Islands, Java, a large portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of a thousand miles from its centre, by tremulous motion; and the report of the explosions was heard at Java (three hundred miles distant) and inspired as much awe, as if the volcano were present; while showers of ashes fell upon the island and totally darkened the atmosphere. The ashes, too, laid an inch and a half deep at Macassar, distant two hundred and fifty miles. The sea was, for many miles round Samba-

wa, so covered with pumice-stone and trunks of trees, as to impede the progress of ships: and the atmosphere was for two entire days in darkness equal to that of the darkest night. The wind was still; but the sea much agitated. The explosions were not only heard at Java and the before mentioned islands, but at Banca and at Amboyna: the latter eight hundred and ninety miles distant, the former nine hundred and eighty-six.

In 1793 a volcanick eruption broke out in Iceland: and for two months spouted out volumes of matter to a height of two miles; covering in its fall a tract of square land to the amount of three thousand six hundred miles! In this island, volcanoes have all the dreadful accompaniments with those of Italy: but few of their benefits. In Iceland they produce little fertility; but in Italy, volcanoes, during their periods of repose, seem to rest for the purpose of concentrating their power of producing new empires. The fertility, they impart, atone, in no small degree, for their previous desolation.

If we recur to earthquakes, the scene of change widens to an astonishing extent. The high mountain, Picus, in one of the Molucca islands, has been changed into a lake, of a shape answering to its base: St. Culphernia in Calabria, and all its inhabitants, were overwhelmed by one earthquake: while by another (A. D. 1692-3,) not only fifty-four towns and cities, besides villages, were damaged, or destroyed, but sixty thousand persons perished.

The earthquake of Lisbon!—Not more astonishing were its effects, than the extent of its operation:—at Lisbon and Oporto; in every province of Spain, except those of Valentia, Arragon and Catalonia; at Algiers; in the kingdom of Fez; in the empire of Morocco; in the Madeira islands, and in those of Antigua, and Barbadoes in the western Hemisphere. It was felt also in Corsica; at Bayonne, Bordeaux, Angouleme and Havre in France; in many parts of Germany, Bohemia, Switzerland, and Holland; England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and Norway.

In China a whole province of mountains sunk into a lake, A. D. 1666; and it is said, that an Earthquake, in the year 1663, overwhelmed a whole chain of Canadian mountains, extending to the distance of three hundred miles!

Thus Nature periodically assumes new attitudes; but in those changes seldom does she outstep the harmony of her own decisions. Doves still reside upon the island of Cythera; snow still covers the summit of the Caucasus; sands still rise in volumes over the deserts of Ethiopia; grapes and apricots are still abundant near the city of Damascus; and myrtles, lavender, and the rose of Jericho, still grow upon the mountains of Keswaran. The Danube, the Wolga, the Tigris, and the Ganges, still wind their serpentine length along; nightingales still delight the gardens of Persia, and bees still frequent the rosemary of Narbonne.*

* Lord Byron has a passage, beautifully illustrative of these reflections. Speaking of the fallica condition of Greece:—

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields;
Thine olive-ripe, as when Minerva smiled;
And still his honeyed wealth Hygieia yields.
There the blithe bee his fragrant forage builds,
The free-born warbler's chirp thou canst hear;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gods,
Still in his beam Mendele's marbles glare,
Art, glory, freedom fails:—but Nature still is fair.

OYSTERS.

From a late English paper.

After the month of May it is felony to carry away from oyster-beds, the calitch or spawn adhering to stones or old oyster shells; and punishable to take any oysters, except those not less than the size of a half crown piece, or such as when the two shells are shut, will admit of a shilling rattling between them. The liquor of the oysters, it may be remarked, contains incredible multitudes of small embryo oysters, covered with their tiny shells, perfectly transparent, and swimming nimbly about, to make amends perhaps, for the sluggish life which they are subsequently doomed to lead. One hundred of these embryo oysters if placed in a row, would not extend one inch. Besides these, the liquor is said to contain a great number of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphorick light. The list of

inhabitants, however, does not conclude here; for besides these last mentioned, there are three distinct species of worms, called oyster worms, half an inch long, and which shine in the dark like the glow worm. The sea stars (asteria,) cockles, and muscles, are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets within the shell when it gapes, and sucks out the inhabitant. While the tide is flowing, oysters lie with the hollow of their shell downwards; but when it ebbs, they turn on the other side.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

DOMESTICK LIFE IN PERSIA.

From Travels in Persia, by M. Gaspard Drouville.

The ladies of Persia are very ignorant. It is not customary to teach them even to read, and still less to sew. The exceptions to this rule are extremely rare. I should be greatly puzzled to describe their occupation until they become mothers. I know of none but the toilet; on which, though less complex than that of our ladies, they manage to spend as much time. The remainder of the day they commonly spend seated on beautiful carpets opposite to a window, overlooking a fountain or piece of water. Here they smoke cailléau, drink coffee, and pay or receive visits until the cool of the evening, of which they immediately avail themselves to walk in the gardens without the town where they frequently stay till night. The most mistaken notions prevail in Europe as to the degree of liberty enjoyed by the women of Persia; in no country with which I am acquainted are they more perfect mistresses of their actions.

I must add, that when they become mothers, few fulfil the maternal duties more sedulously; they never suffer their children to be suckled, attended or educated by strangers; they keep them under their own immediate care and superintendence until the age of eleven or twelve, when the boys leave the harem to be circumcised, and the girls to be married, given away, or sold.

There are few countries in which infants undergo such tortures as in Persia, in spite of which deformity is very rare. The moment an infant of either sex sees the light, it is plunged repeatedly into cold water, it is then enveloped in swathings, which are bound so tight as nearly to stifle it. It is then laid on a cradle without any sort of mattress, the bottom of which is formed of leather, stretched like a drum, and perforated in order that no wet may accumulate. The unhappy babe is fastened down to this cradle with bandages of cotton about eight inches wide and from twenty-five to thirty feet long, which are wound over the child and under the cradle.

They are in such a state of compression, that it is marvellous to me that one survives. Nevertheless in this state the unfortunate little creature remains twelve hours at a time. When it cries it is rocked, and the mother kneels before the cradle, which she draws towards her to give the child the breast. In this posture she remains till it falls asleep; but let what will happen, it is never freed from its bonds except morning and evening, and then only just long enough to change its linen.

A CAFFRE DANCE.

From Scenes in Caffre Land.

The men were drawn up in a row naked, each holding a kirri in his hand. The women were in a row close behind them, and the soldiers had formed a circle round. On the right stood the master of the ceremonies, who gave his directions in a loud singing tone; at his command the women commenced singing in a loud voice, swelling out occasionally as loud as they could bawl. The men, during the first part, were acting a dumb show, with now and then a moan; then, as the song became louder, they took hold of each other's hands, and joining in the tune, they sprung up and down with straightened knee, but without moving from the row, putting every muscle into the most violent action. The women during all this did not move from their position. When the men had continued this exertion some time, with the perspiration running off them in streams, the tune was changed; the master of the ceremonies turned to the right and led the party on a few paces, the men still acting dumb show, stooping, brandishing their kirries,

* Vauvius, says Dr. Clarke, “is in all respects, as to its physical nature, a vast gas blowpipe; corresponding in all its phenomena, with the appearances and effects, the explosions and detonations, the heat and the light, exhibited by the apparatus, which bears this name; and differing from it only as the mighty operations of Nature in the universe differ from the puny imitations of the chymist in his laboratory.”

No volcanick eruption takes place without the agency and decomposition of water. “Hence,” says Dr. Clarke, “before any great eruption of Vauvius, not only does the water disappear in all the wells of Naples, P. rici, Rome, and other towns at the foot of the mountain, but even the sea itself retreats.”

and looking cautiously about as if they were on some expedition. The women kept almost pace with them, shaking in a most singular manner every part of their frame; still singing, they returned in the same way and then faced again. Gaika now proposed that if the officers would give him a large bunch of beads and a soopie that he would dance. This was refused. Well, then, a soopie only! This was agreed to. Off went the blanket, trousers and hat, and Gaika was the Caffre king again! In this state of nature he joined the howling, leaping throng, and certainly showed his muscular frame to advantage. It was curious to see the effect this scene had on two young Caffre men who had not joined the dance, on account of their feet not having recovered their hardness from late dancing. They looked on some time, but found it impossible longer to resist. Giving their karosses to a bystander, they sprung forward and joined the row; and even the master of the ceremonies himself could not resist the temptation, but at last stripped likewise. The whole was a novel sight, and we were fortunate in having the opportunity of witnessing it; although, like the description of dancing of most savages it was altogether horribly wild.

CHARACTER.

THE GREEK HEROINE BOBALINA.

From the Boston Bulletin.

Tripolitza is situated in the central part of Peloponessus, of which it is one of the most considerable towns. It was besieged, and, after an obstinate resistance, taken by the Greeks in 1821. Fifteen thousand Turks lost their lives there. In his account of the siege, Doctor Howe presents the following picture of a Greek heroine of some celebrity. She is not the most charming and romantic of heroines, according to the Doctor's description, but this is no disparagement to the Greek cause. She is a little of the Amazonian cast, but a sufficiently good heroine in a war against Turks.

"Amid this motley throng (of besiegers) one was particularly remarkable; the famous heroine Bobalina, the modern Artemisia of the French and German writers, who have represented her as beautiful, brave, and disinterested; giving up her wealth to her country, and leading on her ships to battle in person. It is really a pity to spoil so fine a picture; but it would be carrying respect to imaginative female heroism too far, to allow it to gloss over the abominable conduct of Bobalina at Tripolitza. That she was brave, cannot be doubted, for she died alike danger and shame; but she was old, and ugly, and fat, and greedy; and as for her disinterestedness, she owned that her sole object in leaving her vessels, and coming to the camp, was to get her share of the plunder. She was the widow of a rich Spetziole merchant, who, dying about the commencement of the revolution, left her in management of all his property. She then, following the bent of her bold and masculine disposition, as well as a thirst for gain, fitted out two brigs, and went with them herself to the fleet—nor did she shrink any danger. Her vessels were now blockading the gulf of Napoli di Romania.

The rich Turks took advantage of the truce to make their peace with Colocotroni and the other chiefs; they heaped upon them presents in money, plate, and jewels, to an immense amount, hoping to secure a friend; and by sacrificing part of their wealth, buy protection for the rest. Mules and horses loaded with plate and rich goods, were nightly sent off by the Greek chiefs to their respective homes, under strong escorts; and loud cries of discontent began to be heard among the soldiers, who saw their prey thus taken from them.

But none was more forward upon this occasion than Bobalina, none more greedy or successful; protected by her sex, she entered the town astride her horse, impressed the Turks with a high idea of her power and influence. All of course were anxious to buy her favour; she even penetrated into the forbidden recesses of the bashaw's palace, the helpless and affrighted beauties of which place crowded around her, heaping upon her their jewels and rich ornaments, the pride of their hearts, and begged for her protection. The heartless old

bag took all, and repaid them with hollow promises, and waddled off, with her load of treasure, to put it in a place of safety, and come again for more."

THE GATHERER.

GEOGRAPHICAL SHAPE OF SCOTLAND.

From Chambers's Picture of Scotland.

Scotland is neither triangular like England, square like France, leviathan-like like Russia, nor boot-like like Italy. There is, however one object in nature which it resembles, and, by comparing it with which, it may almost be possible to communicate an idea of its real figure and proportions. This object is an *old woman*,—one who has a hunch-back, and who may be supposed to sit upon her hams, while she holds out and expands her palms at a fire. The knees of this novel and somewhat startling personification of Caledonia are formed by the county of Wigton. Kirkcudbright, Dumfries, Roxburgh, Selkirk, and Berwick represent the lower part of her limbs, upon which the whole figure is incumbent. Ayr, Renfrew, Lanark, Peebles, and the Lothians represent the upper part of her limbs. Fife (including Kinross) stands, or rather sits, for the sitting part of the old lady. Argyle hangs in pieces from a lap formed by Dumbarton and Stirling. Perth is the abdomen. Angus and the Mearns make the back. Aberdeen, Banff, Moray, and Nairn constitute the prodigious hump. Inverness is the chest. Ross looks like a voluminous kerchief enclosing the neck. Sutherland is the face, ears, and brow. And Caithness is a little night cap surmounting all. To complete the idea: the isle of Skye is the right palm turned upwards; that of Mull the left inclining downwards. The fire must be *understood*, unless the distant archipelago of Lewis be held as untowardly representing something of the kind; and the islands of Orkney and Shetland may be pressed into service by a similar stretch of fancy, in the capacity of a rock or distaff, which the figure bears over her head, after the manner of a flag-staff. That this resemblance really holds good is proved by the following anecdote: "An old purblind Highland woman, visiting the manse one day, was shown into the study, where there was a large map of Scotland hanging against the wall. The whole was highly coloured, and Caithness happened to be pretty strongly marked with scarlet. "Eh!" cried the old woman, who had never seen a map in her life before, "what a braw carline, sitting on her hunkers, wi' a red night cap, and a pipe in her cheek!"

CINNAMON-FIELDS OF CEYLON.

From Bishop Heber's Travels.

Our morning was, as usual on a first arrival, taken up in visits; in the afternoon, we drove in Sir E. Barnes's sociable, through the far-famed cinnamon gardens, which cover upwards of seventeen thousand acres of land on the coast, the largest of which are near Colombo. The plant thrives best in a poor, sandy soil, in a damp atmosphere; it grows wild in the woods to the size of a large apple-tree, but when cultivated, is never allowed to grow more than ten or twelve feet in height, each plant standing separate. The leaf is something like that of the laurel in shape, but of a lighter colour; when it first shoots out it is red, and changes gradually to green. It is now out of blossom, but I am told that the flower is white, and appears when in full blossom to cover the garden. After hearing so much of the spicy gales from this island I was much disappointed at not being able to discover any scent, at least from the plants, in passing through the gardens; there is a very fragrant smelling flower growing under them, which at first led us into the belief, that we smelt the cinnamon, but we were soon undeceived. On pulling off a leaf or a twig, you perceive the spicy odour very strongly, but I was surprised to hear that the flower has little or none. As cinnamon forms the only considerable export of Ceylon, it is of course preserved with great care; by the old Dutch law, the penalty of cutting a branch was no less than the loss of a hand; at present a fine expiates the same offence. The neighborhood of

Colombo is particularly favourable to its growth, being well sheltered, with a high equable temperature; as showers fall frequently, though a whole day's heavy rain is uncommon, the ground is never parched.

POOR-MAN-OF-MUTTON.

Doctor Jamieson, the lexicographer of Scotland, explains that, "this is a term applied to the remains of a shoulder of mutton, which, after it has done its duty as a roast at dinner, makes its appearance as a broiled bone at supper, or upon the next day." The Doctor gives the following anecdote in illustration:—"The Earl of B. popularly known by the name of 'Old Rag,' being indisposed in a hotel in London, the landlord came to enumerate the good things he had in his larder, to prevail on his guest to eat something. The Earl at length starting suddenly from his couch, and throwing back a tartan night-gown which had covered his singularly grim and ghastly face, replied to his host's courtesy,—"Landlord, I think I *could* eat a morsel of a *poor man*." Boniface, surprised alike at the extreme ugliness of Lord B's countenance, and the nature of the proposal, retreated from the room, and tumbled precipitately down stairs, having no doubt that this barbarick chief, when at home, was in the habit of eating a joint of a tenant vassal when his appetite was dainty."

MEMORY AND NONSENSE.

A person was boasting in Foote's presence, of the extraordinary facility with which he could commit any thing to memory, when the modern Aristophanes said he would write down a dozen lines in prose which he would not repeat, from memory, in as many minutes. A wager was instantly laid, and Foote produced the following:—

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie; and at the same time a great she bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. What, no soap! So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pickinnies and the Joblillies, and the Garvulies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

Such a mass of unconnected nonsense defied the memory, and the wit won his wager.

NAPOLEON AND AMERICA.

The following letter was written in 1814, to Bonaparte, after his abdication, by one of the Ministers of State, twenty-four hours before he left Paris for Elba.

"Sire:—Permit me to observe to you that it will be more glorious, and more consoling for you to live in the character of a private individual; and the more secure asylum for an individual like yourself, is the United States of America; there, you will re-commence your existence in the midst of a nation, still in its youth, and which can admire your genius, without standing in dread of its effects—you will be under the protection of law, equally impartial and inviolable, like every thing else in the country of Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson—you will prove to the Americans, that if you had been born among them, you would have thought and voted as they had done, and that you would have preferred their virtues and their liberty to all the sovereignties on earth.

POSITIVENESS.

It was a shrewd maxim of Wesley, the founder of Methodism, not to be positive in things of doubt and uncertainty. "When I was a young man," said he, "I was sure of everything; but in a few years, finding myself mistaken in a thousand instances, I became not half so sure of most things as before."

A BAD EXCEPTION

A gentleman finished an eulogium on a lady with these words:—"Ah, Sir! nothing beats a good wife."—"I beg your pardon," rejoined a bystander, "a bad husband does."

POPULAR TALES.

GREIFENSTEIN.

A Legend, from Planche's Descent of the River Danube.

Greifenstein was last ruined by the Swedes in 1645, and is one of the castles named as having been the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion; nay, they even show an iron cage here, in which he is said to have been cooped. The ruins are reported to be haunted by an old white woman, and a legion of

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey,

who do her awful bidding. This tradition has probably arisen from the circumstance of its last inhabitant having been an ancient gentlewoman, the Lady Bountiful of the neighbourhood, who devoted all her time to the cure of disorders, and was so generally successful in the treatment of her numerous patients, that she was at length suspected of possessing supernatural power. At her death, therefore, instead of canonizing her, as in duty bound, the ungrateful peasantry have converted the kind-hearted old lady, who was certainly "a spirit of health," into "a goblin damned;" and they are less excusable, as the castle is not in want of such an attraction, the *terrain* being already occupied by as romantick a spectre as ever revisited "the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous!" The legend, indeed, attached to those venerable walls is one of the most interesting on the Danube, and I cannot account for its omission by the diligent Shultes. Thus it runs:—As early as the eleventh century the lords of Greifenstein were famed and feared throughout Germany. One of the first knights who bore that name lost his lady soon after she had presented him with a daughter, who received the name of Etelina. The dying mother, painfully aware how little attention would be paid to the education of a female by a rude and reckless father, half knight, half freebooter, however fond he might be of his child, had recommended her infant with her last breath to the care of a kind and pious monk, the chaplain of the castle, and under his affectionate guidance the pretty playful girl gradually ripened into the beautiful and accomplished woman. Sir Reinhard of Greifenstein, though stern, turbulent, and unlettered himself, was, nevertheless, sensible to the charms and intelligence of his daughter; and often as he parted her fair hair, and kissed her ivory forehead, before he mounted the steed or entered the bark that waited to bear him to the hunt or the battle, a feeling of which he was both proud and ashamed would moisten his eye, and subdue a voice naturally harsh and grating, into a tone almost of tenderness. On his return, weary and sullen from a fruitless chase or a baffled enterprize, the song of Etelina could banish the frown from his brow, when even the wine-cup had been thrust untasted away, and the favourite hound beaten for a mis-timed gambol. So fair a flower, even in the solitary castle of Greifenstein, was not likely to bloom unknown or unsought. The fame of Etelina's beauty spread throughout the land. Many a noble knight shouted her name as his bright sword flashed from the scabbard; and many a gentle squire fought less for his gilt spurs than for the smile of Etelina. The minstrel who sang her praises had aye the richest largess; and the little foot-page who could tell where she might be met with in the summer twilight, clinging to the arm of the silver haired chaplain, might reckon on a link of the master's chain of gold for every word he uttered. But the powerful and the wealthy sued at her feet in vain—she did not scorn them, for so harsh a feeling was unknown to the gentle Etelina. Nay, she even wept over the blighted hopes of some, whose fervent passion deserved a better fate: but her heart was no longer her's to give. She had fixed her affections on the poor but noble Rudolph, and the lovers awaited impatiently some turn of fortune which would enable them to proclaim their attachment without fear of the anger or opposition of Sir Reinhard, who was considerably annoyed by Etelina's rejection of many of the richest counts and barons of Germany. Business of importance summoned the old knight to the court of the emperor. His absence, prolonged from month to month, afforded frequent opportunities of meeting to the lovers; and the vene-

rable monk, on whom the entire charge of the castle and its inhabitants had devolved at Sir Reinhard's departure, was one evening struck dumb with terror at the confession which circumstances at length extorted from the lips of Etelina! Recovered from the first shock, however, his affection for his darling pupil seemed only increased by the peril into which passion had plunged her. In the chapel of the castle he secretly bestowed the nuptial benediction upon the imprudent pair, and counselled their immediate flight and concealment, till his prayers and tears should wring forgiveness and consent from Sir Reinhard, who was now on his return home, accompanied by a wealthy nobleman on whom he determined to bestow the hand of his daughter. Scarcely had Rudolph and Etelina reached the cavern in the neighbouring wilderness, selected for their retreat by the devoted old man, who had furnished them with provisions, a lamp and some oil, promising to supply them from time to time with the means of existence, as occasions should present themselves, when the rocks of the Danube rang with the well-known blast of Sir Reinhard's trumpet, and a broad banner lazily unfolding itself to the morning breeze, displayed to the sight of the wakeful warden the two red griffins rampant in a field vert, the blazon of the far-famed lords of Greifenstein. In a few moments the old knight was galloping over the draw-bridge, followed by his intended son-in-law. The clatter of the horses' hoofs struck upon the heart of the conscious chaplain as though the animals themselves were trampling on his bosom; but he summoned up his resolution; and relying on his sacred character, met his master with a firm step and a calm eye in the hall of the castle, evading a direct answer to the first inquiry for Etelina, he gradually and cautiously informed Sir Reinhard of her love, her marriage, and her flight. Astonishment for a short space held the old warrior spell-bound; but when his gathered fury at last found vent, the wrath of the whirlwind was less terrible. He seized the poor old monk by the throat, and upon his firm refusal to reveal the retreat of the culprits, dashed him to the earth, had him bound hand and foot, and flung into a pit beneath an iron grating in the floor of the donjon, or keep of the castle. Tearing, like an infuriated pacha, "his very beard for ire," he called down curses on Etelina and her husband, and prayed that if ever he forgave them, a dreadful and sudden death might overtake him on the spot where he should revoke the malediction he now uttered! Upwards of a year had elapsed when one winter day the knight of Greifenstein pursuing the chase, lost his way in the maze of a wilderness on the banks of the Danube. A savage looking being, half clothed in skins, conducted him to a cavern, in which a woman similarly attired was seated on the ground with an infant on her knees, and greedily gnawing the bones of a wolf.—Sir Reinhard recognized in the squalid form before him the once beautiful Etelina. Shocked to the soul at the sight of the misery to which his severity had reduced her, he silently motioned to the huntsmen, who came straggling in upon his track, to remove the wretched pair and their poor little offspring to the castle. Moved by the smiles of his innocent and unconscious grandchild, he clasped his repentant daughter to his bosom as she re-crossed the threshold, bore her up into the banquet hall, and consigning her to the arms of her faithful Rudolph, hastened down again to release with his own hands the true-hearted monk, who still languished in captivity. In descending the steep staircase his foot slipped, and he was precipitated to the bottom—his fall was unseen—his cry was unheard—dying, he dragged himself a few paces along the pavement, and expired upon the very spot where he had just embraced and forgiven his daughter. Rudolph, now lord of Greifenstein, restored the chaplain to liberty, and lived long and happily with his beloved Etelina: but the spirit of Sir Reinhard to this day wanders about the ruins of his ancestral castle, and will continue so to do, till the stone whereon he expired shall be worn in twain. "Alas! poor ghost!" the very slight hollow which is at present perceivable in it, affords you little hope or its division by fair means previously to the general "crack of doom."

AGNES BERNAUER.

A Legend, from the same.

In a small chapel in the churchyard of St. Peter's, in the Alt-stadt, is a red marble tablet, on which reclines the effigy of a female surrounded by the following inscription:—"Anno Domini, mccccxxvi, xii die Octobris, obiit Agnes Bernauerin. Requiescat in pace." The fate of this unfortunate lady has furnished the subject for a tragedy to the Count of Töring Seefeld, and one more deeply affecting is scarcely to be found in the page of history. Albert, the only son of Duke Ernst of Bavaria, was one of the most accomplished and valiant princes of the age he lived in. His father and family had selected for his bride the young Countess Elizabeth of Wurtemberg. The contract was signed, and the marriage on the point of taking place, when the lady suddenly eloped with a more favoured lover, John, Count of Werdenberg. The tidings were brought to Albert at Augsburg, where he was attending a grand tournament given in honour of the approaching nuptials; but they fell unheeded on his ear, as his heart, which had not been consulted in the choice of his bride, had just yielded itself, "rescue or no rescue," to the bright eyes of a young maiden whom he had distinguished from the crowd of beauties that graced the lists. Virtuous as she was lovely, Agnes Bernauer had obtained amongst the citizens of Augsburg the appellation of "the angel;" but she was the daughter of a bather, an employment considered at that period in Germany, as particularly dishonourable. Regardless of consequences, however, he divulged his passion, and their marriage was shortly afterwards privately celebrated in Albert's castle at Vohberg. Their happiness was doomed to be of short duration. Duke Ernst became possessed of their secret, and the anger of the whole house of Munich burst upon the heads of the devoted couple. Albert was commanded to sign a divorce from Agnes, and prepare immediately to marry Anna, daughter of Duke Erich of Brunswick. The indignant prince refused to obey; and being afterwards denied admission to a tournament at Regensburg, on the plea of his having contracted a dishonourable alliance, he rode boldly into the lists upon the Heide Platz, before the whole company, declared Agnes Bernauer his lawful wife and duchess, and conducted her to his palace at Straubing, attended as became her rank. Every species of malice and misrepresentation was now set at work to ruin the unfortunate Agnes. Albert's uncle, Duke Wilhelm, who was the only one of the family inclined to protect her, had a sickly child, and she was accused of having administered poison to it. But the duke detected the falsehood, and became more firmly her friend. Death too soon deprived her of this noble protector, and the fate of the poor duchess was immediately sealed. Taking advantage of Albert's absence from Straubing, the authorities of the place arrested her on some frivolous pretext; and the honest indignation with which she asserted her innocence was tortured into treason by her malignant judges. She was condemned to die; and on Wednesday, October 12th, 1436, was thrown over the bridge into the Danube, amidst the lamentations of the populace. Having succeeded in freeing one foot from the bonds which surrounded her, the poor victim, shrieking for help and mercy, endeavoured to reach the bank by swimming, and had nearly effected a landing, when a barbarian in office, with a hooked pole, caught her by her long fair hair, and, dragging her back into the stream, kept her under water until the cruel tragedy was completed. The fury and despair of Albert, on receiving these horrid tidings, were boundless. He flew to his father's bitterest enemy, Louis the Bearded, at Ingolstadt, and returned at the head of a hostile army to his native land, breathing vengeance against the murderers of his beloved wife. The old duke, sorely pressed by the arms of his injured son, and tormented by the stings of conscience, implored the mediation of the Emperor Sigismund, who succeeded after some time in pacifying Albert, and reconciling him to his father, who, as a proof of his repentance, instituted a perpetual mass for the soul of the martyred Agnes Bernauer. Albert afterwards married Anna of Brunswick, by whom he had ten children.

MISCELLANY.

DOCTOR DOBBS AND HIS NAG NOBBS.

Doctor Daniel Dobbs, of Doncaster, had a nag that was called Nobbs. One day, in the middle of winter, the doctor having been summoned to attend a patient at some distance from his dwelling, and being anxious to return home before dark, rode poor Nobbs very hard. On his arrival, not finding his man in the way, the doctor fastened Nobbs by his bridle to a rail in the yard, and went into his parlour, where he sat down to warm himself by a good fire. It had happened that in the morning the doctor's dairy maid had brewed a barrel of strong beer, which had been drawn off into the cooler; and the dairy maid having been called away to milk her cows, she had carelessly left the door of the brewhouse open. The steam of the beer proved wonderfully inviting to poor Nobbs, who had been hard rode, and now stood in the cold extremely thirsty. After sundry efforts he got loose from the rail, and reparing to the brewhouse, he drank so heartily of the strong beer, that before he was aware of it he fell down dead drunk. The doctor's man coming home, ran into the yard to convey Nobbs to the stable; not finding him at the rail, he looked about, and at length discovered him stretched on the ground, cold and insensible. Bursting into the parlour, where the doctor was sitting with Mrs. Dobbs, he communicated to them the news of poor Nobby's decease. The doctor and Mrs. Dobbs were both good natured people, and of course were much concerned; but as the doctor never suffered misfortunes to get the better of his discretion, he immediately gave orders that Nobbs should, without delay, be flayed, and that his skin should be taken the next morning to the currier.

The doctor's man accordingly set to work; poor Nobbs was dragged to the dunghill, his skin was stripped off, and he was left to be eaten by the hounds. He had not however lain long, before the novelty of the situation had a considerable effect upon him. As he had lost his skin, of course the coldness of the night operated with double activity in dissipating the fumes of the beer he had swallowed; and at length he awoke, got upon his legs, and trotted away to the stable door, which happened to be close by the parlour. Not finding it open, and being both cold and hungry, he began to whinny for assistance. The doctor and his wife had just done supper, and happened at that moment to be talking of the accident which had befallen their nag, over a hot bowl of brandy punch. No sooner had Nobbs whinnied, than Mrs. Dobbs turned pale, and exclaimed,—"Doctor Dobbs! as sure as I live that is Nobbs' voice; I know him by his whinny!" "My dear," said the doctor, "it is Nobbs' whinny sure enough; but, poor thing, he is dead, and has been flayed." He had hardly said this before Nobbs whinnied again—up jumps the doctor, takes a candle in his hand, and runs into the yard; the first thing he saw was Nobbs himself without his skin. The doctor summoned his servants, ordered six sheep to be killed, and clapped their skins upon poor Nobbs. To make a long story short, Nobbs recovered, and did his work as well as ever. The sheep skins stuck fast and answered his purpose as well as his own skin ever did. But what is most remarkable, as well as most to our point, the wool grew rapidly; and when the shearing season came, the doctor had Nobbs sheared. Every year he gave the doctor a noble fleece, for he carried upon his back, you know, as much as six sheep; and as long as Nobbs lived, all the doctor's stockings, and all Mrs. Dobbs' flannel petticoats, were made of his wool.

JESTING.

From the Works of Thomas Fuller.

Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore, jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season.

It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting. The earl of Leicester, knowing that queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing school to dance before her. "Pish!" said the queen, "it is his profession; I will not see him."

She liked it not where it was a master-quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting.

Jest not with the two edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learnt at the first admissions, and profane jests will come without calling. If in the troublesome days of king Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheap-side was executed as a traitor for saying he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for the sign, more dangerous it is to wit wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance medley thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding sheets.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh! it is cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it to be his own. Purge them therefore, from their poison. If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it.

He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar by the bargain. Yet some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality, 1349, wanted their four cheek teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long, till thou becomest one.

No time to break jests when the heart strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut off; like that dying man, who, when the priest, coming to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, "At the end of my legs." But at such a time, jests are an unmanly *crepitis ingenii*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter.

AN AUXILIARY OF DEATH:

From Death's Doings.

It was in the tranquil reign of —, when neither war, pestilence, nor famine, swept the subjects of his kingdom from the face of the earth, that the grim Monarch of the tomb began to think himself defrauded of his rights, and to devise how to remedy the wrongs which he concluded had been inflicted upon him;

And, first, he called before him his regulating agent, Old Father Time, upbraiding him with lengthening the years of the inhabitants of this favoured empire, and especially by unnaturally prolonging the duration of peace.

With this Time said he had nothing to do, but that he could perhaps give a guess at one of the causes that kept this portion of the human race a longer period than heretofore on earth. It was that a learned and skilful leech had succeeded in quelling a direful malady; and that not only this pestilent disorder, but others of a very malignant kind, had been greatly mitigated by the progress of knowledge which had of late years diminished the practice of medicine.

At this information, Death cast a withering look around him, and, in a sepulchral tone, commanded some of the principal destroyers of the human race to appear in his presence.

And now a low, but portentous sound was heard, as coming from a remote part of the cavern in which Death held his court, which gradually became more audible and terrific, until a form, gigantic in size, and furious in aspect, stood re-

* Some presume that Doctor Jenner, of vaccine celebrity, is here alluded to.—Ed.

vealed. The uproar which immediately preceded his approach resembled the discharge of artillery, the clashing of swords, and the shouts of combat, mixed with the groans of dying men. It was the Demon of War.

This fell destroyer was, however soon dismissed; his readiness to serve was not at all questioned; and, if Death had to complain of the want of supplies, War had to grumble at his want of employment. He accordingly filed off with marks of approbation, and an assurance that his vacation would not last long.

The phantom that next appeared was preceded by no sounds, but a chilling atmosphere seemed to invade even the chamber of Death, and the gaunt figure of Famine, with its meagre and wasted visage, stood before the universal devastator of mankind.

Upon being questioned why he had not visited the favoured land and given his powerful assistance in forwarding the works of the Destroyer, he readily answered, that he acted only on commission, and by the decrees of a higher power. True, he had his substitutes, the monopolists;—some how or other, however, their measures were defeated by the bounty of Providence, or the vigilance of the government; but he had an all-powerful friend and ally whom he would presently introduce, with the permission of his mighty Commander, who had already made no inconsiderable inroads on the human frame by mixing himself in every society, where he seldom failed in planting his baneful influence, and in accelerating the march to the tomb.

Desirous of being acquainted with the ally and friend of Famine, Death gave instant orders for his admission; and accordingly a low breathing was first heard, which gradually increased to deep sighs, and on a signal given by Famine, a figure started into view; his pace sudden and irregular, his looks eager and penetrating, his visage sallow and gaunt like that of his precursor,—and hideous to relate, he was in the act of feeding upon a human heart; while the looks that he cast around him seemed to evince an insecurity of enjoyment of the hateful meal.

The auxiliary now brought into the awful presence was CARE, who, tremulous from anxiety, suspended awhile his operation of devouring, in obedience to the commands of so absolute an interrogator.

In exhibiting his means to effect the destruction of the human race, he produced a mixture which had the power so to canker and corrode the heart it once entered, that neither wealth nor greatness could withstand its baneful influence; and, while the fiendlike power was describing the various characters that had sunk beneath the effects of this subtle poison, it seemed as if Care himself could be diverted from carefulness when ardently employed. The details of his operations, and the artifices used by the afflicted parties to disguise their malady, threw a fitful gleam over the countenance of the grim tyrant, that gave a momentary emotion to his ghastly features; but whether the expression was surprise, or triumphant malignity, was not easily to be determined.

A pause of some length ensued, after which Care was permitted to touch, by way of approbation, the icy hand of Death, and to receive a regular commission enlisting him into the various forces employed in the destruction of the human species. Hence he carries on his operation in courts, in camps, in the palace of the monarch, and in the cottage of the villager. But it is in civilized life, and amid scenes of leisure and retirement (where his presence is least suspected) that his power is mostly felt: indeed, a laugh is no unfrequent disguise that his victims put on, and his place of concealment is often a bed of roses.

PUNCTUALITY.

Washington accomplished the most part of his great works, with apparent ease, by a rigid observance of punctuality. It is known that whenever he assigned to meet Congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall when the clock struck twelve. His dining hour was 4, when he always sat down to his table, only allowing five minutes for the variation of timepieces, whether his guests were present or not. It was

frequently the case with new members of Congress, that they did not arrive until dinner was nearly half over, and he would remark:—"Gentlemen, we are punctual here; my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has." When he visited Boston in 1789, he appointed 8 o'clock in the morning as the hour when he should set out for Salem, and while the Old South clock was striking eight, he was crossing his saddle. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, not anticipating this strict punctuality, were parading in Tremont street, after his departure; and it was not until the President had reached Charles river bridge, where he stopped a few minutes, that the troop of horse overtook him. On passing the corps, the President with perfect good nature, said:—"Major —, I thought you had been too long in my family, not to know when it was eight o'clock." The following anecdote was related by captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States. He had purchased a beautiful pair of horses, which he wished to dispose of to the President, who he knew was an excellent judge of horses. The President appointed 5 o'clock in the morning to examine them at his stable. The captain, thinking the hour was too early for so great a man to be stirring, did not arrive with the horses until a quarter after five, when he was told by the groom that the President was there at five, and was then fulfilling other engagements. Pease was much mortified, and called on major Jackson, the secretary, to apologize for his delay, and to request the President to appoint some new time; and he added that he found the President's time was wholly pre-occupied for several days, and that he was compelled to stay a week in Philadelphia on expense, before the examination took place, merely for delaying the first quarter of an hour.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1828.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

The attention of our readers is called to the notice in another column, relative to the Abolition of Slavery. We understand that Mr. Benjamin Lundy, editor of the "Genius of Universal Emancipation," a spirited paper published in Baltimore, Maryland, devoted to the cause its title imports, is expected to address the meeting, and that the principal object is to give such information as will prepare the public mind to encourage the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. It will be recollected that the people of that District, themselves, to the number of more than one thousand, petitioned Congress, at its last session, for the gradual extinction of slavery therein. The subject is one of vital importance to the people of the United States. The honour of the nation is deeply affected by the continuance of slavery in that District which is exclusively the property of the Union, and where the representatives of the most republican government on earth annually assemble for the transaction of its general business. We hope that this subject will be attended to.

CALUMNIATORS. Of this genus of animals, bearing the form and stature of men, there are three distinct species;—the inventor; the propagator from malice; and the propagator from wantonness. The first of these species is perhaps the most odious object in nature, if indeed nature ever recognizes any thing so completely at war with every thing else in her dominion. The assassin cannot be more an object of universal disgust; for the field of his pernicious labours are not half so extensive, nor more destructive to the only happiness for which life is worth preserving. The estimation of the relative guilt of treason and calumny, is exemplified in the history of Ducas, given by Montesquieu, in his remarks upon this crime. Ducas had raised an insurrection at Constantinople, against the Roman government, for which, considering the utility of his talents for rebellion, he was only sentenced to be publicly whipped; but when, in extenuation of his conduct, he proceeded to accuse several persons of distinction, as his accomplices, he was condemned to be burned at the stake; calumny being esteemed the blackest crime of the two.

The second class of calumniators, bears the same relation to the first, as the receiver of stolen goods does to the thief. These, though the most numerous of the dealers in defamation, are composed of the same mischief-loving ele-

ments, but have less courage and less ability than their wholesale procurators. They know enough only to act the sycophant and the traitor. They are bold enough to persevere in the unhallowed work of domestick alienation, only when the wind sets fair, and the voyage appears prosperous. And when the object of their malignity rises above the accumulated weight of their attacks, they retreat from the combat, disown their weapons, and excuse themselves by saying that they believed themselves contending in the great cause of truth.

The third class is made up of all the unhappy and uneasy beings who at once disgrace and derange the human character. A man of this description seems to take a diabolical delight in speaking ill of every object. A good theme is never upon his tongue. He sleeps to dream of the calamities and faults of his fellows; for the venom of the asp is not so potent that he would not try it, if it would but make him an adept in defamation, nor is the purest honey so sweet that he would not pronounce it to be the most loathesome and venomous of all poisons. Should he attempt to open his lips to speak truth, the effort would instantly strike him dumb! He eats venom as naturally as swine devour rattlesnakes!

We have seen the description of a picture executed by Apelles, said to be from the pen of Lucian. "Calumny is invited by Credulity, who is represented with large ears and wandering eyes. Behind him stands Suspicion and Ignorance. Calumny approaches, holding in her left hand a lighted torch, while with her right she drags, with the most determined vehemence, a young man, who supplicates heaven with distracted looks and uplifted hands. She is convulsed with passion. On one side moves Conspiracy; on the other Fraud. Repentance walks behind with a melancholy aspect and a tattered robe, looking occasionally at Truth, who follows, meditating on the cruelty of the scene before her."

Do we not, even in this age of liberality, see an enlarged and particular exemplification of this picture? Do we not see men, who have spent laborious lives of abuse, armed with the insolence of security, and conscious of an audience from those who swallow all the venom that drops from their lips, hissing from their dark dens, at a thousand good and estimable characters, and smiling inwardly at the work of desolation they are meditating? The world listens; the curses of envy are for a moment let loose; all that is malevolent in frail human nature is invited to a fruition of its self torturing propensity; and all this time the world is unconscious to what a corrupt and detestable organ it has been so long listening.

It is needless to say that calumny cannot hurt the innocent. It is like the nauseous vegetable which poisons all it touches. Truth will not long wither under all its tainting breath; but honest faith may be wrested, and justice driven from her balance. There are a few in every reverse of fame, who perceive the malice and despite the meanness of the rest; but they live like Daniel in the lions' den. Yet even good men have frequently some almost insuperable barriers set before their judgement. Merit is not only difficult to be recognized, but she is seen to the greatest disadvantage, by her modesty. Were there no good men in the days of Philip the Fair? Common charity would pronounce us ungenerous to suppose the contrary. And did the honesty of the good find no plea in behalf of the calumniated Templars? Calumny opened her withered lips against them, and uttered charges which even their enemies were ashamed to believe. What was then the fate of the Templars, would be again acted upon the masonic order, at this day, could calumny have its wish; and all the lessons of charitable reason would not save them, had their enemies the power. They have now the will of a Philip, but the power is happily beyond their reach.

Some men tell truth with as malevolent a motive as others tell falsehood. Such men would slay the slain. They see nothing in knowledge but its strength; nothing in power but its terror. With them, the very breath of approbation makes enemies of thousands. They are ignorant of the first truth that philanthropy teaches,—that to communicate pleasure is to receive it. But some men will live in the hearts of grateful nations, while the calumniators perish like the beasts of the desert. Such men do now live; and when

the petty tyrants who would build their own monuments of infamy on the ruins of a worthy fame, shall be remembered only as a mark of indelible disgrace, the virtues of those they vilified shall spring like plants from the heaps of dust which were intended to smother them, and become a garden of beauty for the wonder and delight of after generations.

But death presents no barrier that the calumniator does not dare to pass. He is not ashamed, and he exults in the opportunity, when his blighting wishes may be better seconded, to drag the defenceless dead from their last and sacred rest, and make their unchangeable fame the plaything of his unhallowed folly. But they will not fade. The eagle will not bow to the wren. The gnat cannot pierce the skin of the elephant. A moth shall not rob the dead of their treasured worth, nor shall the wing of a noisome fly ever hide the sun. Go on, then, calumniators, with all the ephemeral glory of your wicked hopes. Cant and lies are fit weapons in your hands. You may think society a wasp's nest, and hurl your missiles abroad with all the strength of infuriated demons. They will sting each other as you wish, for a while; but beware of the day when they find the hand that hurls the offence. Their foes cannot long be secure; and their stings will experience no loss of power by the delay which their search demands.

Since the above was in type, the Anti-masonic Enquirer of September 30, has been put into our hands, containing the intelligence of the return of JOHN WHITNEY, one of the persons accused of the alleged outrage on William Morgan. The editor of the Enquirer is the notorious Thurlow Weed, whose proficiency in the science of calumny has placed him above rivalry, even among the adepts with whom he has associated for more than a year. He says that Mr. Whitney returned "voluntarily." This is no doubt the fact. Mr. Weed also says that,—"It is a bold experiment, the wisdom of which remains to be tested." He says, too, that "Mr. Whitney, with whom his guilty associates in this village have kept up an unbroken intercourse has probably been governed by their advice."

If Mr. Weed knows any "guilty associates" in his village, it would certainly be more becoming the "enemy of all secret societies," to publish them to the world by name. There can be no danger in the publicity of any person's guilt, provided it can be proved; and no such guilt can be known unless there is some proof within the reach of the knowing person. No kind of opinion can be formed from such insinuations and surmises; but on the contrary, the perpetual boastings of Mr. Weed, that secrets big with import are within his breast, is only calculated to unsettle every opinion which honest reason can lay a foundation for; or on the other hand, compel us to look on him as an insidious pretender, and on his reputed boasts of superior information, as sheer falsehoods, propagated only to loose the community, and further some sinister electing plans, which he appears to be sacrificing all his faculties to complete. These insinuations and "deeds without name," are apparently some of the secrets of anti-masonry, which are intrusted to none but those of the highest degrees, and whether these secrets are dangerous to the public or not, we leave for decision to the favoured few who were present at the ceremonies performed over the dead body of Timothy Monroe.

As to the "wisdom" of the "experiment," which Mr. Whitney has made by returning, we think that the public are more interested in the inquiry into the wisdom of his departure. If we understand the statements of men equally as honest, and more disinterested than Thurlow Weed, Mr. Whitney left Rochester, solely to avoid persecution. Calumny had marked him for her victim, and the malice of infuriated fanatics was gathering into a storm, for his destruction. Whether it was wise for him to go, can only be decided, by an inquiry into the probable danger of his stay. That this danger was not trifling, in such a state of public feeling, is abundantly evident from facts which have eventuated since his departure. How many have we seen,—men of good character and respectable standing in society,—called upon, term after term, to answer to their accusers, in a court of justice: and after almost two years' ineffectual se-

ticipation, have been discharged without being put upon trial, or promptly acquitted by a jury of their peers? Have we not seen a man, first reported to be spirited away by masons,—then brought from an adjoining state under the care of Thurlow Weed, for a witness against the conspirators,—then, because he would not take an anti-masonic oath, &c. indicted as an accomplice in the outrage? This name of Timothy Monroe, though not the last nor the least, is another proof of the expedients, which might have been brought against him had he tarried. Mr. Whitney, if he is innocent,—and so we must consider him until legally convicted,—was not willing to face all these dangers, much less did he feel himself called upon to pay the cost of a prolonged defence, for the gratification of giving his enemies an opportunity to concentrate their schemes for his destruction. His voluntary return, is perhaps the only evidence now before the publick, of his innocence,—and it is by no means a weak one.

Mr. Weed says, that "Smith and Whitney acted as the authorized agents of the chapter in this village; and if the records of truth could be unfolded, [anti-masonic secrets, again,] many who are among us in security, would fly swifter and further than either Whitney or King went."

In security!!—How can they rest in security so long as Weed knows them, if he has the common honesty of a good citizen?

But hear him again;—"The remarks which we feel constrained to make, do not arise from any feeling of uncharitableness towards Mr. Whitney." Now we know you even better than we did before. It is not uncharitable to pronounce a man guilty without any such thing as the appearance of proof! This is precisely that sort of hypocritical cant for which calumniators ought to have a patent right. No one else can use it. Iago was never better personated than Mr. Weed has done it, and that without any theatrical effort.

The article in the Enquirer concludes with an exceedingly pathetic appeal to the publick, urging them to be wary, and keep an eye on the institution. "It is in her power that they rely for protection. If she bears them harmless through, God only knows what citizen may be made the next subject of her vengeance!" Well done! That was spoken advisedly; though, by the bye, quite different from Mr. Weed's old fashioned manner of speaking advisedly. There seems to be rather a contradiction in terms, crept into the sentiments he utters. He was surely mistaken when he made the round assertion that he knew all the ceremonies of the immolation of Morgan,—or what dependence is now to be put on his mysterious insinuations?

The whole history of this last sally of Mr. Weed's, is comprised in the bare fact, that the anti-masons in and about Rochester are both mortified and vexed at the return of Mr. Whitney; because it proves two things;—to wit, first, that his friends have not been unsupported in their belief of his innocence,—second, that the Morgan fever has already so far abated, that it is no longer dangerous for an honest man to show himself in Monroe county. It cannot be very acceptable to their political leaders, neither, that his return should be so shortly previous to the state election. But this is a point of argument they need not feel uneasy about. The die is already cast for them. They have now no alternative but to make their peace with the contempt with which they have mated themselves, and which, at this date, not even the return of Morgan himself would edict.

For the Masonick Record, and Saturday Magazine.

Mr. Child—I must again tax your patience, by administering through your columns a *convalescing pill* to the little thing of the "North," alias "Dog Star." In his last paroxysm of *black vomit* he succeeds (after much violent retching) in "crying for quarter." He says, "We have pretty much concluded to suffer the braying of the long eared animal on the Passumpsick." It is an old adage, and very applicable in this case, that "what can't be cured must be endured." But the *chameleon* goes on, "No fears are entertained of his injuring our reputation for integrity and truth where we are known." 'Tis even so, and for the best of reasons, viz: that in this vicinity he is *known of old*, and to the publick generally he is known as standing self condemned. He has actually verified the proverb, "Give

him rope enough and he will hang himself"—and he has done it with a shorter piece than a "three mile cable." The thing concludes his lengthy remarks of eight lines, by a tacit acknowledgement, that the "Pedlar of ipecac. and jalap" has given him a dose which has unbraced his nerves and so confused his weak and disordered brain that he will not again meddle with drugs. He says, "Neither our time nor columns can consistently be devoted to such an antagonist."

He has doubtless learned by sad experience that facts are "stubborn things," and it is hard to "kick against the pricks." And that *truth* is "an antagonist" which he may for a while conceal, but can never finally overcome; and that his deceptions and false colourings are known to the publick, and will disgrace him here and rise in judgement against him hereafter. I will not rejoice over a fallen antagonist, it is unmanly—but I would rejoice to see him become again what he was once esteemed to be—an *honest man*. For to use his own words—"It is deplorable, as it relates to this life or that which is to come, for any one so far to follow the suggestions of the adversary, and the impulses of depraved motives, as to violate, in prospect of obtaining a little filthy lucre, the most solemn oath; and thus sacrifice his temporal peace, happiness and reputation, and jeopard his future and eternal felicity." I do not know that Mr. Eaton is dishonest in his dealing with his fellow men, neither will I follow his niggardly example and pursue him into his domestic retreat, to expose his conduct. But when I find him endeavouring by deception to throw dirt in the eyes of the simple and those who are not possessed of an antidote for the poison, and to produce in them a destructive phrensy, thereby sowing the seeds of discord, division and desolation, in neighbourhoods, families and churches, for the base purpose of replenishing his pockets and promoting a few designing office seekers on the ruins of better men,—I would just remind him that "The love of money is the root of all evil."

IRA DAVIS.

From the Boston Statesman, October 4.

THE TURKS AND RUSSIANS. A man may now comprehend that the Russians may be foiled in their designs upon Turkey, without being suspected of idiocy. Be it remembered that the French are a party to the league formed against the Mussulmans, and would not confess to a check, unless it had been a severe one, and why should we fall into a pitfall dug for the liberties of Europe, merely from the shallow lure of the *Greek cause*? Have the Turks forfeited their rights as MEN! because their banner unfolds the crescent instead of the cross? The language of our "declaration" is that we hold all *men equal*. What sympathies ought we to entertain for the politics of the bloody Catharine, which at present govern the autocratic councils? What feelings have we in common with the barbarous hordes of Tartars, Calmuck Tartars, Cossacks of the Don, &c. which cover like locusts, the northern parts of Russia in Asia, and the north eastern of Europe? But as the greater part of society have always in their decisions, some reference to the *circumstances* of the parties, let us glance for a moment at the actual condition and situation of the Russian armies. Varna, which has kept the Russians some days before its walls, and actually beaten back its attackers, is about fifty four miles to the east of Choumla or Shoomla, and one hundred and forty-five from Constantinople—and if they have been balked at Varna, what will the Russians do with Shoomla? This great port town is at the northern foot of the Balkan. Its population is about 60,000. The Russians cannot well leave it in their rear, and if they pass it to the right, it may become still more dangerous. Shoomla has a deep fosse with thick walls of mud and brick, extending three miles in one direction and one in the other, and is flanked with towers. Prince Romanzoff advanced to Shoomla in 1774, but was defeated there with great slaughter. General Kaminsky in 1810, penetrated to Shoomla, and endeavoured to take it by assault, but was obliged to retire with great loss. The last war from 1805 to 1812, the Russians approached it from Rasgard, the six years' bloody conflict having taken place in that line of approach and about Rustchuck, and more to the west by Ostrova and Widdien. The present approach along the shore of the Danube, is a new feature in the war. In the war of 1805, the slaughter of the Russians at Shoomla was so immense, that the pacha in his dispatch, declared that he had Russian heads to form a bridge from Shoomla to heaven. We come now to the Balkan mountains. They consist of three parallel ridges, the central ridge being higher than the others. The first town at the commencement of the northern ridge is Shoomla, the last at the foot of the southern ridge towards Constantinople is Fachi—the distance between them being ninety-six miles. There are five passages over the Balkan, one from Sophia to Tartar Barzargick, on the extreme west; two from Ternovir, by Keisanlic and Selymnia, Ternovia being about one hundred and thirty miles to the east of Sophia, and about sixty to the south west of Shoomla, and lastly, two from Shoomla, by Carnabat and Haidhos, which is on the great high road to Constantinople. The inquisitive can from this sketch, instantly turn to maps and gazetteers, and find out the exact places and route by which the Russians must pass. Last campaign the Russians were

in possession of the whole country between the Balkan and the Danube, except Varna on their left, Shoomla upon their centre, and Nissa upon their extreme right. But Varna and Nissa they could not take, and at Shoomla they were defeated with great slaughter, consequently they did not attempt to pass the Balkan. A body of Cossacks however crossed on the Haidhos road, and proceeded as far as Burghaz, but being unsupported they were obliged to recross. If a small Russian corps land at the Gulf of Burghaz, they might proceed over the Balkan by the Haidhos or Carnabat passes, and arriving in the rear of Shoomla, a few pieces of artillery on the top of the amphitheatrical hills, would oblige Shoomla to surrender to an army in front. This plan for avoiding Shoomla by a direct road from Pravada to Soponitzu, or embarking the whole army at Mongali, or at the port of Gulgard near Varna, and landing either to the south of the Balkan or at Constantinople, are the three alternatives which the Russians possess, supposing they cannot take Shoomla, or pass on the Adrianople road.

From the Baltimore Gazette.

MORGAN. It was mentioned some time ago, that captain Morgan had been seen in the Turkish dominions, but it was supposed to have been a mere fiction or joke of the person who garbled the circumstance. By the following article from the Boston Palladium, [the article here mentioned was published in the last Masonick Record.] it appears there was more foundation for the story than at first imagined, and that there is every probability Morgan is now in some part of Turkey. We hope such may turn out to be the fact, and that it may soon be substantiated in a way to allay the very great excitement produced in the state of New-York by his supposed murder.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The citizens of Albany and vicinity, who are desirous to encourage the Abolition of Slavery in the United States, particularly in the District of Columbia, are requested to meet at the Consistory Room of the North Dutch Church, tomorrow, (Sunday,) at half past six o'clock in the evening. A member of the American Convention for the Abolition of Slavery, is expected to be present, and to address the meeting relative to the progress of gradual emancipation in the South. Persons of both sexes, who feel interested in the cause, are invited to attend. No contribution will be required.

Oct. 11, 1838.

TO THE PUBLICK.—It will be recollected, that soon after the Court of General Sessions of the Peace, held in Niagara county, in May last, it was noticed generally in the publick papers in this part of the country, that I had been indicted for the abduction of William Morgan; that immediately thereafter I published a note denying the charge as groundless, and without any foundation whatever, and requested the publick to suspend their opinion until an investigation could be had. At the Court of General Sessions, lately held in this county a number of the Grand Jurors, who found the bill against me, voluntarily came into court, and offered to testify, that no complaint against me, was made before them for the abduction of Morgan; that no evidence whatever, was offered before them, to that effect; that it was not their intention to have indicted me on that charge; and that the District Attorney had no directions to draught such a bill. The District Attorney stated to the court that the Grand Jury furnished him with no minutes of testimony, by which he could draw the bill; that he put the counts in the indictment, charging me with the abduction of Morgan, because he knew that they were investigating that subject; and that he had become convinced that the indictment could not be sustained. The court were so fully satisfied, that the bill had been irregularly found, that they immediately ordered a *nolle prosequi* to be entered, without examining the Grand Jurors. The remainder of the indictment charging me with neglect of duty as a magistrate, was quashed, on ground that no specific charge was alleged therein against me, and that the pretended offence was alleged to have been committed, at a time when I was not a magistrate. Thus it will appear that the indictment against me was a *mis* indictment, and I submit myself to the candour and correctness of publick opinion on this subject.

WILLIAM HOTCHKISS.

Lexington, Sept. 28, 1838.

Those editors who have noticed the indictment against me, will do me no act of justice, by inserting the above.

MARRIED,

At Bainbridge, Chenango county, on the 15th inst., by the Rev. N. H. Adams, Mr. ALBERT NERLY, esq. to Miss FREDERICK PEARSON.

On the 22nd inst. by the Rev. N. H. Adams, at Sidney, Delaware county, WILLIAM ROOT to Miss RHODA GREGORY.

In St. Matthew's church, Unadilla, Otsego county, on the morning of the 24th inst. by the Rev. N. H. Adams, Doctor JOHN HAZEN to Miss MARY CHAMBERLAIN, both of Franklin Delaware county.

A. L. PLOUGH, DENTIST,

AT SKINNER'S MANSION HOUSE, STATE STREET ALBANY.

WITH much freedom, Mr. Plough has the honour to inform his friends that he has determined to establish himself in this city, and will faithfully attend to all applications, in the dental art. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have not experienced his skill, are respectfully invited to call and examine his recommendations, signed by some of the most respectable citizens, as well of this as of other places in the United States.

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PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 290, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders.

March 9, 1838.

JOHN F. PORTER.

POETRY.

THE SPANISH CHAPEL.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a veil o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies;

I made a mountain-brook my guide,

Through a wild Spanish glen,
And wandered, on its grassy side,
Far from the homes of men.

It lured me with a singing tone,
And many a sunny glance,
To a green spot of beauty lone,
A haunt for old romance.

A dim and deeply-bosomed grove
Of many an aged tree,
Such as the shadowy violets love,
The fawn and forest-bee.

The darkness of the chestnut bough
There on the waters lay,
The bright stream reverently below
Checked its exulting play.

And bore a musick all subdued,
And led a silvery sheen,
On through the breathing solitude
Of that rich leafy scene.

For something viewlessly around
Of solemn influence dwelt,
In the soft gloom, and whispery sound,
Not to be told, but felt:

While sending forth a quiet gleam—
Across the wood's repose,
And o'er the twilight of the stream
A lowly chapel rose.

A pathway to that still retreat
Through many a myrtle wound,
And there a sight—how strangely sweet!
My steps in wonder bound.

For on a brilliant bed of flowers,
Even at the threshold made,
As if to sleep through sultry hours,
A young fair child was laid.

To sleep? oh! ne'er on childhood's eye,
And silken lashes pressed,
Did the warm living slumber lie,
With such a weight of rest!

Yet still a tender crimson glow
Its cheek's pure marble dyed—
'Twas but the light's faint streaming flow
Through roses heaped beside.

I stooped—the smooth round arm was chill,
The soft lip's breath was fled,
And the bright ringlets hung so still—
The lovely child was dead!

"Alas!" I cried "fair faded thing!
Thou hast wrung bitter tears,
And thou hast left a wo, to cling
Round yearning hearts for years!"

But then a voice came sweet and low—
I turned, and near me sat
A woman with a mourner's brow,
Pale, yet not desolate.

And in her still, clear, matron-face,
All solemnly serene,
A shadowed image I could trace
Of that young slumberer's mein.

"Stranger! thou pitiest me," she said,
With lips that faintly smiled,

* Suggested by a scene beautifully described in "The Recollections of the Peninsula."

"As here I watch beside my dead,
My fair and precious child.

"But know, the time-worn heart may be
By pangs in this world riven,
Keener than theirs who yield, like me,
An angel thus to heaven!"

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

THE GRAY HAIR'S REPLY.

Written three years after the lines "To a Gray Hair," published in our last.

I come to chide thee. Startle not!—
'Twas kindly meant;—and yet to say,
Though voiceless, ne'er have I forgot
The promise of that tranquil day;
When to the Fates thy faith I bore,
Content to pass the Stygian river;—
Lo! still they wait thee on the shore,
Whilst thy "ere long" would last forever!

They bid me stand, their messenger
Unloved upon thy frowning brow:
Mark the weak throb that struggles here,
And question, wilt thou meet them now?
Now—while the tide's more full and warm
Then e'en in youth—hope yet stronger;
Since I, so changed, no more can charm—
The heart beneath me cheer no longer.

Why linger here, but to repine,
That youth's capricious bowl is done;
And they whose morning hours with thine
Drank of its emerald edge are gone?
This shade—these fruits, now haply thine,
Are but the same in childhood tasted;—
And e'en that sun must onward shine,
When thy forgotten turf is wasted.

The clouds that prop yon crimson sky
Why loiter ever, to admire?
Oh! rather close the sated eye,
To wake beyond their golden fire!
Why up these mountain path-ways pant,
Where all is rude, and nothing novel:—
Pride scowling still in squalid want,
Stretched muttering in her famished hovel!

Would'st wait perfection's fabled reign—
Man wise, and virtue not a song?
Till mercy break the oppressor's chain,
And right be born of ev'ry wrong?—
Then life's pale fire fly lamp disown—
Its gloss with earth's black dews is spotted;
Light thee a torch at yon bright sun,
Immortal when his rays are blotted.

And find in all creation's vale,
Bees, that from untried roses sip:—
Checks, ne'er with barbed anguish pale,
Or kisses, on one lasting lip:—
No worm in pleasure's revelry—
On joy's blue wave no treacherous vapour;
And thou poor doating fool, shalt be
Deathless, as thy puissant taper!

Seek'st yet about this shallow wild,
Fruits its dry brambles never knew?
Fantastic smiles in sorrow's child,
Or blushing flowers 'mid cypress dew!
No pang at disappointment's heart,
No blossom merriment's sigh may cherish?
Men sporting round the conqueror's dart,
Yet woo the hour when they shall perish?

These cannot be. Then come away—
My bloom—thy joys, alike are past:—
I must to other temples hie,
To glow in youth—in age to waste,
Come—lo! they spread their ebon gate!—
What whisper'st thus in breath of sorrow?
Intreat'st me wait? Well, I will wait,
But mark me!—not a long to-morrow.

Sept. 1829.

MONTGARNIER.

OLD TIMES.

From "Tales of the Munster Festivals."
Old times! old times! the gay old times
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree;
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand,
My heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!

Old times! old times!

It is not that my fortune's fled,
Nor that my cheek is pale;
I mourn when e'er I think of thee,
My darling, native vale!
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;
But in my wisdom there is wo,
And in my knowledge, care.

Old times! old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain;
To learn that Friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain;
To feel a pang, and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes;
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing of other times!

Old times! old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still;
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame;
But oh, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!

Old times! old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm;
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And bear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again!

Old times! old times!

BRIDE MAID.

From Bailey's Lays of a Minstrel.

The bridal is over, the guests are all gone,
The bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bride-maid is desolate now.
With smiles and caresses she decked the fair bride,
And then led her forth with affectionate pride;
She knew that together no more they should dwell,
Yet she smiled when she kissed her and whispered farewell.
She would not enbitter a festival day,
Nor send her sweet sister in sadness away;
She hears the bells ringing, she sees her depart,
She can not veil longer the grief of her heart.
She thinks of each pleasure, each pain that endears,
The gentle companion of happier years;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bride-maid is desolate now.

ELECTION NOTICE.—A General Election is to be held in the County of Albany, on the third, fourth and fifth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. Dated at Albany, this twenty seventh of August, 1828.

C. A. TEN ENCK, Sheriff of the county of Albany.
Albany, August 12, 1828.

Sir—I hereby give you notice that at the next general election, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the third Senate District, in the place of Richard M. Michael, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. And that an elector of President and Vice President is to be chosen for the Tenth Congressional District.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.
Oct. 4, 1828.

To the sheriff of the county of Albany.
Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILDS, at the corner of New Market and Steuben streets, on stairs. (Entrance from Steuben street.) Three Dollars a year.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1828.

NO. 28.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at the installation of the Hon. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the state of New York, in the Capitol, in the city of Albany, in September, 1825.

BY DE WITT CLINTON,

Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the state of New-York.

This solemn and interesting occasion, demands from this place an illustration of the principles, the objects, and the tendencies of freemasonry. Many volumes have been written, and numerous discourses have been pronounced on this subject. If we were to follow the gratuitous assumptions and fanciful speculations of visionary men, in attempting to trace the rise and progress of this ancient institution, we should be involved in the inextricable labyrinths of uncertainty, and lost in the jarring hypotheses of conjecture. Better is it then to sober down our minds to well established facts, than by giving the rein to erratick imagination, merge the radiance of truth in the obscurity of fable. History and tradition are often adulterated by misrepresentation; beyond them the age of fable commences, when no reliance can be placed on the writings of the ancients. All history, except the divine records, before Thucides, is apocryphal; and oral tradition is almost entirely distorted and perverted after the lapse of three generations. At certain periods of human affairs, and in certain stages of society, it occupies the place of written history, and there is even an end to the reign of fable when all that relates to this "great globe and all which it inherits," is enveloped in the mysterious gloom of unexplored and impenetrable antiquity.

Enthusiastick friends of our institution have done it much injury and covered it with much ridicule, by stretching its origin beyond the bounds of credibility. Some have given it an antediluvian origin, while others have even represented it as coeval with the creation; some have traced it to the Egyptian priests, and others have discovered its vestiges in the mystical societies of Greece and Rome. The erection of Solomon's Temple, the retreats of the Druids, and the crusades to the holy land, have been at different times specially assigned as the sources of its existence. The order, harmony, and wonders of creation, the principles of mathematical science and the productions of architectural skill have been confounded with freemasonry. Whenever a great philosopher has enlightened the world, he has been resolved by a species of moral metempsychosis or intellectual chymistry, into a freemason; and in all the secret institutions of antiquity, the footsteps of lodges are traced by the eye of credulity. Archimedes, Pythagoras, Euclid, and Vitruvius were in all probability, not freemasons, and the love of order, the cultivation of science, the embellishments of taste, and the sublime and beautiful works of art, have certainly existed in ancient, as they now do in modern times without the agency of freemasonry.

Our fraternity has thus suffered under the treatment of well meaning friends, who have undesignedly inflicted more injuries upon it than its most virulent enemies. The absurd accounts of its origin and history, in most of the books that treat of it, have proceeded from enthusiasm operating on credulity and the love of the marvellous. An imbecile friend often does more injury than an avowed foe. The calumnies of Barreul and Robison, who laboured to connect our society with the

illuminati and to represent it as inimical to social order and good government, have been consigned to everlasting contempt, while exaggerated and extravagant friendly accounts and representations continually stare us in the face, and mortify our intellectual discrimination, by ridiculous claims to unlimited antiquity. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that genuine masonry is adulterated by sophistications and interpolations foreign from the simplicity and sublimity of its nature. To this magnificent temple of the Corinthian order, there have been added Gothick erections, which disfigure its beauty and derange its symmetry. The adoption in some cases of frivolous pageantry and fantastick mummery, equally revolting to good taste and genuine masonry, has exposed us to much animadversion; but our institution clothed with celestial virtue, and armed with the panoply of truth, has defied all the storms of open violence, and resisted all the attacks of insidious imposture; and it will equally triumph over the errors of misguided friendship, which like the transit of a planet over the disk of the sun, may produce a momentary obscuration, but will instantly leave it in the full radiance of its glory.

Although the origin of our fraternity is covered with darkness, and its history is to a great extent obscure, yet we can confidently say that it is the most ancient society in the world—and we are equally certain that its principles are based on pure morality—that its ethics are the ethics of christianity—its doctrines the doctrines of patriotism, and brotherly love, and its sentiments the sentiments of exalted benevolence. Upon these points, there can be no doubt. All that is good, and kind, and charitable, it encourages; all that is vicious, and cruel, and oppressive, it reprobates. That charity which is described in the most masterly manner by the eloquent apostle, composes its very essence, and enters into the vital principles; and every freemason is ready to unite with him in saying, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but where there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether they be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away"—How happens it then that our institution has created so much opposition, excited so much jealousy, encountered so much proscription, experienced so much persecution?

The mysteries which pertain to this fraternity have been the source of much obloquy, and its entire exclusion of the female sex from its communion, has been considered an unjust and rigorous rule. In former times the arts and sciences had their mysteries. The inventions of the former and the discoveries of the latter, were either applied by individuals to their own benefit, or thrown into a common stock for the emolument of select as-

sociations. In the early stages of freemasonry, its votaries applied themselves with great ardour to architecture and geometry. This will account for the exclusion of women. Such laborious pursuits were not adapted to their destination in life and their station of civilized society. A measure then that has been deemed a censure, was the highest eulogium that could be passed on the sex, and in evincing this distinguished respect, our ancient brethren exhibited that refinement and courtesy which are always accompanied with a just appreciation of female excellence and delicacy. The secrets of the arts and sciences which were elicited by the researches and employments of the fraternity were cherished for the common benefit; but the art of printing having thrown open the gates of knowledge to all mankind, and the rights of invention having been protected by government, the utility of secrecy, so far as it related to intellectual improvement and the enjoyment of its fruits, was in a great degree superseded. There are, however, secrets of importance to the brotherhood, which are entirely innocent, neither touching the concerns nor affecting the interests of the uninitiated, nor impugning the doctrines of pure morality nor the precepts of our holy religion.

Secret institutions were not uncommon among the ancients. The Eleusinian, Dionysian, and Panathenean mysteries; and associations of the Pythagoreans, the Essenes and the architects of Ionia were concealed from the uninitiated; and even the women of Rome, celebrated the mysteries of the Bona Dea in a state of entire seclusion. The Druids had also their mysteries and our Indians have secret institutions. As secrecy may be enjoined with pure views and for good objects, so it also may be observed, with pernicious intentions and for bad purposes. The doctrines and observances of christianity were in the last century, ridiculed and caricatured by a secret society in the vicinity of London, composed of choice spirits of wickedness: and under the cloak of mysterious associations, conspiracies have been formed against freedom and social order. As no thing of this kind can be imputed to freemasonry, it ought to have been patronized instead of being persecuted; but the suspicious eye of tyranny, always on the watch for victims, affected to see combinations against legitimate government, and the sanguinary hand of vengeance was soon uplifted against us. In every nation in Europe, masonry has passed the ordeal of persecution. The Inquisition has stained it with blood. Hierarchies have proscribed and interdicted it. Despotism has pursued it to destruction; and every where except in this land of liberty, it has felt the arm of unjust and tyrannical power: and even here, and in this enlightened age, fanaticism has dared to fulminate its anathemas.

The precepts of freemasonry inculcate abstraction from religious and political controversies, and obedience to the existing authorities; and there can be no doubt of the good faith and sincerity of this injunction. And accordingly the most enlightened princes of Europe, and among others, Frederick the Great of Prussia, have been members of our fraternity, and have not considered it derogatory from their dignity or dangerous to their ascendancy, to afford it official protection and personal encouragement. But the truth is, that the principles of freemasonry are hostile to arbitrary power. All brethren are on a level, and of course are on an equality with respect to natural rights. The

natural equality of mankind and the rights of man are not only implied in our doctrine, but the form of our government is strictly republican, and like that of the United States, representative and federal. The officers of the private lodges are annually chosen by the members, and all the lodges are represented in the grand lodge, by their presiding officers and past masters, who elect annually the grand officers, and who, together with the existing and past grand officers, constitute the grand lodge. The lodges are thus the members, and the grand lodge the head of the society, which by a combination of the representatives and federal principles, constitutes a federal republic as to the government of freemasons.

It must be obvious then that an institution so republican in its elements; so liberal in its principles, so free in its partial and concentrated combinations, must have excited the apprehensions of arbitrary power, which has constantly sought to propitiate it by kindness and condescension, or to annihilate it by fire and sword—by banishment and extinction.

(Conclusion next week.)

MAINE.

Mount Moriah Royal Arch Chapter will be consecrated, and its officers installed, on Tuesday the 28th day of October inst. The procession will be formed at 11 o'clock, A. M. at the Exchange Coffee House, and proceed to Mr. Pomroy's Meeting House, where, after the ceremonies are performed, an address will be delivered on the occasion.

Lodges and members in the vicinity are respectfully invited to attend.

Per order of the G. H. Priest.

RUFUS DWINEI, *Secretary pro tem.*

Bangor, Maine, Oct. 7, 1828.

EXPULSIONS.

VERMONT.

At a regular communication of King Hiram Lodge, convened at Mason's Hall in Waitsfield, September 24, A. E. 5923, voted unanimously that Henry Jones, now residing in Cabot, a master mason, and a member of said lodge, be expelled therefrom for unworthy and unmasonic conduct.

Printers in the United States, friendly to the cause of masonry are requested to insert this in their papers.

By order of the Lodge.

LEWIS HOLDEN, *Secretary pro tem.*

MASSACHUSETTS AND RHODE-ISLAND.

Officers of the *Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode-Island*, for the present year:—

John Carlile, Grand Master; Peter Grinnell, Deputy Grand Master; John J. Loring, Grand Generalissimo; Josiah Whitaker, Grand Captain General; John L. Blake, Grand Prelate; Robert Lsah, Senior Grand Warden; R. S. Spofford, Junior Grand Warden; Moses Richardson, Grand Treasurer; Samuel Howe, Grand Recorder; Jacob Amee, Grand Warder; Thomas Power, Grand Sword Bearer; E. A. Raymond, Grand Standard Bearer; Ebenezer Oliver, Grand Sentinel.

RHODE-ISLAND.

Officers of the *Grand Lodge of Rhode-Island*, for the present year:—

Peter Grinnell, Grand Master; Barney Merry, Deputy Grand Master; Sylvester Luther, Senior Grand Warden; Joseph S. Cook, Junior Grand Warden; Benjamin Clifford, Grand Treasurer; Walker Humphry, Grand Secretary; Pardon Sayles, Senior Grand Deacon; William C. Barker, Junior Grand Deacon; Christian M. Nestell, Grand Marshal; Rev. David Pickering, Grand Chaplain; Oliver Harris, Grand Sword Bearer; William P. R. Benson, Grand Steward and Tyler.

VIRGINIA.

The annual meeting of the *Grand Encampment of Knights Templars and the appendant orders for the state of Virginia*, will take place in Winchester on Monday, the 10th day of November 1828;—at which time the representatives of the subordinate encampments are desired to attend.

SAMUEL H. DAVIS, *Grand Recorder.*
Winchester, Va. Oct. 10, 1828.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Officers of the *Grand Encampment of Knights Templars and the Appendant Orders, in the state of South-Carolina*, for the present year:—

James Eyland, M. E. Grand Master; Alexander McDonald, Deputy Grand Master; William E. Lathrop, Grand Generalissimo; Daniel V. Berton, Grand Captain General; Robert Anderson, Grand Prelate; Horatio G. Street, Grand Senior Warden; John Harrison, Grand Junior Warden; Moses Holbrook, Grand Treasurer; James S. Burges, Grand Recorder; F. G. H. Gunther, Grand Warder; Ezek H. Maxey, Grand Standard Bearer; E. Benjamin, Grand Sword Bearer; John Roche, Grand Sentinel.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SALMON.

From the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.

The salmon is a very prolific fish; both male and female are frequently fit for propagation during the first year of their age. The roe of the female is found, on an average, to contain from 17,000 to 20,000 ova or eggs. During the months of August, September, and October, the reproductive organs, both of male and female salmon, have more or less completely reached maturity, at which period the instinct of propagation impels them eagerly to seek rivers, and to ascend nearly to their sources, in order to find a place suitable for the deposition of their spawn. They no longer, as in the winter and spring months, roam over the coasts and shores, and return backwards and forwards with the flowing and ebbing of the tide, but pursue the most direct route by the mid-channel up the river, and make the greatest efforts to overcome every obstacle, either natural or artificial, that may impede their progress. The spawning is accomplished in the months of November, December, and January. When the parent fishes have reached the spawning ground, they proceed to the shallow water, generally in the morning, or at twilight in the evening, where they play round the ground two or three of them together. After a turn, they begin to make a furrow, by working up the gravel with their noses rather against the stream; as the salmon cannot work with his head down the stream, for the water going then into his gills the wrong way, drowns him. When the furrow is made, the male and female return to a little distance, one to the one, and the other to the other side of the furrow. They then throw themselves upon their sides, again come together, and rubbing against each other, both shed their spawn into the furrow at the same time. This process is not completed at once; as the eggs from the roe must be excluded individually, and from eight to twelve days are required for completing the operation. When this process is over, they betake themselves to the pools to recruit themselves. The spawn thus deposited is afterwards covered with loose gravel; and, in this state, the ova remain for weeks, or some times much longer, apparently, inert like seeds buried in the soil. In an early spring, the fry come forth early, and later when the spring is late. Generally, they begin to rise from the bed about the beginning of March, and their first movement is usually completed by the middle of April. The appearance which they present is that of a thick braird of grain rushing up in vast numbers. The tail first comes up, and the young animals often leave the bed with a portion of the investing membrane of the ovum about their heads. From experiments that were made upon the roe, it appears, that they can only be hatched in fresh water; for, when a portion of the roe was put into salt water, none of the ova ever came into life; and, when a young fish that had been hatched in fresh water, was put into salt water, it showed symptoms of uneasiness, and died in a few hours. When the evolution from the ova is completed, the young fry keep at first in the eddy pools, till they gain strength, and then prepare to go down the river, remaining near its sides, and proceeding on their way till they meet the salt water, when they disappear. The descent begins in the month of March, continues through April, and a part of May, and some times even till June. The reason why the fry thus descend by the margin in rivers, and

the mid-channel in estuaries, is apparently, according to Dr. Fleming, because the margin of the river is the easy water, and consequently best suited to their young and weak state; but when they reach the estuary or tideway, then the margin of the water being the most disturbed, the fry avoid it, and betake themselves to the deepest part of the channel disappearing alike from observation and capture, and so go out to sea. After remaining some weeks at sea, the smolts or samlets, as the fry are called, return again to the coasts and rivers, having attained a pound to a pound and a half of weight; by the middle of June they weigh from two to three pounds, and are said to increase half a pound in weight every week. They are now known in Scotland by the name of grilse, and by the end of the fishing season they have attained the size of seven or eight pounds. In the first five months of its existence, that is from April to August, both inclusive, it may be stated that the salmon reaches, in favourable circumstances, eight pounds weight, and afterwards increases, though more slowly, yet so as to have acquired the weight of thirty-five pounds in thirty-three months. After the process of spawning is completed in the river, the parent fish retire to the adjoining pools to recruit. In two or three weeks from that time, the male begins to seek his way down the river; the female remains longer about the spawning ground, sometimes till April or May. The fishes which have thus spawned are denominated *kells*. In their progress to the sea, when they reach the estuary, they pursue a course precisely similar to the fry, not roaming about the banks like clean fish, but keeping in the mid-channel. They are at this time comparatively weak, and in thus betaking themselves to the deepest parts of the channel, they are better able to resist the deranging effects of the flood-tide, and to take advantage of the obb tide in accelerating their migration to the sea. It appears that some which descend as *kells* in the spring, return again in autumn in breeding condition, a recovery which is no less remarkable than the early growth of these animals. The sea seems to be the element in which the salmon feeds and grows. When caught in fresh water, not only is their condition comparatively poor, but scarcely any thing is ever found in their stomachs. In estuaries, and on the coasts, on the other hand, they feed abundantly, and their stomachs are often found full of sand-eels.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES LOUIS SAND.

Translated from the French for the Washington Chronicle.

Charles Louis Sand, a German student, and the assassin of Kotzebue, was born at Weinsiedel, in the Margravate of Bayreuth in Saxony. Sand belonged to a very respectable family, by which he was tenderly beloved. He first studied at the gymnasium of Regensburg, under Professor Klein, then went to Tubingen, and attended the lessons of the learned Eschenmayer. He studied and prepared for the ministry, for which his gentle character and pure manners seemed to render him well qualified. An ardent patriot, he partook of the enthusiasm of the German youth, and ranged himself under the banners of independence. He made, with bravery, the campaigns of 1813-14, and took up arms again after the return of Napoleon to France, in 1815. The Captain of the company in which he served in 1815, wrote after the assassination of Kotzebue: "I was myself an observer of Sand, and could not but love and esteem him more and more every day, for his strict virtue, his uprightness, his good manners, and his enthusiastic love of truth. No one could be more modest, calm, reflecting, and, as far as it was possible to be, exempt from every kind of passion. So that I can not regard his unfortunate crime but as the effect of fanaticism, and as the beginning of his aberrations of mind." Sand attended the courses of the celebrated universities of Elangen, Tubingen, and Jena, where he merited the esteem and friendship of his fellow students and his masters, by his personal qualities, his love of labour, and his great aptitude for instruction; but it was at the university of Tubingen that his sombre and melancholy character began first to be developed, which was very soon

to make him a miserable assassin. Sand believed that peace would render to his country that independence which it had enjoyed during the wars against France, and that Germany would know at last the charms and blessings of liberty. Vain hope! Despotism observes no bounds. Oligarchy, which began to bear down with all its force upon a people generous and essentially good, fired his imagination. Penalty, prison and exile, attended the courageous writers who elevated their voices in favour of the people; and men devoted to power, the salaried agents of the Government, outraged each day the dearest rights of the citizens, and were scandalously recompensed by titles and honours. Among these last, Kotzebue was thought to stand in the first rank. His celebrated, name his literary reputation, justly merited, the influence which he exercised over the men of the nation, the imprudent and, without doubt, feigned part which he bore against the German universities, of which he bitterly censured their ideas as too much in harmony with modern institutions; the foolish approbation which he gave to the measures of rigour adopted by the Hanoverian Government, the occasion of the troubles of the University of Gottingen; made an impression so profound upon Sand and his fellow students, that these young men, who belonged, they say, to a secret association called the united society for the propagation of virtue, swore his death, and left to chance to decide who should strike the fatal blow—this was Sand. According to another account, Sand had alone conceived, meditated, and resolved upon executing the crime which has impressed upon his name so fatal a celebrity. Whatever it may be, he departed for Gena on the 9th of March, 1819, clad in the ancient German costume, arrived on the 23d of the same month, and exclaimed as he descended from the vehicle, *Vivat Teutonia!* He took lodgings at the Hotel de Vigne, and entered himself by the name of Henricks, a student of the University of Erlangen. The same day, he went to the house of Kotzebue, announced himself as the bearer of a letter from his aged mother who lived at Vienna. As Kotzebue was in the habit of passing the morning at labour, and walking out at noon, the young stranger was not introduced; they asked him to return in the evening, which was devoted to the reception of visitors. Sand returned to his lodgings, dined at the public table, and ate with a very good appetite; he conversed gaily for two hours with a curate of the country, one of the guests. At about five he took leave of him, and directed his steps towards the house, and met with some ladies who were going to visit Madame Kotzebue, which did not change his design. He knocked, the door was opened immediately; he saluted the ladies, and made them pass before him. Sand remained in the ante-chamber until he was announced. The servant returned and conducted him to the next room, saying to him that his master would be there immediately. When the company entered, Kotzebue was seated in the midst of his family. They relate that, holding in his arms his youngest son, about two months old, he said, with emotion, "I was precisely the age of this child when I had the misfortune to lose my father." It is probable that Sand employed himself when alone in preparing to strike the blow, for Kotzebue, who was far from suspecting it, had no sooner entered, than Sand, with the most incredible dexterity, plunged a long dagger into his breast. The blow was directed with such force that the dagger penetrated through the fourth rib, and made a mortal wound in the heart. The victim no doubt made an effort to disarm his assassin, and at the end of the struggle of some moments, in which Kotzebue appeared to have employed the remaining strength which nature furnishes in similar circumstances, he fell, and dragged the murderer down in his fall. Sand arose, and, the better to secure his vengeance, struck him three other blows, one of which passed through the lungs. At the noise of the fall, and the groans which followed, a domestick ran and found him upon the floor, weltering in his blood. The assassin was on his knees near him, his dagger in his hand, and coldly contemplating his victim. The cries of the servant spread the alarm among the ladies, who ran towards the apartment and shrieked with terror at the sight of the horrible spectacle.

Kotzebue, having now lost all his blood, breathed his last. Sand, holding his still reeking dagger in his hand, appeared indifferent to what passed around him, and had his eyes constantly fixed upon the dead body. Some persons called for assistance through the windows, and requested a surgeon to be brought, whilst the eldest daughter of Kotzebue, aided by a *valet de chambre*, carried her father into another apartment. The family and witnesses of this bloody scene were plunged into consternation and despair; the murderer alone appeared calm and unmoved, awaiting with tranquillity the result of the event; but at the arrival of the succour they had called for, he arose and descended the staircase, crying, with a loud voice—"The traitor has fallen!" He gained the outer door, but found it obstructed by a crowd, through which he pushed his way with violence, and threw a look of indignation upon the people, who cried out, "Behold the assassin!" Then raising his dagger with one hand and a written paper in the other, he said, "*It is I who am the murderer! Thus perish all traitors!*" In this terrible moment his features and words made such an impression upon the multitude that no one dared to seize or disarm him. After his exclamation, he threw himself on his knees, and, with a calm and solemn air, turned his head towards the house in which he had committed the crime, then, joining his hands, and raising his eyes towards heaven, he cried—"I thank thee, O God, for having permitted me to accomplish with success this act of justice!"—and opening his breast, he struck himself several times with the dagger he had preserved. He then fell down insensible, and remained in that state until the magistrate who was informed of the event had him carried to the hospital, where they took the greatest care of his wounds, which were all deep. The paper which he had thrown in the air before striking himself contained these words, in large letters—"A mortal blow to Augustus Kotzebue! Virtue is in union and liberty!" An official report of this event was immediately prepared, and sent to *Carlsruhe*. A courier was despatched to the authorities of Jena to request the seals to be put on the papers of Sand; but nothing was found which could lead to a suspicion that he had accomplices. A single paper fixed their attention; but it was merely the commencement of a letter, in which these words were written—"I run in advance of my destiny—the scaffold." When the state of his wounds permitted him to be questioned, he declared that he alone had conceived and executed the design. The physicians thought his final recovery improbable, but hoped to prolong his life for some time. His trial lasted a year, and he persisted to the last in declaring that he had no accomplice. The sentence of death was finally pronounced, and he was conducted to execution, at the age of twenty-three years. It is said that the most mournful silence prevailed during his passage from the prison to the scaffold, and the window blinds were all closed during the march of the procession.

CHARACTER.

BRAINARD.

From the Boston Statesman.

We presume most of our readers knew, by reputation, John G. Brainard, the late editor of the Connecticut Mirror. He is now dead. He wasted away with a lingering consumption, and died at the early age of 32. We do not know the particulars of his birth or education. We have not heard whether his death was quiet or painful. We have set down to say something about him, because we felt that a man like him should not pass away with his worth unspoken, and his fine spirit unregretted. We knew Brainard slightly—but with that slight knowledge we loved him much. He was a man to win hearts—as high-minded, and talented, and generous a being as ever lived under heaven. We do not know how to speak of him. We hate a measured eulogy of one who needed, or if alive, would care for it, so little. To those who knew him it is all unnecessary—and to those who did not, it is impossible to say what we would say if our feelings were articulate. Brainard did not make much noise in the world. He was an unassuming and unambitious man—but he had talents

which should have made him our pride. They were not showy or dazzling—and perhaps that is the reason why the general eye did not rest upon him—but he had a keen, discriminating susceptibility, and a taste exquisitely refined and true. He was one of those very few but very happy men who learn early a fine inward reliance—a belief in the sufficiency of a severe intellectual worth, which makes the possessor enjoy the world he lives in without leaning upon it. It turned the eye in upon himself which might have been turned upon his ambition—and made him love better an hour with his own heart than ten with a world willing to do him honour. With all this, I never knew a man more fond of his friends, or pleasanter in company than John Brainard. The first time I ever saw him, I met him in a gay and fashionable circle. He was pointed out to me as the poet Brainard—a plain, ordinary looking individual, careless in his dress, and apparently without the least outward claim to the attention of those who value such advantages. But there was no person there so much or so flatteringly attended to. He was among those who saw him every day and knew him familiarly, and I almost envied him as he went round, the unequalled kindness and even affection with which every bright girl, and every mother in that room received him. He was evidently the idol, not only of the poetry-loving and gentler sex, but of the young men who were about him—an evidence of worth, let me say, which is as high as it is uncommon. There are very few men capable of leading and shining in society who do not incur the ill will of those in whose way they must sometimes come, and I took pains to find out what I now know, that Brainard had no enemy. It was not that his character was negative or his courtesy universal. There was a directness in his manner, and a plain spoken earnestness in his address which could never have been wanting in a proper discrimination. He would never have compromised with the unworthy for their good opinion. But it was his truth—his fine, open, ingenuous truth—bound up with a character of great purity and benevolence which won love for him. I never met a man of whom all men spoke so well. I fear I never shall.

When I was introduced to him he took me aside and talked with me for an hour. I shall never forget that conversation. He made no common-place remarks. He would not talk about himself, though I tried to lead him to it. He took a high, intellectual tone, and I never have heard its beauty and originality equalled. He knew wonderfully well the secrets of mental relish and development, and had evidently examined himself till he had grown fond, as every one must who does it, of a quiet, contemplative, self cultivating life. He had gone on with this process till the spiritual predominated entirely over the material man. He was all soul—all intellect—and he neglected therefore, the exciting ambitions and the common habits which keep the springs of ordinary life excited and healthy—and so he died—and I know not that for his own sake we should mourn.

I meant to have said something of his poetry. It is worthy of being brought out and placed high.—It is pure and delicate and sometimes sublime poetry. He wrote literally from impulse—never to get up rhyme, or make gain. His poetical talents were the ministers to his heart, and his friends and his relations had all his devotion. There is no one of them who has not some touching memorial of this kind which he had given them. Every incident which touched his feelings, or was of interest to those he loved, became the subject of his exquisite talent. It is a reputation worthy of a poet—worthy of more than a poet. I would rather live in the hearts of my friends as Brainard will live, than have the honour of the world. I would rather have been Brainard than Byron. I would rather be Brainard than without his memory have my name rung to the corners of the universe.

I say I meant to criticize his poetry. But it is like unfolding the garments of the dead. I can not go over it and criticize it. I should not do it well. I will do it one day, deliberately. He is dead now, and fame will come too late—but he shall have it, and the glory that he did not covet while living shall burn over his grave.

POPULAR TALES.

THE WHITE WITCH OF SOIGNIES.

All the roads leading to the famous city of Brussels were thronged with passengers hastening to the Michaelmas Fair which was held in the year 1667. Traders and farmers, with loaded vehicles of every description and size, were streaming onwards; and groups of gayer visitors on foot and on horseback, mingled with them, pursued the same route. The times were more tranquil than they had been for some time past. The recall of the Duke of Alba to Spain had revived the hopes of the wretched Flemings, who had for years endured his iron yoke, until their energies had been wholly subdued, and they had ceased to labour, because the fruits of their labour were seized by their rapacious task-masters. Now, however, fairer prospects seemed to dawn upon them. The departure of the tyrant had driven away the despair which had almost overwhelmed them: and although a very few months had elapsed, the industry and commercial spirit of the people had begun to revive. The Michaelmas Fair, which had been almost deserted, gave promise of exhibiting its former prosperity, and the great influx of merchants and visitors now upon the road seemed to fulfil that promise.

Among the many persons journeying to Brussels, two in particular claim the attention of the readers of this history. They were well mounted and armed, but dressed in the coarse ordinary garb of German horse dealers; and their occupation was further indubitably manifested, by each of them leading a horse by a halter. At the fair there could be no doubt that they would gain good prices for commodities so rare and so valuable.

One of the riders was a stout, well built man, of about forty years old: His features, handsome and prepossessing, had that frank and fearless air which experience and a knowledge of the world, gained by being an actor in its busiest scenes, usually confer. He looked too honest for a horse dealer, and, but for his dress and the other indications which plainly pointed out his calling, a casual observer would have pronounced him to be of a superior class.

The other traveller was much younger, and had not yet seen more than five and twenty summers. He was tall, well knit, and graceful in his demeanour. Coarse as was his garb, yet there was, in its arrangement, an obvious attempt to triumph over the disadvantages which belonged to it; and, by the manner in which his cap was cocked, you might swear the young fellow knew he was worth looking at. At the fair to which he was hastening, there could be no doubt that he would be as much admired by the Flemish lasses, as his horses would be by the connoisseurs of the other sex.

The steeds which they rode and led were such animals as for blood and figure were not often to be met with. Of true Spanish breed, and full of that Arabian fire, which, at the period here spoken of, had so great an influence upon the men, as well as the horses of Spain, they were such as would have made fit presents for a king. The rarity and value of their cattle might have accounted for the superior appearance of our dealers; but a conversation which took place between them will explain it in a more satisfactory manner.

"Yonder," said the elder traveller, "are the towers of Brussels, and there, for the present, our journeying must end. Now, for the last time, good comrade, let me remind thee, that thou art a horse-dealer and a German. Let no word of Spanish, and as little Flemish as may be, pass thy lips. Forget all notions of gentility and chivalry; sit loosely on thy horse, and as like a serving man as may be. Leave that military straitness of port, and forget that thou hast ever ridden at the head of thy troop."

"Thank heaven that we are about to reach Brussels," said the younger, "for then, at least, most reverend Gaspar, I shall be relieved from thy counsels. By night and by day, sleeping and waking, full and fasting, drunk and sober, hast thou dinned into my ears the sage precepts which thou thinkest necessary to guide my conduct, until I know each of them as well, or better (God forgive me) than my prayers."

"And upon a most ungrateful pair of ears have I bestowed all my good advice, since this is the return I get for it," replied Gaspar.

"Thou dost injustice to thyself, most sage counsellor, if thou deemest that I regard not thy precepts, and thou dost me no less wrong, if thou deemest that I do not intend to obey them."

"Marry, Albrecht, thou hadst better, unless thou hast a mind to feel a hempen collar about thy neck, for that will inevitably be the fate of both of us, if we should be discovered."

"And as I have no taste for hanging, Gaspar, thou mayest believe that I mean not willingly to put myself in danger of it. Believe me, old friend, that I do not undervalue thy counsel, but, by being so often repeated, it falls a little dully upon mine ear."

There was no exaggeration in honest Gaspar's speech. If their errand had been discovered, their death was certain. The noblemen and gentlemen of the Low Countries had resolved to make an attempt to throw off the domination of the Spaniards. This had been determined in a numerous assembly, where they had sworn to support the cause of their country's freedom, though it should reduce them to the most abject poverty: for confiscation of all their property was what they must have expected, at least, if their design should be discovered. In the fervour of the moment, one of the chiefs proposed that they should pledge a toast, expressing their devotion to the cause "*jusqu'à la besace*," or, "to the beggar's scrip," in allusion to the ruin which they were likely to encounter in accomplishing their object. They thence adopted the name of beggars; their device was a scrip or dole-wallet, and many of their party signals consisted of allusions to the habits and practices of beggars. Albrecht von Engelbart was the son of a nobleman, who had lost his life and fortune in the earlier part of the struggle, which ended in the total subjection of his country. Albrecht, who at his father's death, was a mere infant, had been sent into Spain, where he had been educated, and by the aid of some of his father's friends, had been admitted into the Spanish army. He had shown himself the worthy child of a race, who had long been distinguished for gallantry and prowess. On his return to the Low Countries, he had been initiated into the fraternity of "The Beggars," and had sworn to devote all his powers to revenging his father's death, and freeing his country. The times were favourable for a revolt: all preparations had been made for its taking place at Brussels, at the Michaelmas Fair. Albrecht, and Gaspar, his old military instructor, and a firm friend of his father's, had agreed to be there, to aid the revolt. They had chosen the dress of horse-dealers, not only as a disguise, but because it enabled them to introduce into the city, without suspicion, two excellent chargers, belonging to the Count Berg, who was in person to head the revolt, and who was, like themselves, to come into the city, in disguise.

By the time that this discourse had reached the point at which we left it, our travellers were near the gate by which they were to enter the city of Brussels. As their appearance was not calculated to excite any suspicion, they passed the guard unquestioned, and rode to a hotel in the great market place, where having bestowed their steeds safely, they repaired to the common room of the inn for the purpose of supping.

This place was so crowded that it was with difficulty they found a seat, and when they did so, they were compelled to take up with a place at a table where sat a company who appeared to be little better than mendicants.

If it be true that "misery acquaints a man with strange bed fellows," it is no less true that hunger makes folks but little fastidious in their choice of companions. Our travellers sat down to their repast, and were so much occupied with it that they paid little attention to the conversation which was passing around them, or to the persons by whom it was carried on. Their appetites being satisfied, they had leisure to listen, and the younger traveller became very much interested in a discussion which was carried on with some warmth, respecting a popular tradition that prevailed in the neighbourhood of Brussels, and to consider the appear-

ance of the persons among whom chance had thrown him.

An old man, of venerable appearance, accompanied by a young girl whose complexion announced her to belong to one of those vagrant tribes which, under the name of Bohemians, or gipsies, were then, and are still, scattered over Europe, were sitting at the end of the table. The patched doublet and capacious scrip of the old man, shewed him plainly to be a common beggar. The young woman was little better; but all the disadvantages of very coarse attire were not able to conceal her rare beauty, to which her brilliant and expressive eyes added a power which was almost irresistible. The only other person engaged in the discourse, was a tall man of sinister aspect, who wore a patch over one of his eyes, and whose countenance had a mingled expression of cunning and audacity, which rendered him as disagreeable-looking a ruffian as can be imagined. They were talking over the story of the White Witch of Soignies, which the old man insisted was as true as that the Duke of Alba was the governor of Spain, and the other man ridiculed as an old women's fable. Albrecht's curiosity was excited, and he begged to know what the story was about.

"Whence come you, my son," said the old man, turning to him, "that you do not know the legend of the white witch of Soignies?" and then, without waiting to be answered, he went on. "In other times, and many years before this country owned its present masters, the broad barony of Soignies, extending over many a league, and taking both tower and town within its verge, was the property of the lords of Engelbart. (Albrecht's curiosity was now more strongly excited than ever. He knew nothing of the history of his family but the fate of his father, and he listened eagerly to the old man's story.) Rodolph von Engelbart was the flower of the chivalry of his day, and happier than all his peers in the possession of the most beautiful and virtuous lady in the land as his wife. One thing alone troubled their felicity. The baron, who was an excellent man in other respects, had, either by constitution, or from a want of controul, a habit of indulging in very violent transports of passion. When these excesses were upon him, he gave vent to the most unseemly and irreverent language, which shocked and distressed his amiable wife beyond measure. She frequently remonstrated with him, and, when the fit was over, he would express the greatest contrition for his fault, and make the most fervent vows that he would never so offend again; but when anything happened again to awake the tempest of his ire, he was as fierce and as ungovernable in his language as ever. His wife was seized with a sudden distemper, which proved rapidly fatal, and in a few days he was left alone in a world which had lost to him its only charm. He threw himself beside the cold corpse of his wife, and wept with an agony that seemed too violent for existence. At length he was forced violently from the chamber of death, the preparations were made for the funeral, and the baroness was interred with the solemnities that befitted her high rank.

"With that prostration of soul which often accompanies deep grief, the baron repaired to the chapel of his castle, on the evening after the funeral, and, kneeling before the high altar, he humbly and ardently besought forgiveness from heaven, and in the desperation of the moment, prayed either for death upon himself, or that his wife might be restored to him. A low sound of musick appeared to pass near him. He rose, and approached the small postern of the chapel which led to the garden, and by which he had entered. Immediately opposite was the chamber in which his wife had been used to sit. The long window, which opened on the lawn, was widely unclosed. The musick again stole over his senses. It was the lute of his wife!—It was the very air she had played to him so often! He thought he dreamed—he rushed towards the chamber, and to his unspeakable astonishment beheld her sitting there in her familiar position, and more beautiful than he had seen her. In a moment he clasped her in his arms, and found her warm and breathing. As soon as he could command himself so as to utter any coherent expressions, he begged her to explain

to him by what means she had been so suddenly restored to existence. She looked at him gravely, and begged him to ask her no such questions. 'Heaven has restored me to you for the purpose of correcting that sin in which you have hitherto indulged. If you love me you will never again give way to passion, or to intemperate language. I am yours upon this condition alone, and the moment that you so offend will be the last of my existence.' It were long to tell all the vows and oaths the baron made to his new found wife in the transports of his gratitude. The event wrought a visible change in him; the impression which it had made upon his mind was so deep and lasting, that he from that moment kept a powerful controul over himself, and was never heard to utter an intemperate word. For years their happiness remained undisturbed. Several children blessed their re-union. One day the baron's favourite stag-hound returned home grievously wounded. Some unlucky hunter had stricken the dog with a quarrell. The baron was so vexed that he forgot his oaths, and vented a torrent of imprecations against the hand by which his dog had been crippled. A low man from his wife arrested his attention; she was gazing at him with an expression of grief which suddenly calmed his rage. He approached, and to his surprize and horror, her form seemed to melt in his embrace, and she vanished into air. The children she had borne since her re-appearance, disappeared at the moment, and the baron saw then that it was the phantom of his wife, and not herself, that he had been living with. He survived this event but a short time, and ever since that period the wood of Soignies has been haunted, at particular times, by a female figure, which appears dressed in white bearing a wand in her hand. She seldom appears but when some important event is going to befall some of the descendants of the house of Engelbart. It is said that she will reply to any of that blood when accosted by them; that she will disclose to them the secrets of their destiny, but that to all others she is silent. The people in the neighbourhood, many of whom have seen her, call her 'The White-Witch of Soignies.'"

(Conclusion next week.)

MISCELLANY.

THE GUAHIBI MOTHER.

From Humboldt's Travels.

Where the Atabapo enters the Rio Temi, but before we reached its confluence, a granitic hummock, that rises on the western bank, near the mouth of the Guasacavi, is called the Rock of the Guahibi Woman, or the Rock of the Mother, *Piedra de la Madre*. We inquired the cause of so singular a denomination. Father Zea could not satisfy our curiosity; but some weeks after, another missionary, one of the predecessors of this ecclesiastick, whom we found settled at San Fernando, as president of the missions, related to us an event which I recorded in my journal, and which excited in our minds the most painful feelings. If, in these solitary scenes, man scarcely leaves behind him any trace of his existence, it is doubly humiliating for an European to see perpetuated by the name of a rock, by one of those imperishable monuments of nature, the remembrance of the moral degradation of our species, and the contrast between the virtues of a savage, and the barbarism of civilized men.

In 1797, the missionary of San Fernando had led his Indians to the banks of the Rio Guaviare, on one of those hostile incursions which are prohibited alike by religion and the Spanish laws. They found in an Indian hut a Guahibi mother with three children, two of whom were still infants. They were occupied in preparing the flour of Casava. Resistance was impossible: the father was gone to fish, and the mother tried in vain to flee with her children. Scarcely had she reached the savannah, when she was seized by the Indians of the mission, who go to hunt men, like the whites and the negroes in Africa. The mother and her children were bound and dragged to the bank of the river. The monk, seated in his boat, waited the issue of an expedition of which he partook not the danger. Had the mother made too violent a

resistance, the Indians would have killed her; for every thing is permitted when they go to the conquest of souls, and it is children in particular they seek to capture, in order to treat them in the mission as *poitos*, or slaves of the Christians. The prisoners were carried to San Fernando, in the hope that the mother would be unable to find her way back to her home by land. Far from those children who had accompanied their father on the day in which she had been carried off, this unhappy woman showed signs of the deepest despair. She attempted to take back to her family the children who had been snatched away by the missionary, and fled with them repeatedly from the village of San Fernando, but the Indians never failed to seize her anew; and the missionary, after having caused her to be mercilessly beaten, took the cruel resolution of separating the mother from the two children who had been carried off with her. She was conveyed alone toward the missions of the Negro, going up the Atabapo. Slightly bound, she was seated at the bow of the boat, ignorant of the fate that awaited her; but she judged by the direction of the sun, that she was removed farther and farther from her hut and her native country. She succeeded in breaking her bonds, threw herself into the water, and swam to the left bank of the Atabapo. The current carried her to a shelf of rock which bears her name to this day. She landed, and took shelter in the woods; but the president of the missions ordered the Indians to row to the shore, and follow the traces of the Guahibi. In the evening she was brought back. Stretched upon the rock, (*la Piedra de la Madre*) a cruel punishment was inflicted on her with those straps of manatee leather, which serve for whips in that country, and with which the alcades are always furnished. This unhappy woman, her hands tied behind her back with strong stalks of *matucure*, was then dragged to the mission of Javita.

She was there thrown into one of the caravanseras that are called *Casa del Rey*. It was the rainy season, and the night was profoundly dark. Forests, till then believed to be impenetrable, separated the mission of Javita from that of San Fernando, which was twenty-five leagues distant in a straight line. No other part is known than that of the rivers; no man ever attempted to go by land from one village to another, were they only a few leagues apart. But such difficulties do not stop a mother who is separated from her children. Her children are at San Fernando de Atabapo; she must find them again, she must execute her project of delivering them from the hands of Christians, of bringing them back to their father on the banks of the Guaviare. The Guahibi was carelessly guarded in the caravansera. Her arms being wounded, the Indians of Javita had loosened her bonds, unknown to the missionary and the alcades. She succeeded by the help of her teeth in breaking them entirely; disappeared during the night; and at the fourth rising sun, was seen at the mission of San Fernando, hovering around the hut where her children were confined. "What that woman performed," added the missionary who gave us this sad narrative; "the most robust Indian would not have ventured to undertake. She traversed the woods at a season when the sky is constantly covered with clouds, and the sun during whole days appears but for a few minutes. Did the course of the waters direct her way, the inundations of the rivers forced her to go far from the banks of the main stream, through the midst of woods, where the movement of the waters is almost imperceptible. How often must she have been stopped by the thorny lianas that form a net work around the trunks they entwine! How often must she have swam across the rivulets that run into the Atabapo! This unfortunate woman was asked how she had sustained herself during the four days. She said, that exhausted with fatigue, she could find no other nourishment than those great black ants called *vachacos*, which climb the trees in long bands to suspend on them their resinous nests!" We pressed the missionary to tell us whether the Guahibi had peacefully enjoyed the happiness of remaining with her children, and if any repentance had followed this excess of cruelty. He would not satisfy our curiosity; but at our return from the Rio Negro we learnt, that the Indian mother was

not allowed time to cure her wounds, but was again separated from her children, and sent to one of the missions of the Upper Oroonoko. There she died; refusing all kind of nourishment, as the savages do in great calamities.

Such is the remembrance annexed to this fatal rock, "*Piedra de la Madre*."

MEN AND MONKEYS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Monkeys are certainly, there is no denying it, very like men; and, what is worse, men are still more like monkeys. Many worthy people, who have a high respect for what they choose to call the Dignity of Human Nature, are much distressed by this similitude, approaching in many cases to absolute identity; and some of them have written books of considerable erudition and ingenuity, to prove that a man is not a monkey; nay, not so much as even an ape; but truth compels us to confess, that their speculations have been far from carrying conviction to our minds. All such inquirers, from Aristotle to Smellie, principally insist on two great leading distinctions—speech and reason. But it is obvious to the meanest capacity, that monkeys have both speech and reason. They have a language of their own, which, though not so capacious as the Greek, is much more so than the Hot-tentottish; and as for reason, no man of a truly philosophical genius ever saw a monkey crack a nut, without perceiving that the creature possesses that endowment, or faculty, in no small perfection. Their speech, indeed, is said not to be articulate; but it is audibly more so than the Gaelick. The words unquestionably do run into each other, in a way that, to our ears, renders it rather unintelligible; but it is contrary to all the rules of sound philosophizing, to confuse the obtuseness of our own senses with the want of any faculty in others; and they have just as good a right to maintain, and to complain of, our inarticulate mode of speaking, as we have of theirs—indeed much more—for monkeys speak the same, or nearly the same, language all over the habitable globe, whereas men, ever since the Tower of Babel, have kept chattering, muttering, humming and hawing, in divers ways and sundry manners, so that one nation is unable to comprehend what another would be at, and the earth groans in vain with vocabularies and dictionaries. That monkeys and men are one and the same animal, we shall not take upon ourselves absolutely, to assert, for the truth is, we, for one or two, know nothing whatever about the matter; all we mean to say is, that nobody has yet proved that they are not, and farther, that whatever may be the case with men, monkeys have reason and speech.

The monkey has not had justice done him, we repeat and insist upon it; for what right have you to judge of a whole people, from a few insulated individuals,—and from a few insulated individuals, too, running up poles with a chain round their waist, twenty times the length of their own tail, or grinning in ones or twos through the bars of a cage in a menagerie? His eyes are red with perpetual weeping—and his smile is sardonic in captivity. His fur is mouldy and mangy, and he is manifestly ashamed of his tail, prehensile no more—and of his paws, "very hands, as you may say," miserable matches to his miserable feet. To know him as he is, you must go to Senegal; or if that be too far off for a trip during the summer vacation, to the Rock of Gebir, now called Gibraltar, and see him at his gambols among the cliffs. Sailor nor statesman would have a chance with him there, standing on his head on a ledge of six inches, five hundred feet above the level of the sea, without ever so much as once tumbling down; or hanging at the same height from a bush by the tail, to dry, or air, or sun himself, as if he were a flower or fruit. There he is, a monkey indeed; but you catch him young, clap a pair of breeches on him, and an old red jacket; and oblige him to dance a saraband on the stone of a street, or perch upon the shoulder of Bruin, equally out of his natural element, which is a cave among the woods. Here he is but the ape of a monkey. Now, if we were to catch you young, good subscriber or contributor, yourself, and put you into a cage to crack nuts and pull ugly faces, although you might, from contin-

ued practice, do both to perfection, at a shilling a head for grown-up ladies and gentlemen, and sixpence for children and servants, and even at a lower rate after the collection had been some weeks in town, would you not think it exceedingly hard to be judged of in that one of your predicaments, not only individually, but nationally—that is, not only as Ben Hoppus, your own name, but as John Bull, the name of the people of which you are an incarcerated specimen? You would keep incessantly crying out against this with angry vociferation, as a most unwarrantable and unjust Test and Corporation Act. And, no doubt, were an Ourang-outang to see you in such a situation, he would not only form a most mean opinion of you as an individual, but go away with a most false impression of the whole human race.

OF SELF-PRISING.

BY THOMAS FULLER.

He whose own worth doth speak, need not speak his own worth. Such boasting sounds proceed from emptiness of desert: whereas the conquerors in the Olympian games did not put on the laurels on their own heads, but waited till some other did it. Only anchorites that want company may crown themselves with their own commendations.

It showeth more wit, but no less vanity, to commend one's self, not in a straight line, but by reflection. Some sail to the port of their own praise by a side wind, as when they dispraise themselves, stripping themselves naked of what is their due, that the modesty of the beholders may clothe them with it again, or when they flatter another to his face, tossing the ball to him that he may throw it back again to them; or when they commenced that quality, wherein they themselves excel, in another man (though absent) whom all know far inferior in that faculty; or, lastly, (to omit other ambushes men set to surprize praise) when they send the children of their own brain to be nursed by another man, and commend their own works in a third person, but, if challenged by the company that they were authors of them themselves, with their tongues they faintly deny it, and with their faces strongly affirm it.

Self-praising comes most naturally from a man when it comes most violently from him in his own defence; for, though modesty binds a man's tongue to the peace in this point, yet, being assaulted in his credit, he may stand upon his guard, and then he doth not so much praise as purge himself. One braved a gentleman to his face, that, in skill and valour, he came far behind him. "It is true," said the other; "for, when I fought with you, you ran away before me." In such a case it was well returned, and without any just aspersion of pride.

He that falls into sin is a man, that grieves at it is a saint, that boasteth of it is a devil; yet some glory in their shame, counting the stains of sin the best complexion for their souls. These men make me believe it may be true what Mandevil writes of the isle of Somabarre, in the East Indies, that all the nobility thereof brand their faces with a hot iron in token of honour.

He that boasts of sins never committed, is a double devil. Let them be well whipped for their lying, and as they like that, let them come afterwards, and entitle themselves to the gallows.

THE GATHERER.

HIBERNIAN ACUTENESS.

When General V— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last, the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began—"Agh! my lady, success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning of all days in the year; for sure didn't I dream last night, that her ladyship gave me a pound of *ta*, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco?"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rules of contrary?"

"Do they so, please your honour?" rejoined the old woman, "then it must be your honour that will give me the *ta*, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco?"

The general, struck with her ready wit, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

MUNCHAUSEN.

Two of Munchausen's stories are to be found in a Portuguese magazine, if so it may be called, published about four score years ago, with this title, "Folheto de Ambas Lisboas." The seventh number contains a tale of a hunter shooting a wild boar with a peach-stone, because he had exhausted his ball, and afterwards meeting the same boar with a peach-tree growing out of his loins. The other resemblance is less striking. A waterman talking one night, from the street, to a woman at a window, and as neither of them could hear distinctly what the other said, *What do you say?* was frequently repeated by both. The reason why they could not hear was, that it froze very hard at the time, and in the morning the wall was covered with "what do you say" in ice.

NAPOLEON'S ADVICE TO SAVARY.

Napoleon's letter to Savary, on sending him to Russia, is a good specimen of the acuteness of his mind. "In your conversation," says he, carefully avoid any thing that may be offensive. For instance, never speak of war. Do not condemn any custom or comment upon any absurdity. Every nation has its peculiarities; and it is too much the habit of the French to compare all customs with their own, and set themselves up as models. This is a bad course, and by rendering you obnoxious in society, it will prevent you from succeeding in anything."

MUTUAL CONSOLATION.

An old clergyman, who had an old tailor for his beadle or officer for many years, returning from a neighbouring sacrament where Thomas was in a habit of attending him, after a thoughtful and silent pause, thus addressed his fellow traveller, the "minister's man,"—"Tammos, I canna well tell how it is that our kirk should be getting aye thinner and thinner—for am sure I preach as weel as ere I did, and should hae far mair experience than when I gaed among ye." "Deed," replied Thomas, "auld ministers, now-a-days, are just like auld tailors—for am sure I sew as weel as ere I did, and the clath's the same, but it's the cut, sir, it's the new cut!"

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT.

Havard, the actor, (better known from the urbanity of his manners, by the familiar name of Billy Havard) had the misfortune to be married to a most notorious shrew and drunkard. One day dining at Garrick's, he was complaining of a violent pain in his side. Mrs. Garrick offered to prescribe for him. "No, no," said her husband; "that will not do, my dear; Billy has mistaken his disorder; his great complaint lies in his rib."

THE INVISIBLE HAIR.

A monk was showing the relics of his convent before a numerous assembly; the most rare, in his opinion, was a hair of the Holy Virgin, which he appeared to show to the people present, opening his hands as if he were drawing it through them. A peasant approached with great curiosity, and exclaimed, "but, reverend father, I see nothing." "Egad, I believe it," replied the monk, "for I have shown the hair for twenty years, and have not yet beheld it myself."

CURIOSITY CURED.

A servant travelling, was bothered by a supercurious person, who, after several indirect attempts to discover whence he came, or whether he was going, at last popt the question plainly. "Are your family before?"—"No."—"Oh! you left them behind, I suppose?"—"No."—"No?"—"No, they are on one side!"

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1828.

Now subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

The address which we have commenced on our first page, is a document deserving the serious perusal of every one, who feels it his duty to inquire into the principles and tendency of freemasonry. The approbation of such a man as CRANTON, is enough to make any one who questions the patriotick influence of the order, more earnest to inquire than to judge rashly. But the address is not alone valuable for the testimony of its author in favour of freemasonry; he does not pretend to the authority of an arbiter, on this question. The opinion he advances of its effects and influence on the morality and happiness of society, is strengthened by the weight of authority which he is proud to bring to its aid. The testimony of WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, and other deathless names, are quoted by this great man, as incontrovertible in its favour. We never heard of a statesman whose acts are worthy the memory of a grateful people; that ever opened his lips against it. It is generally the last resort of such beings as are either too ignorant, or too corrupt to meet the complacency of the world, to gratify the meanness of their revenge, by condemning the world, and all which it approves. Such men are the sworn enemies of every thing that would not administer to their ambition; and in that circle they are sure to find freemasonry. The calumniator of freemasonry makes no scruple of any honourable nature. He is as ready to abuse the dead as the living. But the ashes of Washington, Franklin, Warren, and Clinton rest in peace; their virtues will be remembered and commended; their examples will be followed by every patriot and philanthropist, while the slanders of all who strive to disturb their repose, will be the fit monument of their authors.

Pursuant to notice a meeting was held in the Consistory Room of the North Dutch church, on the evening of Sunday last, composed of such of our citizens as are desirous to abolish slavery in the United States, particularly in the District of Columbia. Mr. Lundy, the agent of the American Convention for the Abolition of Slavery, addressed the meeting, relative to the principal object of the Convention. We were unavoidably absent from the meeting: but from the information we have gathered, the address was well received, and perfectly in character with the prudent, candid, and liberal course always pursued by Mr. Lundy, in behalf of the coloured population of the United States. Men engaged in any philanthropick scheme are always sure to find two classes of opposers;—some whose mistaken principles cause them to differ, and others whose interest rather than any principle of utility, presents a barrier too high to pass over. Of the latter class, the numerical strength of every opposition is mostly composed;—and even these have always given Mr. Lundy the character of a discreet and candid philanthropist. The evil of slavery is like most other evils of a chronic kind, difficult to remove at once, but by good management and liberal means, its final abolition is certain. No nation, increasing in knowledge and moral character so rapidly as the United States, will long suffer this stigma to impeach its national honour. It may be many years before the work can be completed; but its accomplishment is as certain as the laws of nature, and until that day, we can never be looked upon as a living example of the principles of liberty we so proudly profess.

THE ELECTION. The "tug of war," which this annual privilege brings with it, has not only enlisted the whole attention of newspaper makers, but the readers themselves have become so completely swallowed up in the idea of politics, that, if ever a column of our best journals is devoted to any subject not exactly in that line, it is sure to go unread. The stories of two headed calves, and lambs without tongues; the records of fire, shipwreck, broken necks, and

broken banks; the calamities of flood and field; the feats of ascending into the air, and jumping into the water; the audacity of highway robbers, and runaway wives; sea-serpents, ice-islands, spots on the sun, aurora borealis, unruly comets, showers of stones, mammoth cucumbers, and terrible earthquakes; what are all these to the all-monopolizing merits of political candidates. Instead of the price current, the first thing we find in its place is the estimated strength of the presidential candidates in the several states. In the place of ship news, the arrival of the Honourable Mr. So-and-so, at such a place, on an electioneering tour. Where we ought to look for marriages, we find "adulterations;" and old Death must put on a grin to see his corner of the paper headed "nominations." Insolvent notices grow scarce, while the *resolvent* proceedings of ward meetings and conventions are fetching a premium. Dreadful accidents and hair breadth escapes, have to yield their station to the everlasting "signs," which this evil generation may find without looking for; while the defeat of the Russians or the Turks is not half so much an object of inquiry as the result of the campaign in some sister state, where both parties loudly claim the victory. Well; all this goes on swimmingly, to those who swim with it; but for us, who have no disposition to be washed along with the current, not even the erudition of the Ontario Phoenix, nor the modesty of the National Observer, can move us so much into the spirit of the day, as to make it interesting to us. The "fence," however, affords us a very fair prospect, and we are contented.

FOREIGN NEWS. By the arrival at New-York, from Liverpool, of the packet ship Birmingham, London papers to the 7th, and Liverpool to the 8th of September, have been received.

The accounts from the east are but one day later. The military operations of the Russians had not advanced with much rapidity. Three bulletins, issued from the camps before Silestria, Shumla, and Varna, respectively, on the 27th of July, and 7th and 11th of August, contain details of some unimportant skirmishes, the particulars of which are set forth in high terms; but when they speak of desperate conflicts and obstinate defence, sorties, and attacks, with the loss of four or five men killed, and some twenty or thirty wounded, while the Turks are two days in burying the dead, we must doubt somewhat of their numerical accuracy. Nothing of importance had taken place before Shumla, since the departure of the Emperor; it is admitted that the resistance of the Turks had been greater than was anticipated, and there were indications of a design to reduce that post by famine, rather than by the sword. No doubt, however, appeared to be entertained of the result of the campaign. In the month of October it was supposed that all would be settled—the Russians would be under the walls of Constantinople, or have abandoned all designs on that capital. In the mean while, the Emperor Nicholas at Odessa, was surrounded by the European ministers, assembled, without doubt, for the purpose of interfering in the dispute between Russia and the Porte, and advising such measures as might be necessary for the preservation of the balance of power on the Eastern Continent. The Emperor was to depart for Shumla on the 15th of August.

There are no particular accounts of the Greeks. An article dated at Constantinople, considers their affairs as settled, and the Grecians as having obtained a rank among the other states which have promoted their independence and will protect it at the mouth of their cannon.

Accounts from Portugal are to the 20th of August. The commerce of Lisbon is said to be totally destroyed—not a single British vessel was in that port. No relaxation in the tyrannical measures of the government had taken place—the dungeons were choked with prisoners. Madeira was expected to retain its sovereignty against the power Miguel.

The harvest in England is represented to be much better than was expected.

♣ We have now on our table the fourth number of the *Atlas*, or *Literary, Historical and Commercial Reporter*, an imperial quarto sheet published weekly in New-York.

It is intended to be mostly devoted to Foreign Literature and Intelligence, and will be particularly interesting to immigrants. The *Atlas* is neatly printed on good paper and a fair type, and the price is \$6, per volume, in advance; but if delivered in the city of New-York, or through the United States' mail, and payment made in advance, free of all charges, it is afforded at five dollars.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

MADAME BONPLAND. The lovers of science and admirers of Baron Humboldt and Mons. Bonpland, will be interested in the noble enterprise of Madame Bonpland in search of her husband. It is known that he has long been detained in Paraguay by the absolute Director of that country, Doctor Francia, although the Doctor has taken some pains to convince the world, by means of the Brazil Press, that Mons. Bonpland remains in Paraguay by choice, and not by necessity. Devoted to general science, and to botany in particular, knowing that the greatest field in the world was open to him in that department, in Paraguay, he ventured upon entering that singular republic, from which no stranger has been known to return during Dr. Francia's reign, in the hope that the character which he bore, and the pursuits in which he was engaged, would be his safeguard from the jealous tyrant's suspicions. The Paraguay Jesuit, however, whose great care is to keep his subjects from European contamination, in contact with Republican America, hermetically, as it appears, sealed in the country to him on his entrance. Much interest had been made for his release, not only by European monarchs, but by Buenos Ayres, and Don Pedro, the emperor of Brazil, but without effect.

Madame Bonpland directed her passage, in the first instance, to Rio Janeiro, but on her arrival there, found the young emperor had it not in his power to assist her romantic enterprise, having already failed in his repeated efforts in favour of her husband. She accordingly left Rio in a French storeship, and after a most tempestuous voyage arrived in Chile, where she remained several weeks, during which time she received every attention, from the British merchants, and residents, and in particular from captain Juby, of his majesty's ship Volage. Upon her embarkation for Peru, she encountered a repetition of misfortunes in the loss of her trinket box, containing jewels to a considerable amount—a loss, in her circumstances, she was little able to sustain. Nothing, however, could damp the ardour of this extraordinary woman. She arrived at Lima, and took up her abode in the house of an English merchant, to whom she was recommended. From thence, notwithstanding the strong remonstrances of her friends, she set off for Upper Peru, determined to prosecute her undertaking. Marshal Sucre, President of the republic, accorded her his protection, and manifested the greatest interest in her welfare. Subsequently she set off from Arica and Tacua, to traverse those immense wilds, hitherto unexplored by civilized man, and but little known even to the native Indian, which separate the two countries. She was accompanied by a little black slave only fourteen years of age.

The next accounts of the chivalrous undertaking of this heroic woman, will be looked for with the greatest interest by all lovers of science and the arts, to whom this brief account of her progress hitherto, cannot fail to prove highly interesting. May a gracious providence crown her labours with success, and restore herself, her husband, and the treasures which he possesses for the enriching of science, to his beloved country and an admiring world.

An event recently occurred at Paris, of the most romantic nature, and which has made a great impression on the public mind. A young lady, of great beauty, residing at No 8, in the Rue des Coutures, Saint Gervais Quartier, du Marais, was beloved by a young painter of the quartier Latin, whose passion was met with an equal ardour and sincerity. The parents of the female, however, refused to concede to the propositions of the lover, on his demanding her hand in marriage, and despair took possession of him and his mistress. On the 27th of last month, they took poison together; but, doubtful of its operation, they attached cords to the beam over the door, and were found suspended, her hand in his, and both quite dead. Two long letters were found in the room, addressed to their respective relatives. *Lond. paper.*

The following is from the Ontario Phoenix, a leading anti-masonic print, published at Canandaigua. The "patriot" Phelps is its editor.

"**SOUTHWICK.** It is truly gratifying to see christians of every denomination coming forward to support *Solomon Southwick*. They have a good reason to do so, for he has long devoted a part of his time and talents to the aid of the christian religion. Heretofore our state has lacked this 'one thing needful;' and neither of the old political parties, at present, have presented candidates for governor, that care a straw for 'pure and undefiled religion.' Let us weigh this matter seriously."

This is the first we have heard of Solomon's conversion. Won't his excellency canonize the "patriot"?

From the Buffalo Journal, October 7.

The Rochester Anti-masonic Inquirer says that *John Whitney*, one of the persons supposed to have been concerned in the abduction of Morgan, and who fled about two years ago, has returned voluntarily to that place. *Smith* is the only absent one of all that have seriously been charged with a participation in this business. Let the law now take its course, and the public will soon be able to judge whether it is strong enough yet for punishment of criminals. The Inquirer hypocritically and cantingly says, the associates of these men "think, it would seem, that the institution is prepared to resist and overawe justice." When they fled, it was because they were afraid of the law!—they have returned because they can successfully resist the law! There is no satisfying men determined to find fault—like the Irish drummer when castigating a delinquent, "strike where you will, you are sure not to please them." The conclusion which ordinary minds would come to, would be, that it would have been easier "to resist and overawe justice," before suspicion was confirmed by flight, than afterwards; but the principle of action has changed, and we are to consider men innocent or guilty just as our interest shall prompt, particularly on the eve of elections.

From the Freedom's Censor.

The Chautauque Phoenix, by Hull & Newcomb, made its appearance here on Saturday last. Its original matter is dull enough for Morpheus himself. The only thing of point in it is the following:—

"Our object we boldly avow: It is the destruction of the masonic institution; and this object we will pursue, with undeviating purpose, by every means in our power, until it shall be finally accomplished!"

Whew! The 'squire exhibits as much valour as the crazy fellow who went to the top of the Catskill mountains, and proclaimed aloud—"Attention, the Universe! Kingdoms, to the right about face! march!"

From the New-England Weekly Review.

MOONSHINE. We cannot resist the temptation to give our readers, in the absence of all eloquence of our own, a little specimen of the material taken from the columns of the Boston Anti-masonic Free Press. It is addressed to the Right Worshipful Kidnappers of William Morgan. "ASSASSINS!—The bones of the martyred Morgan bleach beneath the Cataract, but his voice is heard above its roar, and his ghost rises upon its foam, and gliding through its mist, soars aloft on the mid day sunbow, that spans the torrent, and when the pale faced moon looks bloody on the earth, casts the dim shade of its thin form across your pathway."

From the Boston Bulletin, October 8.

MORGAN. Another of the individuals (Mr. Whitney) charged by the disciples of Morgan with having participated in the alleged abduction of that canonized personage, has voluntarily returned to Rochester, after an absence on business at the south. It is dangerous for any member of the masonic fraternity to undertake a journey from the interior of New-York, for any purpose whatever: for as soon as his back is turned, he is accused of having been accessory to the martyrdom of Morgan. The hue and cry then raised is continued long and loud, in exact proportion to the expected duration of the luckless mason's absence, and to his distance from the uproar—and which it is always found convenient to prolong, until the re-appearance of the absentee—when it becomes expedient to cast about for a new victim.

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Prout's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new fonts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Peculiar care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new fonts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO. Albany, October 4, 1838. 36 if

A. L. PLOUGH, DENTIST,

AT SKINNER'S MANSION HOUSE, STATE STREET ALBANY.

WITH much freedom, Mr. Plough has the honour to inform his friends that he has determined to establish himself in this city, and will faithfully attend to all applications, in the dental art. These Ladies and Gentlemen who have not experienced his skill, are respectfully invited to call and examine his recommendations, signed by some of the most respectable citizens, as well of this as of other places in the United States. 37 if

POETRY.

STREAM SONG.

From the German of Herder.

A wanderer sat by the river's brink,
And saw its wavelets rise and sink;
A dewy wreath fell from his head;
"What dost thou, wanderer, here," I said,
"Bent o'er the stream in sadness?"

Youth! I track in the river's flow
The flight of ages—see they go—
One and two—and two and three
Wavelets gliding silently;
Such is time's departure.

Youth! in time's unmeasured dome,
Cloudlike we depart—the foam
Of our deeds, dispersed like these
Wavelets by the lightest breeze,
Ruffling the calm surface.

Youth! man's life is but a wave,
Speeding to its ocean grave;
See the first loud-storming come,
Oh how proud!—the third is dumb—
Melancholy contrast!

I sat me down by the wanderer's side,
Saw the still wavelets onward ride,
The rain-drops sinking in the stream,
The storm-clouds gathering over him
All the sad tears of nature.

Youth! the struggle and the strife.
Drop thick tears o'er human life.
The life-bloom and the matin dew
Dry—and the wreath they smiled on too.
They all are faded.

Youth! I was my country's tower,
Clad in honours—armed with power;
Like a stately tree I stood;
Now—a stem, in solitude—
All its branches leafless.

Youth! the spray is dancing high,
Golden barks are sailing by.
Where? The stream is gliding on,
Silent—every sound is gone
But the mountain breezes.

I turned away from the wanderer's seat,
He dropped big tears—the stream at his feet
Seemed glory's grave—and I asked around
Oh! where can bliss or peace be found?
And he smote his bosom.

Wanderer! look on the passing stream;
There, as thy features doubled seem,
So dost thou dwell in friendship's breast—
Let but a light wind leave its rest,
Image and friend are scattered.

Wanderer! look in the passing tide—
So did I see an angel bride
Smiling—delusion lined not long—
Life fled—grief came—the tide was strong—
Lord and the maiden vanished.

Wanderer! once, when my heart was warm
And my spirit gay, I stretched my arm—
Called this man brother, that man friend—
The storm-winds came—there was an end
Of friend and brother.

O! then a shriek of despair I gave—
"Thou grave of Fame and Virtue's grave,
And grave of life—come, shelter me—
For this is too much of misery—
Open thy deep recesses."

Youth! thou thoughtless youth! beware,
There is no virtue in despair;
Down life's swift streamlet all must glide,
But there are flowerets on its side,
And smiles around it.

The streamlet soon, that flows so loud,
Shall mount in silence to yon cloud,
And, mingling with the Heaven above,
Distil in dews of spring and love—
All griefs forgetting.

Drink of the stream! awakening youth!
Drink—for its waves are bright with truth,
And gay with hope—it tends, like thee,
To a sublime felicity.

Learn to be grateful.

The old man turned from the stream below—
He wreathed the flowers round the youth's fresh brow
And I saw them blooming sweet and strong,
And from that hour did the Streamlet Song
Speak tones of wisdom.

A NOON SCENE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The quiet August noon is come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark yon soft white clouds, that rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast,
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth shines out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now, a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be to-day.
The only slave of toil and care!
Away from desk and dusk away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come then, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meaning of the heart,
One day amid the woods with thee,
From men and all their cares apart;

And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come—and when amid the calm profound
I turn, those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscapes round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear,
Still as its spires; and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiseled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks—
There the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
While a near hum, from bees and brooks,
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well might the gazer deem, that when,
Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,
The good forsake the scenes of life,

Like this deep quiet, that awhile
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes him to a happier shore.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Messages from the Living to the Dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gaels have such a conscious consciousness of Immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time; and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affection."—[See the Notes to Mrs. Branton's "Discipline."]

Thou'rt passing hence my brother!
Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell;
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words,
Shall smite the soul no more!
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main;
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell thou our friend of boyhood,
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Passed like a swift bright bird;
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is filled
With lays she loved to sing;
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet:
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet!

And tell our white-haired father,
That in the paths he trod,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks, and worships God;
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
That o'er her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore!
Happy thou art, that soon, how soon!
Our good and bright will see;
Oh! brother, brother! may I dwell
Ere long with them and thee!

ELECTION NOTICE.—A General Election is to be held in the County of Albany, on the third, fourth and fifth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. Dated at Albany, this twenty-seventh of August, 1828.

C. A. TEN EYCK, Sheriff of the county of Albany.
State of New-York, Secretary's Office.
Albany, August 12, 1828.

Sir—I hereby give you notice that at the next general election, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the third Senate District, in the place of Richard M'Michael, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. And that an elector of President and Vice President is to be chosen for the Tenth Congressional District.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.
To the sheriff of the county of Albany. Oct. 4, 1828.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. 37 Entrance from Steuben street. To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1828.

NO. 39.

MASONICK RECORD.

MR. CLINTON'S ADDRESS.

Concluded from our last.

The celebrated philosopher John Locke was much struck with a manuscript of Henry 6th, king of England, deposited in the Bodleian library. It is in the form of questions and answers, and to the interrogatory, whether masons are better than others? it is answered, "some masons are not so virtuous as some other men; but in general, they are much better than they would have been, if they had not been masons."

This is unquestionably correct. Masonry superadds to our other obligations, the strongest ties of connexion between it and the cultivation of virtue, and furnishes the most powerful incentive to goodness. A freemason is responsible to his lodge for a course of good conduct, and if he deviates from it, he will be disgraced and expelled. Wherever he goes, he will find a friend in every brother if he conducts well, and will be shielded against want, and protected against oppression; and he will feel in his own bosom the extatic joys of that heaven-born charity, which

—decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high and rears the abject mind,
Lays the rough path of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart, a little heaven.

All doubts on the exalted principles and auspicious tendencies of freemasonry must be dissipated, when we retrospect to Washington and Franklin.

The former was the principal agent in establishing our independence, and securing to us the blessing of a national government. The latter was the great patron of the arts that administer to the happiness of individuals and the prosperity of states, and the head of the philosophy and useful knowledge of the country: Both were patriotick and virtuous men, and neither would have encouraged an institution hostile to morality, religion, good order, and the publick welfare.

Washington became at an early period of his life a freemason, and publicly as well as privately he invariably evinced the utmost attachment to it. In answer to a complimentary address, when President of the United States, from the master, wardens and brethren of King David's lodge, in Rhode Island, he had no hesitation in saying, "Being persuaded that a just application of the principles on which the masonick fraternity is founded, must be promotive of private virtue and publick prosperity, I shall always be happy to advance the interests of the society, and to be considered by them as a deserving brother." And in reply to the grand lodge of Massachusetts, he explicitly declares, "that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a society whose liberal principles are founded on the immutable laws of truth and justice. To enlarge," continued he, "the sphere of social happiness is worthy the benevolent design of a masonick institution, and it is most fervently to be wished that the conduct of every member of the fraternity, as well as those publications that discover the principles which actuate them, may tend to convince mankind that the great object of masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race."

Freemasonry owes its introduction into Pennsylvania to Benjamin Franklin: on the 24th of June, 1734, a warrant was granted by the grand lodge of Massachusetts, for holding a lodge in Philadelphia, and appointing him the first master. He cultivated masonry with great zeal, and his partiality suffered

no diminution during his long and illustrious life. Lafayette—the good Lafayette, the patriot of both hemispheres, was always the devoted friend of freemasonry: He saw in it a constellation of virtues, and wherever he went he took every opportunity of demonstrating his attachment and of expressing his veneration. His countenance has done much good, and has imparted to it no inconsiderable portion of his immense and deserved popularity. Freemasonry, like all other institutions, has its days of prosperity and adversity—its seasons of revivals and depressions—and it is believed that when Lafayette left this country, it had never attained a greater altitude of usefulness and general regard.

After these illustrious witnesses in favour of our fraternity, let not the dissensions which sometimes prevail; the vicious conduct of some of its members, and the perversions of the institution, be adduced as proofs of its intrinsic vices. Although it has received the countenance of the good and the wise of all ages, let it be understood that the character of an institution does not necessarily form the conduct of its members. Good societies may contain unworthy members, and bad societies may enrol good men among their members. Christianity is often degraded by profligate professors, and the heathen religion has had a Socrates, an Aristides, and a Cato.

It cannot be expected that in any society there will be a perfect accord and congeniality of minds, of tastes, and of morals. Hence, differences will sometimes arise, and if conducted with good temper and candour, will rarely expand into violent convulsions. Wolves will sometimes intrude into the flock, and bad men, under the cloak of goodness, will frequently insinuate themselves into the most excellent associations.

For neither man nor angels can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will through heaven and earth,
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps,
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill,
Where no ill seems.—

In all associations of men there are perturbed and uneasy spirits, who scatter discord, and whom "no command can rule nor counsel teach, and who, like the fabled Enceladus, create disturbance and convulsion wherever they move. It is no easy task to withstand the arts of hypocrites and the acts of incendiaries. If our society has suffered under such influences, it participate in the fate of all assemblies of men; and the feuds which sometimes distract its tranquility, are as often the offsprings of well meaning and overweening zeal, as of perverse and evil designs.

That freemasonry is sometimes perverted and applied to the acquisition of political ascendancy, of unmerited charity and to convivial excess, can not be disputed; but this is not the fault of the institution, for it inculcates an entire exemption from political and religious controversy. It enforces the virtues of industry and temperance, and it proscribes all attempts to gratify ambition and cupidity, or to exceed the bounds of temperance in convivial enjoyments, under its shade, or through its instrumentality. In lifting the mind above the dungeon of the body, it venerate the grateful odour of plain and modest virtue, and patronizes those endowments which elevate the human character, and adapt it to the high enjoyments of another and better world.

Freemasonry has flourished exceedingly in the United States, and especially in this State. In 1781, a grand lodge was established in the city of New-York, under a charter from the grand lodge England. A few years afterwards an independent grand lodge was instituted; and there are now in the state, near five hundred lodges: and more than one hundred chapters. Owing to causes which I am unable to explain, and in which I have had no participation, two grand lodges have been in existence for a few years. And it will now require the utmost wisdom, moderation and forbearance of the "good men and true," who adore both establishments; to accomplish a re-union on just and reasonable terms. That there are faults and great faults, involved in this schism, I am fearful, and that it is a lamentable commentary on our system of brotherly love, is to obvious. In consequence of my publick duties, I have for a considerable time, withdrawn from any active concern in the affairs of our fraternity, and I have had, of course, no personal knowledge of the causes of, and actors in the prevailing division. In censuring it, I have therefore, no reference to particular individuals or lodges, and I hope—most sincerely hope, that before the return of another anniversary, this stain may be removed from our society. Perhaps a new arrangement of the supreme authorities might be advisable, by the creation of provincial or subordinate grand lodges under a controlling head, composed of deputies selected by the different grand lodges. There have been two opposing grand lodges in England; and I believe in Scotland, and Ireland, and also in South Carolina, and Massachusetts, in consequence of the distinction of ancient and modern masonry. Notwithstanding this serious controversy, the schism has been healed, and a most cordial and complete union has taken place in all these cases, so that we have no reason to apprehend a long duration of a separation which has, probably, originated from more trivial and evanescent causes.

Most Worshipful Grand Master Elect,—Accept my cordial congratulations on your elevation to the highest honour in masonry. You are now in this region, the head of the most ancient, benevolent, and distinguished society in the world. And I am rejoiced to see such exalted authority deposited in such worthy hands; and I feel assured that no exertion will be omitted on your part to realize the anticipations of your usefulness, and to justify the high confidence reposed in you.

I am persuaded that you will use every proper endeavour to re-unite the great masonick family under one government, to confirm and to extend the influence and reputation of freemasonry, and to propagate those virtues which are identified with its character and essential to the cause of benevolence, charity and philanthropy.

Your duties are certainly arduous, but important and honourable stations always imply great labour, and require much industry and exertion. You will be assisted in your labours by the enlightened officers associated with you, and every worthy brother will raise his voice and his hands in favour of your efforts, and in support of your measures.

To preside merely over the forms of a publick assembly, requires no uncommon display of intellectual vigour; but the duties of a grand master involve higher topics and more momentous considerations. He must be employed in devising ways and means of doing good, in inculcating the virtues of our fraternity, and in illustrating by practical demonstration, the beauties of benevolence.

His eye must be vigilant in discerning any inroads in our ancient landmarks, and his arm must always be ready to protect the institution against intestine convulsions and external hostilities.

Your life has hitherto been distinguished for its accordance with masonic virtue. If you carry into your high office that benevolence which adorns your private character, and that experience as a member and master which you acquired in a respectable lodge in this city, you will unquestionably reflect back on the fraternity the lustre which you derive from it.

I shall now proceed to discharge a duty which has been required from me by the grand lodge, and I perform it with no common pleasure, as evidence of my personal esteem for you, of my high respect for that distinguished body, and of my sincere devotion to the cause of freemasonry. I shall now invest you with the insignia of your office, and I most humbly supplicate the supreme architect of the Heavens and of the Earth, to smile on the proceedings of this day and to render them auxiliary to the holy cause of benevolence, morality, and religion, and subservient to the best interests of the human race.

GEORGIA.

The officers and members of the *Grand Lodge of the State of Georgia*, and the different Lodges under its jurisdiction, by their proper representatives, are requested to assemble at the Lodge Hall in Milledgeville, on Monday the first day of December next.

THOMAS F. GREEN,
Grand Secretary, G. L. S. G.

Oct. 1, 1828.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

ANIMAL FOOD.

Extract from a new work, entitled "Sure Methods of improving Health and prolonging Life, or a Treatise on the Art of Living Long and Comfortably, by regulating the Diet and Regimen, &c. first American Edition."

Ox-beef, is a highly nourishing and wholesome food, readily digested when fresh, by healthy persons, and constituting a principal of the common diet of the inhabitants of this and many other countries. It is the most strengthening of all kinds of animal food, and is almost the only species of such food that is in season throughout the year. Cow-beef is not as tender, nor so nourishing, nor so digestible as ox beef.

Mutton is well known to be a highly nutritious and wholesome meat. It appears to be the most digestible of all animal food, and perhaps more universally used than any other. Wether mutton is most esteemed, as being in general by far the sweetest and most digestible. Ewe mutton, if it is more than three or four years old, is tough and coarse, but it is said, that a ewe that has not had a lamb the season before she is killed, yields as good mutton as a wether of the same age; the quality of the flesh, however, depends in a great measure on the nature of the pasture. Wether mutton, when fed on a dry pasture, near the sea-shore, and five years of age, is in its highest state of perfection.

Veal, although affording less nutriment than the flesh of the full grown beast,* is tender and nourishing; but not easily digested, nor so well suited to weak stomachs, as is commonly imagined. Indeed, in all stomach complaints, it is altogether improper, more especially when minced. It is not however, of a very heating nature, and may therefore be allowed to patients convalescent from an attack of fever or inflammation, in preference to beef or mutton, and also to those who have a disposition to bleeding from the lungs or elsewhere, especially with the addition of some acid. The juicy kidney peice, or the breast of veal, deserves the preference of the valetudinarian. The flesh of calves which have been robbed of their blood by repeated bleedings, or reared by the hand with milk adulterated with chalk, and confinement in small dark places, so as to prevent all motion, is much depraved, being less wholesome and digestible than that of the healthy animal just taken from the cow.

* It may be laid down, as a general rule, that the flesh of young animals is less nutritious and less easy of digestion than that of full grown.

Lamb being less heating and less tender than mutton, is sometimes better suited to patients convalescent from acute diseases, but by the majority of patients labouring under indigestion or any other severe affection of the stomach, it is not found so digestible as wether mutton. It is however a light and wholesome food, especially when the lamb is not killed too young; from five to six months old is the best age. House lamb is a dish esteemed chiefly because it is unseasonable. Like all animals raised in an unnatural manner, its flesh is depraved and unwholesome. The flesh of the common stag and fallow deer, is well known under the name of venison, and is very digestible, wholesome, and nutritious. The common stag should not be killed till he is above four years old, and the flesh is fattest and best flavoured in the month of August. That of the fallow deer is however on the whole the best.

Good pork is a very savory food, and affords strong nourishment, suited to persons who lead an active or laborious life, but is not easily digested, nor can it be considered wholesome. The too frequent and long continued use of this meat favours obesity, produces foulness of the stomach and bowels, and occasions disorders in the skin. Some writers think that pickled pork is the best mode of using this sort of meat, but this appears to me to be an error and I think it will be found, that the salt, instead of making it more digestible, renders it less so, and also less wholesome. With some delicate people it immediately affects the bowels in rather a violent manner. The flesh of the suckling pig is reckoned a great delicacy, is very nourishing, and perhaps more wholesome than that of the full grown animal; but it is not proper for the weak or sickly. **Bacon** is a coarse, heavy, and very indigestible food, only fit to be eaten by robust and labouring people. All valetudinarians should partake very sparingly of ham, even when of the best sort. Those who have an impure state of the fluids, wounds, or ulcers, or a tendency to cutaneous eruptions, as well as those afflicted with indigestion, cough or consumption, should refrain from the use of pork.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

A MOORISH SAINT.

From Captain G. Beauclerk's Journey to Morocco.

In the midst of our supper a noise was heard from without, and shortly after a miserable, clad, dirty old man entered the apartment, supported by two Moors, and followed by a host of ragamuffins. This procession no sooner appeared at the door, than Hadge Hadoud (a respectable merchant who was travelling with our countrymen) started from his seat, crying *Santo! Santo!* and rushing up to the old man, he kissed his shoulders and hands, and seemed ready to drop on his knees in adoration of this perfect monster. After a few compliments, we were introduced to him, and he assured us that he was glad to see us, and that good would attend us wherever we went. We then all sat down while continual fresh arrivals of Moors were kissing the hem of his filthy garment. Our guards came to him also, and putting into his hands two or three pistories, called on him for his blessing. A sort of pause then ensued; and the old fellow seemed to be mumbling something to himself, as he counted his beads, and turned his eye-balls towards the heavens. Never was the oracle of Delphos more intently watched by the heathen worshipper than was this saint by the Moors who had gathered round him; and when he did speak, which was in short broken sentences, they caught at each word with a degree of superstitious avidity that is inconceivable to those who are unacquainted with the gross ignorance of a Moor. After one of these long pauses, which we expected was to produce some artful *double entendre*, the venerable old rogue turned suddenly towards Mr. Murray, and begged a pistorie towards the increase of his charitable fund. For a moment that gentleman was so astonished at the demand, and so unwilling to subscribe to such disgusting imposition, that he hesitated complying; but Hadge Hadoud, who had been anxiously watching the issue of the scene, begged of him to give the money for him. Seeing the anxiety of our friend, the Hadge, Mr. Murray immediately gave the pisto-

rine, which the saint pocketed with unobtrusive coolness. After having staid about a quarter of an hour, our unwelcome guest took his leave, followed by the posse which had attended him to our house. He was a man about five feet eight inches in height, and appeared to be between seventy and eighty years old. His head and features were regular, and his eyes remarkably sharp and brilliant. At first his venerable white beard, and a silly imbecile look that pervaded his countenance, made me imagine that he was half-idiotical; but when he was quietly seated near the light, I looked long and steadfastly at his countenance, and could perceive that it displayed marks of the deepest cunning concealed under a most hypocritical surface. When he was gone, Hadge Hadoud told us, with a very grave countenance, that this was one of the greatest saints in the kingdom; that every one who entered Arzela repaired to his house, and after having asked permission to proceed on his journey, gave him whatever money he desired, which, of course, was regulated by the riches or poverty of the supplicant; that even the sultan presented him with a large purse when he passed that way; and that accordingly he was considered to have amassed an enormous sum of money, of which, however, he declares he throws a great part into the sea annually. He further told us, that the saint was in the habit of doing a great many charitable acts among the poor of Arzela, and that he was served daily with fifty dishes of various sorts; and that his house was a sanctuary for all persecuted persons, from which no authority dared to drag them. I had heard Hadge Hadoud previously mention this saint; but I had no idea that a man of generally liberal notions, who had lived among enlightened people so long as he had, could be so blindly bigoted as to believe in the sanctity of such a disgusting old hypocrite as our visitor. At first, indeed, I thought that he merely followed the stream, which it would have been folly to have stemmed, but I soon found that he swam rather than floated with the current; for, before we left Arzela, he repaired to the saint, and having obtained his permission to proceed on his journey, he also begged for his protection, which the other granted, telling him that nothing awaited him, and then asked him for some money for charity. The Hadge then proceeded to lay down one pistorie after another, while the saint continued saying *more, more*, until thirty-two of them had found their way into the old fellow's pocket. A saint in Barbary is either a natural idiot or an hereditary saint, there being *saint families* in abundance. They are treated with the greatest respect; every one gives them money; and when they die, they are entombed with some other saint, generally on the border of a lake or river. I know of no greater or more striking proof of the lamentable ignorance of this nation, than their belief in the sanctity of these rouges and idiots,—the lucrativeness of whose profession excites hundreds to assume the maniac; and they are, consequently, to be found in abundance in every town in the kingdom.

A FEMALE SAINT.

From the same source.

In passing through a narrow street, we inquired if a light could be procured for our cigars, upon which the black eunuch ran into a house and obtained us one, when one of the soldiers told me that this was the house of a female saint, whereupon I immediately inquired if we might be allowed to see her. The eunuch being informed of my desire, went into the house again, and presently returned with permission for us to enter; and we were immediately ushered into the presence of the saint. She was seated cross-legged upon a carpet, and rested her back against the wall. Her person, which was fat, was entirely enveloped, from the neck downwards, in a dark green cloak; her head was small and round, her eyes brown, and possessing great brilliancy, and a small mouth and good teeth added expression to a countenance not regularly pretty, but very pleasing and good humoured. She had, however, seen her best days, although she appeared to be only about five-and-twenty years old. Her greatest charm was her hair, which fell down upon her shoulders in natural silken ringlets of the most brilliant jet. Never do I re-

member to have seen so beautiful a head of hair. We made our salams, and she pointed to her carpet, desiring we would be seated. Our guards fell down, and touching the hem of her garment with the most profound veneration, kissed their hands, and then seated themselves around her. She opened the conversation by wishing us joy of our safe arrival at Rabat, and promising us a speedy termination of our journey, and a most favourable reception by the sultan. She then asked which was the doctor, and upon his being pointed out to her, she held out her hand for him to feel her pulse. She complained of cold and sore throat, for which he promised to send her some physick. She then turned suddenly to me, and said that "the two I had left at Gibraltar were very well, and that I should find the young one on my return as I left her;" then addressing Mr. Murray, she promised him happiness of the same sort. All this was said without the least appearance of premeditation; on the contrary, from the suddenness with which she turned from one subject to another, and the wild abstracted look of her countenance, she seemed incapable of dwelling long on any subject. It was ludicrous to observe with what intense interest her audience listened to the loose, incoherent sentences which at intervals she uttered. At times her mind appeared so abstracted, that she did not seem aware of our presence, and frequently shook back her long dark tresses, and drew her hand across her forehead, as if endeavouring to meet her absent thoughts. At last she assured us, that every good would attend us during our stay at Marocco, and the scene ended by a short prayer, which she mumbled to herself, followed by another in which she was joined by all the company present. They then all knelt down, and bowing their heads to the ground, kissed the hem of her garment, and took their leave. Just, however, as we were going away, she begged the doctor to look at a relation of her's, who was then in the house, and troubled with weak eyes. She then pointed to a door which was just enough open to allow of our seeing a pair of bright and dangerous looking orbs, which appeared to me to have no reason to be called weak. A round, snowy arm, decorated with a huge silver bracelet, was thrust out through the opening for the doctor's inspection; for these people imagine that every disease of the body is to be judged of by the pulse. We were not aware, until we left the female saint, how great an honour had been conferred on us by our admission to her presence. She is, as Hadoud told us, one of the most celebrated saints in the kingdom. He added, that the sultan sends her, every now and then, a hundred dollars, and waits upon her in person; and that every one who comes to Rabat makes her some present; that she had very great powers of prophecy; and that we should find how every thing would come to pass as she had predicted. We asked Hadoud why he had not been to see her; he replied, that her eyes were so touching, that he was afraid of committing so great an impiety as that of being more pleased with the sight of her charms as a woman, than her presence as a saint. This delicacy of our friend reminded me of that feeling, the reverse of which actuated Don Juan in his devotions, when, as Lord Byron says,

"He turned from gay saints and merry jesters."

THE GATHERER.

SPLENDOUR OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

"In the days of her power and importance, the church of Rome numbered amongst her vassals and servants the most renowned spirits of the earth. She called them from obscurity to fame, and to all who laboured to spread and sustain her influence, she became a benefactress. Her wealth was immense, for she drew her revenue from the fear or superstition of man, and her spirit was as magnificent as her power. The cathedrals which she everywhere reared are yet the wonders of Europe for their beauty and extent; and in her golden days, the priests who held rule within them were, in wealth and strength, little less than princes. For a time her treasure was wisely and munificently expended; and the works she wrought, and the good deeds she performed, are her honour and our shame.

She spread a table to the hungry; she gave lodgings to the houseless; welcomed the wanderer; and rich and poor, and learned and illiterate, alike received shelter and hospitality. Under her roof the scholar completed his education; the historian sought and found the materials for his history; the minstrel chaunted lays of mingled piety and love for his loaf and raiment; the sculptor carved in wood, or cast in silver, some popular saint; and the painter gave the immortality of his colours to some new legend or miracle." All who have visited the cathedrals and churches of the continent, or who have studied their history at home, must acknowledge the truth and force of these excellent observations. They are copied from an ably written article on the History of Italian Painting, in the second number of the *Foreign Review*.

PLEASURES OF HISTORY.

The effect of historical reading is analagous, in many respects to that produced by foreign travel. The student, like the tourist, is transported into a new state of society. He sees new fashions. He hears new modes of expression. His mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws, of morals, of manners. But men may travel far, and return with minds as contracted as if they had never retired from their own market towns. In the same manner, men may know the dates of many battles, and the genealogies of many noble houses, and yet be no wiser. Most people look at past times, as princes look at foreign countries. More than one illustrious stranger has landed on our island amidst the shouts of a mob, has dined with the king, has hunted with the masters of the stag-hounds, has seen the guards reviewed, and a Knight of the Garter installed; has cantered along Regent-street; has visited St. Paul's, and noted down its dimensions, and has departed, thinking that he has seen England. He has, in fact, seen a few public buildings, public men, and public ceremonies. But of the vast and complex system of society, of the fine shades of national character, of the practical operation of government and laws, he knows nothing. [*Edinburg Review*.]

THE FAMILY SUIT.

The son-in-law of a chancery barrister having succeeded to the lucrative practice of the latter, came one morning in breathless ecstasy to inform him that he had succeeded in bringing nearly to its termination, a cause which had been pending in the court of scruples for several years. Instead of obtaining the expected congratulations of the retired veteran of the law, his intelligence was received with indignation. "It was by this suit," exclaimed he, "that my father was enabled to provide for me, and to portion your wife, and with the exercise of common prudence it would have furnished you with the means of providing handsomely for your children and grand-children."

A GENTLEMAN'S FASHION.

In the reign of Henry VII. Sir Phillip Calthorpe, a Norfolk knight, sent as much cloth of fine French tawney, as would make him a gown, to a tailor in Norwich. It happened, one John Drakes, a shoemaker, coming into the shop, liked it so well, that he went and bought of the same, as much for himself, enjoining the tailor to make it of the same fashion. The knight was informed of this, and therefore commanded the tailor to cut his gown as full of holes as his shears could make. John Drakes's was made "of the same fashion," but he vowed he would never be of the gentleman's fashion again.

THE THREE TEACHERS.

To my question, how he could, at his age, have mastered so many attainments, his reply was, that with his three teachers, "every thing might be learned, common sense alone excepted, the peculiar and rarest gift of Providence. These three teachers were, *Necessity*, *Habit*, and *Time*. At his starting in life, *Necessity* had told him, that if he hoped to live he must labour; *Habit* had turned the labour into an indulgence; and *Time* gave every man an hour for every thing, unless he chose to yawn it away."

[*Salathiel*.]

CHARMS OF SAVAGE LIFE.

It is remarkable that whites or creoles do not always avail themselves of opportunities to return to civilized society. There seem to be pleasures in savage life, which those who have once tasted, seldom wish to exchange for the charms of more polished intercourse. For example a creole boy was carried off at the age of 13; at 26 he returned to Buenos Ayres, on some speculation of barter. He said that whoever had lived upon horse-flesh would never eat beef, unless driven by necessity or hunger; he described the flesh of a coit to be the most deliciously flavoured of all viands. This man, having transacted the business which led him to Buenos Ayres, returned voluntarily to his native haunts, and is probably living amongst the Indians to this day. [*Mem. Gen. Miller*.]

PLEASURES OF EGYPT.

Sweet are the songs of Egypt on paper. Who is not ravished with gums, balms, dates, figs, pomegranates, circassia, and sycamores, without recollecting that amidst these are dust, hot and fainting winds, bugs, musquitos, spiders, flies, leprosy, fevers, and almost universal blindness.—*Leopard's Travels*. The same writer also says the people are poorly clad, the youths naked, and that they rank infinitely below any savages he ever saw.

GARDENS.

Ferdinand I. of Naples, prided himself upon the variety and excellence of the fruit produced in his royal gardens, one of which was called Paradise. Duke Hercules, of Ferrara, had a garden celebrated for its fruits in one of the islands of the Po. The Duke of Milan, Ludovico, carried this kind of luxury so far, that he had a travelling fruit garden; and the trees were brought to his table, or into his chamber, that he might with his own hands gather the living fruit.

SMOKING.

Joshua Silvester questioned whether the devil had done more harm in later ages by means of fire and smoke, through the invention of guns, or of tobacco pipes; and he conjectured that Satan introduced the fashion, as a preparatory course of smoking for those who were to be martirized in his own college:

As roguing Gypsies tan their little elves,
To make them tanned and ugly, like themselves.

POTATOES.

A few years after the discovery, potatoes were carried to Spain at first as sweetmeats and delicacies. Oviedo says that "they were a dainty dish to set before the king." Labat describes potatoes a hundred years ago, as cultivated in Western Africa, and says of them, "*Il y en a en Irlande, et en Angleterre*," and that he had seen very good ones at Rochelle.

FISH.

Phillip II. of Spain, the consort of our Queen Mary, gave a whimsical reason for not eating fish. "They are," said he, "nothing but element congealed, or a jelly of water."

It is related of Queen Aterbates, that she forbade her subjects ever to touch fish, "lest," said she, with calculating forecast, "there should not be enough left to regale their sovereign."

ARDUOUS BAPTISM.

An infant was brought for baptism into a country church. The clergyman, who had just been drinking with his friends a more than usual quantum of the genial juice, could not find the place of the baptism in his ritual, and exclaimed, as he was turning over the leaves of the book, "How difficult this child is to baptize!"

PORK CHOPS.

It is related, that Fuseli, the celebrated artist, when he wished to summon Nightmare, and bid her sit for her picture, or any other grotesque or horrible personations, was wont to prime himself for the feat by supping on about three pounds of half-dressed pork-chops.

POPULAR TALES.

THE WHITE WITCH OF SOIGNIES.

(Concluded.)

The old man's tale being finished, Albrecht asked him eagerly where this phantom was to be seen.

"In the wood of Soignies, at that part which reaches to the lake of Laroux. At least, that is the spot in which she has been the oftenest seen."

Albrecht remained for some time in deep thought. He felt a great desire to visit the place which had been spoken of, and to see, if he might, the phantom shape that could inform him of his future destiny. He was roused from his reverie by the approach of the man who had been in conversation with the old beggar.

"May I ask, comrade," said he, with an air of familiarity, "what brings you hither?"

Albrecht was about to tell him that he thought him an impudent rogue, when Gaspar, who saw the storm rising, prevented it by replying, that they were horse dealers, and came in hope of finding a purchaser for two thorough-bred horses.

"You come to a bad market," said the fellow, "for all the nobles in this country are beggars."

Our travellers both looked at him earnestly. Any allusion to beggars was well known among them to be a sign of fellowship, and they were convinced that they had guessed rightly in supposing him to be one of their party, when he made the secret signal by which they announced themselves to each other. They immediately entered into a low conversation, in the course of which the stranger informed them that he was a retainer of the count Berg's; that his master would not be in the city until the next day but one; that the rising would not take place until then, and that in the meantime they must be cautious, and by no means leave the city.

Albrecht, who had felt a prepossession in favour of the old mendicant, whose venerable appearance and imposing manners seemed to imply that he had not always been as low in fortune as he now seemed to be, asked the stranger if he was of their fraternity. He replied he thought not, but immediately tried the old man with the signal. He made no reply, and they were therefore convinced that he was a real beggar, and not one for merely political purposes. The old man rose to depart, and the beautiful girl who had been sitting beside him gave him her arm. Albrecht, seeing he walked with difficulty, offered his assistance. The old man thanked him, and as he drew near to the door, grasping the youth's arm with a force and energy which by no means corresponded with his tottering gait, he whispered in his ear, "Son of Engelbart, if you would see the White Woman of Soignies, repair to-morrow betimes to the lake of Laroux; cross the lake, and to you she will be visible. But say not a word of your intentions to any but Gaspar, and beware of your new acquaintance. There is danger in him. We shall meet again. Now begone." They were by this time at the door of the room, and the old man, shaking off Albrecht at the same time that he warmly pressed his hand, disappeared with the young gipsy.

Albrecht returned to Gaspar, whom he found in discourse with the stranger. He thought he had never seen a more vicious expression than this fellow's features presented, and he was convinced the old man's caution was a useful one. Under the pretence of fatigue he persuaded Gaspar to retire, and as soon as they were alone, he told him of the determination he had formed to visit the lake of Laroux. Gaspar tried to dissuade him, but finding that it was in vain, he resolved to accompany him. He was satisfied that the rising was not to take place till the day following the next, and as he was afraid that Albrecht's impetuosity might break out he was not perhaps sorry to get him out of the crowded city.

As soon as the sun was up on the following morning, Albrecht roused his companion, and, saddling their horses, they set off towards the wood of Soignies. Half an hour's riding brought them to the spot which had been indicated to them by the old man. The lake here formed a small bay, at the end of which stood a cottage, inhabited by an old

man, who derived his subsistence by fishing in the lake. They easily induced him to take charge of their horses, and to lend them his boat, for the purpose of making an excursion on the lake, and of viewing the scenery on the opposite shore. They entered the boat; and having pulled into the middle of the lake, they saw very plainly, at the most remote point of the opposite shore, a small white cross, which surmounted the chapel or hermitage of which they had heard. With an energy which his strong curiosity had excited, Albrecht directed the boat to that point; and Gaspar, with less curiosity but not with less good will, seconded his exertions. They soon made the chapel; and running the boat into a small creek which was beside it, Albrecht looked about him with that kind of incredulous, but uncertain feeling, which scorns to believe what the heart devoutly wishes may be true. He stood up in the boat, listening and looking intently around. Not a sound fell upon his ear but the murmur of the ripples, which the soft wind roused upon the bosom of the placid lake, as they gently touched the pebbly shore; no sight met his anxious eye but a fitting bird, which occasionally darted out from the thick wood, and flew rapidly from one tall tree to another. He began to think that he should have nothing but his labour for his pains, and the sarcasms of Gaspar on their road to Brussels, when he fancied he heard a sound like that of low music. He listened almost breathless—he could not be mistaken; it increased—and now he heard distinctly a melody as wild and as beautiful as that which the night-wind makes when it dies upon the chords of a neglected harp. Even Gaspar heard it; for, without rising from his seat in the boat, he inclined his head towards the water to catch it. It became louder, and approached nearer. Albrecht was about to speak; when, at a short distance, through the trees, he saw a light vapoury form, which, by degrees, became more distinct. It assumed a positive shape; and he saw, visibly and plainly before him, exactly such a figure as had been described to him. A female form of delicate and beautiful proportions, clad in white, with dark hair hanging down her shoulders, and having a wreath of flowers on her head, stood looking towards him. She glided on, as if she trod not upon the earth, and beckoned him with a wand, which she held, as if inviting him to follow her. Without uttering a word, and before Gaspar was aware of his intention, he leapt ashore, and, darting through the thicket, pursued the form, which fled rapidly from him. Gaspar did not venture to leave the boat, until he had devised some means of fastening it to the shore; and by the time he had accomplished this, Albrecht was out of sight. To follow him was in vain, for his companion had not been able to tell exactly at what point he had disappeared; there was no path through the thicket—he called as loud as he could, until the wood echoed with Albrecht's name; but it was from the echo alone that he obtained a reply. In utter despair, after climbing the tallest trees he could see, he sat down by the shore to vent his anger, by blaming his companion and himself, in the most eloquent vein that his vexation could suggest.

For the first half hour this was well enough; but after that he got tired, and more than ever anxious. The time at which they ought to be at Brussels was drawing nigh. His honour and Albrecht's were pledged to their being in the city. To fail in performing this engagement, was a thought he could not brook; to go alone, and to leave his friend to dangers, which seemed the greater because he could not define them, was as disagreeable an alternative. He determined, at length, to make one more effort to seek him, and if that should fail, to hasten across the lake, and thence to Brussels, where he would supply Albrecht's absence as well as he might. At the same time, in order to secure his friend's retreat, he had resolved to despatch the waterman back with the boat, to await the youth's return. Full of this determination, he penetrated the thicket, by which, as nearly as he could recollect, Albrecht might have gone; but, although he struggled manfully, and received with indifference many a blow on the face and shoulders from the thick underwood which abounded, his labour was in vain. He could find neither track nor path; and after a fruitless struggle, he returned to the shore,

to put the other part of his resolution into effect. His boat was moored fast where he had left it, but to his consternation he found that the oars and sail had been taken away during his short absence. He looked about; but the more he looked—the more he thought—the more he was lost in amazement. The means of proceeding were taken wholly away from him, and he could not imagine how. To go by land was impossible. He did not know the road; if he had it was so far about, that he could not hope to reach Brussels by the morning. He was getting monstrously hungry, without the most remote chance of satisfying his appetite; and in short, he began to feel himself in the situation of a man who is perfectly miserable, without the possibility of helping himself. This conviction, when, after much swearing, and stamping, and passion, he did arrive at it, brought him some consolation. He saw it was in vain to struggle, and he therefore made up his mind to endure, as well as he might, the evils he could not remove. He stepped on shore again, and entered the small chapel which was close at hand. Here, to his comfort, no less than to his astonishment, he found on the table some cold meat, and a flask of wine, which, whether he had met with it in a hermitage or elsewhere, he could not deny to be excellent.

We must, however, leave him to follow Albrecht in his pursuit of the white phantom. With expectations raised to the utmost pitch, he made his way through the tangled recesses of the wood, ever keeping in view, but never being able to reach the extraordinary being who, by her looks and gestures, clearly invited him to follow her. He had done so in breathless anxiety for some minutes, when a turning in the path brought him in the front of a large mass of rock, in the centre of which was a rude opening, which served for a doorway. Herb the Witch entered, and stood for a moment beckoning him. Within all seemed dark, but a faint light, at a considerable distance, which glimmered like an evening star. He saw the white figure gliding before him, and heard the rustling of female drapery after he had ceased clearly to distinguish her form. Still he passed on, resolved to discover if it were possible, the meaning of this mysterious visitant. The light became more visible as he approached it, and he saw, at length, that it proceeded from a fir-tree torch, stuck against the wall. The figure was before him—within a few paces of him. He sprang forward, and at the very moment that he thought the floating robe was within his grasp, the witch disappeared from his sight, as if she had entered the solid rock which barred his further passage. He looked around him in amazement. He was in a sort of chamber practiced in the rock, but he could discover no outlet, save the passage by which he had entered. While he was pondering on this singular event, the same wild strain which he had before heard, struck upon his ear, and a voice which seemed to be close to him, gently said—"Son of Engelbart, your destinies are about to be opened to you. The descendant of a glorious line is called to deeds worthy of the race he is descended from." At the same moment, the fir-tree torch was dashed to the ground, and all was left in utter darkness; but before Albrecht had time to recover from his surprise, a noise was heard like the turning of heavy wheels, and looking towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, he saw a stream of light, which in the next moment he discovered to proceed from an opening in the rock, which gradually enlarged, until it was wide enough to admit the passage of a man's body. "Enter, without doubt or fear," cried a sonorous and manly voice. Albrecht obeyed, and the moment he had cleared the passage, the fragment of rock fell back to its place with a noise which echoed through the vaults like thunder.

Albrecht saw himself in a large vaulted chamber, lighted by a multitude of fine torches like that he had seen in the passage. A table was in the centre, round which sat about forty men, well armed, and having a martial appearance. Round the room hung a quantity of tattered and patched garments, with scrips and beggars' staves. At the head of the table sat a man above the middle stature, of a stalwart look, and although he was perhaps fifty years old, he was still as active as a much

younger man. His piercing eye fixed on Albrecht, as he called out to the heir of Engelbart to approach; "You are among your country's and your father's friends," he added, "and although we might at other times have to offer you some excuse for the devices which have been practiced to lead you hither, this is no time for ceremony. Without further preface, then, let me inform you, that you are in the presence of that company of 'the Beggars,' of which you are a member, although until this moment, you have not been initiated into all their secrets. I am the Count Brederode, and I have been thought worthy to fill the seat in which you see me. The enterprise in which you were engaged at Brussels has failed. The villain whom you talked with at the inn last night was a spy of the Duke of Alba's, and his object was to detain you and others there, that he might ensure your destruction. My plan was to get you out of the city: persuasions, I thought, would not succeed so well as the scheme I have had recourse to; and when you know that I am the same decrepid-seeming old man who related to you the fabulous legend of the White Lady of Soignies, you will know all the secret. I need not tell you now that you have been so far deluded; but it is fit you should know, that by means of the White Witch, and the fears she has spread among the people of this neighbourhood, we have been enabled to secure this retreat, when we have been hunted from our own halls by the tyrant whose iron rod rules our country. But better times are at hand. The gallant William, Prince of Orange, has organized a force which will soon be in action. The brave men you see about you are to join him, as soon as the plans are finally arranged; and among them is to be your place, with such rank as befits your father's son."

When the Count had finished, he rose, and embracing Albrecht, introduced him by name to each of the other warriors. Albrecht became anxious about Gaspar; and told Brederode, that he was desirous his friend's safety should be looked to. "That has been provided for," said the Count; "he is nearer than he or you imagine. The hermitage communicates with this chamber, and the danger at Brussels being over, he may now enter. He made a signal to one of the younger warriors, who disappeared, and in about two minutes returned with Gaspar blindfolded. On the handkerchief being taken from his eyes, his surprise may be imagined. Short explanation sufficed for him; and when he heard that a general massacre of all who were suspected of being disaffected was to have taken place at Brussels, he was extremely grateful to the confederates and to the White Witch for having rescued him.

One part of the tale, not the least interesting, remains to be told,—but our limits warn us it must be told concisely. The White Witch was, as some of our readers have guessed, the identical gipsy, the old beggar's attendant, and both characters were equally foreign from her own. She was the courageous and enterprising daughter of Brederode, one of the most gallant and single minded men that ever drew his sword for the holy cause of freedom. The affection of his daughter Marguerite for him induced her to share his perils: her presence of mind and intrepidity had rescued him from many of them. Albrecht remained in the cavern long enough to know her rare virtues, and to be captivated by her singular beauty. The fair days were at hand. The insurrection by the Prince of Orange was eminently successful, and the feats of the Baron von Engelbart contributed in no small degree to that success. Peace again visited a land from which she had been long an exile. Engelbart was restored to his barony and its demesnes: need we say to the intelligent reader with whom he shared them? For many years in happiness and content did Albrecht and Marguerite live in the halls of his ancestors, and his bride bore to the day of her death the appropriate cognomen of the WHITE WITCH OF SOIGNIES.

Amongst the oddities of the town, in the London-road, St. George's fields, there is a large white building, on which is this inscription—"YORK HOUSE STAYS FOR EXPORTATION." We should think it likely to stay a long time.

MISCELLANY.

DIRTY PEOPLE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A dirty dog is a nuisance not to be borne. But here the question arises,—who—what—is a dirty dog? Now there are men (no women) naturally—necessarily—dirty. They are not dirty by chance or accident—say twice or thrice per diem—but they are always dirty—at all times, and in all places—and never and nowhere more disgustingly so than when fagged out for going to church. It is in the skin—in the blood—in the flesh—and in the bone—that with such the disease of dirt more especially lies. We beg pardon, no less in the hair. Now such persons do not know that they are dirty—that they are unclean beasts. On the contrary, they often think themselves pinks of purity—in carnations of carnations—impersonations of moss-roses—the spiritual essences of lillies, "Imparadised in form of that sweet flesh." Now, were such persons to change their linen every half hour, night and day, that is, were they to put on forty-eight clean shirts in the twenty-four hours,—and it would not be reasonable, perhaps, to demand more of them,—yet though we cheerfully grant that one and all of the shirts would be dirty, we as sulkily deny that at any given moment, from sunrise to sunset, and over again, the wearer would be clean. He would be just every whit and bit as dirty as if he had known but one single shirt all his life—and firmly believed his to be the only shirt in the universe.

Men, again, on the other hand, there are—and, thank God, in great numbers—who are naturally so clean, that we defy you to make them *bona fide* dirty. You may as well drive down a duck into a dirty puddle, and expect lasting stains on its pretty plumage. Pope says the same thing of swans—that is, poets—when speaking of Aaron Hill diving into the ditch—

"He bears no tokens of the sabler streams,
But soars far off among the swans of Thames."

Pleasant people of this kind of constitution, you see going about of a morning rather in dishabille—hair uncombed haply—face and hands even unwashed—and shirt with a somewhat day-before-yesterdayish hue. Yet are they, so far from being dirty, at once felt, seen, and smelt, to be among the very cleanest of his majesty's subjects. The moment you shake hands with them, you feel in the firm flesh of palm and finger, that their heart's blood circulates purely and freely from the point of the highest hair on the apex of the pericranium, to the edge of the nail on the large toe of the right foot. Their eyes are as clear as unclouded skies—the apples on their cheeks are like those on the tree—what need, in either case, of rubbing off dust or dew with a towel? What though, from sleeping without a night-cap, their hair may be a little toosey? It is not dim—dull—oily—like half withered sea weeds! It will soon comb itself with the fingers of the west wind—that tent-like tree its toilette—its mirror that pool of the clear-flowing Tweed.

Irishmen are generally sweet—at least in their own green isle. So are Scotchmen. Whereas, blindfolded, take a cockney's hand, immediately after it has been washed and scented, and put it to your nose—and you will begin to be apprehensive that some practical wit has substituted in lieu of the sonnet-scribbling bunch of little fetid fives, the body of some chicken butcher of a weasel, that died of the plague. We have seen as much of what is most ignorantly and malignantly denominated dirt—one week's earth—washed off the feet of a pretty young girl on a Saturday night, at a single sitting, in the little rivulet that runs almost round about her father's hut, as would have served a cockney to raise his mignonette in, or his crop of cresses. How beautifully glowed the crimson snow of the singing creature's new washed feet!

It will be seen, from these hurried remarks, that there is more truth than Dr. Kitchener was aware of in his apothegm—that a clean skin may be regarded as next in efficacy to a clear conscience. But the doctor had but a very imperfect notion of the meaning of the words—clean skin! his observation being not even skin deep. A wash hand

basin—a bit of soap—and a coarse towel—he thought would give a cockney on Ludgate-hill a clean skin—just as many good people think that a Bible, a prayer book, and a long sermon can give a clear conscience to a criminal in Newgate. The cause of the evil, in both cases, lies too deep for tears. Millions of men and women pass through nature to eternity clean-skinned and pious—with slight expense either in soap or sermons; while millions more, with much week-day bodily scrubbing, and much Sabbath spiritual sanctification, are held in bad odour here, while they live by those who happen to sit near them, and finally go out like the snuff of a candle.

"THE WOODSMAN."

From the London Monthly Magazine.

A German newspaper contains a strange account—avouched with as much apparent accuracy almost as those which concerned the mermaids lately seen off our own coast, or the sea serpent that visits the shores of America—of a conversion lately worked upon the morals of a famous robber, by a supernatural visitation in the forest of Wildeshausen. The hero of the tale, whose name is Conrad Braunsvelt, but who was better known by the cognomen of the "The Woodsman," was drinking one evening at a small inn on the borders of the forest of Wildeshausen, when a traveller, well mounted, and carrying a portmanteau on his horse behind him, came up by the road which runs from the direction of Hanover. The stranger, after inquiring if he could be accommodated with a bed, led his horse away to the stable, and in doing this, left his portmanteau upon a bench within the house—which Conrad immediately, as a preliminary measure, tried the weight of. He had just discovered that the valise was unusually heavy, when the return of the traveller compelled him to desist; but his curiosity, without any farther effort, was not long ungratified; for the stranger soon opened it before him, as it seemed, to take out some articles which were necessary for his use at night; and displayed in the process several large bags—larger, almost, than the machine would have seemed able to contain—which were evidently full of gold or silver money. The cupidity of Conrad was excited by this view, and he would gladly have at once secured the prize even at the hazard of a personal struggle with the stranger; but the people of the inn (according to his account afterwards) were such as would have expected a portion of the spoil. For this reason, although unwillingly, and trusting himself to sleep little, lest by any chance the prey should escape him, he abandoned his design of robbery, for that night; and on the next morning, having learned which way the stranger travelled—for the latter exhibited no suspicions or apprehensions of those about him, but spoke freely of his intended road, though he never mentioned any thing of the charge he carried—having ascertained this fact, he allowed the rider to depart, and after a short time, followed by a shorter track through the forest, which was practicable only to persons on foot, and which would enable him, had he even started later, easily to overtake the mounted traveller. Now, knowing that his nearer road saved, as has been noticed, full a league of ground, "The Woodsman" moved on slowly; and accounted that, when he reached the point at which they were to meet, he should still have some time to wait for the stranger; on emerging, however, into the high road, he found him to his surprise already approaching; and, what was still more extraordinary, mounted upon a black horse, when that on which he had left the inn, had certainly seemed to be a brown. The portmanteau, however, which was all that Conrad looked to, was still behind the traveller, and on he came riding as if nothing at all was the matter: "The Woodsman" never hung back, or stayed reflecting, but levelled his rifle, and called upon him to "Stand and deliver," or his next moment was his last. The traveller upon this pulled up his horse with an air of great coolness; and, looking upon Conrad, said something, which, as the robber since says, he verily believes was—"That he hoped he had not kept him waiting!"—or words to that purpose; but he was too busy at the time to pay much attention to discourse—"Do you know who it is you are going to rob,

thought?" asked the stranger, addressing "The Woodsman" directly. "Not I," replied the latter, boldly: "but, if you were der Dyvel himself, descend from that horse, and deliver the bags of money that you have on you, or you shall die!" Upon this the black rider said no more; but dismounted quietly, although he had pistols in his holsters; and Conrad, immediately taking the portmanteau from the horse's back, was so eager to be sure of the contents, that he drew his knife and cut the fastening, on the spot. In the meantime, the traveller might have fallen upon him unawares, and to advantage, but "The Woodsman" endeavoured to keep an eye upon him while he went on forcing the valise open as well as he could. At length the straps were all cut, and the robber thrust his hands in eagerly, making sure to find the bags which he had seen the preceding evening, for he had distinctly felt them from the outside. But, when he drew out his hands, there was in one only a halter, and in the other a piece of brass in the shape of a gibbet! And, at the same moment, a gripe was laid upon his arm; and a deep low voice, which seemed to be close behind him, pronounced the words, "*This shall be thy fate!*" When he turned round in horror and consternation, the horse, and the rider, and the portmanteau, all were gone; and he found himself within a few paces of the inn door which he had quitted in the morning, with the halter and the brass gibbet still remaining in his hand. The narrative states farther that this horrible rencontre so affected Conrad Braunsvelt, that he forthwith delivered himself up to the rangers of the forest, and was sent to Cassel to await the pleasure of the Grand Duke. He is now confined in an asylum for repentant criminals, desirous of being restored to society; and his miraculous warning is noted in the records of the institution.

MICROSCOPICK DISCOVERIES.

From the New York Courier.

We shall never eat another fig. The microscope has shown us that the fig is nothing but a combination of snapping turtles, belligerent, pugnacious and fraught with the old Adam. Reader, perchance you are in the act of pouring vinegar on your oysters. Do you know what you are about? You are about to swallow snakes five feet long, armed and equipped as the law of nature directs, with all sorts of offensive weapons. Peradventure you are fond of peaches; pause ere you apply to your lips the deceitful fruit, with its covering of down; you are about to masticate some thousands of many legged monsters, one of which ought to furnish a breakfast for a file of Kentucky militiamen.

"Fleas are not lobsters, d—n their souls!" exclaimed Sir Joseph Banks, (*autoritate* P. Pindar) in mingled wrath and mortification. Sir Joseph never saw Rand's Solar Microscope, or he would not have been so angry on the occasion. A lobster is a mere pigmy compared with the colossal flea. All that the latter wants is a nose, and he would present a head equal to that of lofty man. We examined one yesterday *phrenologically*, and found to our satisfaction the organs of combativeness and destructiveness most fully developed. We have been bitten by many a musquito this fall, but we had no idea of our actual suffering; at each individual bite we have had a small sword, three feet in length, run into our body corporate. Even now there is one of those pestilent warriors making a *passado* at our nose. Yesterday morning, we should have only thought it necessary to blow him away; but our eyes have since been opened, and we shall set about a serious defence with a sword cane!

Who ever expected to see the blood flowing through the veins of a fly! Yesterday we saw a fly, apparently juvenile, the "crimson tide" coursing through his frame, and his heart beating like a mountain in commotion. He was evidently suffering from love or disappointed ambition; and to judge from the passionate expression of his face, he was a fly of high-wrought feelings, dissatisfied with the order of things, and, like Hamlet, determined upon questioning with his destiny.

Self-love is the greatest of flatterers.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1828.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "*American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

THE TOKEN. We have purchased a copy of *The Token* for 1829, edited by N. P. Willis, and published by S. G. Goodrich, Boston. We think it is one of the prettiest books we ever saw. It is so well printed, and the plates are so well executed and beautiful, and the binding is so rich and tasteful, that it equals, and perhaps exceeds, any thing of the kind produced by our own country or by England. We have had leisure to peruse only a small portion of its contents; but such as we have read convince us that its literary character is upon a level with its elegant appearance. The plates are all by native artists, and the literary productions from the pens of native authors, exclusively. It is, indeed, "an American book;" and every one, who respects the genius of his country, will be proud of it. Some of its verse will be found in our poetical department. We shall treat our readers with a specimen of its prose as soon as we can "scrape acquaintance" with a suitable article.

ANTI-MASONICK DECENCY. A horrid and blasphemous scene occurred, during the session of the anti-masonick convention, which met at the house of Adam Clark, in the town of Bethlehem, in this county, on the 15th inst. We have been informed of the facts by one who was present, and the names of several witnesses, some of whom are anti-masons, have been left with us. The facts are literally these:—During a discussion upon the subject of masonry, a delegate to the convention, who is one of the present committee of anti-masonick arrangements, made use of the following expressions: "George Washington was a mason, and took three degrees; general Lafayette is a mason, and took three degrees; JESUS CHRIST was a mason, and took three degrees, AND THEN WENT TO HELL!"

This is a plain unvarnished specimen of anti-masonry. Blasphemy and licentiousness are current with its disciples. Envy, hatred, and immoderate thirst for power are its prominent characteristics. However harsh and unpleasant the truth may be, we must tell it, and "shame the devil." We have watched the movements of anti-masonry long enough to be well informed of its motives and its objects; and we know its leaders to be the scum of defeated factions—the tag-locks of party, which men of political honesty have shaken from them, as enemies to virtue and freedom. All who are acquainted with the vacillating courses, both in politics and morals, of Solomon Southwick, David C. Miller, Thurlow Weed, John Hascall, &c. can attest the truth of what we say. Yet Southwick would be governor, Hascall would be member of assembly, Miller would be county clerk, and heaven only knows what would satisfy the inordinate ambition of Weed. Weed says Southwick is unfit for any office; Southwick says the same of Weed; but, when they find they can benefit their interest by making vile uses of each other, they smile at the thought, and kneel helps knave to the "loaves and fishes." Heaven preserve us from such fellows.

AERONAUTICK. Mr. Robertson and lady made their farewell ascension from Castle Garden, New-York, on Wednesday last. The American says, "The weather was bright and calm—the balloon well inflated—and the lady companion of Mr. Robertson, as calm and collected as himself. Notwithstanding the shock experienced at the last attempt of Mr. Robertson to ascend from the same place, (Castle Garden)—or perhaps in consequence of it—for man is a bundle of contradictions—the spectators were more numerous within the garden than before. The Winnebagoes contributed probably, something to swell the crowd.

Before five o'clock, the ship of the air was launched, and rose slowly and beautifully over the east wall of the castle, and then gradually ascending, took its way above the city—where for several minutes it remained stationary—at such a height as to enable the naked eye to perceive the waving of the flags. In this position, a small parachute was dropped

from it, which slowly descended, and shortly after, the balloon passed off towards Long Island, and fell into the river between Bushwick creek and Williamsburg, at near two hundred yards from the shore. Boats were in readiness, and immediately relieved the aeronauts from their peril, without their having been even wet above the ankles; and they and the balloon were brought back to Castle Garden in the evening."

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY. Colonel William Magaw, of Meadville in the state of Pennsylvania, has discovered a chymical process, by which he is enabled to make paper from hay, straw, and grass. We have before us a sheet made from hay. It is of a colour with the material; has no sizing in it; carries ink well; is of a firm texture; and appears to be fit for all uses for which strong paper is required. An establishment has been erected at Chambersburgh, Pennsylvania, which is to be provided with machinery competent to the manufacture of three hundred reams per day. One great recommendation of this article is, that it can be afforded for about one half the cost of paper manufactured from other materials.

GOVERNOUR SOUTHWICK. An article in last week's National Observer, which trudges along for the space of nearly a column, tells a small part of the wondrous story of this "great" man's adventures in the religious line. We dislike garbled statements of illustrious men's deeds, and so, must needs tell the rest of the tale ourselves. His excellency's theological efforts have been of various kinds. When he became an old story and lost his influence in the political world, he turned episcopalian and started the *Christian Visitant*; but after a while, as ill luck would have it, he was "found out," and the *Christian Visitant* ceased to be a *visitant*. He then took a hop, skip, and jump over to the Methodists, and tried to dazzle their eyes with the *Oriental Star*; but it wouldn't do—so the *Oriental Star*, following the example of some other stars, *went down*. After this he was any thing and every thing—philosopher, christian, Turk, or devil;—but not finding men willing to go cheek-by-jowl with him in this any-thing-and-every-thing profession, he wheeled around again, and got up a weathercockish sort of thing, which he christened *The Antidote*. But *The Antidote* found an *antidote* in the reputation of its editor, and it died of *consumption*, after a lingering illness of about nine months; not forgetting in its departure to shake the remnants of its nastiness as well as religion as at masonry. What incalculable aid "*pure and unfiled religion*" would receive from such a governor!—Then, all hail, Solomon! *THE pure!* and *THE pious!!!*

THE OPERA GLASS. We have received several numbers of "*The Opera Glass*," devoted to the Fine Arts, Literature and the Drama." It has a neat appearance, and its several departments are well sustained, chiefly with original contributions. It is published in New-York: the form, quarto; the size, medium; price, five dollars a year, payable semi-annually, in advance.

FOREIGN. The ship *Sully* arrived at New-York, from Havre, on Thursday last. She brings Paris papers to the 15th ult.—The accounts from London are to the 12th. No decisive information is afforded on the great question of the Russian war: there is little more than a mere confirmation of the advices by the last arrival. It was rumoured that Nicholas had rejected the intervention of Lord Heytesby. The London New Times reproaches the administration of the Duke of Wellington, with pusillanimity in respect of the affairs of Turkey, and the French journals speak openly and boldly of the invasion by the Russians, as dictated solely by ambition. In both capitals, London and Paris, rumours of misunderstanding and want of concert between England and Russia, and England and France, in relation to the affairs of the East, were circulating. In answer to those, the Courier of the 10th September says, "from the date of the protocol respecting the affairs of Greece, and even earlier than that, there has not been the slightest misunderstanding between the cabinets of France or England.

whether directed by M. de Villele, or M. de la Ferronaye; by Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, or Lord Wellington. On the contrary, the greatest cordiality has existed; and in saying so, we beg our readers to believe that we do not speak lightly—the best understanding, and the most active concert in all measures respecting the two countries, and that to be observed towards other nations." The accounts from Greece contain nothing new, of any importance. Ship loads of Portuguese refugees were arriving in England.

TABLE TALK.

John Neal is married: so says the Boston Bulletin; but the Yankee is whist as a mouse about it.—*Yankee story.*—A living eel is said to have been found in a duck's egg, at New-Bedford! Fudge.—*A witching affair.*—A woman has been tried at Baltimore for *bewitching* the market people. Had she been young it would have been more probable.—*Bankruptcy of Yankee wit.*—'Tis said Mr. Perkins' great invention of the steam gun is pronounced, after a full trial, to be an entire failure. We are glad of it: men die fast enough, already, there is no necessity for applying steam to Death's machinery.—*Life's victory.*—A Swiss philosopher has discovered that since the last century, the average length of human life has been increased twelve years.—*An extensive tumble.*—An apprentice boy, 12 years old, in the office of the New-York Morning Courier, lately took it into his head to tumble from the fourth story of the office, through a series of open trap doors, to the first floor. He started head foremost, but landed on his feet, and bounced up like a cork. Not a bone of him was broken; and though somewhat bruised, he was comfortable and lively the next day. Sam Patch had better shut up shop.—*Earthquake.*—Symptoms of a subterranean convulsion were noticed last week near Westchester, in this state. The waters of Tappan Bay were much agitated, and a strange rumbling noise was heard, which lasted several minutes. No motion, however, was perceived on the surface of the earth.—The celebrated teacher Joseph Lancaster has made an appeal to the New York public, for pecuniary assistance to rescue himself and family from poverty and distress.—*A weighty Affair.* There now resides in Montgomery county, Tennessee, a lady in the 30th year of her age, who weighs 510 pounds. Her stature is rather low; she is the mother of ten children, nine of whom are living; and she says none of her relations are above the ordinary size. At twenty years of age, she weighed 135 pounds—commenced becoming corpulent when about 30. Her health is good, but from her unwieldy size she can walk but a few steps.—*A close Shave.* A few days since, a teamster fell from his wagon at Black Rock Dam, and the wheel cut his ear clean from his head, without bruising his head, or otherwise injuring him. The man went away with his ear in his pocket.—*The Jews.* Several petitions have lately been presented to the British parliament, for extending civil privileges to the Jews. It is said that they were well received; and that the Jews will themselves petition next session.—The manufacture of steel has been commenced with great success in Pittsburg. Specimens have been produced said to be equal to the best "*Schenley*" steel.—The little volume published in Boston last year, under the title of *Whinwhans*, has been re-printed in England. The *Monthly Review* for September, observes of the authors, with justice, that they are "hard working imitators of no less distinguished prototypes than Lord Byron, Mr. Moore, Mr. Hood, and Mr. Horace Smith."—Mr. Sotheby is engaged in a new version of the *Iliad*.—A new edition of *Milford's Greece*, is about to appear in London with additions and corrections by the author.—A London bookseller is to publish in November, a splendid volume called the *Anniversary, or Poetry and Prose for the year MDCCCXXIX.* This volume is to be edited by Allan Cunningham, and to be illustrated with eighteen engravings by eminent masters.

Contents of No. 4, Vol. 2, of the Western Monthly Review, conducted by Timothy Flint, and published at Cincinnati, Ohio:—A Tour; on Revisiting my Native Place; Reviews—of Caldwell's Memoir of Dr. Holley, Irving's *Life of Columbus*, Narratives of Travels in Africa, Flint's

Sermon at Beverly, Bruce's Address to the Pitt-Burgh Philosophical Society.

A TRUE FISH STORY. The Free Press, Brunswick, Maine, gives an animated account of an attack upon a shoal of black fish, seventy or eighty in number, which were discovered early on Monday morning, the 6th inst. near Harpswell, Maine. The inhabitants of that place and vicinity turned out, with muskets, harpoons, axes, &c. and had rare sport. They had killed several, when a council of war was held and a more scientific mode of attack was devised. This was, to drive the flock into a narrow cove, on Orr's Island, where the tide would shortly leave them. Ten or twelve boats flanked the squad, and the main body cut off their retreat in the direction of the sea. Captain John Curtis, of Harpswell, caused his boat to be rowed along side of one of the largest of the dolphins, himself standing, with one foot braced on the bows of the boat, and the other on the back of his antagonist. He had taken this position, to make the attempt of splitting open the head of the fish; but the boat veering in its course, placed him in the dilemma, of either falling into the water or springing upon the fish's back. He adopted the latter alternative, and the whole company saw their gallant captain, riding off astride, upon the back of the dolphin. A full quarter of a mile was he borne along by this new and extraordinary mode of navigation, before he alighted in safety. The speed with which the captain was carried through the air would have mocked the swiftness of the far famed *Benjamin Franklin*, or of any other steamer which ever floated upon the water. Captain Curtis did not, however, like *Arion*, entertain his dolphin with "harmonious strains" of godlike music; he was constantly inflicting blows with his axe, deeply into the monster's blubber.

At the basin, the remaining population of the island had collected to witness this unprecedented and astonishing spectacle, and the shouts of meriment made the welkin ring again.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attracted from every quarter;
"Way sure!" thought they "the devil's to pay,
"Mongrel folks above the water!"

As the tide ebbed away, the dolphins in all their movement, began to drag more or less heavily through the mud, and it became advisable to find if possible some more expeditious mode of destroying them. A long knife, it was found, plunged in the direction of the great blood vessels, soon exhausted the fountain of its purple stream, and so great were the torrents of blood thus shed, that the water for sixty rods was of a deep crimson colour. But all of them were not so easily to be despatched. One young man who had long been engaged unsuccessfully with one of the largest sized dolphins, at length got him entangled in a strong rope, and as he was partly swimming and partly dragging himself through the mud, he dexterously coiled it round a tall cedar, which held him fast. Another, imitating the example of captain Curtis, sprang upon the back of his antagonist, and, with the design of strangling him, ran his fist into the *spiracle*, or breathing hole, which is situated on the back, and just at the base of the skull; but he had scarcely got it well planted there, before a blast from the lungs of the monster, ejected it so suddenly and forcibly, that he believed until he had looked twice to assure himself to the contrary, that his fist had actually flown off the handle: he lost his presence of mind, and fell into the water, which was but four or five feet deep, however, and this enabled him to raise his own *spiracle* above the surface of the water, so that he experienced no other inconvenience from the accident, but getting a thorough wetting. Before sunset, all the fish were despatched. It was truly a day of blood and carnage, and it is remarkable that not a single individual was injured.

This fish is said to be a species of the dolphin, called by naturalists, *Delphinus Globiceps*. The late south-east gales probably drove them into these moodings which proved anything but hospitable to those tenants of the deep. It is thought that about seventy-five barrels of oil might be made from them, worth from 750 to 1000 dollars. One of the dolphins had a harpoon in his carcase, which appeared to have been there a great length of time. The law of the chase was, that every one should have what he could kill, or catch and secure.

From the Boston Bulletin.

PRESENT STATE OF THE WORLD. Take an artificial globe and revolve it in which direction you please, and you shall not be able to touch your finger upon a spot represented as habitable, where mankind at this moment are not in some way at loggerheads. If you begin at home, the people of the United States are involved in a series of political alterations, producing ever and anon among individuals a broken crown or a shattered character. Reaching a little above you find the Canadas in a state of disaffection bordering on a revolution—or proceeding south, and crossing the Mexican gulf, you perceive the seeds of anarchy springing up in every quarter, and threatening to overrun the whole southern continent. Spanning the waters between, you

may touch Africa, whose tribes are perpetually warring against each other; then Hindostan, where British avarice is daily crawling into new possessions through streams of blood; or China, whose government is now engaged in crushing certain powerful symptoms of rebellion. Or passing onwards again towards the northern extremities of Asia and Europe, you see the frigid and untameable Russian, pouring his legions of blood thirsty serfs upon the effeminate and equally inflexible mussulman. Shifting farther to the left, the countries of Europe present a scene not more honourable to the character of our race. Italy, sunk in guilty superstition; Spain in misery and peril; Portugal on the brink of ruin; France, a nation of convulsion, red with political crimes; Germany, slothful, yet bloody; Great Britain, supporting herself like a gigantick pirate, upon plundered treasures and oppressive tribute. What an admirable commentary does this picture afford upon the boasted doctrine of human perfectibility; and what magnificent evidence does it exhibit of the civil and moral amelioration of mankind.

From the (Batavia) People's Press.

At the court of Common Pleas, now in session in this village, the cause of *Ira Danolds vs. Cyrus Shepherd*, for accusing the plaintiff of participation in the murder of Morgan, came on to be tried. Messrs. Brown and Chandler, as counsel for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Fitch and Tracy, for defendant.

After the jury were called, Mr. Fitch, as counsel for the defendant, made a motion that if any inasons were impaneled upon the jury, that they be excluded from sitting upon its trial.

Before the court however, had time to make a decision upon said motion, Mr. Brown, as counsel for the plaintiff, remarked, that it was the plaintiff's wish, that said cause should be tried by a jury of anti-masons, exclusively; he therefore cheerfully complied with the request of defendant's counsel, and desired that all masons, if any, upon the jury, have leave to withdraw, and that their places be supplied by jurors of the defendant's own choosing, either from the regular panel, or the bystanders—whereupon, one of the jurors withdrew by consent, and his place was supplied by another from the regular panel. The cause was then opened by the plaintiff's counsel, and the speaking of the words was proved by one witness. The defendant offered no testimony. The cause was then summed up by Mr. Tracy, for the defendant, and Mr. Brown, for the plaintiff. The jury was then charged by Judge Tisdale, and retired a short time, when they returned into court with a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, for twenty-five dollars damages, and costs of suit.

From the same.

Mr. Printer.—A friend yesterday put into my hands a large handbill, containing the ticket and address of the anti-masonick county convention, so called.

In their address, they call upon the electors, as they value their religion—as they revere their Redeemer, and as they love their God, to support the ticket nominated. On casting my eye above, I perceived in large capitals, the names of *Solomon Southwick* for governor! *David C. Miller* for county clerk!! and *John Hascall* for member of assembly.

A CHRISTIAN.

From the (Batavia) Spirit of the Times.

Two anti-masons were holding "sweet counsel" together in this village, a short time since. One of them was trying to convince the other of the impropriety of using the excitement for political purposes. He heard him out very patiently, and then exclaimed—"If anti-masonry will not answer for political purposes, what in hell is it good for?" This is certainly a fair question, and of easy solution—It is good for nothing else—and a man who will make use of it for such purposes is either a knave or a fool.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 259, corner of North Market and Schuylker streets, where he will accept of orders for painting any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1824. JOHN P. PORTER.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANNON MANUFACTORY.—N. TABRELL, has removed his Brush Trunk and Bannock Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be elsewhere in the city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the public. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. N. B. Cash and on Receipt. June 28, 1824.

A. L. PLOUGH, DENTIST,
AT SKINNER'S MANSION HOUSE, STATE STREET ALBANY.

WITH much freedom, Mr. Plough has the honour to inform his friends that he has determined to establish himself in this city, and will faithfully attend to all applications, in the dental art. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have not experienced his skill, are respectfully invited to call and examine his recommendations, signed by some of the most respectable citizens, as well of this as of other places in the United States.

What are they like to? The song of a bird,
In summer only known;
The voice of musick, a meeting word,
Things bright and quickly flown—
The farewell beams of the setting sun,
So beautiful in parting;
The feeling woke by a song just done,
Light through waters darting—
The rainbow in June; the rising moon;
The buds of infant spring—
Oh! youth's gay dreams are witching things,
That fly on a chainless wing.

The following stanzas, from the Token for 1829, are accompanied, in that beautiful book, by a plate, representing the playfulness of childhood, during the pastime of "a Saturday afternoon."

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old
And my locks are not yet gray.
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.
I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old;
That my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I'm old, and I 'bide my time'—
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.
Play on! play on! I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.
I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go,
For the world, at best, is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low;
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness,
To see the young so gay.

From Poems by Mrs. G. G. Richardson.

THE ANCIENT SPINSTER-BEAUTY.

When I was young and passing fair,
The men in crowds came flocking round me;
Each with polite, discerning air,
Some patent grace or merit found me.
My mother bade me not be vain,
Said beauty was a fleeting treasure,
And sense and goodness, were the twin
In which alone the wise took pleasure!
But old, and young, and wise, alike
Seemed with my slender stock contented:
How could such saws conviction strike,
To which no mortal act assented?
I saw poor homely Merit grope
Her way to coach or chair unaided;
And prosy Prudence lonely mope,
Where Beauty with her train paraded.
I heard papas their daughters chide
For vanity, and dress, and flirting,
Who quite good-humoured by my side
Thought all I did and said diverting.
I found that rosy Nonsense charmed,
Where wrinkled Wisdom oft was slighted;
Sage criticks by a smile disarmed;
Divines, with sparkling eyes delighted.
Where'er the merits were reviewed
Of nymph new-launched in town or city,
The question was not, Is she good?
But, tell me, tell me, is she pretty?
Mammas who, met in social chat,
Would sometimes tire, discussing duty,
Decorum, virtue, and all that—
Had still a friendly word for beauty.
What noses, lips, and cheeks, and eyes,
And form, and grace! I oft heard pondered;

And then—for graver thoughts would rise—
At folly and conceit they wondered!
I wondered too—for, preach who may,
Youth reasons from effects, not causes;
I pleased, was always right, then say,
Could I distrust the world's applauses?
Girls without charms, who strove to please,—
Who wore the fashions Beauty sported,
Those were the vain, the foolish these,
And I, the wise—for I was courted!
And 'twas no vanity to lend
A meek assent when others praised me;
'T had been presumption to contend,
And pride to spurn the throne they raised me.
But O, when fifteen years were flown,
I found my empire had departed;
For wrinkles came, and youth was gone,
And lieges, courtiers, all deserted!
Well! let them go, who beauty prize,
A gaudy flower, not worth preserving!
I still may charm the good and wise,
And be of lasting fame deserving.
I trimmed the lamp, I turned the page,
I woo'd each muse of hill or grotto;
Tracked science through each modish stage,—
For *hope to please* was still my motto.
And when the wretched sought my door,
(For charity was now in fashion,)
With chemistry I drugged the poor,
And patronised the nymph Compassion.
Schools I endowed, cot-gardens planned,
To make contentment more contented;
Shook knowledge o'er the clod-pole land,
And pauper luxuries invented.
I loved the poor in days of yore,
And some loved me, and praised my beauty;
But now I must bring something more
Than smiles or alms to win their duty.
And was this all—was love of fame
The only motive that could move me?
Papas, mammas, share ye the blame;
Nor, beauty worshippers, reprove me.
The visions of my infant head,
Like daisies in the sun delighting,
Looked all to heaven from their green bed,
Ere yet disclosed to flattery's blighting.
I had no doubt, I had no thought,
But goodness was life's only pleasure;
Kind deeds the daily work she wrought,
And piety her hoarded treasure.
Why fled those dreams of happier hour?
Why was the work I loved deserted?
A root was wanting—and the flower
Sufficed to please the hollow-hearted.

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Printers' Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new founts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. *Peculiar care* has been taken to cast them of the *hardest metal*. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new founts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO.
Albany, October 4, 1828. 36 tf

ELECTION NOTICE.—A General Election is to be held in the County of Albany, on the third, fourth and fifth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. Dated at Albany, this twenty-seventh of August, 1828.

C. A. TEN EYCK, Sheriff of the county of Albany.
State of New-York, Secretary's Office.
Albany, August 12, 1828.

Sir—I hereby give you notice that at the next general election, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the third Senate District, in the place of Richard M. Michael, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. And that an elector of President and Vice President is to be chosen for the Tenth Congressional District.

A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.
To the sheriff of the county of Albany. Oct. 4. 1828.

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben-streets, up stairs. Entrance from Steuben-street. To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1828.

NO. 40.

MASONICK RECORD.

A LECTURE,

Spoken before the brethren of Union Lodge, New-London, Connecticut, on the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, June 24, A. L. 5825.

By Br. WILLIAM F. BRAINARD.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The brethren of Union Lodge, with their visiting brethren from the region round about, are met to celebrate the nativity of their Patron Saint; St. John the Baptist; and they have seen fit to direct, that a publick lecture be pronounced on this occasion. Such as deliver lectures, whether in a college, or out of it, whether they teach divinity, law or physick, mathematics or languages, sciences which belong to peace, or the art of war; let their trade be civil, military, or ecclesiastical: in short, whatever professor's chair they fill, they commonly propose two things; to teach *without reserve*, and in a *course of lectures*. He who lectures on masonry without the lodge, differs from every other who occupies a professor's chair, in both the particulars foregoing. He speaks a single lecture, and does not mean to tell of his art, all that may be known about it.

His duty is to say of masonry, whatever may be said about it publicly; and to treat it, in his discretion, with the severity of truth, which does not flatter communities, any more than individuals.

Masonry comprises all the lodges in all parts of the world, and that too, from the commencement of the institution, whenever that was, to the present time; and especially the lodges now in being; and masons, properly speaking, are those only, who act in character as such.

Some tell of the antiquity of masonry; and on an occasion like this, they insist upon it with a zeal that implies the point to be essential; thus they say that Enoch was a mason, and Noah was a mason, and Moses was a mason; and that *Solomon* was a mason, some insist on as a matter of faith absolutely indispensable.

Whether these things are so, is of no importance whatever. A mere historical fact, unconnected with the evidences of the christian religion, is seldom of much consequence, and the date of such fact is commonly of still less. Who cares for instance, whether Alexander the Great was a real or fictitious character? what cares the inhabitant of this country, whether it was discovered by Columbus or Vesputius, and whether that discovery was in 1490 or 1492? He knows that there is such a place as America, and that he lives in it. What cares the sailor, on his stormy travels, who first found out the magnetism of the needle? it neither hurls the wind nor shortens the voyage. So whether Moses was a mason, or Pythagoras even, is now of as little moment to determine, as whether they were made in the same Egyptian Lodge, or whether the Magicians of Egypt used the same forms when they made them that we do now. These idle inquiries have been so often mistaken for the essentials of masonry, that many sensible men without the Lodge have taken a prejudice against it, from their incredulity on this subject; forgetting that they talk about a trifle. For if the institution be bad, it cannot be canonized by Solomon in all his glory.

What is masonry now? It is extensive. It is disseminated generally through Europe, through North and South America, in the West and East Indies, and in Asia elsewhere, and in some parts of Africa. It comprises Christians, Jews, Turks, Greeks, Arabians and others. You find the mason

on the deep, and in the desert; on the deck of the ship, and on the back of the camel, and making himself known, notwithstanding every diversity of tongue. You find him of opposite and contending faith; of religions endeavoring to make converts of one another; owing allegiance to every different form of government under heaven, and scattered through these governments from him "that sitteth on the throne, to him that grindeth behind the mill." Yet such is the nature of masonry, that all these differences of government, language, religion, form no impediment to its progress, and it may become universal notwithstanding them all; for all lodges are one; the object in them is not only the same, but it is one; and masons may differ, and unfortunately do differ on all other subjects but one.

What is masonry now? It is powerful. It comprises men of rank, wealth, office and talent, in power and out of power, and that in almost every place where power is of importance; and it comprises, among the other classes of the community, to the lowest, in large numbers, effective men, united together and capable of being directed by the efforts of others so as to have the force of concert through the civilized world. They are distributed too, with the means of knowing one another, and the means of keeping secret, and the means of co-operating; in the desk, in the legislative hall, on the bench, in every gathering of men of business, in every party of pleasure, in every enterprize of government, in every domestick circle, in peace and in war, among enemies and friends, in one place as well as in another.

So powerful indeed is it at this time, that it fears nothing from violence either public or private, for it has every means to learn it in season to counteract, defeat and punish it. The power of the Pope has been sometimes friendly and sometimes hostile; the government of Spain, with its inquisition, has been hostile. Suppose now, that the oppression of either should rouse and unite masonry to redress its grievances. Spain would hear the note of preparation from every quarter; at home, from all her neighbours, and in her colonies; and the deepest dungeon of the inquisition would thrust out its victim with haste. The Jesuits with their cunning might call on the Holy Brotherhood, and the Holy Brotherhood on the Holy Alliance, and they all might come too, and in vain; for it is too late to talk of the propriety of continuing or suppressing masonry, after the time to do so has gone by—so, good or bad, the world must take it as it is. Think of it, laugh at it, wonder at it, hate it, despise it, as occasionally presenting in little meetings, a number of grave, and otherwise sensible men, with aprons on; still, it is not only all that I have told you, but it will continue to be; and the world in arms cannot stop it—a powerful institution.

Whether masonry is good or bad, is still a question of interest which is not touched; far less settled, by the proof that it is strong, lasting and extensive.

You expect me of course to say something in favour of it: instead of which permit me to state to you its object, and the means which it uses to accomplish that object, and then leave you to determine from your own inferences, whether this moderate proposition be true, viz. that *Masonry is founded in Wisdom*.

Wisdom consists in selecting a good object, and in adopting appropriate means to accomplish it; and the proof of both consists in this, that such

end is actually accomplished. The object in the first place must be practicable. Masonry therefore has nothing to do with very many good things, for there are many good things besides masonry. It has nothing to do with any mere principle. It has nothing to do with benevolence, or mere good will; with any exercise of mind or emotion of heart; because, it attempts only what it can do, and promises only what it can perform: and therefore confines itself to a single object, *the extending and multiplying of good works*. Some say they have kind hearts, good hearts; but how are you to know it, much more to make it so! the heart is deceitful above all things, who can know it? Of the intelligences with which the universe is filled, there may be millions that know your conduct; there is but one that searches the heart—a correct, *faith* is indispensable, but masonry has nothing to do with that. Some say they have it, some think they have it, and some actually have it. "It is the evidence of things not seen;" we cannot ascertain it, much less enforce it; and we limit our exertions to our means. Nor is masonry at all connected with any display of intellect. Men may have "the gift of tongues, and all knowledge;" they may invent, contrive, and benefit mankind in a thousand ways, but we have no more control over the understanding, than over the faith. As many folks will tell us that they are great men, as that they are good men, and with equal sincerity—they may be deceived, but we can never be, for we enter into no such inquiry. Therefore it is that masonry hates professions that rest there—slippery promises of what you will do, and boasting of what you have done, and your own word for what you are. Even among boasters, many are so weak as to mistake what they should boast of—they tell of casting out devils and doing many wonderful works, but no good ones.

As I may be understood, I mean explicitly to state, that masonry has only one object. It leaves out all others, however good; because if it tried to accomplish them, it would fail in the attempt, for want of means; and it would destroy the universality of the institution besides. If any system of belief was insisted on, we should be confined first to christian nations, then to protestant nations, and then to some one denomination of protestants, and this great institution of a universal charity would be destroyed, and that without necessity, for there is no limit to good works. The only religious test is this, that men should have a sense of their immortal accountability, so that their obligations can be confided in. Hence it is, that among masons, there is neither inquiry nor discussion about religion or politics; for the word of a mason is not I will believe this, and disbelieve that—but it is, I will do this, and I will not do that.

At the door of the lodge his claim for admittance cannot be refused, whether he come from across the street or across the ocean—in robes or in rags. He may wear the turban or the crown, the tiara, the mitre, or the black cap of Geneva; the military hat with lace and feathers, or the broad brim of drab colour; if a mason he is admitted; and when he has entered the door, it is too late for him to find fault with his company. As he shall not be molested himself, so he shall not disturb others. There the Greek and the Turk must lay aside their quarrel, and sit together with the Jew, the Christian, the Indian and the Missionary; where the sword, the sceptre, and the crosier submit to the mystick influence of the trowel. Like the great fabrick of human society, this too must contain the

poor, the weak, and the wicked; for to do good it is as necessary there should be those to whom it is to be done, as that there should be others able to do it; "therefore we have the poor always with us." Among individual masons, one may confer an obligation and another may receive it, the beneficence of the one and the gratitude of the other, are acts both of them graceful, and equally contribute to ornament the lodge—but the collected lodge is always a giver and never a receiver. On the admission of a member of the highest rank, an honour is bestowed, and a favour conferred on him, and not by him. The monarch himself accepts it, not with a profession of thanks or by an equivalent in value that cancels the debt, but by an act of unequivocal humility; for one great landmark of masonry is, that it is *free*. It solicits no aid, and asks for no converts, but is anxious rather that the inexperienced and thoughtless, who may be actuated by curiosity, or operated on by sympathy, or outward show, should be well advised that there are some whom we cannot take, many that we will not have, and none that we can urge; for the design is not to benefit those who join us, in any other way than by enabling them to benefit others. There is therefore no urgency for proselytes that we can do without, nor any other exhortation than that you should co-operate with us in the work that we are about.

That the single object of the lodge is to extend and multiply acts of beneficence, in the strict sense of the words, is plain from this, that it has never been known to interfere in any other. The instruments that it uses are food and clothing, the life boat, the apparatus of the humane society, and the personal exertions of man to relieve the distress, and come to the rescue of his fellow man. These are the working-tools of our profession, and such is its object. I promised you the liberty of drawing your own inferences; is this object a good one?

The means devised for the attainment of this end, are the secrecy, the language, and the government of the lodge, and these means will be pronounced wise or not, as they may be found to answer the purpose, or to fail of it. Secrecy is wisely adapted to begin, and continue masonry, because it is necessary. If the lodge should work in publick, who in a short time would be its members? How would it exclude unworthy and hurtful ones? where would be its means of doing good, where its order, its responsibility? If it was let out, it would be like the breaking out of waters, and mingled with the world's whole population, so that it would have no other existence than the existence of man. It would float in broken masses, dissipated and weak, in the deluge of selfishness, corruption, and depravity. The silver cord would be loosed, and the three fold cord would be broken, and the masons of this age would be blasted like the builders of Babel when they were too many to keep together.

Besides, secrecy is of itself a virtue, and is taught as such in the lodge, and taught effectually; men should be able to keep their own secrets, and should never violate the confidence of others, nor can they without a sense of meanness, that renders them too despicable to be talked about. So highly was this virtue esteemed among the Ancients, that our old friend Pythagoras taught it as a painful part of his science, and condemned his new disciples to a dead silence of from two to five years, varying as he found them more or less worthy of his confidence. Some stupid writers have said, if masonry be good, tell us, and extend the good; we do extend the good, but if we tell you, minutely, the means by which we do it, we should fail of communicating the power to you, and should lose it ourselves. If you wish to know, and are worthy, there is one way of entering in, that is by the door; and we know the difference between him that entereth in by the door, and him that climbeth up some other way.

I said that secrecy was taught in the lodge as a virtue, and taught effectually. Is it not so? Masonick secrecy is, I acknowledge, a mysterious thing; but to the fact. The most tattling man, if he is a mason, keeps this one secret, there is no risk of him. Enrage, discipline, expel, he never tells. Mad, drunk, or crazy, he never tells.

Does he talk in his sleep, it is never about masonry. Bribe him in his wants, tempt him in his pleasures, threaten him or torture him, he is a martyr here, he never tells. Thus secrecy is one of the means essential and effectual.

(To be continued.)

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

MISSISSIPPI GUARDS.

From the Southern Galaxy.

The traveller and historian as far as I am informed have passed by unnoticed one of the most useful of all the various tribes of insects—the Mississippi Guards. In Mississippi, and the States in the same parallel, there are large tracts of country which abound with such numerous swarms of flies, commonly known by the name of horse-flies, that the herds of cattle would be compelled entirely to leave their pasture ground were it not for the kind protection they receive from the Mississippi Guards. The Guards inhabit the driest and hottest sand knolls. They live on the various species of flies which infest the stock. They resemble very much the yellow jacket, both in size and appearance; there are, however, larger and smaller guards adapted to the different kind of flies on which they prey. The earth for some distance around the sand hill that constitutes their barracks, is trodden firmly by the cattle of the neighbouring country, forming what the herdsmen call a stomp. Hither the cattle repair, with wild and headlong fury, whenever they are beset beyond further endurance with the large horse flies and other tribes of insects that infest their pasture grounds.

At the sound of the approach, the guards turn out of their subterranean barracks and parade over their sand hill, moving to and fro, resembling swarms of bees. So soon as the infuriated herd of cattle arrive, they arrange themselves around the sand hill, and become almost as still as statues, though literally covered with flies, which are drawing blood from almost every pore; not a cow is seen even to switch her tail. At this moment the guards sally forth on the flies which cover the cattle. Each guard seizes a fly, clips off his wings in the first place, jerks out the proboscis, though buried in the skin of the beast, and bears off the fly, a struggling, wingless prisoner, to the sand hills, and there scratches a hole in the sand, drags in the criminal, and by means of a peculiar shuffle of the hind feet, covers up the hole as he descends, and in an instant, the guards mount up through the sand in a different place, leaving the poor fly buried alive. He again proceeds to the cattle in quest of another. In a short time, not a fly of any description can be seen. The cattle under the vigilant protection of their guards, at length lie down and chew their cud in peace. A gentleman who has a large stock of horses and cattle, has been so fortunate as to have his pound selected by a company of guards for their place of abode. He is never under the necessity of having his cattle or horses driven up to the pound, they always come of their own accord, to rid themselves of the large horse flies with which that whole vicinity abounds. The guards are always found at their post, ready to seize the tormentors of the cattle, and to inflict on them a punishment, the same with that which Numa Pompilius first instituted for the vestal virgins who should break their vow.

PRUSSICK ACID.

From the London Mirror.

Were we to consider the constituent parts and properties of the most common things we are in the habit of daily using, and their poisonous and destructive natures, we should recoil at the deadly potion, and shrink from the loathsome draught we are about to take. That which we consider the most delicious and exhilarating portion of our common beverage, porter, contains carbonic acid gas, commonly known by the "spirit," and which the poor miners dread with the utmost horror, like the Arabian does the destructive blast of the simoon. Oxalick acid, so much the fear of those accustomed to the medicine—Epsom salts is made from that useful article, sugar, by uniting with it a smaller portion, more than it has natural-

ly of oxygen gas. The air we breathe contains a most deadly poison, called by the chymists azotick gas, which, by its being mixed with what is called vital air, (oxygen gas,) becomes necessary to our existence, as much as the one (vital air or oxygen gas) would be prejudicial without the other; and Prussick acid the most violent of all poisons, is contained in the common bitter almond. But these most destructive substances are always found combined with others, which render them often perfectly harmless, and can be separated only by the skill of the chymist.

The Prussick acid (by some called hydrocyanic acid) is a liquid, extracted from vegetables, and contains one part of cyanogen and one part of hydrogen. It is extracted from the bitter almond, (as has been stated,) peach-blossom, and the leaves of the laurocerasus. It may also be obtained from animal substances, although a vegetable acid. It fine be added to water distilled from these substances, a Prussiate of lime is formed; when, if an acid solution of iron be added to this mixture, common Prussian blue, (or Prussiate of iron) is precipitated. The acid may be obtained from Prussiate of potash, by making a strong solution of this salt, and then adding as much tartaric acid as will precipitate the potash, when the acid will be left in solution, which must be decanted and distilled.

Its properties are a pungent odour, very much resembling that of bitter-almonds, with a hot but sweetish taste, and extremely volatile. It contains azote, with which no other vegetable acid is combined; it is largely used in the manufacture of Prussian blue. It is the most violent of all poisons, and destroys animals by being applied to the skin only. It is stated by an able chemist, that a single drop applied to the tongue of a mastiff dog caused death so instantaneously, that it appeared to have been destroyed by lightning. One drop on the human frame destroys life in two minutes.

But when chymically combined with other substances its power is in a great measure neutralized, and it becomes a valuable article, both to the chymist as a test, and to the physician as a medicine. The Prussiate of potash and iron will enable the chymist to discover nearly the whole of the metals when in solution, by the colours its combination produces. Dr. Zollekoffier says, that in intermittent fevers, the Prussiate of iron is in its effects superior to Cinchona bark, and says it never disagrees with the stomach, or creates nausea even in the most irritable state, while bark is not unfrequently rejected; a patient will recover from the influence of intermitting and remitting fevers, in the generality of cases, in much less time than is usual in those cases in which bark is employed.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

ZAPOROVIAN COSSACKS.

The Zaporovian Cossacks, who now form an important part of the Russian cavalry, draw their origin from the Greek Christians, who fled from the tyranny and cruelty of the Turks. They once formed a warlike association towards the cataraacts of the Borysthenes, and became remarkable for their manners, customs, and form of government. Up to the year 1667, they were under the protection of Poland. At that period they also lived under the protection of Russia. In 1676 they were entirely at the command of Russia. They took part in the revolt of Mazeppa, but Charles XII. could not induce them to join his troops at Pultowa. They were always disposed to plunder rather than fight. After the battle of Pultowa they threw themselves upon the protection of the tartars of the Crimea, and removed their *Setscha*, or seat of government, eastward of the mouth of the Borysthenes. In 1793 they put themselves again under the Russian government, and received great encouragement. The empress and the grand duke had so much esteem for the Cossacks that they ordered their names to be added to the list of those brigands, and became members of their association. The Zaporovians retained a strong attachment to the Greek religion, and a most invincible hatred to all other religions. Russia availed herself of their fanaticism as the means of destroying the nobles of the Ukraine. The Zaporovians, under their chief Zelesniak, entered

the Ukraine, and made a general massacre. The details of their horrid cruelties are terrific. They hung to the same gibbet a priest, a gentleman, a Jew, and a dog, with this inscription—"They are all one. There is no difference." A mother and her four children were suspended together—and several hundreds were buried alive with their heads above the ground. Not less than six thousand human beings were destroyed by those barbarians.

In their exertions they spared neither friends nor enemies. As their numbers and power increased, the empress Catharine II. formed the design of crushing them. They had formed themselves into corps, amounting in all to 50,000, and at the time she adopted that policy, he had endeavoured in vain to make them live in civilized society, and take wives.—(Women were expelled from their Setscha.) She concluded that females would soften their manners; but all was useless, they repelled every innovation. When Catharine summoned deputies from all parts of her dominions, to form a new code of laws, the Zaporovians refused to send any, and the empress at last found it necessary to carry into effect her project. In 1775, her troops in a secret manner surrounded the Setscha. The Zaporovians, surprised and enclosed, were unable to resist. Their Setscha was destroyed, and the whole of the barbarians disarmed. All who consented to adopt a new line of life under the Russian government were embodied as Russian cavalry, and disciplined by Russian officers. Those who objected to the new arrangement were compelled to return to the Tartars, and the wild country which they had formerly inhabited.

The Zaporovians, since the period of their subjection, have advanced further in civilization. They are superior to all the Cossacks in the Russian army, and the most effective troops in the rear of a retreating army. They thrust their pikes with great precision, so much so, that the object within their reach seldom escapes. In the retreat of Bonaparte from Moscow, the unfortunate French troops fell victims by thousands under the spears of the Zaporovians. They will no doubt find themselves opposed by the Turkish cavalry, and their attachment to the religion of their ancestors may urge them to powerful exertions.

THE GATHERER.

DIFFERENT STAGES OF MAN.

Childhood, from 1 to 7 years—the age of accidents, griefs, wants, sensibilities.

Adolescence, from 8 to 14—the age of hopes, improvidence, curiosity, impatience.

Puberty, from 15 to 21—of triumphs, desires, self-love, independence and vanity.

Youth, from 22 to 28—the age of pleasure, love, sensuality, inconstancy, enthusiasm.

Manhood, from 29 to 35—the age of enjoyments, ambition, and the play of the passions.

Middle age, from 36 to 42—of consistency, desire of fortune, and of glory.

Mature age, from 43 to 49—the age of possessions, the reign of wisdom, reason, and love of property.

Decline of life, from 50 to 56—the age of reflection, love of tranquility, foresight and prudence.

Commencement of old age, from 57 to 63—the age of regrets, cares, inquietudes, ill-temper, and desire of ruling.

Old Age, from 64 to 70—the age of infirmities, exigencies, love of authority and submission.

Decrepitude, from 71 to 77—the age of avarice, jealousy and envy.

Caducity, from 78 to 84—the age of distrust, vain boasting, unfeelingness and suspicion.

Age of Favour, from 85 to 91—the age of insensibility, love of flattery, of attention and indulgence.

Age of wonder, from 92 to 98—the age of indifference, and love of praise.

Phenomenon, from 99 to 105—the age of insensibility, hope, and the last sigh.

TAKING UMBRAGE.

During the American revolutionary war, a country laird made his appearance in a certain market

town, not one hundred miles distant from the border. A few idlers, (no very unusual thing,) were lounging in front of the shop of the Bailie of the burg, amongst whom the laird espied the village-Æsculapius, who was his political oracle, and thus addressed him:—"How's a' wi' ye the day, Doctor? Only political news?" "Nothing very particular," replied the Doctor; "only it is said, that the Dutch have taken umbrage at—." Here the Doctor got a touch on his shoulder from his shop-boy, who acquainted him that a valuable patient was waiting for him, and he broke off abruptly from his political laird. "Taken Umbrage!" exclaimed the laird; "mercy upon us! hae they ta'en Umbrage! Bailie, ken ye if its a wa'd town or no?" "A wa'd town!" says the Bailie; "nae sic thing; it's a sugar island, and ane o' the sweetest o' them; the article's up already; but ye shall hae a stane weight hame wi' ye at the auld price." "Weel minded, Bailie, weel minded!—we'll talk about that o'er a half mutchkin. Hech, Sirs! the Dutch ta'en Umbrage, and General Burgoyne tint at Saratoga! The country's in a hopeful way."

PORTUGUESE PRISONS.

Most of the Portuguese prisons are horrible in the extreme: and it is utterly impossible for the most hardy individuals who have the misfortune to be long confined within them to preserve their health from ruin.

The famous prison of the *Limoeiro*, at Lisbon, is a dreadful place of duration. It is situated on one of the mountainous streets in the Portuguese metropolis, and was formerly the archbishop's palace. A vast proportion of the crimes committed in the city are plotted between the persons confined within, and those without, the prison; for there is nothing to prevent constant communication with the street through the double iron bars, so that an unchecked and unobserved intercourse is maintained, much to the furtherance of crime. Through these bars all sorts of food, liquors, raiment, weapons, &c. can be conveyed from the street; and, indeed, through these bars, the meals of the prisoners are served. The prison is capable of containing about 700 people; the usual number, however, is 400. The state of the apartments in which the criminals pass their time is truly distressing. The stench is overpowering; and though visitors remain in the rooms only a few minutes, they often retire seriously indisposed. The expense of maintaining the prisoners is 8,000 cruza-dos, or about 1,000*l.* per annum. Of this sum one half is paid by the city, and the other by the *Misericordia*, a benevolent association, possessing large funds from various bequeathed estates. Nevertheless, the food appears insufficient; it consists chiefly of a soup made of rice. The allowance of bread is one pound and a half per day for four persons.

THE BAVARIAN WOMEN.

The Bavarian women are celebrated for their innate kindness and goodness of heart; and there is a saying with respect to them, which has grown in some parts of the country almost proverbial—"Si werden nichts abschlagen,"—"they will refuse nothing." Whether such an observation may be borne out in fact, in its widest application, I presume not to say; but their friendly natures are sufficiently evident. A young opera-singer of Munich, who travelled with me, having worn himself out by excess of joking and laughter during the day, became sleepy in the evening; and, not occupying a corner of the coach, found his head rather inconvenient. A Bavarian lady, who sat next to him, protesting that she could never sleep in a coach, surrendered her place to him; and in a few minutes his head was recumbent on her shoulder, his arm round her waist, and he slept profoundly. When the coach stopped to change horses, I walked with my musical friend to view the ruins of a little Gothic church in the moonlight; and on asking him if he was acquainted with the lady on whose shoulder he had slept so well, he replied, "I have never seen her before—but we do these things for one another in Bavaria."

EPITAPH.

The following is inscribed on a grave-stone in Holton Church-yard, Lancashire: "Thomas Okey,

the son of God, was born in London 1608; came to this town 1629; married Mary, the daughter of James Crampton, of Brightwit, 1635, with whom he lived comfortably twenty years, and begat four sons and six daughters; since then he lived sole till the day of his death. In this time were great changes and terrible alterations, eighteen years' civil war in England, besides many dreadful sea-fights; the Crown and command of England changed eight times; Episcopacy laid aside fourteen years; London burnt by Papists, and more stately built again; Germany wasted 300 miles; 200,000 Protestants murdered by Papists; this town twice stormed, once taken and plundered. He went through many troubles and divers conditions; found rest, joy, and happiness, only in holiness, the faith, fear and love of God and Jesus Christ. Died the 29th April, and lieth here buried, 1684.

"Come, Lord Jesus!
O, come quickly."

LOVE AND MONEY.

A facetious parson of a country parish was employed, some years ago, to unite a rustic pair in the holy bonds of matrimony. As soon as the knot was tied, "well, sir," says Jonathan, "what's the damage?"—"Nothing, I hope," replies his reverence, "if there is any done, it is no fault of mine, you alone are answerable for the consequences of the evening." "But I mean sir, what's to pay?" "O, that depends on circumstances, when I marry a couple, if the bridegroom is rather indifferent towards his bride, he hands over only the legal fee, four and six pence. If he is pretty fond of her, he will pay a dollar or a crown." "What effect this gentle hint had on the heart of Jonathan, tradition saith not.

COLDINGHAM CONVENT.

This convent, the oldest in Scotland, is immortalized by the heroism of its nuns. In them chastity was not a vow of the lips, but a principle of the heart. When the country was invaded by the ferocious Danes, in 870, they cut off their noses and lips, to make themselves objects of horror rather than desire.

They, indeed, escaped violation by their resolution; but so much were the savages provoked at the disappointment they met with, in finding ghastly figures instead of the beauties they expected, that they set fire to the monastery, and consumed the wretched nuns, together with their abbess, Ebba.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote is told of a certain irritable tragedian. He was playing *Macbeth*, and had rushed off to kill *Duncan*, when there was no blood for the Thane to steep his hands in. "The blood! the blood!" exclaimed he to the agitated property man, who had forgotten it; the actor, however, not to disappoint the audience, clenched his fist, and, striking the property man a violent blow upon his nose, coolly washed his hands in the stream of gore that burst from it, and re-entered with the usual words, "I have done the deed—didst thou not hear the noise!"

BAPTISMAL PROMISES.

One of the subjects for confirmation at a bishop's recent visitation, on being asked by the clergyman to whom she applied for her certificate of qualifications, what her godfathers and godmothers promised for her, said, with much *naïveté*, "I've a year'd that they promised to give me hafe a dozen zilver spoons, but I've never had 'em though."

RIDING DOUBLE.

A sailor riding in a hot summer's day, the horse suddenly stopped, and kicking off the flies, hung his foot in the stirrup. The sailor immediately observed, "How now Dobbin, if you are going to get on, I'll get off, for I'll be d—d if I ride double with you."

An old gentleman having observed to a youth, that "a still tongue shows a wise head," the youth replied, "then what a wise head must my brother Bob's be, for he is deaf and dumb."

POPULAR TALES.

From the *Atlantick Souvenir*, for 1829.

THE ESMERALDA.

BY GODFREY WALLACE.

The brilliant exploit on which the following story is founded, was performed in the early part of the revolution in Peru. San Martin, after freeing Chili from the Spanish yoke, had pushed his army to the very gates of Lima; and with the co-operation of Lord Cochrane by sea, took possession of the ancient capital of Peru soon after the occurrences here detailed.

It was on a bright and sunny summer evening, that a curious cavalcade was seen issuing from the gate of Lima, and taking the road to Callao. It was composed of the "liberty men" of the American frigate *Macedonian*, then lying in the harbour. A crowd of Peruvian boys followed it; and the very sentinels forgot their military gravity, and indulged in the irrepressible laughter which it excited. First came some half dozen sailors, arm in arm, whom a tiny midshipman in vain strove to keep in order. Then followed some dozen mules, each carrying two drunken sailors, slung like panniers, amid-ships, and guided by a stout Peruvian lad, seated en croupe. Two or three midshipmen, with some twenty steady fellows of the crew, brought up the rear. The pinioned tars had no idea of the propriety of their mode of conveyance, and vented all their tipsy rage on the "after-guard," as they styled the driver. But once on shore during a three years' cruise, the sailors had gone from the extreme of temperance and abstinence, to the extreme of excess; and having spent their last dollar, were now literally carried back to their vessel. Those in front, as they passed the soldiers, cocked their eyes, thrust their tongues into their cheeks, and throwing out their legs horizontally, performed the mock military to perfection: then bursting into a roar of laughter at their own wit, trod on each other's heels, kicked each other's shins, shouted "heads up, ye lubbers," and set order at complete defiance. The living panniers were less noisy, and groaned and hiccuped their discontent at being "triced up" to such heavy sailers, as they termed the mules; kicked the sides of the animals, aimed ineffectual blows at the "after-guard," and ran desperate risk of life, as some restive beast, throwing his heels in the air, threatened to dislodge them. The rear, exhilarated, but not tipsy, with just enough aboard to show off the sailor to perfection, cracked their jokes, trolled their songs, practised their manual fun upon the drunkards, and moved most merrily along. By dint of driving and swearing, the procession was urged over the seven miles from Lima to the sea, and reached Callao just as the sun flashed his last rays upon the Chilean brig, which was cruising, hull down, in the offing. The wharf or quay, alongside of which the frigate's boats were lying in readiness to receive the "liberty men," was crowded with people. Sailors, soldiers, guarda-costas, Indians, and idlers of all descriptions, were collected there. The clattering of the oars of newly arrived boats, the roll and splash of those leaving the landing, the voice of command, the English and American "God damn," the Spanish "Caramba," the French "Sacre," and the Dutch "Der teufel," were all heard, were all mingled in the general clamour and hurry at the close of day. These sounds were dying away as the Americans approached the quay; and by the time that the "liberty men" were tumbled aboard the two cutters and pinnace, no body remained to witness their departure but a few guarda-costas, whose duty detained them along the shore.

It was a beautiful and tranquil bay across which the Macedonian's boats now pulled. On the right lay the castles of Callao, the long line of ramparts serried with the bayonets of the Spanish soldiers. On the left, anchored head and stern, were the frigates *Macedonian* and *Esmeralda*; the latter a new ship, fully armed, provisioned, manned, and equipped for a six months' cruise; and a little farther out lay the British frigate *Hyperion*; all three within half gun shot of the castles. Within the men of war merchantmen were securely moored. A few black whale ships dotted the bay; and far off in the shadow of the island of San Lorenzo, lay the patriot blockading squadron of Lord Cochrane.

* Sailors on shore with leave.

The stern sheets of the pinnace were occupied by two midshipmen. At home, by his own fire-side, on the Roanoke, the youngest would have been called a boy; but here in the Pacific, the officer of a yankee frigate, it would have been sword and pistol work to have rated him any thing but a man. There was an air too of command about him, which sustained his pretensions to the character; and the sailors at the oars regarded him with that respectful kindness and ready obedience that showed he was a favourite among the crew. In place of a chapeau bras, like that worn by his companion, the large straw sombrero of the Peruvians lay beside him, while a black handkerchief twisted around his head, shielded it from the damp air which already began to float over the water. "In the name of sense, Hal," said his companion, taking up the sombrero, and measuring its immense brim against the sky, "where did you get this upper rigging! and what boot did you give in exchanging a chapeau?" "It's too long a yarn to spin now," said the Virginian, evidently willing to avoid the subject; "put the broad brim down, and mind the yoke ropes. Here we are athwart the hawse of a merchantman." The sudden shock which threw the oars out of the rowlocks, created a confusion on board the pinnace which effectually interrupted the conversation. The hail from the merchantman was answered. The commands, "back water," "steady," "pull y'er starboard oars," "altogether, now," "give way, boys," followed in quick succession; and the pinnace shot by the obstacle which had momentarily checked its progress. All the vessels which the boat had hitherto passed, had hailed it at the usual distance, and it was now directly under the bows of the *Esmeralda*. "Strange that the Spanish frigate does not hail," said the Virginian. "So fine a ship should have a livelier watch on board. A sleepy dog that, whose bayonet I see just abaft the mainmast." "They're deep in a frolic," replied his companion; "I met a crowd of Spanish gentlemen going on board to dine, as I came ashore this morning, and the guarda-costa at the landing, told me that they had not returned at sun-down." "The more fools they," answered the other, "to blow it out with Cochrane at two gun-shots of them." "He is not the man to interrupt them," was the reply; "he lies solidly under the island that his men will soon not know brace from buntline." "I don't know," continued the Virginian; "his vessels showed their teeth pretty plainly as we made the land here, and his flag ship walked across our fore foot in as gallant a style as I have seen this many a day." "Nothing but show," said the other. "The commodore did not think so, however, or else all hands would not have beat to quarters, the ship cleared for action, bulk heads down, decks sanded, and matches smoking. No, no. Cochrane will be alongside the *Esmeralda* yet, and that before long. It may be superstition, Will, but for a commodore's broad pennant I would not sling my hammock to-night to the best battens on board of her. In my eye she looks like a doomed ship. Her sails bent, her guns run out, and yet so still. Not a living soul to speak to us from her decks; no sound about her but the rippling of the tide against her hawse." The farther remarks of the Virginian were interrupted by the loud hail from the Macedonian. It was promptly answered, and in a short time the sailors and their officers stood upon the deck of the frigate.

The bustle occasioned by the arrival of the boats was soon over. The sailors betook themselves to the fore-castle, and became listeners to an interminable love song, which a sentimental blue-jacket was droning forth to his companions. The officers, after reporting themselves on the quarter-deck, either turned in for the night, or joined the different groups that were lounging about the after part of the ship. Seated on the breech of a gun, with his sombrero on his knee, and surrounded by a crowd of reefers, was the Virginian. The Peruvian hat had already been tried on the heads of all around, and made the subject of sailor jests; and assuming all the dignity of one who was aware of the interest attached to his story, its owner commenced his account of the manner in which he obtained it, and the cause of his wearing it.

"You see, reefers, the purser and I having come

to a reckoning, I determined to have a regular blow out in Lima: not a tipsy spree, you understand, but something to recall the Roanoke and old Virginia. So off I started in the cutter; and having reached the shore, I hired the horse of a guarda-costa, to carry me to town, and engaged its master to serve me as a guide. I took the sheep skins, and he trudged it on foot. It was sun set when we left the wharf, and before we had proceeded half way the mist came rolling over from the sea, and concealed from our view even the trees which lined the sides of the road. We were the only travellers. Some loaded mules passed us, but with the exception of these, we were the solitary occupants of the king's highway. I possessed Spanish sufficient to maintain a broken conversation with the guarda-costa, and we chatted cosily enough, until we heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the road behind us. In another moment a horseman, nobly mounted, but dressed in the poncho and sombrero of the country, dashed by us at full speed. He came and he was gone. Here and away. Lightning could scarcely have been quicker. But still, as on he galloped, I was struck with his appearance. I noticed that he rode with civilized stirrups, and not the wooden shoes of the Peruvians. I thought too, that he had holsters; and I would swear to the long, straight sword which clinked against the stirrup iron. Small time for an observation you say. Well, so it was; but time enough for all. The guarda-costa saw every thing that I did. "Bravo," he said, as the stranger, unmoved in his saddle, bore the wide leap which his startled horse made in passing. "Bueno Caballero, that fellow sits well, Signor." "Like a hero," replied I, equally pleased with the dexterity of the horseman; but before the words had passed my lips he had disappeared, and we again moved solitarily along. When we had proceeded about a mile farther, to our great surprise, the single horseman again dashed by us at his utmost speed. But this time he came in the direction of Lima, and rode so furiously as almost to capsize the guarda-costa. After passing us he returned at right angles to the road and continued his way far to our left. He had scarcely vanished in the mist before a vidette of Spanish cavalry came on us, with almost equal speed. The officer commanding it reined his horse upon its haunches beside me, and asked imperatively the direction taken by the single horseman, whose appearance and dress he described. I, however, had no idea of turning informer, so I pretended not to understand him, and talked as fast in English as he did in Spanish. He cursed big and large, and then repeated his questions to the guarda-costa. I was afraid that all would be blown now, and was consoling myself by calculating the advantage the delay had given to the fugitive, when I heard my guide log a deliberate lie, in assuring the Spaniard that "Caballero" had pushed on to Callao; and in a moment more, the vidette were, as they supposed, pushing after him. We now continued our way. The Peruvian chuckled, and did not pretend to conceal his satisfaction at having crossed the trail of the vidette. "Santa Maria! how he rode," said the guarda-costa, as if thinking aloud; "and those cursed Spaniards to think to overtake him." "You speak roughly of your friends," said I. "Friends," repeated the man, in as fiendish a tone as I ever heard. He laid his hand upon the pommel of the saddle, threw back the broad brim of his straw hat, and rose many inches in height, as he darted his quick keen eyes full in my face, to read in the deep gloom, the expression of my countenance. For a moment he looked cautiously around and then rapidly whispered. "I, Signor, am a Peruvian, but not a free born man. Who made me? who made the Incas slaves? The Spaniards." The guarda-costa paused; then, pointing first in the direction of San Martin's camp, and then towards the Chilean fleet, he continued in the same energetic tone. "No, Signor, there are our friends." I scarcely recognized the stupid custom-house drudge in the man who now addressed me. His extended arm—his bold carriage—his upright figure, which loomed large in the evening mist, belonged, I thought, to another being. But the change was momentary. The soldier turned slowly away, and before I could reply he was again as when I hired him.

"In the mean time we approached the city. The guarda-costa appeared to have struck, on a train of thought which was far from pleasing, for he strode rapidly along, and occasionally muttered discontented sounds, as though came unwittingly to his tongue. I tried to catch his meaning without success. His sullen answers prevented conversation, and we proceeded most unsocially, until challenged by the sentinel at the gate. "Que viva!" sounded harshly from beneath the old archway. "San Martin," fiercely replied my guide. In a moment the musket of the Spanish soldier on guard rattled in his hands. I heard the sharp click as he cocked it. Another second and the guarda-costa had been a dead man. I sprung from my horse in time to strike up the levelled weapon, and shouted "viva le rey," in tones that brought the whole guard to the spot. My guide was more alarmed than I was. San Martin was uppermost in his thoughts, and the name of the patriot chief, at which the Llaneros trembled, was pronounced, instead of the usual reply to the hail of the Spanish sentinel. We were now overhauled by the officers on duty; and after some impertinent examination, I was damned as a North American, and suffered to proceed. My guide, however, was detained. This was unlucky enough. I knew nothing of Lima, and none of those whom the bustle at the gate had collected seemed at all disposed to assist me. Recollecting that Frank Lindesay's horse, in old Virginia, and I rode it often enough to know, stopped at all the grog shops, I threw the reins on the neck of my steed, hoping that he would carry me to the place where his master usually put up. The animal's intentions may have been good, but I soon saw that the crowd were determined to thwart them. To make a long story short, I was in the centre of a Lima mob, led on by a little contemptible looking rascal, who persuaded the people that I was the head spy of San Martin's army. At first I pretended not to understand what was said, but my valour at last got the better of my discretion, and I could not resist the temptation of putting my fist between the eyes of a villain who was grinning his impudence in my face. This brought things to a crisis: "A la muerte" was the cry, and the last thing I can recollect was a blow on the temple, which brought me to the ground.

"How long I remained insensible, I cannot exactly say. When I recovered, I found that I had been laid at the door of a huge church; under the idea, I suppose, that I was dead. I felt miserably stiff and cold, and for some minutes did not attempt to move; at last, after one or two efforts, I got upon my feet, and ascertained that my limbs were unbroken, and that my doubloons were still at the bottom of my fob. Some Peruvian gentleman had taken a fancy to my watch, and to a new chapeau, mounted for the occasion. He might have spared them, as they were borrowed articles. No matter, however, the watch never had any insides, and the hat must have suffered pretty severely in the scuffle. The first thing I did, on turning around, was to peep in at the door of the church, which stood conveniently ajar. As I peeped in, some one from the interior peeped out; for I thrust my nose into the pale face of a tall, monkish-looking person, who was about leaving the building. Both of us were sadly scared, and starting back, we stood staring at each other in the star-light, until, recovering the first from the panic produced by the unexpected rencontre, I turned and ran with the best speed my stiff limbs would admit of. After going a considerable distance, I stopped to listen. No sounds came from the direction of the church; but from the opposite quarter, I heard the steps and clattering arms of a relief of soldiers. I stood by a low garden wall, and in a moment I was on the other side of it. The relief passed by, and the noise it made was soon lost in the turnings of the streets. I was now in a large and handsome garden. The smooth walks, the fountain which tossed its waters so coolly on the night, the broad grass plats, the rows of flowers, the neatly trimmed hedges, amused me for some time; and resolving to await here the return of light, I threw myself upon a garden bench, and summoned all the recollections of past pleasures, to assist the slow progress of time. But time, notwithstanding, took his own way and jogged most lazily on. I got up—I drank at the foun-

tain—I walked about, and at last, attracted by the sound of music, set myself to discover whence it proceeded. After losing it, and recovering it several times, I found myself under the verandah of the house to which the garden was attached, and which some lines of tall hedges had at first prevented me from seeing. Curiosity brought me to the house; curiosity led me into the verandah; and curiosity placed me snugly enough at the window of the very room in which the musician was. Of course I went on tiptoes, and scarcely daring to breathe, ventured to peep into the apartment; intending, if all things permitted to discover myself and ask for a night's lodging, and a hat of some sort or other. The room was a large one, lighted by a shaded lamp, which hung from the ceiling, and made every thing appear soft and moonshiny. Next to the window at which I sat, was the door leading to the verandah, directly opposite to which was another door, and in the right hand wall a third, of a much smaller size, might have led to a sleeping apartment. A table covered with a crimson cloth stood in the centre, and upon a sofa beside it, and opposite to the small door, was reclined the minstrel of the hour. The guitar which had attracted me was lying on the table, and the lady who had touched it was reading what appeared to me to be a letter. I'll tell you what, reefer, she was worth looking at; I could not see her eyes, but then her exquisite figure, and the prettiest little foot you ever beheld, seen to such advantage on the dark covering of the sofa, and her jet black hair, and beautiful mouth, and high commanding forehead—she was a glorious craft, such as I have not seen since I left old Virginia.

(Continued next week.)

MISCELLANY.

From Mrs. Hille's Ladies' Magazine.

THE LONG DAY.

"What a very tedious, long day it has been!" exclaimed Jane Carly, as she languidly seated herself on the sofa, and drew her beautiful white hand over her face, to conceal a yawn she could not overcome.

"You are fatigued with your exertions, I presume," said her uncle Jacob, looking compassionately upon her. "Permit me to inquire what have been your employments during this long, tedious day?"

"Employments!" repeated the young lady colouring. "O, for that matter, uncle, I cannot remember all I have done."

"But you can enumerate some things, no doubt. Have you walked, or rode, or read, or worked?"

"I detest walking, when the wind is so high, and the streets so dusty. Why, no lady of fashion would be seen abroad to-day, unole," replied Jane, with great vivacity.

"And so, of course, I may conclude you have neither walked nor rode," observed uncle Jacob, as he very composedly put on his spectacles, and surveyed his niece through them, with an air as deliberate as a fop levels his eye-glass at the theatre. Jane, however, shrunk more from her uncle's scrutiny, than she would have done from the fop's. "Well, reading and working may be performed when the wind is high and the streets dusty."

Jane was silent, for reading came next in course, and she was too well acquainted with her uncle, to attempt to impose on him by pretending to have read books, which she knew only by their titles, or the reviews. Some young ladies may think Jane very conscientious. They see no harm in palming off a little of that smattering of knowledge, which they gain by mingling in society, as their own. Why could not Jane have named some book which the old gentleman never heard of, and then, if she did mistake names, and misapply characters, and misquote sentiments, he would never have detected her! Many a young lady has thus rattled away, to her own great delight and fancied importance, when with those whom she deemed could not readily discover she was ignorant whether the authors she so familiarly named, wrote in prose or poetry, or whether the book she pretended so lately to have read, was a sermon or a song.

The truth is this, Jane read nothing but novels;

and, as she had, only one week previous, solemnly promised her uncle not to touch a work of fiction for a month, she did not dare to acknowledge she had passed the whole forenoon poring over "A Marriage in High Life." She would as soon have confessed she had spent the hours, planning when her own marriage was to be.

"Have you read Heber's Travels yet?" resumed uncle Jacob, attempting, by a question, to oblige his niece to converse.

"No—not at all—not much," returned Jane, speaking very quick. "I am not interested in it, uncle. I always hated a diary. It looks so methodistick and mechanical. I think no author can be so particular, without having in all his actions and speeches, reference to the note-book. Can thoughts be free, when one is subjected to the trammels of entering them all on the diary, as regularly as a merchant would his accounts? I would not, for the universe undertake to be thus particular, and I always pity the writers of such minute facts too much to enjoy the information their labours would otherwise afford me."

"But there is one care that frequently oppresses you, which the good bishop seldom, if ever, appears to have felt. He never had to endure a very tedious, long day," said uncle Jacob, smiling.

"Will keeping a diary always preserve us from ennui?" demanded Jane.

"The endeavour to have something worthy to record, would preserve us my dear. The industrious and the studious, seldom complain of a very tedious long day."

"Now I shall hear that saying of mine for this whole season, I presume," replied the laughing girl, as she took her uncle's hand, and affectionately pressed it between both hers. "Yet I said it merely because I did not, at the moment, think of any observation more wise. I forgot how very circumspet it was necessary to be!"

"When conversing with your old-fashioned friend," interrupted her uncle. "Well, well, I forgive you, and if I loved you less I should be more indulgent to your little foibles. But, Jane, in this age of energy and improvement, nothing strikes me more unpleasantly, except gross vice, than to see young persons idle, and hear their listless complaints of the tediousness of time. I can very well believe, that the days must be tedious and long to those of your sex, excluded as you are from the business and bustle of the world, who have no literary resources. But now, when we men are willing, not only to allow you have talents, but even to encourage you to employ them, the woman who wastes her time in frivolous pursuits, or fashionable amusements,—and such people are those who oftenest complain of very tedious, long days,—deserves to be despised and laughed at."

OF COMPANY.

From the works of Thomas Fuller.

Company is one of the greatest pleasures of the nature of man, for the beams of joy are made hotter by reflection when related to another; and otherwise, gladness itself must grieve for want of one to express itself to.

It is unnatural for a man to court and hug solitariness. It is observed, that the further islands in the world are so seated that there is none so remote but that from some shore of it another island or continent may be discerned, as if hereby nature invited countries to a mutual commerce one with another. Why, then, should any man affect to environ himself with so deep and great reservedness, as not to communicate with the society of others? And, though we pity those who made solitariness their refuge in time of persecution, we must condemn such as choose it in the church's prosperity; for well may we count him not well in his wits who will always live under a bush, because others in a storm shelter themselves under it.

If thou beest cast into bad company, like Hercules, thou must sleep with thy club in thine hand, and stand on thy guard. I mean, if, against thy will, the tempest of an unexpected occasion drives thee amongst such rocks, then be thou like the river Dee in Merionethshire, in Wales, which, running through Pimblemeer, remains entire, and

mingles not her stream with the waters of the lake. Though with them, be not of them; keep communion with them, but separate from their sins. And if against thy will thou fallest amongst wicked men, know to thy comfort thou art still in thy calling, and therefore in God's keeping, who on thy prayers will preserve thee.

The company he keeps is the comment, by help whereof men expound the most close and mystical man, understanding him for one of the same religion, life, and manners with his associates; and though, perchance, he be not such an one, it is just he should be accounted so for conversing with them. Augustus Cæsar came thus to discern his two daughters' inclinations; for being once at a publick show where much people was present, he observed that the grave senators talked with Livia, but loose youngsters and riotous persons with Julia.

He that eats cherries with noblemen shall have his eyes spirited out with the stones. This outlandish proverb hath in it an English truth; that they who constantly converse with men far above their estates shall reap shame and loss thereby. If thou payest nothing, they will count thee a sucker, no branch—a wen, no member of the company. If in payments thou keepest pace with them, their long strides will soon tire thy short legs. The beavers of New England, when some ten of them together draw a stick to the building of their lodging, set the weakest beavers to the lighter end of the log, and the strongest take the heaviest part thereof; whereas men often lay the greatest burthen on the weakest back; and great persons, to teach meaner men to learn their distance, take pleasure to make them pay for their company. I except such men who, having some excellent quality, are, gratis, very welcome to their betters; such an one, though he pays not a penny of the shot, spends enough in leading them his time and discourse.

To affect always to be the best of the company argues a base disposition. Gold always worn in the same purse with silver, loses both of the colour and weight; and so to converse always with inferiours, degrades a man of his worth. Such there are that love to be the lords of the company, whilst the rest must be their tenants, as if bound by their lease to approve, praise, and admire whatsoever they say. These, knowing the lowness of their parts, love to live with dwarfs, that they may seem proper men. To come amongst their equals, they account it an abridgment of their freedom, but to be with their betters they deem it flat slavery.

It is excellent for one to have a library of scholars; especially if they be plain to read; I mean of a communicative nature, whose discourses are as full as fluent, and their judgments as right as their tongues ready—such men's talk shall be thy lectures.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1828.

ALBANY COUNTY ANTI-MASONICK CONVENTION. Our readers are acquainted with the fact, that a few men, none of whom were ever considered peculiarly worthy of the good opinion of the world, clubbed together at Bethlehem, in this county, on the 15th ultimo. The character of the body was so utterly insignificant, and the purpose for which it assembled so notoriously ridiculous, that when its proceedings became known to us, we considered them unworthy of any particular notice. It may, however, throw a little "more light" upon the handi-work of anti-masonry, to give the profoundness of its chosen ones a passing illustration. We esteem the intelligence of this county too highly, to suppose that a conclave, composed of political knaves and scoffers at religion and morality, can exercise any considerable influence over it. Men of the worst characters, by a pretended repentance of the errors they have committed, and an affectation of patriotism, may, in the moment of excitement, cajole the weak and unthinking into their views; but the power of truth, when free to exert itself, never fails to dispel the mists with which undue zeal or the craft of villany may have blinded the honest faculties of the mind.

We trust the sequel; and though we do not profess to be prophets, we may predict, upon the authority of gener a observation, that from it, the heterogeneous cabal which, for the last two years, has tampered with the publick peace, and which is still striving to corrupt the honesty of the state, has nothing to hope, except the fate which is ever attendant upon evil doers.

Anti-masonry is never spoken of by men of intelligence in Albany, but with contempt. The convention of the 15th ult. was got up by a few uneasy political charlatans, who knew themselves too well to think for moment that they could succeed in their purposes. They knew that they had no claims on the good opinion of the community; and that they were regarded as men destitute of honourable feeling, and promoters of discord. They knew that no man, who respected the opinions of society, would accept of a nomination from them. The most they could hope to do was, to make a show, and by trumpeting forth false tales of their importance, contribute a mite towards keeping alive the unhappy excitement which prevails in the west. The election was at hand, and it was necessary that something should be done, to check the current of popular contempt, which was setting against anti-masonry so forcibly, and to them, so fatally. They met; but instead of averting their fate, by developing the licentiousness, blasphemy, and inconsistency of their faction, they accelerated the destruction which was hastening upon the cause they undertook to sustain.

The nominations of this sapient body afford another illustration of the situation to which anti-masons are reduced, and of the means to which they have the impudence to resort, to keep up "appearances." Archibald Stephens, Esq. was nominated as a candidate for congeess. The following laconick epistle, published in the Argus of Thursday, shows how highly Judge Stephens values the honour thus conferred upon him.

To the Editor of the Argus.

Dear sir—Please have the goodness to give the following an insertion in your paper:—

I have perceived of late, that I have been nominated as a candidate for member of congress, without my knowledge or consent, by a set of men in the county of Albany, styling themselves anti-masons; but they being well known as a set of broken-down, disaffected politicians, I trust my friends will treat their proceedings, as I do, with contempt and disrespect.

ARCHIBALD STEPHENS.

Cogmans, October 27th, 1828.

In the place of Judge Stephens' name, the managers have inserted that of *George Merchant*! who had been previously rejected by them, as unfit for the office of county clerk! O, what consistency! Has not every elector reason to remember *George Merchant*? Let him think upon the election of 1820—the *Bethlehem votes*—and upon this anti-masonick congressman.

James Deforest, Esq. of Watervliet, was nominated for senator; but justly valuing his reputation, he hastened to decline the intended honour.

Their candidates for the assembly, though not particularly odious as citizens, have nothing to recommend them to the suffrages of the people. William Mayell is very like an old sixpence; he was once worth a trifle, but is now much worn and depreciated in value. He went with, or rather rode upon the political party to which he belonged, a little longer than suited its pleasure; and so they managed to get rid of him, a short time since, and he turned anti-mason. The following card contains the opinion of one honest man respecting the company into which he had been pushed.

To the Editors of the Albany Daily Advertiser and Chronicle.

Gentlemen—Having been nominated by the anti-masonick convention held at Bethlehem, on the 15th inst. for member of assembly, I wish to inform the publick, through the medium of your respective papers, that it was done without my knowledge or consent, and that I decline said nomination. Respectfully yours, &c.

GUILDERLAND, Oct. 18th, 1828.

John Becker, the present jailer, was nominated for sheriff. He was first selected for the same office by the political friends of Mr. Adams. From facts which have transpired since his nomination, it is evident Mr. Becker is not a fit person for the responsible office of sheriff, of this county. The statement of facts, published in a handbill, by Mr. John T. Eagleton, and Mr Hyatt's letter, convince us, that

Becker is so strongly tinctured with low cunning, and a talent for double dealing, that he is unworthy of the support of honest men. *We have it, too, from good authority, that Becker has set the laws at defiance, and for a paltry pecuniary consideration, discharged a criminal from the jail, before the expiration of the term for which he was sentenced to confinement.* We are acquainted with a particular instance, but we believe Becker's character is already so well understood by the publick, that it is unnecessary to publish it. We have merely mentioned these facts, to let our readers know what sort of men are highest in the esteem of anti-masons.

In the selection of candidates for minor offices, and in their committees of vigilance, they were equally unfortunate. Mr. Russel Case, of Guilderland, was nominated for coroner. The following card, which we copy from the Daily Chronicle, is probably a fair specimen of Mr. Case's *anti-masonry*.

The subscriber, who was nominated by the Anti-Masonick County Convention as a *Coroner* for the town of Guilderland, hereby declines the said nomination, as it was made without his knowledge or consent.

RUSSEL CASE.

Guilderland, Oct. 24, 1828.

Their committees, too, are unpopular.

BERN, Oct. 27th, 1828.

Messrs *Beach Denio & Richards*—Gentlemen, in a recent number of the National Observer my name is used as one of the Committee of Vigilance, for the town of Bern, to promote the Election of the Anti-Masonick candidates for County and State Officers. It was used, wholly without my knowledge or consent. I will have nothing to do with them. I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I am for the present wise and prudent National Administration—and shall support, County and State Officers, that are favourable to the Administration.

Please insert this and oblige your sincere friend.

JACOB D. SETTLE.

The subscribers, who were appointed a Committee of Vigilance for the town of Guilderland, by the Anti-Masonick County Convention, hereby decline the said appointment, as the same was made without their knowledge or consent.

DANIEL DAVIS,
JOHN BATTERMAN.

Guilderland, Oct. 24, 1828.

Now, reader, don't you really think that anti-masonry is gaining ground, wonderfully? If the proofs we have already cited are not sufficient to enlist you in its support, we recommend the following extract to your attention.

From the Madison co. Observer and Recorder.

Lebanon, Oct. 10, 1828.

Mr. Editor—We wish through the medium of your paper, to express our views in regard to the anti-masonick party, as it styles itself, now existing in our town and county. We are conscious that many of us have been found in the ranks of this same party, and we will now give our reasons for dissenting.

1st. Because anti-masonry has been converted by the aspirants for power into a political machine.

2d. Because the party is selfish, sordid and illiberal, arrogating to themselves all the ability and fitness for office in the town, county, and state.

3d. Because it indiscriminately proscribes and disfranchises all masons, and among them, some good and patriotic men.

4th. Because it is a strange doctrine that tears without scruple the very laurel from the brows of some of our greatest statesmen, and casts like rust into the patriotic sword of the warrior who has defended his country in the hour of danger.

5th. Because we think it is forging a chain, which, if not prevented in time, will shorten the duration of our civil and religious rights, and give to liberty its last and mortal shock.

6th. Because we do not undertake to judge men's consciences.

7th. Because, though young, yet we consider it our duty to resist with spirit and promptness the least encroachments upon the liberty of the consciences of our fellow citizens.

8th. Because we do not mean to become infatuated, and surrender our judgment hoodwinked to the fascination of a name.

After these few brief reasons, we shall undoubtedly be complimented with the name of masons' "Jack," by some of the thorough-going antis; but we hurl it back at them with scorn, and boldly and candidly declare that we are not the advocates of masonry, but of liberty and equality. The rights of man, in our view, are sacred, nor can we endure that any should control our freeborn brethren. We wish their liberties to remain inviolate, as they were when

the tempered blades of our forefathers dispelled the shackles of usurpation.

BENJAMIN T. CAMPBELL,
Wm. M. CLARKE,
N. DUNHAM,
C. C. GRAY,
H. A. CAMPBELL,
ORREN B. GILBERT,
Wm. T. WYLLIE,
SAMUEL HITCHCOCK,
HIRAM KNAPP,
GILES COLLINS, jr.,
ALBERT G. PURDY,
ASA SMITH,
STEPHEN HINMAN,
ELIJAH W. BENEDICT,
LUTHER NILES,

JOSEPH FORD, J.
JOSEPH FRENCH,
FREDERICK J. BRADLEY,
JOHN POWELL, jr.,
H. B. SHAPLEY,
Wm. R. SEARS,
HARRY HUNT,
ABRAHAM GRIFFIN,
Wm. S. BUTLER,
BELLIS M. BERLIN,
SYLV. THAYER,
VINE B. GILBERT,
THOMAS HITCHCOCK,
ASA P. STETSON,

ELECTION AND THANKSGIVING. During the elapse of the next week, as every body knows, "Greek will meet Greek," and the "tug of war" will pass over. As most men generally do, we prefer one candidate before another, and shall trouble ourselves so much as to vote for the man of our choice; to whom we heartily wish success. But it is not the province of our columns to eulogize one, or to trumpet forth philippicks against the other. Party spirit will undoubtedly determine who shall be president and who shall be governor. It is an old story, that there are honest men on both sides; none will doubt it: yet it so happens, that in these contests, honesty is rather a stupid virtue; it has much less influence, and much less to do with elections, than political cunning and management. Yet no fears should be entertained for the safety of our republican institutions: the interests and the happiness of all, and the intelligence of the majority, afford a sure protection to the liberties of the country. The temperate men of both parties deprecate the zeal with which the partizans of either side proscribe in theory all who do not support their notions; but it is not to be wondered at, that in this country, where every man, who can buy a press and types, is privileged to say almost what he pleases of candidates for public offices, hasty spirits should sometimes disturb the serenity of the political atmosphere.

We shall have the pleasure of welcoming thanksgiving soon after we bid adieu to the election. As soon as we have fairly convinced ourselves whether we are to be numbered with the weak or with the strong, the floodgates of roastmeats and pumpkin pies will be hoisted; and pious epicures shall raise their eyes to heaven in silent admiration of the destruction which will then have visited the feathery tribes. The corporations of saintly gormands shall sensibly dilate, and generous fluids shall cause their hearts to overflow with gratitude and self-importance. Matronly ipse dixits shall reign over the "lords of creation;" the tables of selfishness will be turned; and puritan and infidel will alike be sensible that life is something more than "vanity and vexation of spirit." The 27th instant is set apart by governor Lincoln for the observance of this venerable festival by the good people of the commonwealth of Massachusetts; and the same day is set apart for the same purpose by governor Tomlinson of Connecticut. For observance in our own state, governor Pitcher has designated the 4th of December.

ATLANTICK SOUVENIR. We have before us the volume of the Souvenir for 1829. Like all publications of the kind, the Souvenir has some pretensions to elegance in appearance; but we think if any very high expectations have been formed respecting the neatness of its mechanical execution, they will come far short of being fully realized. The plates are quite indifferent, and the typography is bad. Of its literary character, however, it gives us pleasure speak more favourably. Though most of its poetical productions may be considered dull, we think its prose articles are excellent; and an additional degree of pleasure is derived from a perusal of its tales, as many of them are illustrative of the history and manners of our own country. For the amusement of our readers, as well as to give them an idea of the claims of the Souvenir upon their patronage, we have extracted a beautiful poem by Perceval, entitled "Seneca Lake," and commented the publication of "The Esmeralda," an interesting and well written tale of the South American revolution, by Godfrey Wallace. The Souvenir will undoubtedly meet with extensive patronage, and while

we express our best wishes for its success, we hope the succeeding numbers may give the world a fairer view of the actual state of the arts in America.

TABLE TALK.

A note was recently sent to the workhouse in Wolverhampton, as a certificate of the illness of a poor woman, couched in the following terms: "Gentlemen, this is to satisfy that — is alive, though not able to come in person. She will send you word when she is dead." — A number of citizens of New-Jersey have held a public meeting in Mount Holly, with the object of having a rail road constructed between Camden, in the county of Gloucester, and the Raritan river or bay in the county of Middlesex. — **Conundrums.** Why is an extinguished candle like a man in a passion? He is *put out*. Why is a dandy like a wave? He *dashes*. Why is murder like a candle? It *generally comes to light*. Why is an armoury like a lady with red hair? Full of *fire locks*. Why is the man in the moon like a drunken man? He is *high*. Why is the letter Y in eye like happiness? It is in the midst of *E E's*, (*case*). — **Paul Pry.** — M. Gleizal, a member of the convention who voted the death of Louis XVI. has received from the present government of France an indemnity of 60,000 or 80,000 francs, for the loss of a place of which he was deprived by the last ministry. — **Cross Readings.** A child of Mr. Ezra Price, last Wednesday, threw up—500 loads of paving stones. Was drowned yesterday afternoon, in the river Delaware—50 barrels of mackerel. 1200 head of cattle passed through this place on Saturday last—all for Jackson. Fashionable fall bonnets—covering ninety-six acres of woodland. We understand that Sir James Kemp was sworn into—one thousand bags of Manilla coffee. Lost on Saturday last, a lady's reticule, containing—cotton, hides, and oil. James & Brown have just received from England, a large supply of—shocking accidents. Ran away from the subscriber his indented—Valuable real estate.—It is found that the head on the dome of St. Paul's cathedral, London, has been *fused by the action of the sun*.

FOREIGN NEWS. The packet ship Silas Richards arrived at New-York from Liverpool, on Tuesday last, bringing London papers to the 23d, and Liverpool to the 24th of September, inclusive.

The war on the frontiers of Turkey is carried on with spirit. Accounts from that quarter are to the 28th of August. On the 18th, 19th, and 20th, there was severe fighting near Widdin, and the Russian General Geismar was finally compelled to return, with the loss of 6000 men, forty cannon, 6000 head of cattle, and all his magazines. At Shumla, also, the Turks had made a successful sortie, and destroyed three Russian redoubts, taken eight cannon, killed General Wrede, and cut to pieces many of the troops. The weather was warm, water scarce, and sickness increasing in the Russian army. The Grand Vizier left Constantinople on the 20th, for Shumla, with 40,000 men. The Russian General Ivanhoff is dead of his wounds. The Emperor Nicholas left Odessa for the army the 2d of August. Lord Heytesbury did not accompany or follow his Imperial Majesty, who, however, has placed a frigate at his lordship's disposal whenever it may be deemed necessary for him to repair to the Imperial head quarters, to communicate with his Imperial Majesty. The other ambassadors, who were military men, were to follow the Emperor in two or three days.

The vigour with which the Turkish fortresses on the Danube are defended, says the Statesman, must retard the progress of the army before Shumla, and it may be presumed, cause the campaign to close with the Balkans still in front of the Russian line. It is supposed that the reinforcements intended for the divisions besieging Shumla, will from necessity be retained in the rear to keep in check the garrisons of Widdin, Kalafas, and other Turkish posts. It is evident that Geismar and Langeron are scarcely strong enough to repel the sorties of the enemy. On the other hand, the Turkish government are expediting reinforcements for Shumla and the other posts, and the energies of the Sultan do not slumber for a moment.

GREECE. The London Courier says, the debarkation of the first division of the expedition to the Morea, has been

announced at Paris. One brigade landed upon the little island of Sapienza, and another at Navarin. The second division was spoken on the 30th, twenty leagues from Navarin, and would arrive the next day. Ibrahim Pacha received the French troops in a very friendly manner, and was preparing to embark for Egypt. Admiral Codrington and the French and English squadrons had anchored in the port of Navarin, to wait for the Egyptian transports, which were off the coast. The army of Ibrahim is supposed not to exceed 10,000 or 15,000 men. By one part of the agreement concluded between the Pacha of Egypt and Sir Edward Codrington, it is said, that 1200 of Ibrahim's troops will be left behind to garrison the forts, in conjunction with the Turks.

The Paris Constitutionnel of the 20th of September, has the following extract of a letter from the President of Greece to M. Eynard.

"With the exception of a single village in the Peloponnesus, the whole of Greece is free from quarantine: this unexpected result is the work of heaven. Though compliments are sent to me from all quarters, I do not yield to illusion, as to the sufficiency of the measures which we have adopted. It is in the same spirit, and with the same sentiments of gratitude to providence, that I judge of all the other affairs, great and small, which press upon me—they are going on as well as possible, and on the whole, I should be very wrong to be discontented.

"Be kind enough to return sincere thanks in my name, to the numerous individuals who are desirous of offering their services to Greece. I entreat you to restrain their zeal for the present. There are here already immense numbers, with which I know not what to do. There are no means of employment in the administration, of men who are ignorant of the language, or who from their age, are not in a condition to learn it in a short time."

From PORTUGAL the intelligence is unimportant. Don Miguel's career of tyranny is still uninterrupted. A document is published in the London papers purporting to be a proclamation of the Emperor of Brazil. Don Pedro addresses the Portuguese as the father of the legitimate queen Donna Maria II. and as her guardian, and speaks of Miguel as having acted under compulsion. He prays the Portuguese to fight for the queen and the constitutional charter. The London papers speak in derision of this document, and express doubts of its authenticity. General Valdez, the late governor of Madeira, M. de Carvelhal, and other persons had arrived at Falmouth. The Portuguese admiral at Funchal, applied to have them given up to him, but captain Canning refused, and sent them on board a brig which brought them to England.

The Messrs. Rothschild have taken the Austrian loan of 100,000,000 florens, or about ten millions sterling, at four per cent. one half payable in the bonds of the old loan which, says the London Courier, evidently proves that the principal object of the new transaction is to reduce the interest of the Austrian floating debt, and at the same time to enable the government to have a handsome surplus of cash in hand.

The Young Queen of Portugal, who recently arrived from Brazil at Gibraltar, was hourly expected in England, where she was to be received as the most distinguished foreigner.

The English Government have appointed a Charge d'Affaires, who has received his credentials to set off immediately for Greece.

Capt. Basil Hall has addressed a letter to the Caledonian Mercury, respecting the "Walk" over part of America attributed to him by the English papers. The distance, 8,825 miles, was performed, not on foot, but by land conveyances and steam vessels, and with regard to the book, "which is in the press," not a line of it is written!

From the Boston Bulletin.

FREEMASONRY. Proposals have been issued by Samuel L. Knapp, esq. for publishing by subscription a work entitled "The Genius of Masonry, or a Defence of the Order." The author's object is to diffuse correct information on the subject of an institution that has recently become a theme of the most virulent abuse; and in the prosecution of this design, he disavows all political or sectarian views. The known ability of the author is a sufficient guaranty for the faithful execution of his undertaking; and his moral character, as a man of the strictest integrity and honour, constitutes a passport to the confidence of all his readers, as well as a just reason for the most ample support of his masonic brethren.

POETRY.

From the Atlantick Souvenir, for 1829.

SENECA LAKE.

BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

One evening in the pleasant month of May,
On a green hillock swelling from the shore,
Above thy emerald wave, when the clear west
Was all one sheet of light, I sat me down,
Wearied, yet happy. I had wandered long,
That bright fair day; and all the way, my path
Was tended by a warm and soothing air,
That breathed like bliss; and round me all the woods
Opened their yellow buds, and every cottage
Was bowered in blossoms, for the orchard trees
Were all in flower. I came at close of day,
Down to thy brink, and it was pleasure there
To bathe my dripping forehead in thy cool
Transparent waters. I refreshed me long
With the bright sparkling stream, and from the pebbles,
That bedded all thy margin, singled out
Rare casts of unknown shells, from off thy cliffs
Broken by wintry surges. Thou wert calm,
Even as an infant calm, that gentle evening;
And one could hardly dream, thou 'dst ever met,
And wrestled with the storm. A breath of air,
Felt only in its coolness, from the west
Stole over thee, and stirred thy golden mirror
Into long waves, that only showed themselves
In ripples on thy shore—far distant ripples,
Breaking the silence with their quiet kisses,
And softly murmuring peace. Up the green hillock
I mounted languidly, and at the summit
On the new grass reposed, and saw that evening
Fade sweetly over thee.

Far to the south
Thy slumbering waters floated, one long sheet
Of burnished gold—between thy nearer shores
Softly embraced, and melting distantly
Into a yellow haze, embosomed low
Mid shadowy hills and misty mountains, all
Covered with shadowy light as with a veil
Of airy gauze. Beautiful were thy shores,
And manifold their outlines, here up-swelling
In bossy green—there hung in slaty cliffs,
Black, as if hewn from jet, and over-topped
With the dark cedar tufts, or new leaved birch
Bright as the wave below. How glassy clear
The far expanse. Beneath it all the sky
Swelled downward, and its fleecy clouds were gay
With all their rainbow fringes, and the trees,
And cliffs, and grassy knolls, were all repeated
Along the uncertain shores—so clearly seen
Beneath the invisible transparency.
That land and water mingled, and the one
Seemed melting in the other. O! how soft
Yon mountain's heavenly blue, and all o'erlaid
With a pale tint of roses. Deep between
The ever narrowing lake, just faintly marked
By its reflected light, and farther on
Buried in vapouring foam, as if a surf
Heaved on its farthest shore. How deep the silence—
Only the rustling boughs, the broken ripple,
The cricket, and the tree frog, with the tinkle
Of bells in fold and pasture, or a voice
Heard from a distant farm, or hollow bay
Of home-returning hound—a virgin land
Just rescued from the wilderness, still showing
Wrecks of the giant forest, yet all bright
With a luxuriant culture, springing wheat,
And meadows richly green—the blessed gift
Of liberty and law. I gazed upon them,
And on the unchanging lake, and felt awhile
Unutterable joy—I loved my land
With more than filial love—it was a joy,
That only spake in tears.

With early dawn
I woke, and found the lake was up before me,
For a fresh stirring breeze came from the south,
And all its deep green waves were tossed and mingled
Into a war of foam. The new risen sun
Shone on them, as if they were worlds of stars,
Or gems, or crystals, or some other thing
Sparry and flashing bright. A gentle murmur,
A roar scarce uttered, like a voice of mirth,
Amid the dancing waters, blended well
With the Eolian whispering of boughs
In a wide grove of pines. The fields and woods
Were sparkling all with dew, and curling smoke
Rose from the cottage fires—the robins, too,
And the brown thrush, and other birds concealed
Amid the half blown thickets, joyously
Poured out their morning songs, and thus attended,
I wandered by the shore. O! it was pleasant,
To feel the dashing of the dewy spray
Rain on my forehead, and to look between

Long crests of foam, into an unknown depth
Of deepest green, and then to see that green
Soft changing into snow. Over this waste
Of rolling surges, on a lofty bank,
With a broad surf beneath it, brightly shone
White roof, and spires, and gilded vanes, and windows,
Each like a flame—thy peaceful tenements,
Geneva, aptly named; for not the walls
By the blue arrowy Rhone, nor Leman's lake,
With all its vineyard shores and mouldering castles,
Nor even its shaggy mountains, nor above
Its world of Alpine snows—these are not more,
Than thou, bright Seneca, whether at peace,
As I at evening met thee, or this morning,
Tossed into foam. Thou too shalt have thy fame—
Genius shall make thy hills his home, and here
Shall build his airy visions—bards shall come,
And fondly sing thee—pilgrims too shall haunt
Thy sacred waters, and in after ages,
O! may some votary sit on the hillock,
At evening, by thy shore.

From the Token for 1829.

JOSHUA

COMMANDING THE SUN AND MOON TO STAND STILL.

BY J. B. VAN SCHAICK.

The day rose clear on Gibeon. Her high towers
Flashed the red sunbeams gloriously back,
And the wind driven banners, and the steel
Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly
The sun, and on the fortresses of rock
Played a soft glow, that as a mockery seemed
To the stern men who girded by its light.
Beth-horon in the distance slept, and breath
Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon,
Where armed heels trod carelessly the sweet
Wild spices, and the trees of gum were shook
By the rude armour on their branches hung.
Suddenly in the camp without the walls
Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war
Gathered around their kings, and "Joshua!
From Gilgal, Joshua!" was whispered low,
As with a secret fear, and then, at once,
With the abruptness of a dream, he stood
Upon the rock before them. Calmly then
Raised he his helm, and with his temples bare
And hands uplifted to the sky, he prayed;—
"God of this people, hear! and let the sun
Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon
Rest in the vale of Ajalon!" He ceased—
And lo! the moon sits motionless, and earth
Stands on her axis indolent. The sun
Pours the unmoving column of his rays
In undiminished heat; the hours stand still;
The shade hath stopped upon the dial's face;
The clouds and vapours that at night are wont
To gather and enshroud the lower earth
Are struggling with strange rays, breaking them up,
Scattering the misty phalanx like a wand,
Glancing o'er mountain tops, and shining down
In broken masses on the astonished plains.
The fevered cattle group in wondering herds;
The weary birds go to their leafy nests,
But find no darkness there, and wander forth
On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest;
The parched, baked earth, unlampd by usual dews,
Has gaped and cracked, and heat, dry, mid-day heat,
Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the heart.

On with thy armies, Joshua! The Lord
God of Sabbath is the avenger now!
His voice is in the thunder, and his wrath
Pours the beams of the retarded sun.
With the keen strength of arrows on their sight.
The unwearied sun rides in the zenith sky;
Nature, obedient to her Maker's voice,
Stops in full course all her mysterious wheels.
On! till avenging swords have drunk the blood
Of all Jehovah's enemies, and till
Thy banners in returning triumph wave;
Then yonder orb shall set mid golden clouds,
And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth,
Show in the heavens the glorious bow of God,
Shining, the rain-bow banner of the skies.

"THE TEARS I WEEP FOR THEE."

From Poems, by Eliza Rennie.

Oh! drearily and heavily
The night hours wear away;
Light comes with the radiant morn,
But joy comes not with day;
For still through shade and sunlight,
Whatsoever the season be,
The only joy my spirit knows
Is weeping tears for thee!
Weeping tears for thee, my love—
Weeping tears for thee!

I think upon the quiet glen
Where we so oft have met!
I think upon the jasmine bower—
Oh! live the blossoms yet?
I think when last we saw the moon
Light up the dark blue sea;
And then more fast and gushing are
The tears I weep for thee!
The tears I weep for thee, my love—
The tears I weep for thee!

I think upon the mountain, where
We watched the sun's last ray;
We little deemed our cherished hopes
Like it would soon decay:
I think upon the grove where sung
The sweet birds strains of glee;
Their mirth would seem a mockery now,
While weeping tears for thee!
Weeping tears for thee, my love—
Weeping tears for thee!

I think upon the lighted hall,—
'Twas like some fairy dream,—
When first, midst splendour blazing round,
I marked thine eye's bright beam,—
It flashed in pride on others,
But in softness turned to me;
I thought not then of all the tears
That I should weep for thee!
That I should weep for thee, my love—
That I should weep for thee!

I think upon the starry eve,
When, pale and broken hearted,
We gazed upon each other's face,
Then breathed farewell—and parted!
By all these thoughts I swear, till time
Shall set my spirit free,
My soul shall taste no other joy
But weeping tears for thee!
Weeping tears for thee, my love—
Weeping tears for thee!

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Prout's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new founts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Peculiar care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new founts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO.
Albany, October 4, 1828.

ELECTION NOTICE.—A General Election is to be held in the County of Albany, on the third, fourth and fifth days of November next, at which will be chosen the officers mentioned in the notice from the Secretary of State, of which a copy is annexed. Dated at Albany, this twenty seventh of August 1828.

C. A. TEN EYCK, Sheriff of the county of Albany.
State of New-York, Secretary's Office,
Albany, August 12, 1828.

Sir—I hereby give you notice that at the next general election, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the third Senate District, in the place of Richard M. Mitchell, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. And that an elector of President and Vice President is to be chosen for the Tenth Congressional District.

A. G. FLAGG, Secretary of State,
To the electors of the county of Albany. Oct. 4, 1828.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 290, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN E. PORTER.

ALBANY BRUSH TRUNK AND BANDOX MANUFACTORY.—N. TARBELL has removed his Brush, Trunk and Bandox Manufactory, from No. 470 to 453 South Market street, a few doors below the Museum, where can be had at all times, an extensive assortment of the above named articles, at lower prices than can be purchased in this city or its vicinity. Those that wish to purchase will do well to call on him before they buy elsewhere, as he has on hand a better assortment than he ever before offered to the public. Orders from any part of the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Cash paid for Bricks. June 28, 1828.

A. L. PLOUGH, DENTIST,
AT SKINNER'S MANSION-HOUSE, STATE STREET ALBANY.
WITH much freedom, Mr. Plough has the honour to inform his friends that he has determined to establish himself in this city, and will faithfully attend to all applications, in the dental art. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have not experienced his skill, are respectfully invited to call and examine his recommendations, signed by some of the most respectable citizens, as well of this as of other places in the United States.

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. By Entrance from Steuben street. To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1828.

NO. 41.

MASONICK RECORD.

A LECTURE,

Spoken before the brethren of Union Lodge, New-London, Connecticut, on the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, June 24, A. L. 5825.

By Br. WILLIAM F. BRAINARD.

[Continued.]

come now to the language of masonry, which corresponds with the object of it. This is a theme extensive and delightful; as it involves high science and pure morals. In rhetoric and theology, standing professorships are occupied in teaching language. But language is as necessary to masonry, as to any thing else; and as its object is universal, it requires a universal language. This language need not be so copious as to answer the ends of the learned, but it must come up to the exigencies of the craft, whose sole object being good works, their universal language is confined, as in wisdom it should be, to that object and the means of promoting it. So necessary is this medium of communication, that when the language was confounded at Babel, the masonry of the builders was ended. When they dabbled with untempered mortar, and set their wretched work against the stupendous work of creation, infinite wisdom ended all their projects, and their works, by simply confounding their tongue. An universal language in the sense in which it then existed, is no longer to be found; but one is substituted, which will never be confounded, so long as it is confined to the legitimate object of the craft.

What is language? It is the medium of communicating ideas so as to be intelligible to the individual addressed. Grammarians treat of language as either written or spoken, but that is a small part of it; for the deaf and dumb have a language, and silence itself is eloquent even. Doth not day unto day utter speech? did not the morning stars sing? David read the existence of his maker in the heavens, the work of His hands; and the second section of his lesson was the lesson of humility, which is the one first taught in the lodge. "What then is man that thou art mindful of him!" To this language the tongue is a stranger, and from masonic communication it may be entirely excluded. We believe about the tongue as St. James did, that it is an unruly evil, that it cannot be tamed, or subjected to proper restraint; that it is double, blessing God and cursing men, and that blessing and cursing proceedeth out of the same mouth: that it is the handy tool to tell a lie with, and, that in a moral point of view, that property of it which is the best, and at the same time the safest, is its silence. To treat it charitably and say the least of it, it does not *always* tell the truth, while the brief but cautious language of masonry, tells the truth *only*.

Talk of your principles, your feelings, your motives—tell of your morals, the qualities of your heart; its purity, its zeal, its struggles, and temptations, your resistance, and experiences, and despondencies, hopes, emotions, and joys; talk of these in good English, or in any other tongue—the Mason does not understand you; to him it is the language of Ashdod. It may be all true, but it may be false: which the language of masonry never can be. The works, the works seen and manifest, without boast or profession, these are they which testify! The temple cost much time in the contrivance, it was seven years in building, during which time masons were employed by thousands, in the forests, and on the coast; when it was reared,

it rose in silence, without the sound of the hammer; but when it was completed, it could tell, without an interpreter, to the stranger that gazed upon it, that it was contrived with wisdom, raised with strength, and adorned with beauty.

There is a masonic language, which is more extensive than masonry itself; for it is spoken through every part of creation, and by every order of beings; and one, which, in infinite mercy, was never confounded. It is addressed to the eye as well as to the ear, but its strong appeal is to the heart. You see it in every agonizing form of suffering; you hear it, in every cry of distress; with this language, the dumb creation about you is furnished, and every suffering brute can make a mason understand him, and has a right to call upon him for help. This language is at the command of your fellow men, of every kindred and tongue—they are all so far initiated into the rites of masonry, that they can utter it in their distress—but the difficulty is, that all will not understand it; masons must. This was the language uttered in Ramah, when Rachel wept for her children; when Abel was dead, it was spoken by his blood. It has been spoken by the exterminated Indian tribes of this continent, in a voice louder than thunder; and if the people at large of this country, or the government of it, are seriously disposed to civilize and christianize these, our so much injured brethren, and will honestly set about it, with the requisite means, I think I may venture to assure them, that they shall hear the voice of masonry, in the wilderness, crying before them, "prepare ye the way." This same language has been prolonged in echoes along the shores of Africa, and as the ocean reluctantly bore up the slave ship, where there was no ear to hear, the works of nature took up the response. "Deep answered unto deep," in solemn protest against this cursed trade. Think you that this tongue of masonry has so little rhetoric or grammar in it, that it is not understood? In mercy to mankind, there is one being who comprehends it perfectly. Who stood at the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebuzite, when the three days' pestilence had desolated Judea, and left the silence of the dead to be disturbed only by the groans of the dying? One who testified that it was heard, by his obedience to the response—"stay thine hand."

This language was uttered between Jerusalem and Jericho, by the man who fell among thieves; the priest heard it, but he did not understand it—the Levite heard it, but he did not understand it—the Samaritan was a mason. Carefully did he raise this groaning wretch, and place him on his own beast; while the urgencies of business, the pursuit of pleasure, or whatever else was the object of his journey, it was laid aside; and he pursued his pilgrimage on foot, tending the wants of a stranger, and an enemy. Had the wounded man been well, he would not have spoken to his benefactor; perhaps could not have comprehended his speech, "for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." This mason finished his work: he took out two pence and gave it to the host, and did not say to him, I have done my duty, now you must do the rest; but he said to the host, "take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee."

Another part of this language consists of such symbols and tokens as were used among the Egyptians, and other eastern nations. Before the use of letters, and which still form the basis of the alphabet among them, and enter largely into their style

of writing. The inspired writers of the Old Testament have adopted this style, to a great extent. In this language the Most High saw fit to reveal future events, and to make himself known to his prophets. Witness the vision of Jacob, the dream of Pharaoh, the burning bush, and the language of the prophets throughout. He who modestly styles himself the herdsman of Tekoa, has given us this striking illustration. "Thus he showed me, and behold the Lord stood upon a wall made by a plumb line, with a plumb line in his hand. And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? And I said, a plumb line: Then said the Lord, behold, I will set a plumb line in the midst of my people Israel: I will not again pass by them any more." Meaning thereby that the day of forgiveness was passed, that judgement should be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet.

Of this universal language there is one branch more, which is confined to the lodge, by which masons can make themselves known, and their business as masons, without danger of mistake; in the dark, as well as in the light, and without the use of a tongue. Of this language it is not expected that I should speak.

Of the government of the lodge, I have little else to say, than that it consists in admitting only the worthy, ruling them while they so continue, and expelling them when they cease to be so. This government is uniform, in all the lodges, and so perfect, that a mason expelled from one lodge, however secluded, might set out on his travels through the world, and would find himself excluded from every other lodge. He might "knock, but the door would be shut."

Another thing—Among masons, as such, there is no familiarity. Each must know his place, keep within it, do his duty, and stop there. For nations, one kind of government answers in one place, and another elsewhere; but experience shows that the government of the lodge is co-extensive with its object, and its language is the same every where—every where answers the purpose.

Thus have I attempted to prove that masonry is founded in wisdom; inasmuch as the object, the extending and multiplying of good works, is a good object, and the means, i. e., its secrecy, language and government, are adapted to the purpose and sure of their effect.

There are some popular objections to the institution which I must mention. On the subject of secrecy I have said enough. That it is not a christian institution has been in part discussed, but permit me to add—that if it be as old as Solomon it cannot be so. If it take in Jews and Mahometans it cannot be so. A court of justice, a legislative body, the constitution of a country, or a treaty of peace, are not christian—but masonry is so far from being proposed, that it is auxiliary to Christianity; so much so, that if the heathen world could be made masons, the labours of the missionary would be easy. To this objection the Baptist has answered when the question was put to him, who art thou? On this subject it is necessary that I be explicit. There is not that mason in the world, but should indignantly disavow that his masonry was his religion. The Turk looks to the Koran, the Jew to the Law and the Prophets, and if you can suppose such a case, the wildest Indian, the most recently initiated, would have found from the lodge itself, if he did not know it before, that his masonry was not to be his religion.

Can it then be pretended, as the popular phrase

goes, that masons consider it as a *substitute* for religion! Prove to me first that there can be such a thing as a substitute for religion, and you will enlighten those within the lodge, as much as those without it: for instead of answering this as an objection, we deny it as a charge; though we claim that masonry and religion may travel very well together, and not "fall out by the way."

But though not christianity, nor religion even, it is religious; for it is when practiced an obedience indeed, to one great moral precept of christianity; "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," which is thus commented upon by the other John, whose day likewise we keep, and whose memory we revere as a mason, "my little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

[Conclusion next week.]

TENNESSEE.

The *Grand Lodge of Tennessee* assembled in Nashville, on Monday, Oct. 6th, and continued in session during the week. The following persons were duly elected and appointed Grand Officers for the ensuing year. William E. Kennedy, of Fayetteville, Grand Master; William G. Dickinson, of Franklin, Deputy G. Master; George W. Churchwell, of Knoxville, Senior Grand Warden; Sterling H. Lester, of Pulaski, Junior Grand Warden; Moses Stevens, of Nashville, Grand Secretary; Joseph Norvell, of Nashville, Grand Treasurer; Rev. Willie Peck, of Bolivar, Grand Chaplain; Daniel Rawlings, of Jasper, Senior Grand Deacon; John Steele, of Clarksville, Junior Grand Deacon; James Irwin, and Edmund Lanier, of Nashville, Grand Stewards; William Arnold of Jackson, Grand Marshal; A. M. M. Upshaw, of Pulaski, Grand Sword Bearer; John Bell, of Galatin, Grand Pursuivant; Francis Campbell, of Nashville, Grand Tyler.

On Monday, 13th of October, the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter* of Tennessee assembled in Nashville, and the following grand officers were elected for the year ensuing. Moses Stevens, of Nashville, Grand High Priest; Robert Hughes, of Jackson, Deputy Grand High Priest; William G. Dickinson, of Franklin, Grand King; George W. Churchwell, of Knoxville, Grand Scribe; Joseph Norvell, of Nashville, Grand Secretary; Wilkins Tannehill, of Nashville, Grand Treasurer; Rev. H. M. Cryer, of Summer County, Grand Chaplain; Oliver J. Noyes, of Franklin, Grand Marshal; Kendall Webb, of Nashville, Grand Tyler.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

SUB-MARINE NAVIGATION.

"There is nothing new under the sun."

This adage is as old as the time of Solomon. It is improbable that many ages before the existence of the king of the Jews, attempts were made in machines to breathe and navigate in the depth of the sea and rivers. The books which speak of such experiments have been destroyed by the flames of conquests, or submerged by the floods of inundations; all which has been written on the subject applies to the effort of the present day. The earliest writer of antiquity who mentions it, is the preceptor of Alexander. Aristotle, speaking of sub-marine navigation, alludes to the use of bells. Authors who wrote 1,900 years after the death of the son of Philip, say that the vanquisher of the son of Darius navigated under water. That which seems most probable is, that in the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, they have constructed machines or boats for sub-marine navigation, and that the inhabitants of the Ukraine, to avoid the attacks of the Turkish galleys, constructed large pirogues, by the aid of which they concealed themselves under water.

In 1664, Pere Merenne published an essay upon diving boats, which preserved communications with the surface of the water; and twenty years later a vessel was constructed at London, by Cornelius Van Drebbel, for twelve rowers and a great number of passengers. King James was to take a place among them. A liquid, of which the author alone knew the composition, gave to air vitiated by respiration, the quality of vital air. Unfortunately the author died with his secret.

There was also a sub-marine vessel, 72 feet in length, built at Rotterdam in 1665, by a Frenchman. The plan of building and directing this vessel, which according to the inventor might destroy a numerous fleet, has not been known. The man who possessed it never gave the important information to the world.

An incendiary diving or plunging boat was constructed in 1776, by David Bushnel, an inhabitant of Connecticut. The movement of this boat was governed by the screw of Archimedes. That of Fulton, built at Brest in 1801, upon the same principle; the Nautilus, in which the brothers Coessin made an experiment at Havre in 1809, and several others, induced the learned commissioners of the Institute to decide that they were not at liberty to entertain doubt upon the possibility of establishing sub-marine navigation.

A project was entertained some years since for carrying off Napoleon Bonaparte from St. Helena: that plan was conceived by Mr. Johnson, a captain in the English merchant service. A ship, the largest of all that had been built for sub-marine navigation, (it was one hundred feet in length) was to receive the prisoner of Sir Hudson Lowe. Mr. Johnson had previously built five boats, which he navigated during several hours under water in the Thames; but all these vessels were made upon the plan of Fulton and Bushnel. Messrs. de Mongery and Castera, in their constructions, which were intended to promote the art of war, followed the plans pursued by others.

The system of sub marine navigation, for which M. Baudouin des Andelys obtained a patent, is quite new. It is founded upon the impression of water upon air, in its state of atmospherick dilation, and of the air upon the water displacing itself reciprocally, at the will of the sub-marine pilot. The principal material with which M. Baudouin supplies himself is air. By a simple process, easy of execution, he can compress that element, (so eminently elastic,) and in a vase of the capacity of a cubick foot he retains sixty feet of respirable air.

We do not give a description of the diving boat with the casque for the diver, the barrels for salvage and other machines, as simple as ingenious, and which have fixed the attention of the Minister of Marine, because the machines will continue open to public inspection until the middle of next month. We entirely agree in the opinion of persons who think that this discovery which opens to man the gates of an element hitherto inaccessible to his feet, will operate in the moral as well as the physical world most important changes.

ELECTRICITY.

By various experiments recently made to ascertain the electrical effects which result from the friction of metals with one another, it appears, that in the following order, viz.—bismuth, nickel, cobalt, palladium, platina, lead, tin, gold, silver, copper, zinc, iron, cadmium, antimony,—each metal is positive with reference to the metals which precede it, and negative with reference to the metals which follow it.

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

Translated for the Washington Chronicle.

Maria Ann Charlotte Corday was born in Normandy, at St. Staturniz, near Seex, in the year 1768. Her noble parents had her educated in a convent. A perfect sweetness of disposition—a charming figure—a light and graceful form—a cultivated mind—an imagination easily fired—and a soul susceptible of the most lively emotions—promised to a husband the most amiable of companions, and to France the most courageous of heroines. A number of suitors presented themselves, but none was accepted. Charlotte loved, above every thing, independence, the only source of general liberty. At an age when pleasures were pressing around her, Charlotte Corday cultivated her mind by reading the philosophers, and derived from their writings those precepts of greatness and heroism of which she was about to leave so remarkable an example. Circumstances favoured the development of her bold and sensible soul. A

common enthusiasm had seized France, which too implicitly believed that to be worthy of liberty it was sufficient to will it. Every person pressed forward with frenzy towards this blessing, which unceasingly escaped him, and to which his devotion and virtue would have conducted him more surely. The king perished: Europe, in arms, was repulsed by the energy of liberty, supported by hope. Whilst an unruly populace flocked to the bar of the National Assembly to dictate its will, and to demand the heads of the founders of this growing republic, the best deputies were proscribed. What honest heart would not have revolted at so many cruelties and so much injustice! A single woman devoted herself to the cause of the proscribed. One of them, the eloquent Barbaroux, fled to Caen, with some other deputies who were outlawed. Charlotte, who had seen him in his family, went to seek him, to obtain some information upon the state of France, and in relation to the chiefs of the tyrannical demagogues, and took the resolution to depart immediately for the capital. Men, always ready to lessen a sublime action, by tracing it to a vulgar cause, have raised suspicions upon the nature of the connexion between this admirable woman and the deputy Barbaroux. We will destroy them, by quoting some lines from the memoirs of one of the companions of the unfortunate Barbaroux himself: "She came," says Louvet, in his memoirs, "constantly accompanied by a domestic, and attended Barbaroux in a saloon where one or the other of us was always present." To solicit pardon for some of her relations was unquestionably the pretext of her visits. But her true motive was to know some of the founders of this republic, for which she was about to devote herself; and perhaps she indulged the hope that one day her character would be properly appreciated and honoured. Finally she departed with the fixed design of plunging a poignard into the bosom of one of those men who had banished the Girondists. The deputy Fauchet, to whom she addressed herself, introduced her into the tribunes of the convention; but he afterwards paid for this complaisance with his head. Charlotte Corday had an opportunity of seeing the terrible Montagne. She heard each day calumnies and invectives repeated against the fugitives, which gave new strength to her resolution. But the most hideous of the representatives of the anarchical fury, (Marat,) did not appear for three days—he was sick. Charlotte wrote to him the following billet: "Citizen—I have just arrived from Caen. Your love for your country has made you, without doubt, desire to know the events that have transpired in that part of the republic. I will come to you in about an hour, and will put you in a situation to render a great service to France." To this note she received no answer; wrote another, which shared the same fate; and upon the 13th of July, 1793, she sent a third, more pressing than the two preceding, in which she spoke of the great secrets she had to reveal, and of personal misfortunes. She sent this letter, and followed it immediately. They refused to let her enter. Two women who were in the antichamber opposed her passage. Marat, who was in the bath, overheard the conversation, and discovering by some word that they were speaking to the young woman who had written to him, ordered Charlotte to be introduced. The conversation was short. They spoke of Calvados of the proscribed, and of the administrators of Caen and Evreux. Marat wrote the names of these last, according to her dictation, adding that they should be guillotined in a few days. At these words Charlotte drew a knife which she had concealed under her robe, and plunged it into the bosom of Marat. "Against me, my dear friend," he cried, and expired. Charlotte was instantly arrested: her trial was instituted immediately. Gouquier Tinvill affected to introduce all the judicial formalities of which the case was susceptible. There was now developed one of the finest specimens of courage of which history makes mention—not a moment of weakness—not a sign of affection—not a trace of extravagance—not a word that could betray any person; but a placid firmness in all her answers. A painter took her portrait during one of the sessions; she turned towards him in order that he might better seize her features. Chauveau La-

gurdy was named her official defender: he comprehended the soul of Charlotte, and defended her in the only manner which was suited to the accused. He admitted all—the murder long premeditated, matured with care, and executed without remorse. She thanked her defender, with a grace at once noble and touching, and as an evidence of her gratitude, desired him to discharge some debts which she had contracted while in prison. The sentence of death was pronounced; she did not groan; but mounted the gloomy car, and heard with indifference the shouts of a stupid and ferocious populace. How can one avoid a feeling of profound indignation when he sees on one side a woman, in all the beauty of her sex—in all the bloom of youth—in all the sublimity of heroism; and on the other side, twenty thousand men who pursued her with outcries, and thousands of others who regarded her death with a feeling of torpor! At this spectacle who would not avow that justice and virtue were not of this world, but held in horror by mankind. Charlotte Corday did not for a single instant belie her character. The feeling of offended modesty was only exhibited when her beautiful neck, upon which the axe was about to fall, was made naked by the executioner. She was but twenty-five years of age when she was decapitated, on the 17th of July, 1793. This epoch ought to be held sacred. Three men dared to praise this sublime woman a short time after her death. Two of them, Ducas and Carra, were guillotined. M. Dulauri is still living. Adam Lure, a deputy extraordinary of Mayence, wished to die like her. He published an apology for his heroine, and proposed to erect a statue to her, with this inscription: "*Greater than Brutus.*" When arrested he exclaimed, "I go to die for Charlotte Corday!" and in a short time after perished upon the same scaffold which had been consecrated by the blood of the object of his admiration.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

CURIOUS CHINESE CUSTOMS.

From the "Canton Register," the first English Newspaper published in China.

Burial.—No corpse is allowed to enter the gates of Peking without an imperial order; because, it is said, a rebel entered in a coffin during the reign of Kienlung. However, even at Canton, and in all other cities of the empire, no corpse is permitted to enter the southern gate, because the emperor of China gets on his throne with his face towards the south.

The New Year.—The Chinese make their new year commence on the new moon, nearest to the time when the sun's place is in the 15th degree of Aquarius. It is the greatest festival observed in the empire. Both the government and people, rich and poor, take a longer or shorter respite from their cares and their labours at the new year.

The last day of the old year is an anxious time to all debtors and creditors, for it is the great pay-day, and those who cannot pay are abused and insulted, and often have the furniture of their house all smashed to pieces by their desperate creditors.

On the 20th of the twelfth moon, by an order from court, all the seals of office, throughout the empire, are locked up, and not opened till the 20th of the first moon. By this arrangement there are thirty days of rest from the ordinary official business of government. They attend, however to extraordinary cases.

During the last few days of the old year, the people perform various domestick rites. On one evening they sweep clean the furnace and the hearth, and worship the god of their domestick fires.

On new-year's eve, they perfume hot water with the leaves of Wongpe and Pumelo trees, and bathe in it. At midnight they arise and dress in the best clothes and caps they can procure; then towards heaven kneel down, and perform the great imperial ceremony of knocking the forehead on the ground thrice three times. Next they illuminate as splendidly as they can, and pray for felicity towards some domestick idol. Then they visit all the gods in the various surrounding temples, burn candles, incense, gilt paper, make bows, and prostrate pray.

These services to the gods being finished, they sally forth about day-light in all directions, to visit friends and neighbours, leaving a red paper card at each house. Some stay at home to receive visitors. In the house, sons and daughters, servants and slaves, all dress, and appear before the heads of the family, to congratulate them on the new year.

After new year's day, drinking and carousing, visiting and feasting, idleness and dissipation, continue for weeks. All shops are shut, and workmen idle, for a longer or shorter period, according to the necessities, or the habits, of the several parties. It is, in Canton, generally a month before the business of life returns to its ordinary channel.

Meeting the Spring.—February 4, is a great holiday throughout the empire. It is called Yungchun, that is, meeting the spring, to-morrow, when the sun enters the 15th degree of Aquarius, being considered the commencement of the Spring season. It is a sort of Lord Mayor's day. The chief magistrate of the district goes forth in great pomp, carried on men's shoulders, in an open chair, with gongs beating, musick playing, and nymphs and satyrs seated among artificial rocks and trees, carried in procession.

He goes to the general parade ground, on the east side of Canton, on the following day, being Lapchun, the first day of the spring, in a similar style. There a buffalo, with an agricultural god made of clay, having been paraded through the streets, and pelted by the populace, to impel its labours, is placed on the ground, in solemn state, when this official priest of spring gives it a few strokes with a whip, and leaves it to the populace, who pelt it with stones till it is broken to pieces, and so the foolish ceremony terminates. The due observance of this ancient usage is supposed to contribute greatly to an abundant year.

Pawnbroking is carried on to a very great extent in China. The system seems divided into two parts; one branch affording aid to those in the very inferior walks of life, and chiefly confined to very small advances; the other granting loans upon deposits of higher value, and corresponding with similar establishments in England. These are authorised by the government; but there are others, we are informed, that exist without this sanction, and are directed to the relief of the mercantile interest. These assimilate very nearly to the late project in London of an Equitable Loan Company, making advances upon cargoes and large deposits of goods.

These houses are as conspicuously indicated, by an exterior sign over the door, as our shops in England are by the three golden balls; but whether they indicate the same doctrine of chance as to the return of property, we will not pretend to say. Three years are allowed to redeem, with a grace of three months.

Torture.—In China, the laws still permit torture, to a defined extent, and the magistrate often inflicts it, contrary to law. Compressing the ancles of men between wooden levers, and the fingers of women with a small apparatus, on the same principle, is the most usual form. But there are many other devices suggested and practised, contrary to law; and in every part of the empire, for some years past, there have been many instances of suspected persons, or those falsely accused, being tortured till death ensued. From Hoopih province, an appeal is now before the emperor against a magistrate who tortured a man to death, to extort a confession of homicide; and we have just heard from Kwang-se province, that on the 24th of the 11th moon, one Netseyuen, belonging to Canton, having received an appointment for his high literary attainments, to the magistracy of a Heen district, in a fit of drunkenness, subjected a young man, on his bridal day, to the torture, because he would not resign the band of musick which he had engaged to accompany, according to law and usage, his intended wife to his father's house. The young man's name was Kwanfa. He died under the torture, and the affrighted magistrate went and hanged himself.

Prisons.—Prisoners who have money to spend, can be accommodated with private apartments, cards, servants, and every luxury. The prisoners' chains and fetters are removed from their bodies,

and suspended against the wall, till the hour of going the rounds occurs; after that ceremony is over, the fetters are again placed where they hurt nobody. But those who have not money to bribe the keepers, are in a woful condition. Not only is every alleviation of their sufferings removed, but actual infliction of punishment is added, to extort money to buy "burnt-offerings" (of paper) to the god of the jail, as the phrase is. For this purpose the prisoners are tied up, or rather hung up, and flogged. At night, they are fettered down to a board, neck, wrists, and ancles, amidst ordure and filth, whilst the rats, unmolested, are permitted to gnaw their limbs! This place of torment is proverbially called, in ordinary speech, "Te-yuk," a term equivalent to the worst sense of the word "hell."

Tour round the city walls.—It is well known that the Chinese consider their walled towns in the same light as fortifications are regarded in Europe, and disallow foreigners entering them, excepting on special occasions. But there is no law against walking in the suburbs. Usage has, however, limited the Europeans in China to very small bounds. Some persons occasionally violate them, and attempt a longer walk. Once round the city walls has frequently been effected, but always at the risk of a scuffle, an assault and battery, from the idle and mischievous among the native population. On former occasions, some of the foreign tourists have returned to the factories relieved of the burden of their watches and clothes. An English baronet was once, on his passage round, robbed of his watch, and stripped either almost, or entirely naked.

A few days ago, a party of three started at six o'clock in the morning, and performed the circuit at about eight, with impunity. The distance round the walls they estimated to be nine miles. A few days afterwards, two persons set off in the evening for a walk under the city wall; but they were not so fortunate. They were violently assaulted by a rabble of men and boys, the former of whom pursued them with bludgeons, brickbats, and stones, which not only inflicted severe contusions, but really endangered their lives. The two foreigners were obliged to face about, and fight and run, alternately the distance of several miles.

We, who know the hostile feelings of the population, are not surprised at the occurrence, and rather congratulate the tourists that they effected their escape so well. We notice the affair to put others on their guard; and (as the Chinese say) if they should get into a similar scrape, they can not blame us for not warning them of their danger.

THE GATHERER.

MAGISTRATE AND THE ASS.

Henry IV. of France passing through a small town, perceived the corporation assembled to congratulate him on his arrival. Just as the principal magistrate had commenced a tedious oration, an ass began to bray; on which the king turning towards the place where the noisy animal was, said gravely, "Gentlemen, one at a time, if you please."

DR. WALCOT.

A patient of some distinction was teasing Peter Pindar with his symptoms, and, though he had nothing scarcely to complain of, told him that he frequently had an itching, and begged to know what he should do. "Scratch yourself," replied Peter, in a pet. This laconick advice lost him his patient.

A PROCLAMATION.

When the khan of Tartary, who lives in a cabin, has finished his noontide meal, which consists only of milk and horse flesh, he orders proclamation to be made by his herald, "That all the emperours and kings of the world have his permission to go dinner."

CHARGE IN CHARACTER.

A twig of the law, an attorney in Cornwall, England, having entered into a volunteer corps, on the first field day he was ordered to charge—when he instantly whipped out his pocket-book and put down 6s. 8d.

POPULAR TALES.

THE ESMERALDA.

BY GODFREY WALLACE.

(Concluded.)

"Thinks I, she can't be hard-hearted enough to refuse me shelter; and I was on the point of giving an introductory 'hem!' when 'tap, tap, tap,' on the opposite door announced a visitor. Not at all alarmed, the lady put away the letter, and answering the summons, introduced a tall, strapping fellow, dressed in the common apparel of a guarda-costa. Matters looked promising, I thought, for another adventure, and drawing myself a little farther from the window, I awaited it. The guarda-costa sat down without much ceremony, and had not uttered twenty words before I ascertained the whole secret of the matter, and heard some of the finest love speeches that were ever made to mortal woman, so far as my knowledge of Spanish enabled me to comprehend them."

"Let us have them, Hal, do," said the listeners, crowding even closer around the orator. He shook his head and proceeded.

"Such things always lose in the telling, and are, in fact, arrant nonsense to all but the parties interested. The Peruvian took off his straw hat, and showed a noble countenance, and a head of thick and curling hair. He threw the poncho over his shoulder, and I saw plainly enough, the uniform of one of San Martin's officers; another glance, and I became convinced that this was the stranger whose horsemanship had excited my admiration on my way from Callao. It was not very fair to be a listener, I allow, but I considered the Peruvian as a friend, having seen him before, and curiosity to see a real love affair, after one or two twinges, overcame all scruples of conscience. From what I could gather, the lady was the daughter of a Spanish royalist, and the officer was a lover of unprecedented constancy. Duty to his country had made him join the patriots; duty to her father had retained the lady in Lima, while her lover was conquering with San Martin and approaching the capital of Peru. Arrived at last in its neighbourhood, and fearing for her safety if the place was entered by force, he had obtained admission to the town in disguise, appointed the present hour, in the letter which I had seen her reading, for an interview, and now urged her rapid and immediate flight with him to Valparaiso, in a vessel lying in the harbour. She spoke of her father, his hatred of the patriot cause, and his consequent inveteracy against her lover; she urged her duty, and the danger of flight. To all this my friend pleaded like a hero, as I have no doubt he is. He rose from the seat which he had occupied beside her, and paced the room with impatient steps; and, at last, stopping before her with his back turned towards the small door, began to repeat his arguments for flight. Suddenly her eye became fixed, the colour fled from her face; she looked as if she would have screamed but could not. Her lover bent forward with anxious eagerness, and vainly solicited the cause of her visible alarm. I saw it, and one moment more found me involved in difficulty and adventure. While the impetuous lover was detailing his plans, the smaller door had been pushed gently open, and a person, whom I can swear was the father, followed by two others, all well armed, entered the room and sprung towards the Peruvian. I shrieked aloud, however, before they reached him, and he turned in time for defence. In a moment the broad straight sword was gleaming over the head of the companion of the old man, and would have descended fatally had it not struck against, and extinguished the only light in the chamber, that hanging from the ceiling. All was shrieking and screaming for a moment, when some one jumped from the open window, overturned me, and darted into the garden. I was now, very seriously bruised, and, when lights were brought, was discovered, lying in the verandah. But the Peruvian was gone, and the lady was nowhere to be found. The broken glass of the lamp, and an immense straw hat were all that remained in evidence of the occurrence."

"The old don swore at me until he was exhausted, and shut me up for the night in the cellar, as

an accomplice of the Peruvian. In the morning, he carried me before a magistrate, who would have committed me to prison, had I not been recognized by a Spanish gentleman who had seen me in the frigate. By his exertions I was released, and with the sombrero of the runaway lover to pay me for bruises and broken bones, I joined the liberty boys; and here I am, spinning long yarns to a parcel of sleepy reefers."

The attention of many of the listeners had, during the latter portion of the Virginian's story, been diverted by the crowd which had collected on the quarter-deck, and were leaning over the larboard side of the ship, and the Virginian now joined a group of them himself, with the question, "Well, reefers, what's the go now? Is this the first time you have seen a whaler's boat towing his casks to the watering place, after eight bells?" "Devilish big casks those the leading boat has in tow," said a sailor, who had ascended a few feet into the main shrouds. "Casks!" repeated a midshipman, dropping a night glass at the same time into his left hand. "If those black-looking things are not boats filled with men, and coming on with a long and steady pull, this glass is not worth a rotten rope yarn." Every eye was now exerted to its utmost powers of vision; the glass was passed from hand to hand, and in a few minutes all on deck were satisfied that a long line of barges, each crowded with men, was pulling up directly astern of the Macedonian. "The Scotchman is on the waters to-night," whispered the Virginian; "what did I tell you in the boat? My life for it, Cochrane is in the foremost barge; see how he keeps us between him and the Esmeralda." His companion made no reply, but turned to look at the tall masts and taper spars of the Spanish frigate, and then again upon the advancing boats. By this time the word which had been passed below, had brought the whaler's crew upon deck, every man of which watched with almost breathless interest the approach of the barges. The topmen stole silently aloft, and most of the sailors and officers instinctively placed themselves in the neighbourhood of their respective posts. Not a wave was upon the waters, and the night breeze, as it passed fore and aft the ship, was scarcely felt against the cheek. The Chilians came on with muffled ears, and their long steady strokes soon brought them under the stern of the Macedonian. So silently did they move, that as they passed along side, no sound of voice or oar could be distinguished, and, clad as they were in white, they seemed like a band of spirits, rather than mortal men, moving on the deep. No hail was given by the American ship. Officers, quarter-masters, sailors, were spell-bound with intense interest, and the very sentinels seemed to forget their existence, as they gazed on the Chilians, whose approach undiscovered by the Spaniards became every moment more doubtful. Already had they passed; and breaking off alternately to the larboard and starboard of the Esmeralda, clasped the fated vessel in their embrace. Instead of following in the line, the last of Cochrane's boats pulled under the cabin windows of the Macedonian, and held on to the rudder chains. The officer commanding, begged, entreated, threatened his crew. They would not proceed. In sullen cowardice they concealed themselves during the combat which followed. In vain did the officers of the Macedonian order them to let go, and urge them to avoid disgrace; the chaplain even joined his entreaties; they made no answer, but kept their place, the only cowards of that eventful night. When the fight was over they pulled silently to the Esmeralda, and preserving the secret of their baseness, participated in the honours of the occasion.

In the mean time one of the barges glided to a gun-boat under the bows of the American. The clash of sabre upon steel, the words "silencio o muerte," a hum of voices; a dead silence, and the gun-boat had changed masters. This broke the spell on board the Macedonian. A keedge was carried out, the gib hauled up, the chain slipped, and as the head fell off from the wind, a cloud of canvass dropped from her spars and solicited the breeze. Long ere these preparations were completed, the Esmeralda was the scene of conflict.

The first man who boarded from the main chains, after cutting down the sentinel at the gangway, was shot by the sentinel at the fore-castle. Cochrane was the next, and in a few moments the deck was crowded with his followers. The Spaniards were sleeping on their arms, and as they struggled from below, the contest became fierce and doubtful. There was one pause only in which the assailants ceased to slay, as they watched with intense anxiety the effect of the wind upon the gib. Had the head fallen towards the shore, the Esmeralda must have been deserted and burnt by the Chilians; but fate decreed it otherwise, and there was one loud "hurra" as the bows gently turned towards the island of San Lorenzo. The Chilian sailors on the spars soon clothed the vessel with her canvass. From royals to courses every sail was set, and falling astern of the Macedonian the Esmeralda followed her slowly from the shore.

The fight continued while the vessel got under way, and "Jesu," "Santa Maria," "Caramba," joined with English oaths and exclamations, came loud through the din of battle. At one time the voice of Lord Cochrane was heard encouraging his men, and ordering more sail to be packed upon the spars. Then came a volley of fire arms, which drowned all sounds besides, and illuminating the deck, showed the rapid gleam of descending sabres. Then there would be a momentary pause, as one party or the other gained a temporary advantage, and then again the wild uproar swelled with redoubled fury. At last the Chilians collecting in a dense mass upon the quarter-deck, made a quick and fierce charge upon their opponents. It was met, and for an instant met successfully; but the strength of the Spaniards was broken, and the next moment they were heard dropping into the sea, as their pursuers forced them over the bows. The spar-deck was now still, but below all was confusion. A gun-brig which had repelled its assailants, fired its single piece of artillery directly under the cabin windows of the Esmeralda, and the indiscriminate slaughter of friend and foe was the consequence. This, however, produced no effect upon the combatants, and the victory on the gun-deck was still doubtful, when Cochrane, with his successful followers, rushed down the gangway, and quickly decided the fate of the Spaniards. The wave was their only refuge; and springing from the ports, some gained the shore by swimming, others found their graves where they fell.

The Virginian, and his companion in the cutter, had watched the progress of the fight from their station in the fore-top of the Macedonian, and were still gazing on the deck of the Esmeralda, when a flash from the shore, the howl of a ball passing between the masts, and the dull report of a cannon-drew their attention to another quarter. Lights were seen hurrying along the ramparts of the fortress of Callao, and the sound of drums came faintly from them. Flash after flash succeeded the first in quick succession, until one continued stream of fire gushed from the long line of batteries. To the eyes of the young men, every gun seemed intended especially for them. "What! not a spar gone yet! and only one hole through the man-topsail!" said the Virginian at last, after coolly casting his eyes upwards upon the canvass of the ship. "It can't be so long, however; the light duck scarcely draws, and the courses and topsails hang like lead. There goes the cross-jack yard," he continued, as the crash of splintered wood was heard upon the quarter-deck. "The lanterns at the peak and gib-boom end would have distinguished us from the Esmeralda, if Cochrane had not hoisted them as soon as we did." "By heavens! though, there goes his peak light," cried his companion, as a shot severed the rope. The lantern fell over into the sea, floated a moment and was extinguished.

A better aim on the part of the Spanish gunners, or the gradual approach of the vessel within the range of some of the cannon of the fortress, made the situation of the ship more perilous than it had yet been, and three or four balls almost grazed the heads of the fore-top men. Still both spar and sail were uninjured, and the only effect of the shot was to hush the whispered conversation which had been hitherto maintained.

The silence was at last interrupted by an interjectional whistle from the Virginian, as a shot went through the sail immediately above him. "This firing will deaden the wind until canvas nor duck will hold it; and the Scotchman hangs on our quarter, determined that if he sinks, so shall we." "Don't whistle for the wind, Mister—" said an old sailor in a superstitious tone; "it never comes when it is called, and we want it too much to anger it." "That whistle brought it though," cried the other. "The Esmeralda's courses draw, and our heavy sails begin to feel it; we'll walk yet if the puff holds." The communication was accompanied with a visible change in the spirits of the seamen, as the sail, after one or two heaves, swelled steadily before the wind. The progress of the vessel, however, was still slow, although the danger every moment decreased, and it was upwards of an hour before the shot of the fortress fell short. Daylight by this time began to dawn, and showed the sullen batteries, surmounted by a heavy dun cloud, and frowning over a bay which they had so fruitlessly attempted to guard. The Macedonian cast anchor far beyond their reach, and the Esmeralda, uninjured, and in gallant style, moved towards the island of San Lorenzo.

During this eventful night, the captain of the American frigate had been detained in Lima, and at sunrise of the second day after the fight, the launch and gig were ordered down to Chorillos to meet him, and to receive on board such Americans as feared the consequences of remaining in the city, during the first moments of excitement which would follow the intelligence of the capture of the Esmeralda. The gig was commanded by our friend the Virginian, and after a long and heavy pull, he found himself beneath the high and rugged cliffs of Chorillos. Here the boats remained without the surf, while the Indians, wading through it, brought the passengers on board. "All aboard," had been already cried, and the oars were in the rowlocks to return, when the appearance of a troop of San Martin's cavalry on shore, and their loud shouts and earnest beckonings, delayed their departure. As the sailors rested on their oars, an officer, who appeared to be the commander of the soldiers, came hurrying to the beach, bearing on his arm a female, whose horse he had been seen to guide as his troops came full gallop on. He gave her to the huge Indian who offered his assistance, and followed him into the surf. A short and low conversation was held between San Martin's officer and the American commander. The former then returned to the shore, and the latter gave his rapid orders to proceed to Callao.

By evening the party were again in their frigate, and a knot was soon seen to assemble around the young Virginian, as on the preceding evening. He seemed to be urging a doubtful point with peculiar energy. "How did I know them? Why, didn't I see him plain enough in the room, and didn't I hear his plan of getting her to Valparaiso? The captain ordered me to the launch, but not before I saw her face. No, reefers, no! True love got the weathergauge of the old don, her father, in Lima, and kept it at Chorillos."

MISCELLANY.

DEACON SLOW.

From the New-England Galaxy.

Deacon Slow had three sons—it is unnecessary to mention his daughters—who were, as Deacons' sons are apt to be—the deuce only can tell why—very roguish. They were in the habit of poking fun at an old ram, who endeavoured to make his share of the sport, by the butting them over, a kind of fun which he often manifested a disposition to play off upon the Deacon, as he marched down to salt the flock—for these were duties to which he paid strict attention, as he was exceedingly humane, except when he was made very wroth, on which occasion his anger would burn like a furnace seven times heated. Now the Deacon's sheep pasture was upon Shawshen river, which is narrow but deep, and the pasture terminated in a precipice which rose fifteen feet above the water and shelved over it, as a beetle browed house hangs over a narrow street; and the boys, after they had

exhausted all other fun upon the ram, were in the habit now and then of squatting upon the edge of the precipice, and darting a hat at him, upon which he would come with blind fury thereat. The boy who held the hat, could easily leap aside, and the exasperated ram was quickly cooled by a plunge headlong down the precipice, into the stream. At this trick they were one day caught by the Deacon, their father, who took them into a thicket close by and anointed their backs thoroughly with the oil of birch—an excellent application in such cases made and provided. It is not always effectual however, and in this case the disease was not cured, as the boys were a few days after waiting round the place in order to repeat the joke upon the unsuspecting and innocent ram; but on beholding their father coming at a distance with his basket of salt, they hid in the thicket which they had so good occasion to remember. Slowly came Deacon Solomon Slow, and after he had scattered his salt, he stood upright and thought within himself, that it would be amusing to see the ram bolt over the precipice into the river. He saw no one nigh—how should he, when the boys were hid in the bushes? and taking off his broad-brimmed hat, he made demonstrations, which at once attracted the notice of the lord of the flock, who set out as usual in full speed. The Deacon had squatted close to the edge—and, as he saw the ram bounding along, he pictured out to his fancy, for Deacons have fancy, the ridiculous figure the silly sheep would make, bounding with a splash into the water—he began to smile—the ram at last came close, on the fierce charge, more enraged as the hat was larger than common—the Deacon grinned outright, but in the midst of his delight at the ram's ridiculous appearance, he forgot to jump aside, and the beast butted him over with a splash into that water were he meant the silly sheep should have gone. The boys ran out clapping their hands and shouting "you've got it, dad—you've got it, dad" in all the ecstasy of revenge. Deacon Solomon Slow crawled out from his bath with a visage lodger than he had ever worn before. This was his last smile. He was afterwards called Deacon Solemn by his neighbours, among whom he lived and died at a venerable old age.

SWEARING.

From the Boston Courier.

The abuses of any church had never more need of a reformation, than those that have crept into the practice of swearing in New-England. Not as to the profanity of it, for "damns have had their day;" but with regard to its variance from good models and good taste. Bob Acres is much wanted among us to simplify so complex a system. The sailors have preserved more than the landmen the simplicity of the olden time, having in general, but one formula—"damn my eyes"—or when they would affirm with great vehemence, they would amend the proposition by the insertion of a most significant epithet, and say "damn my bloody eyes."

Our country damsels have their little expletives, but they are not all like Lady Heron's "pretty oath, by yea and nay." We have been struck pale with horror to hear from a ruby mouth, *I swaggers, I vom, I swow, I swan, by jingo, by jolly, by gum, by gosh, &c. &c.*

In Italy, as we have read, (and particularly in Florence) where the Catholics are semi-heathens. (for their faith is founded as much upon "Jupiter and the immortal gods" as their cities are built upon those of the Romans) there, the oaths are classical. Lady Morgan, or somebody else, says that a muleteer will swear by the body of Bacchus, and a shoemaker asseverate by the aspect of Diana. Now this is very well; but when one grows profane, he had better swear by the body of Bacchus than Diana. As to *I swaggers* and the rest of that class of oath we like the words as little as Mistress Quickly liked them; and, moreover, as we are willing to give the devil his due, we would not have him cheated by a circumlocution, but when a man swears at all, let him (as the technical phrase is) *rip out* the original unsophisticated words.

We were talking lately with a sailor, and took occasion to ask him the present state of swearing in foreign parts.

Your Spaniard, says he, upon all occasions of wonder, anger, or any passion, utters the coarsest word the Castilian language can supply, and every offence ought to carry him for a year, at least, to the galleys.

The Irish are picturesque but ferocious swearers; their oaths are sanguinary, and have an evident connexion with the shillala—as *blood and thunder, thunder and turf, blood and ouns*, and other similar compounds.

The Dutchman is a marine swearer and gets his figures of speech from the sea and sky—*dunder and blitzen, sturm, weller, and bagel*.

Of a Frenchman's accomplishments, said our friend, I know nothing; but your Englishmen swear bitterly, and moreover, the Turk takes his oaths only from the safe precedents in the Koran.

LIFE.

From Zion's Herald.

Much has been "said and sung" about the ills of life, and every opprobrious epithet which ingenuity could devise has been heaped upon this beautiful world. O the wars, and famines, and plagues, the public commotions, the civil and the domestic broils—the losses, and crosses, and pains—the hopes deferred, and the hopes destroyed—the gloomy forebodings, and more gloomy realities. Now, though these are subjects of fearful interest to all the members of the human family, yet I am inclined to believe that too much time and ink have been consumed upon them, and feel disposed to gaze for a few moments on the brighter side of the picture. That there is a brighter side, the gloomiest misanthrope must allow. And though, to check the wild expectations of youth, it may be well sometimes to present the darker shades—to those who have begun to feel the pangs of disappointment it is better to speak of earth's pleasant things. Lest, having been pierced by one thorn, they should hastily conclude that they are to have nothing but briars to walk upon the rest of the way. Afflictions are to sink us—not into despair, but into a state of quiet submission and moderate desire. But there are some in the community who, having been disappointed once, are resolved the world shall have no more charms for them. Because they may not have all, they will not have what they may. They are chastised with the whip, and they punish themselves with scorpions. For the consolation of these unhappy ones we will take a survey of earth's pleasing things.

At first, there are the pleasures of *society*, which are neither few nor small. In social intercourse the feelings are enlivened—the sad heart forgets to ache—the tearful eye, to weep—bright thoughts are interchanged—new ideas elicited, or old ones placed in a new light, and we have the two-fold gratification of pleasing and being pleased.

Then there are, in the next place, the pleasures of *solitude*, which to some minds are greater than those of society. To hold communion with one's self—to cull over the heart's treasures, and to feed upon the joys which the stranger intermeddles not with—to wander through the airy fields of imagination, and dwell on the past and the future, till they seem more real than the present; these are the pleasures of solitude, and are not to be despised.

Then there are the pleasures of *intellectual improvement*. These can be appreciated only by those who have experienced them. We must endure the toil of digging into the mines of science, if we would know the satisfaction of drawing out the precious metal. Whoever once tastes the waters of the Castalian fount will be sure to thirst again—and there is no danger of its being exhausted—it is an unfailing spring; we shall, perhaps, be drinking deeper and deeper forever.

Another source of enjoyment which the world offers, is found in *active employment*. The use of our powers, either bodily or mental, is naturally agreeable, notwithstanding the propensity to indolence with which moralists have taxed poor human nature. To form schemes, whether of any great utility or not, and set in array all the ways and means for their accomplishment; to watch their operations, and observe their gradual approximation towards the desired point, causes an excitement in the mind, which is as interesting,

and perhaps more satisfactory than either of the before mentioned pleasures. Besides the happiness which employment gives, in itself considered, it does much by preparing us to relish others of a less substantial nature.

And last, not least, are the pleasures of *friendship*. Though in full possession of all others, the absence of this makes a vacuum. There are chords in the human soul which vibrate only to the voice of affection. There are materials for inexpressible happiness which lie deep in the breast, and can be drawn into exercise only by the magick influence of friendship. The interchange of kind looks, kind words, and kind offices, kindle emotions too sweet for utterance. Much has been said and written on this subject, and very justly; earth has no gift like it.

We have glanced at the most prominent sources of delight, and find them rich in blessings. If we add to these the thousand lesser streams of comfort which flow to us continually through the medium of the senses, it will, I think, be allowed that life is not so very gloomy after all—at least, that there is in it a vast preponderance of good.

We have considered only the happiness to be derived from earthly sources, and have said nothing of that glorious principle which purifies and heightens all the rest, and changes even affliction into blessings, *religion*; here is a source open to every one, and as much superiour to all others as the sun is to the glow worm.

If these remarks are just, I think we may conclude, that if there is sorrow enough to keep us from levity, there is joy enough to keep us from gloom. We sometimes see tears, but much oftener smiles; have some hours of pain, but many more of pleasure; receive crosses occasionally, but comforts continually. Let us cease, then, to repine at unavoidable evils—think of earth's pleasant things and be thankful—be happy.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1828.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "*American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

NOTIONS OF PARADISE. It may be interesting to our readers to peruse the notions entertained by different nations of that place which we all hope to visit when we "shuffle off this mortal coil," and put on the robes of immortality. The finest drawn theories of bliss are but pictures of the weakness and sensuality of human nature. We may, perhaps, except the paradise of the Scriptures; but having done this, we find in the heaven of each nation little else than an irrational refinement upon the customs with which necessity has rendered them familiar. The following facts are gathered from authentic sources.

From the christian creed, we gather no definite idea of heaven. St. Paul says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the mind of man, the things which God hath prepared for those that love him." And we read in the Apocalypse, that "They shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat: for the Lamb shall feed them and lead them into living waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Baron Swedenburg, in the account of his celestial vision, says that he found men but little changed in heaven; for they eat, drink, and marry, and have villages, towns, and cities; silver, gold, and precious stone of every description. He says that the chief difference he observed, was, that every thing seemed to exist there in a greater state of perfection.

The New-Zealander believes his heaven to abound in all the fanciful delights the wildest imagination can conceive. The Iclander's heaven is on the summit of the Boula; it is a cave which opens to a paradise in perpetual verdure, delightfully shaded by trees, and abounding in large flocks of sheep. The Laplander imagines the centre of the snows of Sweden to be paradise; and believes that his favourite reindeer will accompany him thither. The Greenlanders' heaven turns round a large rock, and the chief happiness

there consists in hunting from age to age. Josephus says the Essenes believed that good spirits were wafted to regions beyond the ocean, where there was neither storm, nor winter, nor excessive heat, but gentle winds, breathing constantly from the ocean. The Siamese believe that after souls transmigrate three or four times, they are permitted to enter the true paradise, where they enjoy perpetual repose. The Druids imagined that good men's souls were wafted from planet to planet, enjoying at each successive change, more sublime felicity than in the last. Among the Arabs a fine shady country is the principle object of their prominent bliss. The Ingrian Tartars believe that the dead resume, in a subterranean world the same mode of life they were accustomed to in this. The ancient Bramins had seven paradises in seven seas, of milk, curds, butter, water, salt, honey, and wine. The Javanese suppose that paradise is open only to the rich. The negroes of the Gold Coast of Guinea believe that they will be wafted gently down a river, and if they have been good, come to a land where they will enjoy all kinds of pleasures; but if they have been bad they will be drowned, and lost in oblivion. The Tonquinese regard a delightful climate, and an atmosphere surcharged with odours, with a throne profusely covered with garlands of flowers, as the summit of felicity.

The Arabians, before the time of Mahomet, believed that the same passions and events which influenced them while on earth, would govern them in their future existence. They now imagine that there are seven heavens. "The first of fine silver; the second of gold; the third of precious stones; the fourth of emeralds; the fifth of crystals; the sixth of a colour like fire; the seventh a garden; the soil of which is composed of flour of the finest quality, scented with musk and saffron: the stones consists of pearls, hyacinths, rubies, and other nameless gems; the trees are of gold, loaded with grapes, dates, citrons and pomegranates; with a profusion of other fruits, far superior to those in beauty and flavour, never yet seen by mortal eye. The rivers flow with milk, wine, and honey; and their banks are lined with beds of saffron."

"This garden is fabled to be peopled with Houris, whose beauty surpasses the most exquisitely lovely of all captivating women; with whom the faithful, when the angel of death, (to pursue the Arabian allegory,) has dissolved the union of the body and the soul, are to enjoy the most ecstatic raptures; first by a kiss, and afterwards by an immaculate alliance. Each good Mussulman is promised a vast number of servants; dresses of superlative magnificence; a tent of brilliancy; a profusion of pearls and diamonds; viands served in golden dishes; and delicious, though not intoxicating, wines, sparkling in golden goblets;—with seventy hours: uniting the grandeur of the earth and heaven with eternal enjoyments, in the society of their first parents." The most surpassing pleasure of this paradise is, that of beholding the face of God every morning and every evening.

TABLE TALK. *Pompey's Pillar.* Some wags in a southern city lately filled the pillow of a negro, called Pompey, with gunpowder, and blew off his wool.—*The Dead Alive.* The following inscription is from a tomb stone in Dunfermline churchyard: "Here lyes Andw. Robertson, present Deacon and Convenor of the Weavers in this burgh, who died Nov. 1762."—*A Dutch Reason.* A Dutchman the other day, bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and gave as a reason, "Dat he loff'd to rise early; he had nothing to do but to pull the string, and he could wake himself."—*Major Longbow-ism.* A gentleman residing on the Rappahannock river, says the political Arena, lately shot at eighty blue-wing ducks, and killed seventy-four. He must have used a very long gun.—*A sad Husband.* A Mrs. Fitz Simpson, of Massachusetts, advertises her husband as a runaway, having gone to Halifax, and charges him as a "drunkard and an Adams man, and not fit to be trusted."—*Scientific Defurition.* At a late exhibition at Somerset house, says an English paper, a spectator asked what was the meaning of R. A. affixed to some of the painters' names. "Why, judging from many of their labours," was the reply, "it must mean rather awkward."—*Yan-kee Advice.* The editor of a new paper in Vermont makes this significant remark in his prospectus: "Those who nev-

er intend to pay, are requested never to subscribe."—*Horrible Appearances.* A petition was recently presented to the king of England against any further concessions to the Catholics. It was adorned on the edge with wood cuts and "blood and carnage" engravings, coffin hand bills, &c.—*A liberal Allowance.* A late Vandalia Intelligencer calculating the increase of the population of Indiana in the last two years, observes that, "allowing five souls to each voter, we have derived from emigration an accession of twenty thousand."—*Some of Paul Pry's Conundrums.* If a set of hand irons cost three dollars, what will a load of wood come to? Ashes, to be sure. Why is the American navy like a healthy man? It has a good Constitution.—Some time before the revolution, the governor of Connecticut gave notice by proclamation, that the annual Thanksgiving would be postponed one month, on account of the scarcity of molasses.—*Symptoms of Loneliness.* It is said by travellers, that the deserts of Peru are as frightful as those of Africa. The Peruvian deserts extend 1500 miles along the coast of the Pacifick, and back to the Andes.—*More Conundrums.* When is tobacco most like wine? When it's in a pipe. What part of dress are two carriage horses like? A pair of drawers.

LITERARY SUMMARY. John Neal has written a tale called "Rachel Dyer," which is soon to be published at Portland.—Walter Scott has another novel in press. The second series of "Tales of a Grandfather" is completed. It is said Sir Walter has paid off 40,000 pounds of his debt, and will soon liquidate the remainder.—A work called "The Musical Souvenir" is preparing in London.—The Paris Journal des Debats announces the publication of the first two volumes of a collection of contemporary memoirs which embrace the most piquante periods of modern annals. These two volumes, which are to be followed by four others, contain memoirs of the empress Josephine, of the Count of Navarre and Malmaison, of Louis Bonaparte, the Count of Holland, and the French administration in that court.—The most northern library in the world is that at Reikiarik, the capital of Iceland; it contains about 3600 volumes. That of the Faroe islands has been recently considerably augmented. Another is establishing at Eskefjorden, in the north of Iceland.—Mr. Southey has in the press, the story of the Cock and the Hen, a Spanish romance.

FOREIGN NEWS. On Tuesday last, the packet ship Britannia arrived at New-York, bringing Liverpool papers to the third of October and London to the first of the same month. One of the latest papers affirms that the Russians have renounced all further active operations on this side of the Balkan for the present campaign. It seems that some very serious impediments have arisen in the path, which, in the onset, it was thought, opened so invitingly before the Russians; and there is little hope of a speedy termination to the difficulties between the Porte and the Emperor. An article bearing the date of Bucharest, Sept. 6, considers the war as only "just going to begin." It is rumoured that Nicholas will return to St. Petersburg; but it is thought that the journey of that monarch, if it really takes place, cannot hinder the army from pursuing whatever advantage it may have gained. It is the determination of the Russians to bear down the Turks with numbers and force; and the reverses they have met with, seem not in the least to have impaired their resolution. It was reported in London that the English government had received information that the Emperor Nicholas designed to blockade the Dardanelles. The rumour produced a greater panic at the Exchange than had been observed for a long time; for some imagined a serious difficulty, and perhaps a war between England and Russia might grow out of it. The Courier and the New Times both agree in declaring, that the government have received no official information concerning this subject; and the former paper of September 30th argues against the probability of the report, while the latter declares that the Russian ambassador has communicated intelligence which renders it probable that the Emperor seriously entertains the design. The Courier says he cannot execute it without infringing his agreement to suspend hostilities in the Grecian seas.

GAZECK. Ibrahim has signed a treaty for the evacuation

of the Morea: fourteen Egyptian ships had arrived to take his troops on board. The ambassadors of England, France and Russia had arrived at Navarin. Count Capo d'Istria was not yet there. A considerable naval force was assembled in the bay. The flags of the English French and Russians were flying mingled with those of the Turks and Greeks. A paragraph under date of Poros, August 5, says,

"An American transport, sent by the Philhellenists of that country, has brought an immense quantity of matters of every description for distribution amongst the distressed Greeks. This cargo is composed of provisions of various sorts, and of clothing of every kind for men, women, and children. Another transport laden with a similar cargo is every hour expected. American Commissioners make the distribution themselves; they have orders not to hand over any thing to the Government, but to give every thing to the poor with their own hands."

PORTUGAL. This nation is in a sad condition. Don Miguel is a petty and revengeful fellow, and appears to be better fitted for bedlam than the throne. Two ambassadors left Lisbon for Rome, about the 10th of September, on a mission to the pope, to solicit the annulling of the marriage celebrated at Venice, between Miguel and the Queen, Donna Maria II., his niece. Miguel has loudly declared in the presence of his whole court, that he would rather be cut to pieces than marry his niece.

ENGLAND We have nothing of much interest respecting the affairs of this country. The king had suffered a severe attack of illness, from which, however, he was slowly recovering. The young Queen of Portugal landed at Falmouth on the 27th of September, under a royal salute, and proceeded to a country residence in the vicinity of London. She was received with a good deal of display, and travelled in one of the King's carriages. The news from IRELAND was serious, and several regiments were to be sent thither. A large body of men marched towards Bally bay, with threats, but no violence had been committed.

It is said that TRIPOLI had declared war against NAPLES. The Neapolitan consul had arrived at Messina, from Tripoli. Some of the pirates have made captures off the coast of Sicily.

Contents of Mrs. Hale's *Ladies' Magazine*, Number X. for October:—*Original Miscellany*—The First Page of an Album; Sketches of American Character—No. 10—The Apparition; A Dream of Heaven; A True Story; The Port Folio—No. 8. *Original Poetry*—Billet—The Fairy Faney, to Clara S—; Love; The Spirit of Poetry; Lament; The Cottagers. *Literary Notices*—"The Token,"—1829;" "The Beatitudes;" Fatherless and Widows' Society.

✂ We have purchased a copy of a London annual, entitled *FORGET ME NOT*, and edited by Frederick Shoberl. We shall hereafter make such extracts from it as we may think interesting to our readers. The *Forget Me Not* is inferior to *The Token*; that elegant offspring of the Boston press surpasses every thing of the kind we have yet seen.

ENTERTAINMENT EXTRAORDINARY. At Astley's theatre, in London, which is a kind of circus, where equestrian feats are displayed, animals exhibited, and pantomimes and melo dramas performed, an entertainment was lately given by one of the performers, which had not been promised in the bills. An elephant, who had been employed in conveying Blue Beard over the mountains, and had behaved with great propriety and strict adherence to the part assigned him, was brought into the circle to perform certain feats of dexterity and sagacity, with which all the audience were much delighted. The animal however, had contracted the bad habit too common among comick actors, who "say more than is set down for them," and sometimes interlard with their own buffooneries, even the sacred scenes of Shakspeare. After the example of these worthies, the elephant undertook to interpolate a joke of his own.

All at once, in the middle of his tricks, he made towards the audience, and with a spring, throwing his fore legs over the railing, planted them in the pit. The audience did not wait for the rest of the animal, but made with all haste for the doors, and as it was a crowded night, a curious scene of confusion ensued among them, recoiling upon each other, and clambering over each other's heads. In the mean time, the elephant, who had preserved in his trunk a few gallons of porter with which he had been rewarded by his master for his good behaviour in the pass of the mountains, raised his trunk to a proper elevation, and swinging it over the heads of the recoiling multitude liberally distributed the generous

liquid among them—deluging the bonnets and beavers, mottling the white gowns, caps, and tuckers, and making the artificial roses to droop under the brown shower with which they were drenched. The rush for the door was redoubled with great squeezing and screaming among the crowd, who imagined the gigantic animal treading upon their heels. At length, however, the elephant who had had his joke, was prevailed upon by his attendants to carry it no further, and to retire. The audience again came back to their seats, wiped their faces, and now that the fright was over, were highly amused at the adventure.

From the Boston Bull-dog

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON. One of the candidates for the chief magistracy of New-York, hight Solomon Southwick, is also one of the most meek and modest old gentlemen breathing. He has made several very timid advances towards the gubernatorial cushion in times bypast; but he has not hitherto hit upon a scheme quite so well calculated to bring his sheepishness into notoriety, as that which he has lately chosen—namely, the plan of battling with an army of shadows, the conjectured assassins of a self convicted knave by the name of Morgan. In the plenitude of his sagacity, Solomon seized upon the momentary excitement which arose on account of the sudden disappearance of that impostor, and, for the purpose of perpetuating the cheat, climbing out of obscurity, and procuring a subsistence, set up a weekly print in the city of Albany. Through the medium of his magazine of wisdom, this superannuated and unassuming candidate sends forth his sort ofivelings periodically—now frightening all the old ladies of his parish with awful forebodings of his own martyrdom—now trumpeting most garulously the fervour of his own patriotism—*awun*, piling huge curses upon the whole masonick fraternity throughout the globe—and *ever* delicately urging his claims upon the suffrages of the New-Yorkers, whether of Dutch, Scotch, Irish or Indian extraction. His paper of the 10th inst. contains a three column article entitled "Southwick's appeal to the people;" the whole interspersed with a beautiful variety of type, CAPITALS, SMALL CAPITALS, *italicks*, et cetera, commingled in admirable confusion. It is prefaced by a few delectable chaste remarks, urging his "brother editors" to copy the same. The most remarkable self devotion, and absence of all egotism, especially characterise the whole production. The following sentence is a fair sample—it concludes the preliminary paragraph:—

"They will please to consider that I am not merely pleading my own cause; but that of my party; in whose behalf I think it my duty to my country, to put my own shoulders to the wheel, as well as to call upon HERCULES."

S. SOUTHWICK."

From the R. I. American.

CURIOUS DISCOVERY. It is a fact, as strange as it may seem, that a number of manuscript volumes, (we believe 18) undoubtedly genuine, containing the journal of the British House of Commons during the Protectorship of Cromwell, has been discovered among a mass of books and manuscripts belonging to a literary society in New-York, which for many years had remained undisturbed. This journal has heretofore been lost, and no traces of it discovered by the British historians and antiquarians, who have been compelled to supply this gap in their historical records from other less authentic sources. The manuscripts were undoubtedly brought to this country by the Regicides, who fled hither on the restoration, with a view to prevent the attainder of their friends, and to conceal the proceedings of the Rump Parliament. From these persons they can be traced with tolerable certainty into the possession of the society, among whose books they have been found by an industrious searcher for the curious. The books have not remained so long concealed, but it is their contents which have now, for the first time been discovered. Heretofore they have passed as some old manuscripts, only curious as specimens of the writing of an early period. We presume that the literary public will before long be favoured with a minute account of this discovery, through the society which has the honour of having made it by means of one of its officers.

VARIETIES.

The three Patriarchs. John Jay, of New-York, is the only surviving member of the First American Congress, that of 1774. Charles Carroll of Maryland, is the only one remaining of the Congress of 1776, that adopted the Declaration of Independence. James Madison of Virginia, is, it is believed, the only surviving member of the National Convention of 1787, which formed the Constitution of the United States.

A Patriotic Institution. There is in Switzerland a society called "The Swiss Society of Publick Utility," which has rendered great benefits to the Republic. It consists of five hundred members, who meet every year to discuss questions relative to the means of ameliorating the condition of the poor, improving the education, and stimulating the industry of the people. Although this society has no other means of enforcing recommendations than an appeal to publick feeling, it has already proved the parent of some of the finest institutions in the country.

Letters from Amsterdam state, that the project of cutting a canal to unite the Gulf of Mexico with the Pacific Ocean, is about to be revived under the auspices of the Netherlands government, which has entered into communication with the government of Guatemala, or Central America, for that purpose. General Van Vee, who was deputed on that mission, has just returned to Europe, and it is stated that several persons are on their way to the Netherlands from Guatemala, who are authorized to carry into effect the arrangements connected with the undertaking. Some exclusive advantages, as an inducement to engage in the project, have been offered to the Dutch government, and it is said that the king has entered into it with so much earnestness, that he has composed a long memoir, to point out its probability of success, and the benefits with which it will be attended. A vessel has been ordered to be in readiness to carry out the engineers and persons appointed to survey the ground through which the proposed canal is to pass.

Our readers may depend upon the truth of the following anecdote:—At a Sunday school in Hull, England, a short time since, while the children were undergoing an examination to ascertain the progress of their knowledge in scripture history, a little girl was asked "How she could account for the fact of so large a multitude of people being fed with five loaves and two fishes?" She answered, she supposed it was by the will of Divine Providence. A much younger child in the same class was then asked the question, but declined giving an answer. The querist, however, a lady, pressed for a reply, with "Come, my dear, you must give me your opinion." The child, after some hesitation, said, "I am sure I don't know, ma'am, without it be that they got their dinners before they went." [Hull Packet.]

Human Life. A variety of curious calculations has lately been made in France, with respect to the average duration of human life, &c. in Paris, during the eighteenth century. It appears, that the average age of marriage was, for men, about twenty-nine years and three quarters—for women, about twenty-four years and three quarters; and that the average age of parents, at the birth of a son, was for women, about twenty-eight years and a quarter—for men about thirty-three years and a quarter. It follows, that there were nearly three generations in Paris during the last century. It is a remarkable fact, that this estimate coincides with that of the Greeks in their chronological tables.

A beet was brought to our office last week, raised in the garden of the Rev. Joy Handy, of this place, which measured four feet and one inch in length, of the root part, was perfectly straight, and appeared to have been broken off in pulling it up. Where the other end is would be hard telling, or what could be its object in running down at this rate, unless it might be that, having heard an expedition was fitting out to investigate captain Symmes's theory of an inner world, it was for starting an "opposition," on a more direct route. Fredonia Censor.

MARRIED,

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Mayer, Mr. THOMAS McCALL to Miss RACHEL MORREL.

PROCLAMATION,

By NATHANIEL FITCHER, Lieutenant-Governor of the state of New York.

WHEREAS the continued goodness of Almighty God to the people of this state, in permitting us to enjoy the blessings of republican institutions; in crowning the year with his mercy, by the abundant production of the "kindly fruits of the earth;" in the diffusion of moral instruction and science, by sustaining our colleges, academies and Sabbath and common school institutions; in continuing to us the light of Revelation, and the consolation and toleration of religious profession and worship—those, and numberless other evidences of Divine favour demand from us a publick expression of devout and grateful acknowledgments.

I do therefore, in accordance with custom, and under the solemn sense of publick duty, recommend to the good people of this state, the observance of *Thursday, the 4th day of December next*, as a day of PUBLICK PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING: and in so doing, I indulge the confident expectation that all, with the exception of those who may be restrained by conscientious scruples, will assemble on that day, in their respective places of publick worship, and with devout and grateful hearts, present their thanks offering to ALMIGHTY GOD for the multiplied blessings which we are permitted to enjoy.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the privy seal, as the city of Albany, 29th day of October, anno domini 1830. NATHANIEL FITCHER.



REMOVAL.—ALLISON & WELLS have removed from No. 4 Green-st. to 471 South Market-street, opposite James Gould's Coach Maker's shop, where they intend to carry on the SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK making business, in all its various branches. Military Caps and Horse Equipments made according to order, and on the shortest notice. All orders from the country, thankfully received and promptly attended to. Thankful for past favours, they hope to merit a continuance of the same.

A. L. PLOUGH, DENTIST,

AT SKINNER'S MANSION-HOUSE STATE STREET ALBANY. WITH much freedom, Mr. Plough has the honour to inform his friends that he has determined to establish himself in this city, and will faithfully attend to all applications, in the dental art. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have not experienced his skill, are respectfully invited to call and examine his recommendations, signed by some of the most respectable citizens, as well of this as of other places in the United States.

POETRY.

A BALLAD.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve:
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs which that her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land!

And how she wept and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve,

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stepped—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride:
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

From Mrs. Hale's Ladies' Magazine.

THE COTTAGERS.

BY MRS. A. M. WELLS.

They sit beside the murmuring brook
That winds its verdant way,
From out that little shady nook,
Where crones and rusticks say
The fairies dance their nightly rounds,
Charming the noon with liquid sounds.

A mother and two healthful boys—
The one upon her breast,
Full of an infant's simple joys,
Alternate sport and rest.
And one a lad of thoughtful air,
Yet not less happy, nor less fair.

Beside them, peased, the father lies;
And they have wandered there,
The Sabbath's sacred services
Being o'er, to scent the air
And the fresh flowers of the spring;
And hear the young birds to them sing.

Ye simple ones—no thought have ye
Of pomps and pageants cold;
Of princely domes and revelry,
Rich feasts, or glittering gold.
Yours the deep mine, as yet unwrought,
The wealth of uncorrupted thought!

Blest are the pure and simple hearts
Unconsciously refined,
By the free gifts that heaven imparts
Through nature to the mind.
Not all the pleasures wealth can buy
Equal their happy destiny!

For them the spring unfolds her flowers,
For them the summer glows;
And autumn's gold and purple bowers,
And winter's starry snows.
Come, gifted with a charm to them,
Richer than monarch's diadem.

From the Haverhill Gazette.

THE TIMES.

"Oh dear! Oh dear! I grieve, I grieve,
For the good old days of Adam and Eve."

The times—the times—I say the times are getting worse
than ever;

The good old way our fathers trod shall grace their children
never—

The homely hearth of honest mirth, the traces of their
plough—

The places of their worshipping, are all forgotten now.

Farewell, the farmer's honest looks, and independent mein,
The tassel of his waving corn—the blossom of the bean,
The turnip top and pumpkin vine—the produce of his toil,
Have given place to flower pots, and plants of foreign soil.

Farewell, the pleasant husking night—its merry after scenes,
When Indian pudding smoked beside the giant pot of beans;
When ladies joined the social hand, nor once affected fear,
But gave a pretty cheek to kiss for every crimson ear.

Affected modesty was not the test of virtue then,
And few took pains to swoon away at sight of ugly men—
For well they knew the purity which woman's life should
own

Depends not on appearances, but on the heart alone.

Farewell to all the buoyancy and openness of youth—
The confidence of kindly hearts—the consciousness of truth,
The natural tone of sympathy—the language of the heart—
Now curbed by fashion's tyranny, or turned aside by art,

Farewell, the jovial quilting match—the song and merry play,
The whirling of the pewter plate, the many pawns to pay,
The mimic marriage brought about by leaping o'er the
broom,

The good old play of blind man's buff—the laugh that shook
the room.

Farewell the days of industry—the time has glided by
When pretty hands were prettiest at making pumpkin pie—

When waiting maids were needed not, and morning brought
along
The music of the spinning wheel and milk-maid's careless
song.

Ah! days of artless innocence, your dwellers are no more—
And we are turning from the path our fathers trod of yore—
The homely hearth of honest mirth—the traces of the
plough—
The places of their worshipping, are all forgotten now.

PILGRIMAGE OF THE DEAD.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

A rich Jewess, who lately died in London, directed by her will that
her body should be taken to Jerusalem by twelve of her friends, (Jews,) to
whom she left four hundred pounds each, for their trouble.

Up, and away for Palestine!
Away—and with the dead embark;
That soil I covet to be mine,
Where slumbers seer and patriarch.
Away, away, my pilgrim feet
Have long in weary sojourn trod;
In thee I seek a last retreat,
Clime where my fathers worshipped God!

O land of beauty, desolate,
Who now to trump and song shall tell,
Thy triumphs, for the scornful hate
And smite thee, hapless Israel!
And God hath hid his face from thee;
Thy God, whose pillar led thee on,
Heeds not where base ones bow the knee,
In mockery of the Holy One.

And who unto thy hill shall roam?
Alas, no glory beckons there;
Where thy first temple heaved its dome;
The haughty Islam calls to prayer;
O royal Salem! David's seat,—
The queen of cities, satest thou,
When humbled nations at thy feet
Laid gorgeous spoil—what art thou now?

Yet dearer is Jerusalem
—Though trodden as the olive wild,
Of cities, than their proudest gem,
Unto her stricken weeping child;
Away!—too long the wanderer
Hath tented with the Gentile band;
Ye palms of Judah! shelter her,
Receive her ashes, native land!

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids:
So I love to wake ere break of day;
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Prout's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new fonts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Peculiar care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new fonts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO.
Albany, October 4, 1828. 36 if

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 289, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1824. JOHN F. PORTER.

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. 27 Entrance from Steuben street. To city subscribers, *Three Dollars* a year.



AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1828.

NO. 42.

MASONICK RECORD.

A LECTURE,

Spoken, before the brethren of On an Lodge, New-London, Connecticut, on the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, June 24, A. L. 5925.

By Br. WILLIAM F. BRAINARD.

(Continued.)

This institution is said to be dangerous to the government and religion of a country. If masons with the power that I have spoken of, had ever entertained a design upon either of these, they would have accomplished it long ago; and if this was the infancy of the order, strong and secret as it now is, the world might well be alarmed. But that it has never attempted any such thing, is proof that it cannot come within the scope of its design. Besides, the universality of masonry furnishes full security on this point; for what government should it destroy? Republicanism? The lodge is full of republicans. Monarchy? The prince and his peers, his ministers and his subjects are members. The present king of Great Britain has been Grand Master of the English Lodge, and most of the Royal family belong to it. Does the Pope fear danger to the Catholic church? The Lodge will quiet his apprehensions, and make his holiness a mason; in which case, if they meditate treason or heresy, he will have early notice of their plan. Indeed as none are refused for their politicks, or religion; so the lodge cannot interfere with either, without being divided against itself, and losing its power. And there is this further security, in point of fact, that such great men as are often members, are enabled to know all that masons do, without attending their meetings, or even making themselves known as masons, except to a few friends.

Upon an application to the emperor Napoleon, to suppress masonry in France, I think I can see in his answer, that he was a brother of the trowel; at any rate he wisely refused to suppress it.

One objection, and that the strongest, still remains. If anybody should ask me what reason there was in the nature of things, why females should be excluded, I should answer frankly, there was none; saying "the constitution of society, which has divided duties, of equal importance, among the sexes."

Many women would discharge the common offices of a town, or state, with as much ability as their husbands; and the common duties of charity, they discharge much better. But when man was created, and society formed, it pleased the Almighty to designate our allotments: besides it is in the more arduous duties of humanity, that masonry is most wanted. The mason should dive amidst the storm, to rescue his drowning brother, he must save him in war, from the edge of the sword, tear him from the flames of his own dwelling, and visit and comfort him, in scenes of trial, where female delicacy is seldom called to act. This is the true reason. Still be it remembered, that the apron is an emblem of purity, and every mason is bound to respect it, when worthily worn; whether it be of homespun or lace, for use or ornament; and be it conceded, that it is more worthily worn by the other sex than by ours.

I began by telling you that we were met to celebrate the nativity of the Baptist. Why is this day kept? Some celebrate the birth day of a Saint; to such it is sufficient to say that the Baptist was a Saint. Some celebrate the birth day of a Hero; John was a Hero; he led a life of peril and hard-

ship, which he suffered with firmness, and he perished by the sword. Some celebrate the birth day of a great man. John was a great man. "Verily I say unto you, among those that are born of women, there has not arisen a greater than John the Baptist." John was a man remarkably meek and modest. He was alarmed at the danger of being mistaken for Him, the string of whose shoe he was unworthy to untie. He did his duty throughout, unconscious of the high character that belonged to him. He denied that he was Elias, he did not even suspect himself to be a prophet; yet the Saviour of men declared of him, that he was that Elias which was for to come, and that he was more than a prophet; and he added, "he that hath ears to hear let him hear." He preached but one doctrine—he might have been able to instruct men in many other points, but he held himself out, and of course was responsible only, for one. He preached the doctrine, or as he called it, the baptism of repentance. This he taught perfectly, and by his own example. He wore the hair cloth shirt of the penitent; and bound it round his loins with a leathern girdle: he came neither eating nor drinking, and his meat was locusts and wild honey. He had no selfishness, but laboured for others; and became the first martyr to the principles of his profession, even before they were established. The language by which he tried and proved his disciples, was the language of *works*; "bring forth therefore, fruits meet for repentance." His ministry was thronged by many, as is stated in the account of it; "then went to him Jerusalem and all Judea, and all the region round about Jordan,"—Pharisees and Sadducees, whom he himself called "a generation of vipers." He was therefore under the necessity of ascertaining who to receive and who to reject. To a man who taught repentance many would say, I am sorry. That was the language of the tongue; tears approached nearer to the language of truth, but these are equivocal:—there are tears of joy, as well as of sorrow, of anger, as well as tenderness; but as he required repentance, he told how to repent, and *works* were the criterion which he adopted, because they could not deceive him. This preacher in the wilderness, who drank of the waters of Jordan, and baptised in its stream, was one of the most disinterested and distinguished benefactors of man. Of the success of his ministry, and his faithfulness in it, and the importance in which he was held, we have this sad evidence:—When the daughter of Herodias, whose female accomplishments had charmed the guests of Herod, was promised her most extravagant desires, to the one half of the kingdom, she asked for the head of John the Baptist. The head was severed, the body was buried by his disciples, and the conscience of Herod was haunted by one, whom he believed to have risen from the dead.

But why do we celebrate this day as masons?—Because the Baptist was a mason. I do not rely on the account that he was by trade a mason, and worked in mortar and stone; I do not rely on the tradition of the lodge—for like all other traditions, it is uncertain; I do not pin my faith on the leathern girdle about his loins. Remember what has been proved, that masonry is nothing else than the actual performance of *works of charity*.

This word charity has been so subtly dealt with, that there is not left a single word in English, to express precisely what I mean; but I use it for want of a better. The Baptist taught masonry, in the very terms of the definition. To an ignorant and

benighted world, this harbinger of light taught a new doctrine—the doctrine of repentance. Repentance! we never heard of it! The anxiety of the multitudes around him exclaimed, "what shall we do then?" Mark well the answer, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that none, and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." If this be not masonry, tell me, ye that are wiser, what it is.

Worshipful Master, Brother Senior and Brother Junior Warden, and Brethren—The object of masons is neither speculation nor profession; it is labour. The business of masons is to *work*. In the innocence and happiness of paradise, where there was neither wretchedness nor tears—volitions and feelings may have constituted the enjoyment, and made up the duties which pertained to such a state. There was no such thing as masonry then, for there was no *work to be done*: for where all was happiness, even pity was a useless virtue. But sin "brought death into the world, and all our wo." The scene was changed. Before—man lived without toil, but when the fall came, the curse followed, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;" misery and variety of suffering came of course; but the power to relieve them was granted, and the exercise of that power was enjoined as a duty; but yet by labour. The joys of paradise, for the want of suffering objects, were confined to *emotions*.—Other joys are now substituted, which are graciously vouchsafed to us in the form of *works*. Providence has seen fit to supply these objects of suffering, and it has made the work of relieving them sweet.

Brethren, the time is short! Work while the day lasts—for the night cometh.

CHARACTER OF A MASON.

Translated from the French.

The mason is the child of nature, the citizen of the world. Exempt from prejudice, his religion does not solely consist in exterior forms, but in morality and the practice of virtue. He glories in the belief of a Supreme Author and Dispenser of every thing, and in the immortality of the soul. His unshaken faith in these truths invigorates and nourishes his mind, during the whole course of his life—it heightens his happiness in prosperity, and is a never failing consolation in misfortune.

The holy maxims of Christianity, "Do unto others what thou wouldst others should do unto thee;" "Do not unto others what thou wouldst not that others should do unto thee;" he adds some no less morally sublime: "Do not revenge thyself on thy enemies, but by obliging them to become thy friends;" "Forget injuries, but remember services;" "Wouldst thou propitiate God, be just." In the observance of these precepts, he finds his sweetest enjoyments and the happiness of his existence.

As an enlightened philosopher, he disdains the trivial distinctions attached to birth and fortune. He is a sincere friend, a constant husband, an obedient son, and a virtuous citizen; these are the titles of which he is proud, and by the practice of these alone he wishes to elevate himself above the vulgar! Obedience to the laws of his country, charity towards his fellow creatures, universal political and religious tolerance, fidelity to his obligations, protection to the feeble, and love for his brethren, are the leading features in his character, and constitute an epitome of his sentiments and duties. Satisfied with the voice of an approv-

ing conscience, he tranquilly awaits the end of his earthly career, and hears without dismay the sound of the hour which calls him before the tribunal of the Supreme Judge, hoping that, by divine goodness and mercy, he will be admitted to that Lodge, where all the enjoyments are as pure as the source whence they emanate; where the sovereign Lord of the universe will show himself to the blessed, divested of all emblems, and surrounded by all his glory and majesty.

KENTUCKY.

At the grand annual communication of the *Grand Lodge of Kentucky*, began and held at the Grand masonick hall in Lexington, on the 25th of August, 1828, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

Robert Johnston, of Frankfort, Grand Master; W. W. Southgate, of Covington, Deputy Grand Master; J. M. McCalla, of Lexington, Senior Grand Warden; R. J. Breckenridge, of Lexington, Junior Grand Warden; W. Holeman, of Harrodsburgh, Grand Chaplain; James F. Robinson, of Georgetown, Grand Orator; Daniel Bradford, of Lexington, Grand Secretary; Philip Swigert, of Frankfort, Grand Treasurer; Francis Walker, of Lexington, Grand Steward and Tyler; William B. Philips, of Maysortle, Levi Tyler, of Louisville, W. W. Southgate, of Covington, and T. P. Metcalfe, of Port William, Stewards of the Grand Charity Fund.

The *Grand Chapter of Kentucky*, convened at masons' hall in Lexington, on the first of September, 1828, and elected the following grand officers for the ensuing year:—

Henry Wingate of Frankfort Grand High Priest, Oliver G. Wagener, of Frankfort, Deputy Grand High Priest; Levi Tyler, of Louisville, Grand King; John Payne, of Augusta, Grand Scribe; Philip Swigert, of Frankfort, Grand Secretary; Andrew M. January, of Maysville, Grand Treasurer; Rev David Nelson, of Danville, Grand Chaplain; Warham P. Loomis, of Frankfort, Grand Marshal; William B. Warren, of Georgetown, Grand C. G.; Robert M'Nitt, of Lexington, Grand Steward and Tyler.

ORDER OF



INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOWS.

The anniversary of Philanthropick Lodge, No. 4, of Independent Odd Fellows, was celebrated on Friday evening, 7th inst., when the following brethren were installed into office:—John J. Burton, esq. M.N.G.; David Bruce jr. V.G.; B. Atkin, Secretary, Amos Adams, Treasurer; when an appropriate and eloquent address was delivered by Br. J. V. N. Yates, esq. When the Lodge adjourned they partook of a sumptuous supper at the house of Br. James Colvin, when the following sentiments were drunk:—

1. The requisites of an Odd Fellow—Honour, Truth, and Justice.
2. May we, as christians, be zealous without uncharitableness, and as citizens, free, without faction.
3. The day we commemorate—May each return be a new source of pleasure.
4. The Grand Lodge of Independent Odd Fellows of the United States—May the P.S. of the U.S. meet with the reward due to his distinguished philanthropy and unwearied perseverance in promoting the interests of the institution and the welfare of our country.
5. The Three powerful Links—May they extend round the globe.
6. Friendship, Love, and Truth—The bulwarks of our order.

7. May every member of this order be as honest as he is odd, and every lodge be composed of philanthropists.

8. May the city of Albany be as much distinguished for liberality and virtue as it is for Odd Fellowship.

9. Our oddity only consists in excelling in all those acts that grace humanity.

10. Conscious innocence and constant independence to every Odd Fellow.

11.

May we do good every hour,
And assist the needy when in our power.

12. May every succeeding century maintain the principles of Odd Fellowship, enjoy the blessings of them, and transmit them to future ages unimpaired and improved.

13. May he who deals in slander, always live in strife

14. May Odd Fellows never pervert the real meaning of the term, by deviating from the path of rectitude and good order.

15. The three H's

16. May the bark of Friendship never founder on the rock of Deceit. May Love never be lost for the want of a just balance. May Truth never be driven from the lips by fear, or the want of will to use it. May the whole three become a chain that will unite us all as one family of free and Independent Odd Fellows.

17. May the Devil never pay visits abroad nor receive company at home.

18. Odd Fellowship commendeth not itself with the lips, but speaketh from the integrity of the heart.

19. Our Order—Bright as the morning star, dressed in the radiance of the sunbeams—it shineth the seraph of immortality.

20. May the fair daughters of America be re-splendent in beauty, virtue, and honour.

21. May the time-piece of life be regulated by the dial of virtue.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

MEDICAL.

An extraordinary surgical operation has lately been performed at Coblenz, upon the Attorney General to the King. This very eminent gentleman was afflicted with a dreadful visitation, that called forth great knowledge and exertions on the part of his surgeons. For a considerable time he suffered by an increase of his tongue, which was attended with dreadful pain, and at length augmented to so great a size as to impede his breathing, and threaten speedy dissolution. Upon examination it was found that the jaw-bone was diseased in some complicated manner, and that the tongue, by a kind of ossification, had become joined to the bone. It was resolved upon by the surgeons to undertake the removal of the jaw. They ordered such a regimen for the patient as prepared him for the operation which he was to undergo, and they immediately practised upon dead subjects, so as to acquaint themselves with the peculiarities of that part of the jaw which they were to excise.

The operation was then performed. They commenced it by extracting the front teeth, in order that the instruments might have more easy application to the seat of the disease; and this being done, they made a cut through the fleshy part, and laid open the cheek. The jaw was then removed; and that being done, the cheek was stitched together. The patient immediately felt relief. He breathed freely, and the oppression which had, as it were, dwelt upon his lungs, left them. The night succeeding the operation, he slept five hours, and he has continued to improve so as to inspire the doctors with confidence in his ultimate recovery.

ANCIENT INK.

Lamp-black, or the black taken from burnt ivory, and soot from furnaces and baths, according to Pliny and others, formed the basis of the ink used by old writers. It has also been conjectured, that the black liquor of the cattle fish was frequently employed. Of whatever ingredients made, it is

certain from chemical analysis, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscripts, and from an inkstand, found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears like a thick oil, that the ink then was made much more opaque, as well as encaustick, than what is used at present. Inks, red, purple, and blue, and also gold and silver inks, were much used—the red was made from vermilion, cinnabar, and carmine; the purple from the *murex*; one sort of which, named the purple encaustick, was set apart for the emperors. Golden ink was used by the Greeks much more than by the Romans. The manufacture, both of it and silver ink, was a distinct and extensive, as well as lucrative business in the middle ages; and another distinct business was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatic words, in coloured and gold or silver inks.

A PORTABLE ICE HOUSE.

Take an iron bound butt or punchon, and knock out the head, cutting a very small hole in the bottom, about the size of a wine cork. Place inside of it a wooden tub, shaped like a churn, resting it upon two pieces of wood, which are to raise it from touching the bottom. Fill the space around the inner tub with charcoal, and fit to the tub a convenient handle, having inside one or two small hooks, on which are to be hung the bottles during the operation. Place on the lid a bag of charcoal, about two feet square; if the charcoal, in this bag is pounded it will answer better; and over all, place another cover, which must cover the head of the outer casks. When the apparatus is thus prepared, let it be placed in a cold cellar and buried in the earth above four-fifths of its height; but, though cold, the cellar must be dry, wet ground will not answer, and a sandy soil is the best. Fill the inner tub or nearly so, with pounded ice; or if prepared in the winter, with snow well pressed down, and the apparatus will be complete. Whenever it is wished to make ice, take off the upper cover, then the sack or bag of pounded charcoal and suspend the vessel containing the liquid to be frozen to the hooks inside of the inner cover; then close up the whole, as before, for half an hour, when the operation will be complete, provided proper care be taken to exclude external air.

BIOGRAPHY.

PESTALOZZI.

Pestalozzi was born at Zurich in 1745. He lost his father, a physician, very early, and was educated by pious relatives. The intention of entering the church was given up after an unsuccessful attempt at preaching, and he applied to the law. A disease, brought on by incessant and immoderate study, induced him to turn farmer. He bought a little estate, where a frequent intercourse with the common people laid open to his eyes the distressing state of the lower classes. Pestalozzi was not the man who could see misery without the correspondent feeling of compassion: he could not pass a wretched cottage without stretching out a friendly hand to the poor inmates, nor see a shivering orphan without taking it to his fireside. He began to feel a contempt for the splendour of cold hearted opulence, and indifference to all the knowledge which can be acquired from books: he proposed to himself to study only the volumes of life, and the happiness of wiping off a tear from the orphan's cheek seemed of more value to him than all the glory of authorship. There were at that time in the canton of Berne, where Pestalozzi lived, many beggarly children, who were taken care of by nobody: the haughty and greedy patricians of Berne thought little better of the people than do the eastern despots: the education of the poor was entirely neglected. Pestalozzi took a number of them into his house, and became their father and schoolmaster. But the expenses of this undertaking soon made him poor, for he was more benevolent than prudent, and the kind disposition of his heart made him an easy prey to every designing villain. The loss of property did not depress his spirits, nor did the sneering of worldly men at his folly damp his ardour for improving the condition of the lower orders. He wrote (1791) *Leinhardt and Gertude*, an original novel, in which

he embodied his own experience, presenting us a true, animated, and vigorous picture of the people, with whose life, habits, manners and propensities he had become acquainted. This novel, in its genre, is perhaps unrivalled in Europe for the humorous descriptions of country life. In 1798, when the French entered Switzerland, Pestalozzi declared himself a partizan of the Revolution, not from any partiality to the French, but because he found, that no reform, however necessary, could be expected from the old aristocracies. After the massacre of Unterwalden, which has been so affectingly described by Montgomery in his *Wanderer*, Pestalozzi went to Stauz, and formed an establishment, where he received all the poor straggling orphans: he became again the teacher, father, and servant of about eighty children. But he did not receive the support which he had a right to expect. His democratical principles rendered him very obnoxious to the patrician party, which could not, however, prevent his being sent as deputy to the first consul at Paris in 1802, and the pamphlet which he wrote after his return on the objects to which the legislature of Helvetia ought to attend, could not conciliate the numerous friends of abuses. Pestalozzi then had, for a short time, an establishment at Burgdorf and Munchenbuchsee, in the vicinity of M. Fellenberg, till at last he was invited to come to Yverdon. There, with the assistance of distinguished collaborators, he tried his new methods of education and instruction. *The fundamental principle of his system, that the development of the intellectual powers should be the chief object of education, not the acquirement of positive knowledge, is true, although Pestalozzi was not altogether successful in its application.* Pestalozzi's mind was of an intuitive cast, unfit for the details of an establishment, which soon proved to him ruinous and unmanageable. His method, however, effected a gradual and important improvement of the country schools in Switzerland and other parts of Europe; and in 1818, still impressed with the necessity of educating the poor, he set apart 2,000*l.* from the produce of a new edition of his works for the endowment of a school for the poor. His indefatigable endeavours to execute this one great idea; the generous disinterestedness with which he devoted his life and property to this object—a life fraught with trouble and bitterness, which might have been spent in ease and comparative opulence, will always endear him to the recollection of mankind. He could win the heart of a child in one minute by that good humoured, affectionate simplicity which lay in his countenance. Scholarship was not his pride. He was completely self-taught—but you could not converse long with him without perceiving that you spoke to a man of genius. Flashings of wit, following in quick succession, like lightning in the summer season: thoughts which astounded by their depth and originality: a volcanick excitability of mind, a perfect absence of all selfish cares: and lastly, a cynical appearance, left a lasting impression of this extraordinary man with all who knew him. A short time before his death, his establishment was completely broken up, and Pestalozzi returned once more to the humble mansion, where fifty years before he had commenced as a farmer, brooding over the gloomy reflection, that he had spent half a century in the service of humanity, and earned but the thanks of a few among the millions. Simple as Pestalozzi was in his creed, yet he was full of religious sentiment, which would burst forth in a stream of devotion in the midst of his children: and this we know, that he died with all the resignation of a philosopher, and with all the piety of a christian, the 17th February, 1827.

CHARACTER.

THE SULTAN.

Dr. Walsh in his *Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England*, has made repeated allusions to the reigning sovereign of the Turks, and from his work we compile the following account. Mahomet is a man a little past the prime, but still in the vigour of life. He succeeded his imbecile brother Mustapha, in the year 1808. When he mounted the throne the Russians were at war with the Turks; and it was at the moment when the

latter were retreating from the positions they held at our last advices. The new Sultan began at once to display the energy of his character. He set up the standard of the prophet at a large plain two miles from Constantinople, and issued a Hatti-Sherif, that all Mussulmen should rally round it. He thus assembled a large army, but after some severe conflicts with the Russians, both parties were induced to come to an accommodation in 1812, the Turks being obliged to relinquish considerable territory. The Sultan resembles Peter the Great in many points of character; the same determination in undertaking, the same energy in pursuing, and the same relentless rigour in executing any purpose like Peter, he found the domineering of his pratorian guards no longer tolerable; and as Peter rid himself of his Strelitzes, so Mahomet determined to dispose of his janissaries. Finding they revolted at his attempt to introduce the European discipline, he caused them, to the number of 20,000, to be surrounded by his other troops, and slaughtered. He is a man well versed in oriental literature, writes and understands Arabic well; and his Hatti-Sherifs, which he always dictates, and sometimes writes with his hand, are admired for their style and composition. He is not a man of morose or cruel disposition in his own family, on the contrary, he has several children, to whom he is affectionally attached; and in his ordinary intercourse in private life, he is urbane and affable. His publick conduct, however, has been marked by extraordinary fierceness and unrelenting rigour, even to Turks themselves; and in this he has shown a disregard to human life, and not a strict adherence to human obligations. But whatever his conduct has been to his own subjects, to those of other nations he has afforded the most inviolable protection. He has discontinued the barbarous practice of his predecessors, in sending ambassadors to the Seven Towers; instead of which, whenever they disagree, and are disposed to depart, he affords them every facility, and those of their nation who please to remain, are in security. It is but justice to the Sultan to say, that his moderation and good faith have afforded examples which christian nations in Europe might be proud to follow. The Turks obtained possession of Constantinople under a Mahomet, and they are firmly persuaded they will lose it under a Mahomet, and that Mahomet the present reigning Sultan. This impression is confirmed by ancient prophecies which are current among them. He is the last of the male race of Mahomet of an age fit to reign; and it is to this circumstance he is indebted for his inviolability.

THE GATHERER.

INDIAN TRADITIONS.

The Dog-rib Indians, who are derived from the same stock with the Chipewyans, say that, according to the tradition of their fathers, the first man was named Chapewee. He found the world well stocked with food, and he created children, to whom he gave two kinds of fruit, the black and the white, but forbade them to eat the black. Having thus issued his commands for the guidance of his family, he took leave of them for a time, and made a long excursion for the purpose of conducting the sun to the world. During this his first absence, his children were obedient, and ate only the white fruit, but they consumed it all: the consequence was, that when he a second time absented himself to bring the moon, and they longed for fruit, they forgot the orders of their father, and ate of the black which was the only kind remaining. He was much displeased on his return, and told them that in future the earth would produce bad fruits, and that they would be tormented by sickness and death—penalties which have attached to his descendants to the present day. Chapewee himself lived so long that his throat was worn out, and he could no longer enjoy life; but he was unable to die, until, at his own request, one of his people drove a beaver tooth into his head.

THE FRENCH SYSTEM OF DIVORCE.

If either the man or woman wish to be divorced, they must give notice of it to the Prefect, and in six months time is necessary before it takes place;

in the interim, the necessary arrangements for the maintenance of the children are made, which are as follows:—The girls are generally consigned to the care of the mother, and the boys to the father; a very minute investigation takes place of the father's or mother's fortune, so that the children are certain of being provided for. If a man is rich, and is the party that sues for the divorce, he must return half of his wife's jointure, and settle a maintenance on her for life. If a woman sues for the divorce, the wife must return every article of present she has received from her husband, even before marriage. The woman is not compelled, however, to maintain her husband after divorce, but must her children. If the father re-marries, and has heirs by his last marriage, the children by the former wife have the same claims to the patrimony as the others.

ARABICK SAYING.

Reside where thou wilt, acquire knowledge and virtue and they will stand thee in the place of ancestors: the man is he who can say, "See what I am;" not he who says, "See what my father was." When God would display in broad day a virtue hidden in the shade, he excites against it the tongue of the envious. If the flame did not catch every thing surrounding it, the exquisite perfume of the aloes would be unknown. This life is but a fragile fragment; senseless is he who attaches himself to it: what is passed is dead; what is to come is hidden: thou hast only the moment in which thou breatheest. Thy life is divided into two portions; consider well what they are: that which is fione, is a dream; that which remains a wish.

WEST INDIA BOOK-KEEPERS.

The principal duty of a "book-keeper," in a West India plantation, is watchfulness. A person of this description had lost an eye some how or other, the want of which he supplied with a glass one, whence originated his superiority; for when he was awake, he was in the habit of placing his hand over his artificial eye; but when he went to sleep in his chair in the boiling house, he uniformly covered his seeing eye, leaving the other open and uncovered. This caused the negroes, who are altogether ignorant of fictitious eyes, to say, "Dat cunning buckra, for him one eye sleep while toder keep spell."

PATRICK HENRY.

When Patrick Henry, who gave the first impulse to the ball of the American revolution, introduced his celebrated resolution on the stamp act into the House of Burgesses of Virginia, (May, 1765,) he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third"—"Treason!" cried the speaker; "treason! treason!" echoed from every part of the house. It was one of those trying moments which are decisive of character. Henry faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye flashing with fire, continued, "may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

A circumstance occurred which proved the reality of a custom of bathing immediately after childbirth, which had been spoken of but doubted. The accouchment of an Indian woman took place two days after her arrival. Accompanied by two women of her tribe, she immediately took a bath in the river; and, with her new-born son, remained in the water for a considerable time. A few days after her delivery she set out with the party upon their return to their own country, in the full enjoyment of health and strength. The zealous friar, Father Julian, did not lose the opportunity of rescuing, by a pious stratagem, the soul of the babe from the "talons of Satan." Under pretence of exhibiting the child to his companions, he baptised it in the general's apartment, and prevailed upon his excellency to become godfather.—*General Miller's Memoirs.*

Many persons are too wise to be taught, till they find too late in life that they are ignorant.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Forget Me Not, for 1829.

LOST AND WON.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

"Nay, but my dear Letty—"

"Don't dear Letty me, Mr. Paul Holton! Have not the East-Woodhay Eleven beaten the Hazelby Eleven for the first time in the memory of man? and is it not entirely your fault? Answer me that, sir! Did not you insist on taking James White's place, when he got that little knock on the leg with the ball last night, though James, poor fellow, maintained to the last that he could play better with one leg than you with two? Did not you insist on taking poor James's place? and did you get a single notch in either innings? And did not you miss three catches—three fair catches—Mr. Paul Holton? Might not you twice have caught out John Brown, who as all the world knows, hits up? And did not a ball from the edge of Tom Taylor's bat come into your hands, absolutely come into your hands, and did not you let her go? And did not Tom Taylor after that get forty-five runs in that same innings, and thereby win the game? That a man should pretend to play at cricket, and not be able to hold the ball when he has her in his hands! Oh, if I had been there!"

"You!—Why, Letty—"

"Don't Letty me, sir!—Don't talk to me!—I am going home!"

"With all my heart, Miss Letitia Dale!—I have the honour, madam, to wish you a good evening." And each turned away at a smart pace, and the one went westward and the other eastward-ho.

This unloverlike parting occurred on Hazelby Down one fine afternoon in the Whitsun-week, between a couple whom all Hazelby had, for at least a month before, set down as lovers—Letty Dale, the pretty daughter of the jolly old tanner, and Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman, on a visit in the place. Letty's angry speech will sufficiently explain their mutual provocation, although, to enter fully into her feelings, one must be born in a cricketing parish, and sprung of a cricketing family, and be accustomed to rest that very uncertain and arbitrary standard, the point of honour, on beating our rivals and next neighbours in the annual match—for juxta-position is a great sharpener of rivalry, as Doctor Johnson knew, when, to please the inhabitants of Plymouth, he abused the good folks who lived at Dock; moreover, one must be also a quick, zealous, ardent, hot-headed, warm-hearted girl, like Letty, a beauty and an heiress, quite unused to disappointment, and not a little in love, and then we shall not wonder, in the first place, that she should be unreasonably angry, or, in the next, that before she had walked half a mile her anger vanished, and was succeeded by tender relents and earnest wishes for a full and perfect reconciliation. "He'll be sure to call to-morrow morning," thought Letty to herself: "He said he would, before this unlucky cricket-playing. He told me that he had something to say, something particular. I wonder what it can be!" thought poor Letty. "To be sure, he never has said anything about liking me—but still—and then aunt Judith, and Fanny Wright, and all the neighbours say—However, I shall know to-morrow." And home she tripped to the pleasant house by the tanyard, as happy as if the East-Woodhay men had not beaten the men of Hazelby. "I shall not see him before to-morrow, though," repeated Letty to herself, and immediately repaired to her pretty flower garden, the little gate of which opened on a path leading from the Down to the street—a path, that, for obvious reasons, Paul was wont to prefer—and began tying up her carnations in the dusk of the evening, and watering her geraniums by the light of the moon, until it was so late that she was fain to return, disappointed, to the house, repeating to herself, "I shall certainly see him to-morrow."

Far different were the feelings of the chidden swain. Well-a-day for the age of chivalry! the happy times of knights and paladins, when a lecture from a lady's rosy-lip, or a buffet from a lily hand, would have been received as humbly and as thankfully as the Benedicite from a mitred abbot, or the accolade from a king's sword! Alas for the

days of chivalry! They are gone and I fear me for ever. For certain our present hero was not born to revive them.

Paul Holton was a well-looking and well-educated young farmer, just returned from the north, to which he had been sent for agricultural improvement, and now on the look-out for a farm and a wife, both of which he thought he had found at Hazelby, whither he had come on the double errand of visiting some distant relations, and letting two or three small houses recently fallen into his possession. As owner of these houses, all situate in the town, he had claimed a right to join the Hazelby Eleven, mainly induced to avail himself of the privilege by the hope of winning favour in the eyes of the ungrateful fair one, whose animated character, as well as her sparkling beauty, had delighted his fancy, and apparently won his heart, until her rude attack on his play armed all the vanity of man against her attractions. Love is more intimately connected with self-love than people are willing to imagine; and Paul Holton's had been thoroughly mollified. Besides, if his fair mistress's character were somewhat too impetuous, his was greatly over-firm. So he said to himself—"The girl is a pretty girl, but far too much of a shrew for my taming. I am no Petruchio to master this Catherine. 'I come to wive it happily in Padua,' and let her father be as rich as he may, I'll none of her." And, mistaking anger for indifference—no uncommon delusion in a love quarrel—off he set within the hour, thinking so very much of punishing the saucy beauty, that he entirely forgot the possibility of some of the pains falling to his own share.

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed overnight, having authorised his cousin to let his houses, and to decline the large farm, for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relations left Hazelby—and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stops behind is the object of pity: how much more so when he goes—goes, never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes, of a young unpractised heart,

"And gentle wishes long subdued—"

Subdued and cherished long!"

Poor, poor Letty!

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a large amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket-match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East-Woodhay.

"Pray come, Letty," said the fond father; "I can't go without you; I have no pleasure anywhere without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practices the new Sussex bowling—I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!" And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their sometime friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not perhaps, clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so, as they suspected, what indeed actually occurred,

that the East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball into the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was quite taken by surprise when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sat down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her—just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply dressed, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still coloured, like the apple blossom, with vivid red and white, but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness;—sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketer, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps, as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East-Woodhay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the country. "Accident, mere accident!" of course, cried East-Woodhay; but another, and another followed: few could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches.—A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system; called it a toss, a throw, a trick; any thing but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude, and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery, and finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience, and old cricketers, hummed, and hawed, and see-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play." Accordingly the match was resumed; only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he, "and yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously, too." Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration: "He knows how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now,

and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr Paul Holton, we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother, to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man, solemnly—"God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father!"

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlour and the flower garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tan-yard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick tempered!"

"And I knew nothing of this!" repeated Paul Holton, as, two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. "I knew nothing of all this!"

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be his last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's; was all but caught out by Sam Newton; and East-Woodhay triumphed, Hazelby sate quaking; when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up, he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond; got three, four, five, at a hit; baffled the slow bowler, James Smith, and the fast bowler, Tom Taylor; got fifty-three notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and so handled the adverse party when 'hey went' in, that the match was won at a single innings, with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away: "Letty, dear Letty," said he: "three years ago I lost the cricket-match and you were angry, and I was a fool. But Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away, and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but forgive me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is not upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other; and that a month after, the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honour of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

MISCELLANY.

A RUSSIAN BRIDAL.

From Gr. n. l. e's Travels to St. Petersburg.

"Ivan Ivanovitch and Prescovia Constantinovna Ivanoff humbly request the favour of your attendance to the marriage ceremony of their daughter Anna Ivanowna with Nicholai Demetritsch Borrisow, and to the dinner table, thus November, the 13th day, in the year 1827, at two o'clock in the afternoon."

This was the form of an invitation which I received to a wedding. On the embossed border of the card, delicately edged with rose colour, the emblematic figure of Hymen was represented on the one side standing under a palm tree, between the sleeping dogs of fidelity, and inviting from the other side the figures of the bride and bridegroom. I learned that the parties were wealthy Russian hemp-commission-agents, and most excellent people; and, as such an invitation promised to afford me an opportunity of witnessing the church marriage ceremony, of which I had read so many dissimilar accounts, I gladly accepted it.

At two, the friends of the parties assembled from all quarters in the winter church of the Annunciation in the Vassilestrow, where a great concourse of people had collected round the choristers or chanter, who, in the most delightful manner imaginable, and in the fuga style, were singing hymns, mixing with skilful combination the sopranos and bass voices.

The officiating priest, decked in his rich church vestments, accompanied by the deacon, advanced from the sanctuary towards the door of entrance into the church, and there received the pair about to be made happy, to whom he delivered a lighted taper, making, at the same time, the sign of the cross thrice on their foreheads, and conducted them to the upper part of the nave. Incense was scattered before them, while maids, splendidly attired, walked between the paranympy, or bridegroom and bride. The Greek church requires not the presence of either of the parents of the bride on such an occasion. Is it to spare them the pain of voluntarily surrendering every authority over their child to one who is a stranger to her blood? I stood by the side of the table on which were deposited the rings, and before which the priest halted at the conclusion of a litany, wherein the choristers assisted, and from which he pronounced, in a loud and impressive voice, an appropriate prayer, his face being turned towards the sanctuary, and the bride and bridegroom placed immediately behind him, holding their lighted tapers.

The priest, next turning round to the couple, blessed them, and taking the rings from the table, gave one to each, beginning with the man, and proclaiming aloud that they too were betrothed, "now and forever, even unto ages of ages," which declaration he repeated thrice to them, while they mutually exchanged their rings an equal number of times. The rings were now again surrendered to the priest, who crossed the forehead of the couple with them, and put them on the fore-finger of the right hand of each; and turning to the sanctuary, read another impressive part of the service, in which an allusion is made to all the circumstances in the Holy Testament, where a ring is mentioned as the pledge of union, honour, and power; and prayed for a blessing on the union of the parties.

The priest now taking hold of the hands of both parties, led them forward and caused them to stand on a silken carpet, which lay spread before them. The congregation usually watch the moment with intense curiosity, for it is augured that the party which steps first on the rich brocade will have the mastery over the other through life. In the present case, our fair bride secured possession of this prospective privilege with modest forwardness. Two silver imperial crowns were next produced by a layman, which the priest took, and first blessing the bridegroom, placed one of them on his head, while the other destined for the bride, was merely held over her head by a friend, lest its admirable structure, raised by Charles, the most fashionable perruquier of the capital, employed on this occasion, should be disturbed. That famed artist had successfully blended the spotless flower, emblematic of innocence, with the rich tresses of the

bride, which were farther embellished by a splendid tiara of diamonds. Her white satin robe, from the hands of Mademoiselle Louise, gracefully pencelling the contours of her bust, was gathered around her waist by a zone, studded with precious stones, which fastened to her side a bouquet of white flowers.

The common cup being now brought to the priest, he blessed it and gave it to the bridegroom, who took a sip from its contents thrice, and transferred it to her who was to be his mate, for a repetition of the same ceremony. After a short pause, and some prayers from the responder, in which the choristers joined, with musical notes, the priest took the bride and bridegroom by the hand, the friends holding their crowns, and walked with them round the desk thrice, having both their hands fast in his, from west to east. He then proceeded to remove the crowns from the heads of the bridegroom and bride, in doing which he pronounced a blessing on each.

The ceremony now drew to its conclusion, the tapers were extinguished, and taken from the bride and bridegroom, who, walking towards the holy screen, were dismissed by the priest, received the congratulations of the company, and saluted each other.

TURKISH WOMEN,

AND THE MODE OF PURCHASING THEM.

Translated from a new French periodical, for the Irish Shield.

At the present moment, when the eyes of all the world are fixed on the struggles between Russia and Turkey, the following observation of a French traveller, on the wretched condition of the female sex, in those eastern countries, subject to the barbarous sway of Mahometanism, may have some interest for the reader of the Shield. The hapless fate of oriental females has been often the subject of commiseration with the enlightened and generous mind. How often must the poor oriental females view this land of liberty with an envious eye, where the talents and virtues of the fair sex are justly appreciated, and where they sustain their proper rank in the scale of society—where

"Generous love and reason jointly reign,
And sense and virtue rivet beauty's chain;—
Nor guards nor bolts their wavering faith secure,
But love, that formed the vow, preserves it pure."

The European, says the French writer, familiarized with the idea of the natural equality of the sexes, beholds with pity the miserable situation of the fairest portion of creation, throughout the Turkish Empire, and almost the whole continent of Asia,—he sees them degraded from being the associates of man, the charmers of his dull hours, and the ornaments of the social circle, to the rank of mere creatures of his will, and the slaves of his passion.

Controlled in all their inclinations, restrained in all their actions, watched over with indelicate observance, and forcibly compelled to regulate their lives and conduct so as to obtain the partial, and slightly determined favours of a boorish, imperious, and perhaps, detestable master; exposed to insult and caprice to the rage and torment of jealousy, or the hopelessness of ungratified desire;—in some instances torn from the arms of their weeping parents, from the care of their guardians, and solitudes of the friends of their youth;—cut off from hopes innocently but imprudently indulged, exposed to sale like the inferior classes of animals, and fluctuating according to the lawless will of their lord; between the situation of his servant, or his mistress. The condition of women, even in the married state, exhibited in the most favourable point of view, cannot approach connubial happiness; they are the slaves of despots, who are strangers to all the noble affections of the heart. The wife cannot be seen abroad with her husband, nor he remain constantly at home with her. Shut up in the harem, disgusted with its unvaried scene, without knowledge of literature, or the arts, she has no relief but in the duties of her household and family. She can have no pleasure even in adorning her person with diamonds or shining silks, since, however embellished by the grace of dress, it cannot excite other passion than envy in female bosoms.

The Turkish women are beautiful, though their

beauty is of a different character, from that of European females. Their eyes are blue and bland, their hair luxuriant—their faces fresh and rosy, and their persons, though too corpulent (a perfection in the eye of a Turk) possess great symmetry of proportion.

I accompanied a German merchant, at Raffa, in the Crimea, to the mart of slaves, where an Armenian, had exposed for sale two Circassian girls of most exquisite loveliness. We feigned an intention of purchasing them, in order to gratify our curiosity, and ascertain the mode of conducting such inhuman sales. The maidens were introduced to us one after another. Their deportment was graceful and modest, to diffidence. The first girl presented was in her fourteenth year, she was elegantly dressed, her face was covered with a veil, through which her blue eyes, as well as neck and shoulders, that rivalled the parian marble in whiteness, shone like stars piercing a black cloud. She advanced towards the German, bowed down, and kissed his hand; then, at the command of her master, she walked backwards and forwards in the tent, to show her fine shape and the easiness of her carriage; she then raised her robe so as to show the beautiful delicacy of a leg and foot that would have charmed a Praxiteles. When she took off her veil, our eyes were dazzled with a dimpled face, in which the lily and the rose were blended on the cheeks of blooming youthfulness. Her air was at once noble and modest; her gestures animating and dignified. Her tresses, as black as ebony, fell carelessly over her lovely breast, and when she smiled she discovered teeth of a dazzling whiteness and enamel.

She rubbed her cheeks with a wet napkin to prove that she had not used art to improve or heighten the bloom of her complexion. We were permitted to feel her pulse that we might be convinced of the good state of her health and constitution. She then retired, with all the agility and grace of one of Diana's nymphs coming out of the fountain. Her attractive charms won the heart of my German friend, who purchased this lovely girl for four thousand piastres."

WOMAN'S WIT.

Where the number of electors is so small as in the Scottish borough, much room is afforded for intrigue and foul play. Carrying off a delegate is nearly as common a prank as carrying off an heir in another country, and it has not unfrequently happened to a decent Scotch balie, to find himself gathering cockles on the Norway shore, when he should have been voting for a representative to the great council of the nation in the town hall of his native borough. An amusing affair of this sort is related, in which the once noted lady Wallace, sister of the late Dutchess of Gordon, figured as the entrapper. General Skreene was nominated delegate for a borough in an interest opposed to that of a party whose success had Lady Wallace's best wishes. On the eve of the election, she sent an invitation to the general to partake of a *tele-a-tete* collation. The bait was so tempting, the General went; and when he was ushered into her ladyship's presence, he found himself suddenly locked up in a suit of apartments, where there was every thing convenient for supping &c. but no means of egress, except for a Trenck or a De la Tude. Lady Wallace amused herself in the interim in an anti-chamber, where she stood sentinel, with writing the following lines:

"Ah, heavy my heart, and deep my remorse is,
The woes of this gallant gay hero to note;
Commander in chief of his majesty's forces,
In durand detained and deprived of his vote!
Hark! how on the pannels he kicks and he scrawls!
With lily white hands he batters the panes out:
In accents of anguish for succour he bawls;
Heaven grant, that in fury he beat not his brains out!"

PRUDENCE AND GREATNESS.

They are persuading us to contrary pursuits—the one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in bounding every wish—the other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture; the one directs to follow mankind, and to act or think with the world. The other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a mark to all the shafts of envy or ignorance.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1828.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

ORDER OF INDEPENDENT ODD FELLOWS. At the request of a number of the initiated, we have determined hereafter to devote a small portion of our columns to the dissemination of information relative to this fraternity. It is an ancient and respectable order, similar to freemasonry in its design and tendency. It has existed in Europe for more than four centuries, and is now popular as well in England and France, as in our own country. Its history, like that of our own order, is involved in obscurity; but enough is known of it in every age since its birth, to prove that it cherishes and cultivates the "whole circle of virtues which humanize the heart and enlighten the understanding." We cheerfully lend it our assistance to enlarge the sphere of philanthropy, and by the influence of its virtues, to make men more familiar with benevolence and charitable works. We refer the reader to our second page.

THE LATE GOVERNOUR CLINTON. On Saturday last, Dr. David Hosack, of New-York, delivered a eulogy upon the life and character of the late Mr. Clinton, in the Middle Dutch Church, in Cedar street, in that city. The Statesman contains an account of the ceremonies of the day, and a sketch of the eulogy. About twelve o'clock a large number of citizens assembled at the city hall, and joining in procession, proceeded to the church. "The weather, in consequence of the rain, was quite unfavourable; but was not permitted to interfere with the fulfilment of the appointed solemnity. The courts had adjourned on the occasion; and the procession was led by the corporation, other public functionaries, and the clergy." When the procession reached the church, an introductory prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. De Witt, formerly, we believe, of this city. Dr. Hosack then commenced the delivery of his eulogy, which was marked by much "vigour of thought and expression; nice, perhaps fastidious, selection of language; pure, and almost classically chaste diction; and much fervour, as well as propriety of delivery."

Dr. H. was long the intimate friend of Mr. Clinton, and was well qualified to take an enlarged and correct view of his life and character. "After a happily conceived exordium," and a reference "to the ancestors of the deceased," Dr. H. narrated his birth, and the particulars of his early collegiate and professional education. "The interesting events of his marriage, and his union with the masonick order next followed. His intimate acquaintance with literature and science, not the least among the combined features which gave eminence to his character, were afterwards treated. The orator, fully appreciating the importance of liberal acquirements in our public men, whether as regards their dignity or usefulness, entered particularly into this part of his subject; and as appertaining to it, stated Mr. Clinton's numerous connexions with literature and philosophical institutions, both in this country and Europe, to the effect of whose labours he essentially contributed. His unwearied industry as a man, and his unremitted habits of study as a scholar, were then described; and his rank as a speaker and writer carefully examined."

Dr. Hosack was a political friend of Mr. Clinton, and he dwelt minutely upon his successes and reverses in public life. But we do not consider it our duty to follow him. Death has conquered the prejudices of the living, and we believe there can be but one opinion as to the wisdom of the stupendous undertakings of the deceased. His agency in commencing and completing the western and northern canals; and the unwavering support he extended to the literary, philosophical, and benevolent institutions of the state, will be remembered till the records of men shall be forgotten.

Passing the political portions of the eulogy, we find that "his person; his limited pecuniary circumstances; his integrity; his liberality; his attachment to his friends; his deportment and manners; his diffidence and sensibility; and

his domestic life were then described—and described not with a flattering touch, but in terms which all who knew him, know to be deserved and just. His sentiments upon religion were next stated; and the discourse closed with his death, funeral arrangements, and an outline of his character." The eulogy was listened to with great interest, and after "a concluding benediction from the Rev. Dr. Milner, the assemblage dispersed, deeply impressed with such feelings as the nature of the ceremonial was calculated to excite."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES. This pleasant talker upon politics and literature bid adieu to its patrons on Saturday last. As we esteemed the spirit and good feeling of its editors, so we were sorry to be apprised of its discontinuance. Politics gave it birth; it fought the battle, and having, as appearances seem to indicate, won it, like Cincinnatus, it left the field for the shades of retirement. If sufficient encouragement shall offer its assistance, the editors promise to re-appear in a new dress, and in a character which, we think, would be more agreeable to readers generally, than the one they have relinquished. They express a belief that there is a literary spirit in Albany, and we hope they may be successful in attempting its cultivation. It is possible that shillings and pence may not possess the influence which has been heretofore ascribed to them, and we heartily wish that it may be proved they do not. We wish the Albany Times and Literary Writer success in testing the experiment.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE. Since our last, the ship Leeds has arrived at New-York, bringing London papers as late as the evening of the 15th ult. The ship Brandt has also arrived at New-York from Rochelle, France; and the brig Wizard at Boston, from Smyrna. We glean the most interesting facts from a great quantity of matter.

ENGLAND. Sir Edward Codrington arrived in London on the 7th ult. in the Warspite, 74, from Malta, whence he sailed on the 11th September. The combined fleets were in Navarin, waiting the arrival of Captain Campbell in the Blonde frigate, with the Egyptian transports, for the conveyance of the second division of Ibrahim's army. The king was rapidly recovering. Mr. Barbour, the American minister, had an interview with the earl of Aberdeen, on the 2d of October. Two ships of the line and three frigates have been ordered to equip for the Mediterranean. The marquis of Barbacena is especially charged by Don Pedro with the care of the young queen of Portugal; and thinking her cause will be better promoted by a residence in London, he has concluded that she shall remain there instead of proceeding to Vienna. Official information of the Russian Emperor's intention to blockade the Dardanelles, had been communicated to government. The London papers speak of this measure as a breach of faith on the part of Nicholas, and the opinion generally prevailed that there would be war between England and Russia before the end of the year. Lord Heytesbury's mission has failed.

IRELAND is again in a tumultuous state, and if we may trust appearances, upon the eve of another insurrection. The people have assembled in vast numbers, in various places; and, what is the cause of much fear and speculation in England, they are uniformed, equipped, and well disciplined. The London Times gives the description of a multitude, consisting of many thousands, which marched on a Sunday from various parts of the powerful county of Tipperary, to their appointed rendezvous of Clonmel. "The Cahir party arrived first, with band and colours, about 500 horsemen, all stout, able fellows, dressed in green uniform: they were followed by several thousands on foot, generally clothed in green jackets and pink facings—white trousers, with a green edge run up the thigh. They marched three deep, and kept time, like the soldiers, to the tunes the band was playing." Then came the Arfnnan men, &c. But the Clogheen men, it appears were the most formidable. There were of them at least two thousand horsemen, "for all the world like a cavalry regiment;" and so the account goes on. The lord lieutenant has issued a proclamation prohibiting these meetings, but the probability is, that his threatnings

will be disregarded, and that the strong arm of government will again shed the blood of this unfortunate and oppressed nation.

FRANCE. It was rumoured that the Turkish government had issued a declaration of war against France; but the rumour needed confirmation. A Lyons paper says, that the Hydriots, and the inhabitants of some other of the Grecian islands, have expressed a wish to be taken under the protection of the French government. It is said also, that the inhabitants of the Morea are desirous of coming under the dominion of Russia.

SPAIN. The French troops, about 7000 in number, were to evacuate the Spanish fortresses on the 20th and 21st of September. Madrid is represented as being very sickly towards the close of September. Continued heat and drought increased the malignancy of the prevailing disease, which in most cases proved fatal. On the borders of the Mediterranean several tremendous earthquakes had been felt. Great consternation prevailed in Murcia, and the adjacent portions of the kingdom; and the inhabitants of that city were preparing to leave it. Within a few leagues of Madrid, the earth opened in several places, and flames, accompanied with dense volumes of smoke, issued from the fissures. The monks were endeavouring to quiet the superstitious fears of the people.

THE TWO SICILIES. An ineffectual attempt has been made to adjust the differences between the Sicilies and Tripoli. The consequence of which was, the sailing of a considerable armament to cruise against the Tripolitans.

GREECE. Advices from Smyrna are to the 14th September. The Egyptian troops were evacuating the Morea. The Porte was much displeased with Ibrahim's arrangements. We have nothing respecting the internal affairs of Greece, excepting an item or two, which will be found with the French news.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY. The Russian bulletins assert that the imperial army before Varna had, on the 14th September, driven the Turks at the point of the bayonet, with great slaughter, and expectations were entertained that the fortress would surrender; but after entering into a conference with Captain Pacha, the commandant, it was discovered that he indulged no such intention, and that his object in holding the conference was to gain time. The cannonading recommenced on the 15th. It is thought the Emperor Nicholas will spare no sacrifice to get possession of this place, before that season arrives at which the campaign must be relinquished.

A passenger in the brig Wizard, arrived at Boston, from Smyrna, has favoured the editor of the Boston Bulletin with a copy of an official bulletin of the Ottoman army, dated at Shumla, August 28, giving an account of important advantages obtained over the Russians before that place, between the 26th and 27th of the same month. The attack was made at one o'clock in the morning; and though the Russians offered an obstinate resistance, they were compelled to leave their positions. The outworks of the Russians, which they had been more than a month in erecting, were destroyed by themselves; thus leaving free the communication between Shumla and Constantinople. The Seraskier announces his intention of pursuing these successes, until he has driven the enemy from all the places between Shumla and the Danube.

It is expected that a third levy will shortly be made in Russia, at the rate of four men to every five hundred.

TABLE TALK. *Regimental Marriage.* At New-Orleans, Mr. Alexander Philip Socrates Aurelius Cesar Hannibal Marcellus George Washington Treadwell to Miss Caroline Sophia Maria Wortley Montague Joan of Arc Williams, all of that city.—*Better Late than Never.* A poor woman who resides at Clackmannan, has, at the age of fifty-five, gone to school to learn to read.—*Imperial Condescension.* A Russian Bulletin issued at Odessa, describes the journey of the emperor Nicholas from Shumla to the sea coast. It then says; that his imperial majesty went on board the Paris, admiral Greig's ship, "where his majesty condescended to accept of dinner!" After all, it seems that kings are something like men—they must either eat or starve.—*Conundrums.* Why is a Nantucket whaleman like a crying child? Because he is given to blubber. Why is man disappointed in obtaining a kiss; like a shipwrecked fisherman? Because he has lost his smack. Why is a room full

of married ladies like an empty room? Because there is not a single one of it. Why are certain kinds of shoes like folks in winter? Because they are *slippers*. Why is a man whipping his wife like a drunken man? Because he is given to *lick her*.—*Borrowed Feathers.* One of the best equipped females at a late Parisian fete, was ascertained to be a washerwoman, decked out in a lace bodice, costly embroidered petticoat, and rich silk stockings, of some of her customers; a practice, it is said, not at all uncommon with fair daubers in soap suds.—*Sheep Shearing.* A reverend divine being accused of negligence in his calling, and being styled an unfaithful shepherd, from scarcely ever visiting his flock, defended himself by saying, he was "always with them at the shearing time."—*Appearances of Smuggling.* The New-York Evening Post mentions the "establishment of factories on the Canada line, where domestic industry flourishes wonderfully—where broadcloths go through the whole progress of fabrication and finishing in the space of one single night, and are esteemed not at all inferior to the best English manufactured broadcloths."—*An amateur Diddler.* The Madras Gazette of March 3d contains a report of the performances at the Chowringhee theatre, where "Jeremy Diddler" was performed in a capital style by an amateur. It is a remarkable fact, that that character is acted to the life by amateurs in every part of the world.—*A Bachelor's Opinion.* A crusty old bachelor says, "a deceitful coquettish woman in tears, deserves to be shown about as much pity or commiseration, as a goose going barefooted in the winter season."—*"Ruling" the Waves.* "If Britannia rules the waves," said a quailish schoolmaster in a storm, "I wish she would rule them straiter."—*Mackerel.* A correspondent in the Journal of Commerce states, that the small mackerel sold in our markets are poisonous.—*Paradoxical Character.* Married, in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, Mr. Jacob Lukens, aged 81, to Miss Rachel Childs, aged 25. She is a niece to her husband, an aunt to her mother, and a sister to her grandmother.—*New Method of Duelling.* A negro boy at one of the taverns in Raleigh, North Carolina, recently took up a pistol, which he supposed was not charged, placed himself before a large mirror, took deliberate aim at his own image, and pulled the trigger. When lo, the pistol fired and completely demolished the glass.—*Awful.* "Gentlemen," said a drill sergeant at dinner, to his men, in the early part of the late war, "I'll give you a toast—May the Stradley volunteers, whom I have the honour to address, be the terror of the whole world."

LITERARY SUMMARY. In the New Monthly Magazine Advertiser, nine Souvenirs are announced for the coming season. The Bijou, Amulet, Forget Me Not, Literary Souvenir, Winter's Wreath, Friendship's Offering, Anniversary, and two Juvenile Remembrances. Mrs. Alaric A. Watts, with of the poet, is editor of one of the latter.—The "Remains of Henry Neele" will soon appear.—The forthcoming novel of Sir Walter Scott is said to be founded on certain incidents in the life of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. The scene is laid partly in Burgundy, and partly in Switzerland, and the war of Charles with the Swiss is embodied in the Narrative. Three new volumes of the tales of a Grandfather are announced, bringing down the Scottish history to the rebellion in 1745.—The author of Brambletye House has in press a new work, "Zillah, a tale of Jerusalem."—Mr. Grattan will shortly publish a continuation of his High Ways and Bye Ways.

DOMESTICK ITEMS. On Tuesday, the American Insurance company, in New-York, declared a dividend for the last six months, to the holders of the stock, of 20 per cent.—A new article, called "robber proof trunks," has been invented by a Mr. Peter Laporte, at Providence. It is made of hemp and wire spun together.—A Farmer in South Carolina, during the last year, sold Wine to the amount of two thousand four hundred dollars, the produce from four acres of land.—A poor German carries on a small manufactory of wrought nails, at Utica, N. Y. assisted by two dogs who are trained to blow the bellows, relieving each other at regular intervals. His nails are said to be excellent.—The agent of a manufactory to be established in Prussia, lately ordered machinery to be made at a New England manufactory, to the amount of \$100,000, preferring it to what he could obtain in England.—It is estimated that the people of South Carolina consume Ale, Porter and Beer from the Northern states to the amount of \$80,000 annually. They are about to establish breweries in Charleston, and to decline purchasing those articles from the north.—*Languages spoken in America.* 11,647,000 persons speak English; 10,584,000 Spanish; 7,593,000 Indian; 3,740,000 Portuguese; 1,242,000 French; 216,000 Dutch, Danish, and Swedish.—Mr. Moses Little, of West Newbury, Mass. exhibited the produce of one potato, planted in May last, viz. 760 in number, weighing 246 pounds, and measuring 4 bushels; 10 of them weighed 17 pounds.

DUELS IN THE SOUTH OF EUROPE. They manage what are called affairs of honour in Spain and Portugal with a great deal more *sang froid*, and greater refinement of courtesy between the principals, than in England or here. In

the south of Europe a gentleman who has demanded honourable satisfaction of another, confines himself to that sort of satisfaction alone, and indulges his feelings in no other. He takes no pains to avoid his antagonist, and when he meets him refuses him none of the usual courtesies, and is even perhaps more punctiliously polite on account of the delicate relation that subsists between them. If he speaks to him, he addresses him with his usual smiles, and if one did not know that the two were going to blow out each other's brains, you might suppose them to be very good friends. To be sure, all this only makes the thing more ridiculous, but that is no objection; on the contrary, heightens the joke, as it carries out systematically the original and intrinsic absurdity of the practice of deciding differences by single combat. On the contrary, the English and Americans generally fight in a bad temper. They keep out of each other's sight, go to the place of combat in separate conveyances, breakfast at different tables, and, if they meet, pass each other without speaking, looking as if they would be glad to take each other's lives before the appointed hour. A duel lately took place in London which will illustrate the refinement of which we have been speaking.

At a party given by Portuguese noblemen on a Saturday evening, at Portuguese Count and a Portuguese Colonel were present. The Colonel, in giving an account of some movements of the Constitutional army, said something about the General's *running away*, which gave great offence to the Count, who overheard it. Some altercation took place, which ended in a challenge by the Count—the Colonel made his election to fight with pistols, and the meeting was to take place on Sunday morning. Some friends, who hoped to adjust the quarrel, represented very strongly the indecorum of fighting on Sunday, and to oblige them, the combat was postponed to Monday morning. All attempts to settle the affair in the mean time proved fruitless, and early on Monday morning, the two principals, with their two seconds and a surgeon, proceeded together in the same coach to a field on the Surrey side of Hammersmith bridge, which had been fixed upon as the place of meeting. The bridge is constructed upon the suspension principle, and is thought a very fine specimen of it—the gentlemen were very much struck with it, and agreed to alight and walk over it, that they might examine its construction. Some time was spent in discussing the philosophy of this kind of bridge architecture, and its merits as compared with the older methods, after which the party re-entered the carriage, and drove to the place of meeting. In the field was a tree of a rare species, and the parties occupied some further time in the discussion of its peculiar properties. After this they proceeded to the business that brought them there, and the usual preparations being made, fired at each other without effect. The seconds then interposed, represented that the cause of the quarrel was a trivial one, and that ample satisfaction had been given; the principals were reconciled, got into the coach again, and went back to town.

VARIETIES.

American Desert. There is an extensive desert in the territory of the United States, west of the Mississippi, which is described in Long's Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, 400 miles to the east, and is 5000 from north to south. There are deep ravines, in which the brooks and rivers meander, skirted by a few stunted trees, but all the elevated surface is a barren desert, covered with sand and gravel pebbles, &c. There are a few plants, but nothing like a tree, to be seen on these desolate plains, and seldom is a living creature to be met with. The Platte, the Arkansas, and other rivers, flow through this dreary waste.

Splendid Samples of Wood. The sloop Ransom, captain Haggerty, has arrived from Albany, having on board some of the handsomest planks ever seen. In twenty-one planks there are upwards of 10,000 feet of stuff. The wood is white oak, black walnut, and white wood. They are consigned to Mr. George Woodward, of this city, who, it is understood, intends to send them to London, to show Englishmen something by which to judge of the grandeur of our forests. They are the produce of our own state.

[J. Y. Enquirer.]

PROCLAMATION,

By NATHANIEL FITCHER, Lieutenant-Governor of the state of New-York.

WHEREAS the continued goodness of Almighty God to the people of this state, in permitting us to enjoy the blessings of republican institutions; in crowning the year with his mercy, by the abundant production of the "kindly fruit of the earth;" in the diffusion of moral instruction and science, by sustaining our colleges, academies and sabbath and common school institutions; in continuing to us the light of Revelation, and the consolation and toleration of religious profession and worship—these, and numberless other evidences of Divine favour, demand from us a public expression of devout and grateful acknowledgment.

I do therefore, in accordance with custom, and under a solemn sense of public duty, recommend to the good people of this state, the observance of *Thursday, the 4th day of December next*, as a day of PUBLIC PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING: and in so doing, I indulge the confident expectation that all, with the exception of those who may be restrained by conscientious scruples, will assemble on that day, in their respective places of public worship, and with devout and grateful hearts, present their thanks offering to ALMIGHTY GOD for the multiplied blessings which we are permitted to enjoy.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the privy seal, at the city of Albany, 29th day of October, [L. S.] 1836, anno domini, 1836. NATHANIEL FITCHER

POETRY.

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Many things answer it me."—Manfred.

I go, I go!—And must mine image fade
From the green spots wherein my childhood played,
By my own streams!

Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
The welcomes there, the hours when we have met
In grief or glee?

All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust, in days gone by,
Poured full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore!

Bid the wind speak of me, where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Set deep that thought!

And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the spring's first whisper, faint and low
With me be fraught!

And Memory answered me:—"Wild wish and vain!
I have no hues the loveliest to detain
In the heart's core:

The place they held in bosoms all their own,
Soon with new shadows filled, new flowers o'ergrown,
Is theirs no more!"

Hast thou such power, O Love?—And Love replied,
"It is not mine!—Pour out thy soul's full tide
Of hope and trust,

Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain—
'Tis but to write, with the heart's fiery rain,
Wild words on dust!"

Song! is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay,
Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away
From the still breast;

Filled with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame,
But a sweet haunting murmur of my name
Where it would rest!

And Song made answer: "It is not in me,
Though called immortal—though my power may be
All but irine:

A place of lonely brightness I can give;—
A changeless one, where thou with Love wouldst live,
This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt thou the restless wish fulfil?
—And Death, the strong one, spoke:—"I can but still
Each vain regret:

What if forgotten?—All thy soul would crave,
Thou too, within the mantle of the grave,
Wilt soon forget!"

Then did my soul in lone faint sadness die,
As from all Nature's voices one reply,
But one was given:

"Earth has no heart, fond dreamer! with a tone;
To give thee back the spirit of thine own—
Seek it in Heaven!"

From the Token for 1823.

THE GRAVE OF THE OCEAN WARRIOR.

BY V. V. ELLIS.

Lit by the setting sun's red beams,
Proud rolls the emerald deep;
The sky a throne of glory seems,
And the winds are hushed to sleep.
White-winged, upon the waters dark,
A glorious thing and free,
How bravely stands yon bannered bark,
Like a spirit of the sea!

But death is there, and manly grief,
Silent and deep, for one,
Whose brilliant course was all too brief,
And his day too quickly done.
The fairest buds which spring gives birth,
Bloom but to live a day;
And the noblest spirits of the earth
Are the first to pass away.

Not in the glorious hour of fight,
Death round, and victory nigh,
Where hearts beat quick, and eyes flash bright,
Was it his proud boon to die.
Not on the wave, nor in the storm,
The dark destroyer came;

But when sharp pains had bent his form,
And disease unnerved his frame.

Proud were his features; and they wear,
Even now, life's breathing hue;
His was a noble soul to dare,
And a manly arm to do.
In beauty's mould his form was cast,
Fire lit his eagle eye;
But the glory and the gloom are past,
And the last sad rite is nigh.

No sign of outward pomp is shown,
No hasty prayer is said;
The inward spirit breathes alone,
The requiem of the dead.
Around his bier, with tearless eyes,
The hardy veterans crowd;
One look, one sigh for the brave, who lies
Cold in his simple shroud.

The agony is past. Far down
The sea's unfathomed deep,
With many a true and valiant one,
He sleeps his dreamless sleep.
But long for him, who in the leaf
Of his young years is dead,
Shall many a heart be filled with grief,
And many a tear be shed.

WATCH!

BY THE LATE JOHN MASON GOUD.

Life is a sea—how fair its face,
How smooth its dimpling waters pace,
Its canopy how pure!
But rocks below, and tempests sleep,
Insidious, o'er the glassy deep,
Nor leave an hour secure.

Life is a wilderness,—beset
With tangling thorns, and treacherous net,
And prowled by beasts of prey.
One path alone conducts aright,
One narrow patch with little light;
A thousand lead astray.

Life is a warfare,—and alike
Prepared to parley, or to strike,
The practised foe draws nigh.
O, hold no truce! less dangerous far
To stand, and all his phalanx dare,
Than trust his specious lie.

What'er its form, what'er its flow,
While life is lent to man below,
One duty stands confest,—
To watch incessant, firm in mind,
And watch where'er the post assigned,
And leave to God the rest.

'Twas while they watched, the shepherd swains
Heard angels strike to angel strains
The song of heavenly love;
Blest harmony! that far excels
All music else on earth that dwells,
Or e'er was tuned above.

'Twas while they watched, the sages traced
The star that every star effaced
With new and nobler shine.
They followed, and it led the way
To where the infant Saviour lay,
And gave the light divine.

'Twas while they watched, with lamp in hand,
And oil well stored, the virgin band
The bridal pomp described;
They joined it,—and the heavenly gate,
That opened to them its glorious state,
Was closed on all beside.

Watch! watch, and pray! in suffering hour!
Thus He exclaimed, who felt its power,
And triumphed in the strife;
Victor of Death! thy voice I hear:
Fair would I watch with holy fear,
Would watch and pray through life's career,
And only cease with life.

From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1823.

IN CŒLO QUIES.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
Its darkened shadow fling,
And hopes that cheer thee now,
Die in their early spring;
Should pleasures at its birth
Fade like the hues of even,
Turn thou away from earth,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If like the weary dove
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in Heaven.

But O, if thornless flowers
Throughout thy pathway bloom,
And gaily fleet the hours,
Unstained by earthly gloom;
Still let not every thought
To this poor world be given,
Nor always be forgot
Thy better rest in Heaven.

When sickness pales thy cheek,
And dims thy lustrous eye,
And pulses low and weak,
Tell of a time to die.
Sweet Hope shall whisper then—
"Though thou from earth be riven,
"There's bliss beyond thy ken,
"There's rest for thee in Heaven."

From the same.

A SONG.

BY J. H. BARKER.

Why that downcast eye, lassie,
Why that cheek of changeful hue;
Why that rising sigh, lassie,
When thy lover dares to woo;
Is their aught in love to fear,
Aught in love to harm thee, lassie;
Does the vow—the plaint—the tear,
Serve but to alarm thee, lassie,

Why those lips so mute, love,
Why that trembling hand denied;
A word might end my suit, love,
A touch would pledge my bonny bride:
Dost thou doubt thy lover's truth,
Cannot prayers move thee, lassie,
Wilt thou scorn a faithful youth
Who will ever love thee, lassie,

Shall I break the spell, dear,
Which thy modest fears have wove?
May I dare to tell, dear,
What those mystick signals prove:—
If language live in eye or cheek,
If aught a sigh can say, dear lassie,
If that silence e'er may speak,
Ye're my own for aye, dear lassie.

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Proofs of Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new fonts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Peculiar care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new fonts of letters have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINLEY & CO.
Albany, October 4, 1838.



No. 8 1838

REMOVAL.—ALLISON & WEEF have removed from No. 4 Green street, to 41 South Market street, opposite James Gould's Coach Maker's shop, where they intend to carry on the SADDLERY, HARNESS AND TRUNK making business, in all its various branches. Military Caps and Horse Equipments made according to order, and on the shortest notice. All orders from the country, thankfully received and promptly attended to. Thankful for past favours, they hope to merit a continuance of the same.

A. L. PLOUGH, DENTIST,

AT SKINNER'S MANSION-HOUSE, STATE STREET ALBANY. WITH much freedom, Mr. Plough has the honour to inform his friends that he has determined to establish himself in this city, and will faithfully attend to all applications in the dental art. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have not experienced his skill, are respectfully invited to call and examine his recommendations, signed by some of the most respectable citizens, as well of this as of other places in the United States.

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. 37 Entrance from Steuben street. To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year.



AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1828.

NO. 43.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, on the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, at the Stone Chapel, Boston, Dec. 27, 1802.

By Br. JOHN W. GURLEY,

"God said, let there be light, and there was light." The golden sun flamed in the heavens, and gave to view creation bursting from chaos. At the dread behest of the Supreme Architect order sprang from confusion, and this universal harmony from universal discord.

All nature, throughout her vast domains, proclaims a supreme existence of universal benevolence. The sun in his revolutions of ages proclaims it. The planets in their silent courses proclaim it, balanced in their orbs by a hand divine. The circling seasons, following each other in unvarying vicissitude, proclaim the bounty of the universal parent, who preserves with such infinite wisdom, what he thus formed with such infinite power. Even the lily of the field, decked in more than the glory of Solomon, pays its high tribute of gratulation and praise.

And shall man, the being of a moment, who comes upon this earth, "just breathes this air," run a little round of interest and ambition, grasps at a phantom, and sinks into the tomb—shall man alone wage war with nature, and raise his feeble voice in haughty dissent from the proclamations of universal existence? Forbid it heaven—forbid it God Almighty—whose mercy extends to all the works of Thy hands. Teach him rather to look through nature up to Thee—to learn of Thee benevolence—and cause him to know, if he will not acknowledge, that the imitation of that which is perfection in Divinity, must be virtue in man.

It is, my brethren, on the broad basis of benevolence, as illustrated in the works of creation, and the dispensations of Providence, rests the superstructure of those moral virtues, which it is the design of our ancient institution to cherish and inculcate.

Pardon me, if in the few moments I may have the privilege of occupying your attention, I consider your institution in its moral design, as it now exists in the world, rather than indulge myself in any speculative opinions relative to its origin in remote antiquity, or in any of those disquisitions which might better become another place. The mind is indeed struck with admiration, that an order of men, without any extrinsic aid or support, should thus have maintained themselves through such a succession of ages, during so many revolutions of philosophy, religion, and empire. How little is there remaining of the boasted honours of antiquity! A few productions, only, on which genius seems to have conferred the privilege of immortality, have escaped the ravages of all-devouring time. But of these, how few—the principles which we acknowledge have alone remained unshaken. They accord with nature—they are founded on truth—truth which stands firm amid the havoc and waste of revolving centuries, subjected neither to the mutations of accident, or the decays of age.

While the opinions of men are constantly changing, one set of prejudices subverted by another, the works of art and the productions of reason, adapted to the taste and fashion of the age, it is consolation to reflect, that there are certain principles immutable, certain constituent qualities of man which always remain the same, which are confined

to no age, and limited to no clime, but which hold their dominion and maintain their influence alike beneath the equator and the pole.

Of the first of these universal qualities is the disposition for society; or that natural sympathy which interests man for whatever concerns his fellow man. Nothing can be more evident in morals, than that the proper cultivation and direction of this universal sentiment must contribute to every purpose of human benevolence. It therefore is the leading design of an institution which has benevolence for its foundation.

Man is a social being; and the first impulse of his heart is that of affection for his brethren. In the most rude state he is not solitary. The Indian, in his native woods, adheres to his tribe;—boasts of its exploits, while the listening warrior starts at the tale. To encounter danger for his associates is honour, to die for them, glory. The fur-clad Scythian wanders with his horde over eternal snows, and finds the dreary cavern delightful, when echoing the songs of his companions. Even on Africa's burning sands, is heard the voice of friendship and love. It is the instinct of nature which unites man to man, and constitutes the individual a member of society. What is it which causes the tear to start in the eye at the tale of sorrow, or the heart beat high with indignation at the representation of injury? What but a natural sympathy for our species? And why was this implanted in the breast of man? Was it designed for no purpose, and does it impose no duty? I answer, it impels us to a communion with our fellow creatures, and obliges us to disinterested action. Experience alone is sufficient to demonstrate the existence of such an obligation, which evinces that the fulfilment of it is always rewarded with happiness, which by the laws of nature is decreed the dowry of virtue. It is, therefore, my brethren, our institution has established as the first rule of conduct to do good to our fellow men—to banish from the mind every selfish and sordid passion—those opinions which are generated by the corruption of mankind—and giving a free rein to the dictates of nature and the generous impulses of the soul, to find our own happiness in the happiness of others.

Were we deprived of all the pleasures of friendship and the joys of society, how dreary and desolate would be the path of life. This goodly prospect would be barren of delight, and we should rise sickened from nature's feast, and languish into apathy. How soon are sated all the appetites of sense. How do they grow "faint with age, and dull with use," till every pleasure palls upon the taste, and wears upon the soul. Even the most refined voluptuary can occupy but a small portion of life in his delicious gratifications, while the remainder is an incumbrance which he would gladly "shake off," if his distraction, like that of Hamlet, were not parent of horror and affright. Far different the pleasures of friendship, and the tranquil delights of the soul. Instead of dying by enjoyment, they acquire fresh life and vigour, and become most delicious when most refined and matured by age.

The wise man, whose name is consecrate in masonry, declares, that a "friend is the best medicine of life." But he takes care to tell us what sort of friend it is. The friend "born for adversity." Indeed there is so much hypocrisy, deceit and guile in the present state of the world, that of those who denominate themselves friends, few are to be accredited. For the most part, they are mere birds of prey, which are sure to fly away with beauty,

riches and fame. If you feed them they tarry with you; but when your hand is exhausted, they clap their wings and are seen no more. They answer for pastime, provided you guard them securely: but even then afford only a miserable entertainment, without profit or pleasure. Unlike to these is the true and sincere friend, tried, approved and accepted, as faithful to the rules which masonry prescribes. Like the dove which went out from the ark, when every prospect is deluged, he leaves us, only to return again, the harbinger of hope, consolation and relief.

The cultivation of the social disposition, is the improvement of every virtue. The man who acquires a delight in the happiness of others, must necessarily contribute to it. He is vigilant to do good, and watchful for opportunity. Active in finding objects for sympathy and commiseration, he waits not till the time may have elapsed when kindness can administer relief, and aid contribute to support. There is an art in doing good, and it is to be acquired only by practice. The man who delays to be solicited, who extorts thanks in advance, and compels us to pay usurious gratitude, has not the social disposition which masonry inculcates. Such conduct insults the man towards whom it is exercised, and conveys an injury, not a benefit. The truly benevolent man confers favours, but not obligations. How different from the mere man of earth; who, if he excites expectation, takes care to defeat it, exacts bonds for the heart's tribute, and more severe than Shylock, who could be satisfied with human flesh, he demands the sacrifice of the independence of the soul. Occupied only in the sordid calculations of gain, he entangles himself in the intricacy of his path, and forgets the right line of honour and rectitude. He looks on men merely as so many objects to contribute to his interest, and weighs merit in the same scales with gold.

But he who cultivates love to man, communicates the highest happiness to others, while he obtains it for himself; and what is infinitely more, obeys God Almighty, who surely will reward him.

How well our institution is adapted to the noble purpose of diffusing happiness by enlarging and extending the social affections; you best can judge, my brethren, who best can estimate its effects. But I am aware that it is not enough to descant upon virtues which the world may say you practice no better than others. It awaits me, standing in this place, to act the part of the advocate rather than the eulogist; and to attempt to show how our institution is calculated to perform what it promises. A distinguishing advantage which it possesses is its establishment in every quarter of the world. Scarcely is there a nation where our order does not exist; in every country of Europe, and throughout a considerable portion of Asia and Africa. The universal language possessed by the craft, and which can never be counterfeited, enables a member of the fraternity to claim in any part of the world the privileges to which he is entitled. Go where he will, his wants are sure to be relieved, provided they are known. The captive finds on a sudden the hostile foe converted to a friend, and the ship wrecked mariner, ere he gains a hold on the rock which projects into the ocean, sees the signal of relief in the eye of a brother. Instead of enquiring for those common passports to favour which alone are current in the world, masonry teaches us to look upon every situation as the object of our regard. To condemn the adventitious advantages of fortune,

when put in competition with personal merit—to extinguish prejudice, to allay animosity, to exercise reverence to God, and universal charity to mankind. Of all the virtues of a good mason, charity is the first and the most essential; whether as being necessary to the exercise of all the rest, or as being the only true characteristic of a benevolent heart. In the exercise of this god-like virtue, masonry adopts the rule of true philosophy. It teaches us to direct our affections to those objects which are within our reach, and to circumscribe our exertions that they may be useful and efficacious.

(Conclusion next week.)

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

THE BLACK VOMIT OF VERA CRUZ.

This fever, which is very similar to the worst species of the yellow fever common throughout the West Indies, takes its name from one of its symptoms, the black vomit, *vomito prieto*, by which dissolution is usually preceded. At Vera Cruz its cause has been sought in the local peculiarities of the situation, and there is little doubt, that the exhalations from the marshes which surround the town must have a tendency to increase the virulence of the disorder. But throughout the Gulf of Mexico, the vomito has made its appearance wherever a number of Europeans have been assembled for the purpose of trade. At Tampico, where it was little known, or, at least, little remarked before 1821, it is now almost as prevalent as at Vera Cruz; and New Orleans to the extreme north of the gulf, being subject to it during the hot months of the year, it is probable that all the intervening line of coast will be found exposed to this scourge when the arrival of foreigners shall call into activity the latent malaria, which appears not to act upon the native with similar violence. In them it produces *Frios* (Agues,) from which many suffer during the summer months, and to which Europeans who have survived the vomito are likewise liable; while with others it leads to a bilious fever of so very virulent a nature, that, unless the most powerful remedies are immediately employed, there is but little time for medicine to act. In many recent cases the disorder has proved fatal on the third day. Those who survive the fifth are almost out of danger, if they have sufficient stamina to carry them through their convalescence; but there is such a total prostration of strength, that nature often fails at the moment when the most sanguine hopes of recovery are entertained.

One peculiarity of this disease is the facility with which it is contracted. There have been instances of individuals who have not even passed through the town of Vera Cruz, but have got into a litter upon the beach, and taken the road to Jalapa within a quarter of an hour after leaving the ship, who have, nevertheless, carried with them the seeds of the disorder, and died of it upon the road. I should be inclined, however, to think, that these must have been persons of a particularly nervous disposition, whose very anxiety exposed them to additional danger, by creating great mental irritation and with it a predisposition to fever. Precautions ought not indeed to be neglected, but the best are temperance and abstinence from wine on the voyage out, so as to produce a good habit of body before arriving on the coast. Any unnecessary stay at Vera Cruz, and too great an exposure to the sun, should also be avoided; but in all other respects a pedestrian would have a much better chance of escaping than a man over anxious to hurry the preparations of his departure in a country where without the exertion of something far beyond any ordinary patience, very little can be effected.

On reaching the level of the Encerro, it is supposed that all danger of infection ceases. It is, at least certain, that the vomito never spreads amongst the inhabitants of Jalapa, or of the villages upon the higher parts of the road to that place, in which poorer travellers some times step to dine. As far as Plain del Rio its ravages are occasionally felt, it is probable that the disease is indigenous there, as at Vera Cruz, for Humboldt denies that it can be communicated by infection, or contagion, and states,

that there is nothing in the air of a sick man's chamber that could render the miasmata, which might exhale from it dangerous to those around him. Be this as it may, the rarefaction of the air in the higher regions exempts them from such visitations; and, although the disorder may prove fatal to the patient, it has never been known to extend to those who attend him.

When once contracted, however, removal to a more healthy region is of no avail; the vomito runs its course with equal violence at Jalapa, and on the coast, and the event depends entirely upon the strength of the sufferer. In general it is remarked the most robust in appearance are the first to sink under the attack; women are less liable to it than men, and very young children have, I believe, never been known to be affected by it. There is a difference, too between the inhabitants of the Southern parts of Spain or Italy and other Europeans; the first being less frequently visited with the disorder, while very few natives of a northern climate, if they become residents for any time at Vera Cruz, are known to escape it. Like the small-pox, it seldom visits the same person twice. Those who survive the first attack, particularly if it be a severe one, consider themselves as acclimated, and think no further precautions necessary.

The inhabitants of the Table-land of Mexico are even more liable than foreigners to be seized with the vomito, on visiting the coast. This is probably owing to the suddenness of the transition; the rapidity of the descent from Perota allows no time for the body to become seasoned to the moist heat of the Tropicks, so different from the dry atmosphere of the higher country: all the pores are opened at once, and the general relaxation of the system necessarily renders them peculiarly susceptible of disease. Few of the muleteers of the interior will descend lower than Jalapa during the hot months, (from the end of April to the beginning of October,) and when they do, it is lamentable to see the poor wretches, as I have done more than once, actually dying upon the road. When they can no longer sit on their mules, they stretch themselves out under the first tree or shrub that will afford them protection from the sun, wrap up their heads in their blankets, and meet their fate with composure, which in every part of the New-World, seems to be one of the characteristics of the Indian race.

During this season the government couriers are changed at Jalapa, and no one, who is not compelled to do so by business of the most urgent nature, thinks of visiting the *Tierra Caliente*. Commerce is nearly at a stand; and it is only upon the approach of the autumnal equinox that business begins to be again transacted with any sort of activity. From the middle of October till the end of March, if the winter be not usually mild, Vera Cruz though never safe is at least not a very dangerous residence.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES LOUIS DAVID.

Translated for the Washington Chronicle.

James Louis David, the restorer of painting, was born at Paris in 1750. If the greatest painter of our age would be satisfied with this title, the task of biography would be easy. But the torrent of civil troubles drew this ardent and enthusiast soul into the midst of a political assembly. The deliberations of a stormy Senate were shared in by this young painter, whose imagination was filled by the remembrance of Brutus and Scævola, and whose talent, in its pride, aspired to the fierce independence of the most austere republics. He who was about to carry reason into the works of genius—he who, by the wise simplicity of his conceptions, could bring back the school of French painters to that calm and noble grandeur which had been abandoned for ages—David, in fine, the wisest of painters, ranked himself among the most exalted of the members of the Convention. A deceitful and fickle intimacy united, in his notions, Robespierre and Marius, Collot d'Herbois and Phocion. He expected to see realized the return to ancient customs, the idols of his genius. Reflection did not come in to cool this violent ardour of patriotism, which so well seconded the develop-

ment of a superior talent. This union of the painter and the politician is not a bare supposition of our mind. In 1791 he offered to the Constituent Assembly his magnificent picture of the *serment des jeu de paume*. Chosen member of the Convention, and, by turns, Secretary and President of this assembly, he executed the painting of the death of Michael Lepetier, describing to the tribune, with a painful warmth, the last moments of Marat, proposed to raise a monument in memory of the siege of Leille; pretended that his destiny was attached to that of the frightful Robespierre, and caused to be appropriated 2,400 francs for the young artist who should obtain the prizes in painting, sculpture, and architecture. David spoke the language of the Montagne party; and voted the death of the king; he proposed the organization of the civil fêtes, which he engaged to direct; he offered to furnish the design of the constitutional arch; he wished to cause the nation to portion the children of those citizens who had died in its defence; gave the first idea for the conservations of the museum; and, in short, we see him always, in his political career, uniting the enthusiasm of the arts to the fanaticism of liberty, the illusions of an impossible equality, and the anticipations of a picturesque imagination. Andre, Dumont, and Lecointre, of Versailles, men known in the revolutionary annals by their ardour to proscribe and to denounce, joined the Rafton Conventiuel, and caused David to be arrested. He was not long, however, in being restored to liberty, upon the demand of Chenier and Bailleul. Arrested again in the month of May, and detained at Luxembourg, he only left his prison to be put in *surveillance*, and was only entirely liberated by the law of the 4th Brumiere. Then terminated the political life of David. Afterwards, by the force of his genius, he accomplished that revolution in painting which merited and has secured to him the title of restorer and chief of the French school. His reputation was already established; *Belesarius*, the *Funeral of Patroclus*, and the *Death of Socrates*, had been exposed to the public view. Escaped from the political storm, he shut himself up in his work shop, where he instructed Gerard, Gerodet, Gros, Geierin, and other scholars who have since become masters of the art, and whose union made the French school a species of wonder in the history of arts. It was then that David traced that beautiful tragedy of Brutus, that admirable composition of the Horacei, and the carrying off of the Sabines, where so much energy is joined to taste the most pure, and severity the most antique. David seemed to have found that *beau-ideal* which the Greeks alone knew. "I wish," said he to Mr. Lenoir, the founder of the Museum of the Petits Augustins, "I wish that my works would bear the character of antiquity so far that, if it were possible an Athenian should return to the world they would appear to him to be the paintings of a Greek painter." The secret of the paintings of David are contained in those few words. Raphael has more grace, the Venetian colourists have more brilliancy; the ideal of Raphael consists in a kind of angelick expression of heads—that of Corregio in the contour—that of Michael Angelo in the gigantic exaggeration of masses, and in the terrible energy of design. David, in preserving the purity of forms, without doing violence to anything, or exhibiting any affectation, has re-created that calm and sublime nature which Scopas, Appelles, and Protagoras had shown in Greece. He resuscitated in his pictures, all the supernatural beauty of ancient statuary. The pictures of the *Crowning of the Emperour*, and of the *Distribution of the Eagles*, sustained, without adding much to his reputation. Before the austere grace of his pencil, the French School, so full of affectation and incorrectness, has entirely disappeared. Already have his numerous pupils plunged into different paths, and carry the purity of their master's taste into the variety of their productions. In the midst of his glory and of public admiration, the measures of an inexorable policy fell upon the author of Leonidas at Thermopylae. David was exiled to a foreign land, and two productions of a more soft and gracious character were the fruits of his exile.—*Telemachus and Eucharis*, and *Cupid quitting Psyche at the rising of the sun*. The last of these was ex-

hibited at Brussels and the receipts of the exhibition were exclusively applied to the poor of the city. The Prussian government in vain offered him the direction of the arts of that kingdom: the French painter refused to direct the pencils of those who had brought chains into his country. Having retired to Brussels, he could perceive, from the place of his exile, the new boundaries of his native land, and by the happy illusion of a patriotick heart, still conceive himself an inhabitant of that beautiful France which he had served to render illustrious. David has since paid the debt of nature, and sleeps with those who, like himself, have embellished the arts and rendered genius glorious.

THE GATHERER.

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

The Turks possess still the same character which the historians of the 15th century describe. They are indolent in time of peace; but when war vexes them, they become infuriated. They rob and oppress the Rayahs, but are friendly and obliging towards strangers; they devastate villages, but they found and endow hospitals; they keep their oaths, but they trample on every principle of public law; they are susceptible of feelings of honour, but compassion is a stranger to their breasts; they dethrone and strangle their Sultans, but are advocates of monarchy. Although unrefined and sensual in their ideas of pleasure, they are moderate in its enjoyments, and starting from the lap of luxuriousness, they submit to the severest privations without grumbling. They are good relatives and husbands, and polygamy is far from being in general use among them. A harem is to most of them, only an object of luxury and ostentation. Inhuman in their vindictiveness, they frequently carry their exalted friendship to a point of heroism. Their courage manifests itself sometimes in a chivalrous daringness, and on other occasions, in a stoick indifference. Here they are seen courageously precipitating themselves on the enemy's ranks without regard to the numbers; and elsewhere they suffer themselves to be strangled with a pipe in their mouth. They change exile for a palace with the utmost *sans frein*, and consider themselves on every occasion as the slaves or agents of an unalterable, immutable fate.

A WELSH INVITATION.

Mr. Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys' compliments to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect, and Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys request the favour of the company of Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect, to dinner on Monday week next. Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys beg to inform Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect, that Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton and Miss Sandys can accommodate Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, and Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect, with beds, if remaining the night is agreeable to Mr. Charles Morgan, Mrs. Charles Morgan, Miss Charles Morgan, and the governess, whose name Mr. Walter Norton, Mrs. Walter Norton, and Miss Sandys do not recollect.

SAILOR TURNED TUMBLER.

In the great Dutch war in the reign of Charles II. the English fleet and that of Holland fought in the channel for three days successively, engaged in the day, and lying in the night; but just as they were preparing to renew the action, advice came off that an armistice was concluded upon, and the hostile parties began to exchange mutual civilities. On board a Dutch man of war, which

lay along side an English first rate, was a sailor so remarkably active, as to run to the mast head, and stand upright upon the truck, after which he would cut several capers, and conclude with standing upon his head, to the great astonishment and terror of the spectators. On coming down from this exploit all his countrymen expressed their joy by huzzaing, and thereby signifying their triumph over the English. One of the British tars, piqued for the honour of his country, ran up to the top like a cat, and essayed, with all his might, to throw up his heels like the Dutchman, but not having the skill, he missed his poise and came down rather faster than he went up. The rigging, however, broke his fall, and he lighted on his feet unhurt. As soon as he had recovered his speech, he ran to the side and exultingly cried out to the Dutchman, "There, you lubber, do that if you can."

BEAUTIES OF THE LAW.

In a late publication of Mr. Charles Butler's, he mentions some astonishing instances of legal absurdity. A gentleman having six estates, wished to settle one on each of his six sons, and the heirs of his body respectively, with what lawyers term *cross remainders* between them, where in failure of issue in one line, the estate passes to the other branches. Mr. Butler being directed to prepare the deed, conceived at first that one proviso would be sufficient; he then thought six would do; but on examining more minutely how many clauses would be requisite to legally express minutely the whole settlement, he found that it would require 720, being every possible combination of the numbers six—1—2—3—4—5—6—720. The other example is still more striking. Ten gentlemen, partners in a mining company, wished to provide by deed, that if any one of the number advanced money to any of the other, it should be considered a sort of mortgage on the borrower's share, and have preference to all subsequent charges. The number of contracts necessary to make provision with due legal accuracy were found to amount to 3,628,800, being all possible combinations of ten. On each of these clauses the benevolence of government has imposed a stamp duty of 25s.; so that the whole duty would have amounted to £ 99,720-000.

CHIMNEY SWEEPER AND THIEVES.

The following curious circumstance occurred a few years ago at a country village, near Horncastle, in Lincolnshire, England. A boy, belonging to a chimney-sweeper at Louth, taking his usual rounds in the country, called at a farm house in the above village, late in the evening; but it not being convenient to employ him till the morning following, the farmer informed him he might, if he thought proper, sleep in his barn, which he very readily agreed too. He accordingly made himself a comfortable bed among the straw and went to rest. Some time in the night, he was awakened by two men entering the barn with a lanthorn and candle, and each of them a sack; he immediately supposing they were not about their lawful business, lay still to watch their motions, when they began to consult how they might place the light till they had filled their sacks from the corn heap. Seeing they were at a loss how to proceed, he crept softly from his couch, and with an audible voice said, "Gentlemen, I'll hold the candle." Turning round suddenly, they beheld the knight of the brush, in his sable robes, and supposing him to be a messenger from the infernal regions, threw down their sacks and lanthorns, and immediately decamped.

MARRIAGES IN HOLLAND.

Marriages in Holland are merely civil obligations, which require no ecclesiastical sanction to give them validity. A week or two before the intended consummation, notice is given to the Burgomaster; the certificates of baptism, and the consent of the parents (when that consent is necessary,) are deposited with the magistrate, and on the day fixed the parties attend with their friends in the Town-hall, and the article of the code is read, which records the obligations of the martial condition, then the Burgomaster asks, in a loud voice, whether the parties consent to fulfil the matrimonial obligations, and on their answering "yes" or

howing the head in assent, he declares the marriage valid. The Protestants sometimes proceed to the house of the *Domine*, or minister, to ask his blessing; and sometimes the Burgomaster himself accompanies the civil ceremony with a word of advice, or a friendly benediction. As marriage is one of the sacraments of the Roman Church, the rite is not completed, if the parties are Catholics, until the following Sunday, when they confess themselves, and partake of the Lord's Supper.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF WINE.

Horace has humourously alluded to the various effects of wine, on different people. One man, under the influence of the viny god, weeps in Maudlin sorrow; another becomes merry and vivacious, aye, and loquacious to boot; a third grows quarrelsome, and throws the bottle at the head of his nearest companion; and a fourth goes sottishly to sleep. When Addison and Steele dined together, such widely different effects were produced from the same cause, that the former only began to be witty and facetious, by the time his friend had absorbed enough wine to make him dull and lumpish. Shakspeare's Cassio goes to prayers in his cups; and Justice Shallow, who whilst he is sober, is as "silent as an oyster," no sooner has swallowed a few beakers of wine, than he becomes noisy, roars and catches. We have an old proverb, that Satan lies at the bottom of an inordinate cup. If this be the case, wine-bibbers will probably feel disposed to argue with the old wife in the song, that

'Twould surely be a burning shame,
To leave the *Devil* a drop.

NAT LEE.

When Lee, the poet, was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to visit him, and finding that he could converse reasonably, or at least reasonably for a poet, imagined that Lee was cured of his madness. The poet offered to show him bedlam. They went over this melancholy medical prison, Lee moralizing philosophically enough all the time to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from the perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm, "Let us take this leap; we'll jump down together this instant." "Any man could jump down," said his friend coolly, "we should not immortalize ourselves by that leap; but let us go down and try if we can jump up." The madman, struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap than that which he had himself proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs, full of a new project for securing immortality.

CONTRASTS.

"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, were written in a prison, under the most distressing circumstances. The "Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing room, where the author was surrounded by all the good things of this world. A striking contrast will often be found to exist between authors and their works; melancholy writers being usually the most jocular and lively in society, and humourists in theory the most lugubrious of animals in practice. Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," was extremely facetious in conversation, and the most dolorous poet of our own day—Lord Byron was one of the most brilliant and humourous of associates, when he condescended to mingle with the world.

PUFFS,

When Mrs. Robinson published her "*Sappho and Phaon*," she wrote to Mr. Boaden, the newspaper editor, in the following terms:—"Mrs. Robinson would thank her friend Boaden for a dozen puffs for *Sappho and Phaon*." By mistake of the twopenny post, the note was delivered to Mr. Bowden the pastrycook, in the Strand who sent this answer:—"Mr. Bowden's respectful compliments to Mrs. Robinson, shall be very happy to serve her; but as Mrs. R. is not a constant customer, he can not send the puffs for the young folks without first receiving the money."

POPULAR TALES.

From the Token, for 1829.

THE BLIND BOY.

Seven children gathered around the board of William Halleck; and though poverty lay like a dark mist on his prospects, and sometimes pressed heavily on his heart, yet the hardy and pious farmer toiled patiently along the thorny path he found marked out for him. Death had never entered his doors; but sickness had come often, with fatigue, expense, anxiety, and sorrow in her train; and beneath his roof dwelt one being, at once a living joy and a living sorrow. His fourth child was a bright and beautiful boy; but God had shut out from his mind the perception of all visible loveliness. Henry was born blind. The hearts of the parents were troubled when the terrible suspicion first came upon their minds, that the fair infant on whom they gazed, lay in a world of darkness. Many and various were the experiments they tried to ascertain the truth, and it was long after every friend and neighbour that looked upon the child had expressed his melancholy conviction, ere the father and mother would shut their hearts against all hope. But the boy grew and strengthened; his little limbs became active; he stood by his mother's knee; he grasped her hand, and walked tottering at her side; language came in due season to his tongue, and his artless prattle and happy laugh were the loudest and the liveliest in the house. Yet vision was still wanting, and the earth and all it contained, even the faces of those he best loved were shut from his gaze. He was born to be a poor, useless, helpless blind boy, and the hearts of his parents sometimes ached to the core as they looked on his blooming cheek and sightless eyes, and thought of the future.

But the voice of complaint was a sound unknown beneath the roof of William Halleck, and the hymn of thanksgiving ascended every evening from the lips of his family circle, ere the deep sleep of the weary came on their eyelids.

Three winters in succession had a rheumatic fever laid one of the daughters of William Halleck on the bed of sickness; yet she, too, like the rest of that humble household, was industrious, contented, and pious. She was two years older than Henry; and the mutual sense of infirmity had knit the bonds of a brother's and a sister's love most closely between them. When the invalid first rose from the weary bed of pain, and went forth under the blue sky of spring, it was the strengthened arm of Henry that supported her; and when the blind boy asked of things that were shut up from none but him, it was the soft voice of Mary that answered his questions, and poured into his mind the delight of new ideas. It was Henry who sat by Mary's bedside in her hours of suffering, and ministered to her wants. He knew by her breathing when she slept, and remained still and silent in his darkness till she woke. He knew by the very tones of her voice when she was better and when she was worse, and though he stole about her room with the bent head and outstretched hand of the blind, he seldom missed finding anything that Mary wanted. And it was Mary who gave Henry that knowledge of the Being who made him, which was a bright light to his mind, and shed over his spirit a hope more gladdening than the sunshine which cheered all outward things.

As soon as pain ceased to rack her joints and strength was in a measure restored to her limbs, Mary was wont to arise and return thankfully to those employments in which alone she was permitted to assist the toils of her family. The first warm days of spring were to Henry days of rejoicing. As soon as he felt their breath, he used to hasten into the house crying with a glad voice, "Summer is coming, and Mary will get well!" To him the first note of the robin told not of the verdure and the blossoms which were soon to cover the face of nature with beauty; but it announced that she whom he loved would be freed from her pain, and come out with him into the pure air, and go into the fields and woods, gathering fragrant wild-flowers, listening to the music of the winds, waters, and birds, and talking to him cheerfully and usefully. Mary was entering upon her seven-

teenth spring; and before the April snows had melted from the fields, she was already so well that she sat up as she was accustomed in her little window, plying her needle with a busy and a skillful hand. There came a heavy storm of rain with warm south winds, and in one night the snowy mantle of the earth had vanished, and the fields lay bare and brown the next day, beneath a clear sky and a warm sun. It was a beautiful morning, and unseen influences were busy in the trees that stretched their arms silently to the gentle breeze, and in the very sods that basked in the sunshine. The leaf was preparing to put forth, the green blade to sprout, and the pulses of man beat lightly and happily under the spell of the season. Henry felt the soft west wind on his cheek, and heard the first notes of the spring birds. As soon as the sun rode high in the heavens, he went to summon Mary from her toils, to walk with him as far as the Great Oak, a spot which she loved, because it commanded a wide and beautiful prospect, and which was dear to him, because she loved it, and because it was always the end of their first walk in spring. Mary hesitated for she feared the dampness of the ground; but Henry had gone with a younger brother all the way up to the Great Oak on purpose, and assured her the path was dry. She stood at the door, and as she looked up at the clear and beautiful sky, around on the landscape, and again on the pleading face of her blind brother, she could not find in her heart to say, "No." They went out together, and Mary was glad she had gone. Her own heart seemed to expand with quiet happiness as she walked. What invalid is not happy in breathing the open air for the first time, after tedious months of confinement, and feels not as if the simplest act of existence were in itself a luxury? Henry went leaping by her side with short and joyous bounds, pouring forth the exuberance of his spirits in the songs she had taught him, asking a thousand questions, and sometimes stopping to listen when the sound of a sheep-bell, the note of a bird, or the murmur of a distant voice struck on his quick ear. When the way was rough, he walked closer to her side, holding her hand tightly, and seeming as if made happier by the pensive smiles on that pale face he could not see. He asked her sometimes if the walk was making her cheeks red, for then he knew that his father would say that she was well; and sometimes he furnished her with food for reflection, and she wondered what ideas were conveyed to his mind by the terms he had learned to use in speaking of visible objects. At last they came to the Great Oak; and as they sat resting together on a rock under its leafless branches, the gaiety of the blind boy subsided, and he caught something of the same sedate happiness which pervaded the spirit of Mary. They talked together for a long time, and at last sunk into silence. Henry sat musing, and Mary involuntarily gazed upon the varying expressions that passed over his sightless, but eloquent face, sometimes lighting it almost with a smile, sometimes fading into sadness, betraying the changing tenor of his thoughts, which flowed on, guided only by the mysterious laws of association, and unchecked by the movements of outward objects. At last he asked, with a mournful tone—

"Mary, do you think it would be a hard thing if I were to die young?"

Mary shrunk from a question which seemed so natural for one in his situation; because she did not imagine that such thoughts had ever entered the mind of the gay and laughing boy. She was startled, too, at the coincidence between their reflections; it was as if she had looked into his mind, and found it a mirror of her own. But she asked Henry quietly, if he were weary of the life God had given him.

"Oh! no," returned the blind boy, "but it would not frighten me, or make me unhappy, Mary, if I knew that I were going to die. I know I must be a burden all my life to my parents, and I can be of little use to any one—even to you! I think—I know not why—it was not meant I should stay here long. God will soon see whether I am patient, amiable, and pious; he will take me away, when I have been sufficiently tried."

Mary made no answer. She, too, had moments when the conviction that her life was not to be a

long one, came upon her most powerfully, and to her, too, it brought the same gentle, melancholy satisfaction which seemed stealing over the mind of her blind brother. He had once asked her, when a very little boy, if she thought he should see in heaven; and the question had made her shed many tears. She wept now, while she listened to his plaintive voice, and heard him talk with humble piety of his willingness to die in the first blossoming of youth; yet her tears were no tears of bitterness, for she saw that the frame of mind in which he spoke was one calculated to make him happy, living or dying.

She told him so at last; and strove to strengthen in his mind that feeling which disarms all vexation and sorrow—a perfect confidence that there is a secret good in every event that befalls us. Her own spirit was so deeply imbued with this conviction that it gave the colouring to her whole character; it was the idea which occurred to her habitually and incessantly; it was the secret of that peace of mind which neither trouble, poverty, nor sickness could ruffle. She taught him how to exercise his mind in trying to discover the good shrouded in seeming evil; and how, when the justice and mercy of any event were past finding out, to give up the search in undoubting confidence that all was right, suffering not his soul to be disquieted.

The youthful pair rose at last to return home, in the holiest and happiest temper. Their hearts were filled with devotion, and with love for all God's creation, and the pure and beautiful instinct of fraternal love had received an impulse from a conversation which they felt had made them both wiser and better. The influence of communion on holy topics is happy and salutary, and the glow of renewed confidence and esteem which succeeds such intercourse between kindred spirits, is delightful.

Mary was still an invalid, and soon felt that she had made more exertion than she ought to have done. She paused a moment at the foot of the hill, because there were two ways which led home. They had come by a circuitous path, leading through pleasant fields and lanes; and the road by which they now proposed to return, would conduct them across the mill-brook straight to the village. She was weak and faint, and they took the shortest way. Silently they walked on till they had almost reached a small rising ground which lay between them and the mill-stream, when Henry suddenly exclaimed, "Sister Mary, where are we? I hear the water running!" Mary listened a moment with a surprised and anxious countenance, and quickened her pace as they ascended the hill. As soon as they came in sight of the stream she stopped, astonished and almost terrified. The heavy rain of the previous day, and the melting of the snow among the hills, had swollen the mill-brook into a deep and rapid stream, and it now rushed by them with the sound of many waters, bearing on its turbid bosom marks of the devastation it had already wrought in its course. The young birches and alders that had shaded its green banks the preceding summer, torn up by the roots, were whirled along with the current; and amid the white foam Mary descried the wet, black planks which told the destruction of an old mill of her father's, higher up the stream. The bridge and the new mill just below it, were yet standing, but the waters rose furiously against them, and both shook and tottered. Sounds came up every moment amid the tumult which told that something unseen had given way; and Mary looked around in vain for help or counsel. There was not a human being in sight. She did not try to conceal from Henry their situation; and though the hand she held did not tremble with the natural fear of one so young and helpless, she saw by his countenance that he was awed. A short but fervent prayer was in her mind. There was no time to be lost. She grew weaker every moment; and summoning up all her strength for one effort, with a quick, firm step, looking neither to the right nor the left, she hastened upon the bridge, leading her blind brother. They had already half crossed it, when Henry, bewildered by the noise and the shaking under his feet, shrunk back involuntarily. Mary flung one arm around him, and feebly strove to drag him for-

ward, when with a tremendous crash the main supporters of the bridge gave way under them, and in an instant they were precipitated amid its wrecks into the raging waters.

There were those who beheld this spectacle, and a wild cry of agony arose amid the din of destruction, but it came not from the lips of the struggling sufferers. William Halleck had come forth to look for his children, and to warn them of the freshet. Just as he had reached the top of the rising ground opposite the one they had descended, he beheld them with horror attempting to cross the tottering bridge. It was but for a moment; as he sprang forward at the sight, a fearful sound broke on his ear, and in another moment they were snatched from his gaze.

There was a short interval of confusion, shouts, and cries. Friends and neighbours came running over the hill to the scene of destruction, and there were pale, dismayed faces, hasty suggestions, and wild efforts to discover and save the drowning victims; but all in vain. Suddenly the frantic father discovered his Henry sitting apparently in security upon some of the wrecks of the bridge, which had become jammed together and were arrested in their progress near the mill. At the same time the whole group caught sight of Mary, carried alive and struggling over the milldam. With one impulse they rushed down the banks and round the mill to her rescue. The father followed his neighbours with hurried steps and trembling knees, casting a single glance to ascertain that Henry was indeed safe, and calling to him, as he passed, not to stir till his return. Henry seemed not to hear. He sat motionless, and crouched down in the extremity of his terror, uttering quick, low shrieks. They were lost in the tumult, and he was left alone.

The father came down to the flat rocks below the mill just as the bruised, dripping, and lifeless body of his daughter was drawn out of the water. With sad countenances and silent lips, her two elder brothers laid the pale corpse—for such it was—on a board, and carried it hastily up to the village with a vain hope of resuscitation. The father followed it a few moments anxiously; and then, suddenly recollecting his helpless blind boy, he went with one or two neighbours to bring him to his desolate home.

Henry was where he had left him, bowed down, silent, and motionless. The father's look grew fixed as he drew nigh. He strode hastily over the heaps of timber and ruin, stooped to lift his child, and uttered a cry of horror. The lower limbs of the poor blind boy were wedged fast between two heavy beams of the demolished bridge, and he had fainted with excess of agony. Wild and almost superhuman were the efforts with which the father strove to relieve his child from a situation so horrible; but it was not till his friends came with axe and hatchet, with calmer heads and steadier hands, to his assistance, that the sufferer was extricated.

It was a night of grief and agony beneath the roof of William Halleck. The remains of the fair, gentle, and pious Mary lay stretched on her own little bed in one room, and in the next, father, mother, brothers, and sisters hung weeping around the couch of the suffering Henry. Acute, indeed, were the pains with which it pleased God to visit the youthful saint; and saint-like indeed was the resignation with which those pains were borne. But about midnight his agonies were suddenly calmed, and hope fluttered for a moment in the heavy hearts of those who loved him. It was but for a moment. The physician announced that the process of mortification had begun, and death was drawing nigh. All at once the voice of the blind boy was heard, calling his mother in a faint but calm voice. She came to his bedside and he took hold of her hand. Then he asked for his father, brothers, and sisters. They all came. He touched each, and said, "Mary is not here."

No one spoke, but he felt his mother's hand quiver in his.

"Mary is drowned," said he; "God has taken her to be an angel. Do not sob, mother, because she and I are to be so much happier than we ever could be on earth. Let me tell you of what Mary and I were talking this very morning, and you will all see that God has kindly called us away at

the very time when we were most willing, perhaps most fit, to die."

Then he told them briefly all that had passed that day, and, after a moment's pause, added;—

"Father and mother! I thank God for taking me away so young; and so too did Mary. You will be saved much trouble, much care; and we shall find no temptation, no sin, where we are going. Mary will never suffer pain and sickness again; and I, the poor blind boy, that never saw even your dear face, mother, I shall behold God. My eyes will be opened, and I shall go from a world of darkness into a world of light. Promise me, all of you, that you will not sit down and mourn for me when I am dead, but will observe how wise and good it was that Mary and I should both die young. I have been a happy boy. God gave you a sick child and a blind one to try your patience and virtue, and you have borne the trial well. You have been very kind to us both; you never said a harsh thing to your blind boy. We have just lived long enough to try your submission, but not long enough to be a heavy burden all your lives to you; and now God has taken us away just as we could have wished, together, and at the best of times to die—the best for you, the best for us. Sometimes it is hard to see why things should be as they are; but this is an easy matter to understand. I am sure it is right, and I am happy!"

Henry Halleck never spoke again; but his last words had breathed comfort into the hearts of his parents, which dwelt there enduringly with his memory.

He lingered till morning. The first red beam of that sun he had never seen, fell on his pale features and sightless eyes. He felt his mother drawing open the curtain of his little window at his bedside that she might behold his face more plainly. With a faint smile on his lips, he turned towards her; it became fixed, and with a short spasm, his innocent spirit passed suddenly and peacefully into the world he had panted to know.

Death had at last come under the roof of William Halleck, and summoned the young, fair, and good; but he had come in visible kindness.

When the dispensation is dark, dreadful, and mysterious, latent good is still there; and the true Christian seeks for it—and if he finds it not, still adores without doubting.

MISCELLANY.

THE MIND.

"It is the best prognostick of a youth to be found occupying himself with thoughts beyond his present power, and above his present place."

Sir Walter Scott, who has so long, amused, and instructed, and astonished the literary world by the fecundity and strength of his mind, has declared that the most happy and powerful sketches of his pen were struck off with the greatest rapidity, unlaboured and unrevised. The writings referred to bear internal evidence of the truth of the declaration, and vindicate the fame of the author as a man of extraordinary power. Those productions which have a sort of spontaneous birth, fresh and lively from the mint of nature, can scarcely fail to please, and, by their gushing fulness and sparkling vigour, compel a warm and lasting admiration.

But the mind, whether of a genius or of a common man, is unequal in its efforts, and will at one time, and under certain circumstances, break forth with a strength and clearness which at another give place to a murkiness and lassitude "dull as night." The experience of every man who makes, or attempts to make, a daily use of his mind, can attest this assertion. Even Johnson, the great giant of English literature, confesses as much, when he says, that "casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning, and that a writer shall often trace his memory in vain, at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow." Especially does the mind loathe and abhor compulsion; and hence it is that we see editors of newspapers, who, from the strong necessity they feel that they should daily produce something worthy of perusal, occasionally fall beneath mediocrity, and do discredit to themselves; and hence it is, when the efforts of the mind are hartered before-hand, and its immortal vigour sold

in anticipation, its inspiration is irretrievably lost, and its vivacity, freshness, and life, sink into heartless and unmeaning stupidity.

The private correspondence of the suffering and elegant poet, Cowper, throws a few additional rays of light on this subject, and reveals some of the motives to authorship in that feeling and singularly constituted man, which, however common and offensive among grosser spirits, received from the fellowship of his a polish and simplicity truly exquisite. The love of praise and the desire of fame are passions which, in some degree or other, pervade all virtuous minds, and their total extinction in any human breast does but prove a total moral degeneracy. Cowper's confidential intercourse with his friends, of a kindred spirit, lays open the secret tablets of his heart, and it is refreshing and delightful to look at the inward spirit of a man so pure, frank, and intellectual. He loved the praises of those few friends with whom he had "garnered up his heart," and he told them of it with a sweetness and modesty which, instead of offending the ear, cannot fail to thrill the heart of the most indifferent reader. To this all powerful motive of action, in him so ardent though secluded, the world is indebted for some of the most chaste productions, and some of the sweetest poetry that was ever penned. His larger and perhaps more useful efforts grew out of that stubborn and afflictive melancholy which most dreadfully preyed upon his peace, and robbed the world of the presence of a highly gifted and pure spirited man. While his mind, as he expresses it, was employed in presenting a pretty thought in a pretty manner, he forgot that wretchedness which, however ideal, was to him reality, and which laid waste his earthly comforts, and to his view desolated his eternal hopes.

The single object the writer of this has in view is to teach young men that the human mind is capable of towering above the calamities of this existence; that even its own inherent darkness will yield in time before the blaze of its also inherent and inextinguishable fires. A fair intent, and zealous and persevering efforts, will conduct to usefulness and ensure the meed of a well spent life. Let this be the motto—"what man has been, man can be again."

WRECKERS.

There is no class of people, perhaps, whose character and occupation are so little understood, as that of the wreckers—vague and indefinite notions are entertained concerning them, and the trade they follow. They are associated in the minds of most people with buccaniers and pirates, and we are told fearful stories of their cruel and perfidious conduct, in alluring vessels into inextricable dangers, and murdering whole crews for the sake of plunder—or else, finding them in some nautical difficulty,—embayed, perhaps, among shoals and breakers, upon a strange coast—they extort immense sums to bring them clear of danger. And it has been said that, in pleasant weather, when there is no prospect of a productive harvest of wrecks, they cruise along the outlets of the West India passages, under piratical flags, plundering all they fall in with. These are what are called *sailor stories*, and it is high time the public were better informed concerning wreckers, and that they give them that place in their estimation which they properly deserve. An attentive consideration of the evidence given in our Courts, where trials have been had on salvage cases, and that too, from the party least likely to flatter the wreckers: I mean the master and officers of the vessel of whom the claim for salvage is made—I say, an examination of this testimony will place these people in a very favourable point of view before our eyes—they appear, in these recitals, as an active, adventurous, and strictly honest people. They are there seen to run great personal risks, for the preservation of property and lives, in approaching vessels surrounded by shoals and breakers; and they are scarcely ever known to abandon a vessel, until they have effected some good object—until they have saved the crew, if not the vessel and cargo.

A gentleman, who was relieved by one of them, and carried into Key West, writes of them in the

highest terms of praise. He speaks of them as a brave, hardy, and industrious class of seamen—gives them credit for having saved and sent into that one port, an immense amount of property, and, in every transaction with them, says they have discovered a scrupulous attention to the rights of property; under no instance whatever, has there been known any thing like plunder or embezzlement, by the crew of the wrecker. In some particular instances of imminent peril, where there was no chance whatever of saving property, and where the only object could be the preservation of lives, they have evinced an admirable coolness in the measures taken to effect that object; and in doing it, have placed their own lives and vessel in great jeopardy. Some extravagant and injudicious decisions of the Court at Key West have raised a cloud of prejudice, and thrown no small degree of popular odium on this highly useful class of our citizens. But the mistakes of one set of people must not give a tone to the opinion of the public concerning another. Pilots are universally acknowledged to be a highly useful and meritorious set of men—they ply at the mouths of our rivers, and at the entrances of our harbours, and sometimes farther seaward, in comparative safety, when considered in relation to the exposed situation of the wreckers; in case of bad weather, the former generally have a safe and speedy harbour, under their lee, to run into—the latter are compelled to endure every severity of the elements, in the open ocean; or if they obtain shelter under some of the sand keys, the shelter is a dangerous one. In estimating the one at their full worth, we ought to give the other also, their relative praise.

If to be continually hovering round scenes of danger, for the purpose of preserving property and lives, is deserving of consideration and reward, the wreckers are richly entitled to all the compensation they obtain in our courts of justice. Their vessels are built expressly for the purpose, of the best materials, coppered and copper-fastened, expensively fitted—and very flat to enable them to approach a wreck in shoal water. They have no keel, but a centre-board instead, which they haul up when they come into shoal water. They are generally commanded by respectable and experienced ship masters, who navigate them on shares.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1828.

✂ New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

THE SEASON. Again is winter close upon our heels, and we shall soon be buffeting his snows and his northwester. Already have his chill precursors made the fields and the forests desolate; and in place of the green and lively hues of teeming vegetation, are substituted the brown and yellow tints of decay. Pent up, however, as we are, in the city, and surrounded by the more stoical works of art, the changing of the seasons is not so sensible to us as to those who are every day the observers of their operations. When the spring brightens, and loosens the icy grasp of winter, and the earth becomes warm, and seeds germinate, and flowers bloom, and trees put forth their leaves and buds, the imagination may stretch its wings beyond the city's suburbs, and tell us in general terms, that all without is beautiful, rich, and splendid; and when the harvest is ready for the reaper, it may tell us of rural pleasures, and the country's culinary abundance; and when the autumnal fruits are gathered, and the leaves of the forest are sear, and the stubble is brown, and meadows and pastures are bare and forsaken, it may tell us that all that bloomed has faded, and that every smile has forsaken the face of nature; but all its pictures will come far short of the reality; we shall have but a faint idea of the beauties of spring, the richness of summer, the happiness of the harvest, or the gloom and desolation which rest upon the earth at the close of autumn.

In the city we hail the return of spring because it encourages trade, and facilitates navigation and commerce; we dislike the summer for its sultriness; and we exult in the close of autumn, for its fruits fill the measure of luxury.

At this season the town fattens upon the losses of the country. The farmer opens his garner, and the market place is stocked with the choicest viands. Greasy porkers and decapitated poultry meet us in our morning peregrinations, and seem to discourse eloquently upon thanksgiving and the holidays. And though our eyes are upon "Death's doings" in every glance, we see nothing in his works but cheerfulness, and the means for increasing our hilarity and enjoyments.

This season of the year, in consequence of the dimness and chillness of the atmosphere, is supposed to exercise an unfavourable influence over the mind. Men become more melancholy and gloomy, and it is said that in England more suicides are committed in the month of November than during all the rest of the year. Leigh Hunt assigns the "indoor, money-getting and unimaginative habits" of the metropolis as the cause of this fact. He says "it is a fact well known to the medical philosopher, that, in proportion as people do not like air and exercise, their blood becomes darker and darker: now what corrupts and thickens the circulation, and keeps the humours within the pores, darkens and clogs the mind; and we are then in a state to receive pleasure but indifferently or confusedly, and pain with tenfold painfulness." But for an American November possesses no gloom which is not inseparable from leafless forests and the loss of verdure in the fields. The appearance of natural objects at the close of the year is such as gives the mind a pensiveness, and turns its thoughts upon earth, "its mortalities and its mistakes;" but we believe the harshness of feeling which compels its possessor to deprive himself of existence, is never in this country engendered by a change in the atmosphere. The folly of suffering the winds to govern our dispositions is treated upon by Dr. Johnson in the 12th number of the "Idler." "Surely," says he, "nothing is more reproachful to a being endowed with reason than to resign its powers to the influence of the air, and live in dependence on the weather and the wind for the only blessings which nature has put into our power, tranquility and benevolence. To look up to the sky for the nutriment of our bodies, is the condition of nature; to call upon the sun for peace and gaiety, to deprecate the clouds lest sorrow should overwhelm us, is the cowardice of idleness and idolatry of folly."

THE ELECTION. About three hundred thousand votes were polled at the last election in this state, of which number Solomon Southwick received not far from thirty-two thousand. According to their own estimates this result is much less favourable to the opponents of masonry than was anticipated. Indeed, considering the means which have been used to prejudice the public mind against the institution, we must look upon the anti-masonick vote as a meager one. Southwick received the undivided support of the faction, and the votes given to him may be counted upon as all the strength it can muster in this state, in its utmost need. It is not wonderful, that, in a multitude so vast as that which inhabits the state of New-York, and of a character so paradoxical, many should be found so lost to the public interests, and to the duties they owe their fellow beings, as to pursue any means to any length, for the sake of personal aggrandizement, or the gratification of their prejudices. We have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the evidence we now have, that the great body of the people are governed by truth, and the sober dictates of their judgement. Anti-masonry is on the downhill road, and the best efforts of the whisker-shavers and tooth-drawers to Timothy Munro will not sustain it.

For the Masonick Record, and Saturday Magazine

Mr. Editor,—The following article has been refused admission in the "North Star"—the conscientious editor observing, that "as masons had withdrawn all their support from him, and were doing him all the injury in their power, he should do nothing to help them." By inserting it in your paper, you will confer a favour on an injured portion of community; while an abused public will recognize in the conductors of the boasted "Free Press" a servile devotedness to a cause concerning which we have their solemn pledge, that "nothing should induce them so far to

become partizans in this quarrel as to deviate from the line of impartiality and candour." [See North Star, of May 8, 1827.]

Messrs. E. & W. Eaton,—I wish to make a few remarks in relation to those of your correspondent "Hiram," concerning the subject of the appeal of the lodges to the public; and as the columns of all the "Muzzled Presses" in this part of the state are closed alike against the communications of masons and anti-masons, I am induced to solicit a place in your paper; which, as the conductors of a "Free Press," I presume you will not refuse.

Your correspondent appears to be at a loss as to the authors of the appeal, and inquires "Is it made by the lodges and chapters in their official capacity, or only by individuals in these bodies, who have volunteered their services?"

After having been assured by the editors of the Star, that they were in possession of proof that the lodges did meet *officially*, in "secret convolve," for the very purpose of "acting in concert"—that they did appoint a committee of one person from each lodge to draft the appeal, and that the names of this committee were known to the editors, is not your correspondent chargeable with an incredulity uncommon to himself, while he admits even a *suspicion* that the book is not what it purports to be?

But as though the mere suggestion that it *might not* be the official act of the lodges established the fact that it was merely the production of officious individuals, he begs the question, and proceeds to inquire whether these individuals are "men of information, or mere tools of their order"—"men who fear God," or the contrary; and with a magnanimity and candour, unlike his exhortation to the churches, to "treat their ministers as heathen men and publicans," he admits that "there are men of talents and worth in these lodges."

As your correspondent deems it "important in this case to know the character of these appellants," he is informed that if he will apply to the secretary of any of these lodges, he can be furnished from the records with a copy of a *unanimous* vote, sanctioning the appeal as their official act. Of course, himself being the judge, it is the acts of *some* men of "talents and worth."

But your correspondent proceeds to inquire, in the second place, "What is the object of the appeal? Is it to refute the Illustrations of Masonry, by captain Morgan? Is it to show that the oaths and obligations, as published at Le Roy are not truly stated?" &c. &c.—and informs us that "better evidence should be produced." "That those who withdraw from a combination cannot be refuted by the testimony of those who cling to the institution and endeavour to support it." That is,—The representatives of those who withdraw from the institution and renounce it, are entitled to full credit, although contradicted by the testimony of men of "talents and worth," whose numbers, in proportion to those who renounce, are as a hundred to one; for, says he, "the testimony of those who give evidence for the state will be admitted in court, though contradicted by their accomplices."

He again repeats the question—"What can be the object of the appeal?" and, with wonderful sagacity discovers clearly, among other things, that the object of its authors is to "secure votes for their masonick brethren!" a suggestion truly contemptible;—an insult to the judgement and to the better feelings of community.

Next follows an elaborate discussion of the evidence supporting the correctness of the various "disclosures," as contrasted with the disavowals of the appellants. He asserts that the grand question at issue is, whether these disclosures are, or are not, substantially true. If they are not true, he wishes to know the fact, and "will thank any mason to place convincing evidence before him."

Now I would ask "Hiram" what will constitute, with him, "convincing evidence." He well knows that evidence is not to be had from the uninitiated. None but masons are competent witnesses. But inasmuch as the "disclosures" are of such a nature as to implicate the members of the institution in crime, they are, in his view, disfranchised. He says "there is a legal objection to the testimony of these masonick brethren. They are deeply concerned in the question at issue. They are the party concerned; and shall a man's testimony be admitted to extenuate himself? Who then could be found guilty? There is, therefore, no possibility of escape. If they admit the correctness of the 'disclosures,' they acknowledge themselves guilty—(for the nature of the indictment is the same, whether the crime be proved by the testimony of others, or by the confession of the criminal: if they deny their correctness, they are a party concerned; and therefore, although men of integrity and 'worth,' are not to be believed. Like the decision of the Dutch justice in the trial of the woman for witchcraft—she was to be thrown into the river—if she sunk, and was drowned, she was innocent; if she swam, she was a witch, and must be burned.

Your correspondent next makes a very foolish attempt to charge masons with having produced the excitement. Alluding to that part of the appeal which deprecates "the present perturbed state of society, compared with its happy and prosperous condition a few months since," he inquires—

'but who produced this state of things? Had not masons nourished and elevated masonry, there would have been no expression of public indignation against masonry or its abettors. After the disclosures were made, had masons preferred the peace of society to the cause of masonry, there would have been little excitement.'

With equal justice might those who condemned and hung the Salem witches charge upon those unoffending victims the cause of the excitement then prevailing, and which in its nature was less sanguinary than the present. I will admit that those who kidnapped Morgan were masons. But what has that to do in criminalizing the body of masons, and particularly the appellants, who decidedly condemn that outrage? The appellants constitute the body of masons whose conduct falls under the notice of your correspondent, and who are obnoxious to his accusations. But where is the evidence of their 'attack made upon the character of those who have withdrawn from masonry?' of their 'attempts to derange their business and destroy their character?'—seceding masons have, it is true, in some instances been expelled; a right exercised in similar cases by every society and church, without rendering them liable to the charge of 'attempting to destroy their character.'

Where is the 'vindictive spirit' of which he complains exhibited? Is it in the appeal? That production will suffer nothing on this score by being compared with the numbers of 'Hiram.' Is it in calling together popular assemblies, and writing anonymous newspaper essays for the purpose of exciting the indignation of the public against the objects of their vengeance?

These charges have here no foundation. But they rebound with resistless force upon those who make them. And there are we to look for the solution of the question—'Who has produced this state of things?'

Most certainly it is those who have attempted to load a large and respectable portion of community with obloquy and reproach; attacking their character, their sentiments, and their motives;—identifying them with murderers, ruffians, and traitors; and attempting, by exciting the fears, jealousies and distrust of community against them, to disfranchise them, and fix upon them perpetual odium and disgrace.

Your correspondent says that masons 'have it in their power to change the state of things in a few days, and put to rest the excitement. Let them,' says he, 'quit the rotten bark, and let her go down to the grave. Then the excitement would subside, and the pleasures of social intercourse be restored.'

And had the christians in the persecution of Nero complied with the requisitions of their persecutors, the excitement then existing would have ceased, and the blood of martyrs had not been spilled. Not that I would intimate that masonry is, or claims to be a religious institution. But its members are called upon to do what they consider a wicked act; and although a Nero should wield over them his bloody sceptre, they will never, in any considerable numbers, sacrifice a principle to purchase the peace they so much desire.

'Hiram' thinks it 'incumbent on masons to enter into a defence of the principles of masonry.' It may be so. And the appellants are not averse to doing it, when they shall have become convinced that the discussion is desired by the candid part of community; but they can never recognize this character in those who need the aid of the bitter invectives and denunciations, and the opprobrious epithets which abound in the productions of 'Hiram' and his contemporaries; nor will they deign to answer the objections of those who have assumed the right to impeach their veracity.

They are independent and honourable men, and will never beg for favour from the hands of those who make it their business to traduce their reputation. SOLOMON.

THE IRISH SHIELD. is a weekly publication recently commenced in the city of New-York. It appears to be conducted with spirit, and as the affairs of Ireland are every day acquiring a more interesting aspect, we doubt not the "SHIELD" will receive a liberal support from the friends of that suffering country. It is published, in the quarto form, and the price is four dollars a year.

FOREIGN NEWS. By late arrivals London papers to the evening of the 17th, and Liverpool to the 19th of October, have been received. The disturbances in Ireland continue, and seem to increase rather than diminish. Mr. Lawless had been arrested in Dublin on the charge of sedition. At the request of the Irish Catholic Association, Mr. O'Connell had addressed a letter to the people, requesting them to desist from meeting in large bodies. Troops had been sent thither, but it was supposed an act emancipating the country would be passed by the English government.

We extract a few items relative to the war in the east.

The Russian Retreat.—The Russians are in full retreat, and by the last accounts their main army was fifty miles north

of Varna. They have met with repulse, discomfiture and defeat. Such ever be the lot of the aggressor and invader.

Letters from Vienna, of the 4th Oct. state that the Russian army before Choulma, was, at the time of its retreat, in such want of provisions as scarcely to have two ounces of bread per day for each soldier, with half a pint of water.

Letters from B. in state the second army, under command of Count Wittgenstein, has been dispersed—that whole regiments of cavalry are dismounted, and that the want of water has been so severely felt, that three roubles have been given for a bottle of water!

Accounts from Bucharest, state the Turks have assumed the offensive against Gen. Roth, the sieger of Sillistria.

Krom Chumla, Hussein Pacha has rushed down, at the head of 70,000 men, in pursuit of the Russians, who have abandoned their cannon. His determination is, to compel them to a general battle, and to end the campaign by their annihilation.

The Czax has ordered a levy of 4 men of every 400 in his empire. This levy will amount to about 250,000 men.

Hamburg, Oct. 10.—A letter from Frankfort says, that *estuff. les* received from Vienna, represented the present campaign of the Russians as completely at an end, and the emperor as about to return to St. Petersburg. Count Wittgenstein, it is said, is to be superseded in his command, and Gen. Ugarow appointed to succeed him.

From the National Advocate.

MR. MONROE. It appears by an address which the citizens of Albemarle, Virginia, have made to the publick, that the final blow has been struck upon the property of Mr. Monroe, and that in consequence, houseless and penniless, he has left that neighbourhood, and we suppose state. We have for some time understood that this result was inevitable, and that he would be obliged to leave a place which has been his residence for fifty years. It is not therefore improbable that he has or may become a resident of this city, where also resides one of his daughters, married to Samuel L. Gouverneur, esq. The late neighbours of Mr. Monroe in Albemarle, evince a generous friendship and sympathy for their venerable friend, and have not seen, without efforts to arrest it, the calamity which has separated Mr. Monroe from them. They have made a strong appeal to the citizens of that section, as well as our country generally, accompanied with minute and interesting facts, showing the pecuniary sacrifices made by Mr. Monroe, during half a century of public service at home and abroad. It is yet the object and hope of the citizens of Albemarle, that legislative aid will be extended in a case fraught with so much personal hardship, not in the way of a grant or pension, but as a remuneration for losses actually sustained by Mr. Monroe, while in the publick employ. Of the validity of these claims upon the government, or in relation to them in any wise, we are not prepared to say any thing, other than that it must be the wish of every generous heart, to see them examined promptly, and interpreted most liberally and kindly. Venerating as we do all that devoted race of revolutionary patriots, of whom Mr. Monroe is among the last, we are anxious that amid the general prosperity and the universal happiness diffused by their labours, their last days should be their best days. As New-Yorkers, too, we cannot but be affected with the spectacle of an aged patriot leaving his native and beloved state, and coming among us for bread. "*An old man, broken with the storms of state, has come to lay his bones among you!*"

From the Massachusetts Journal.

MEXICO. Notwithstanding the contiguity of Mexico to the United States, very little seems to be known by the mass of people concerning it; many actually confounding it with Moscow, from the similarity of the sound of the two names, although the one is a neighbouring nation and the other in Russia. The present republic of Mexico is composed of the ancient Viceroyalty of New-Spain, of Yucatan, of the Commandancies of the eastern and western internal provinces, and of Chiapa. The capital of Mexico is situated in an elevated valley of near eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and was formerly surrounded by a salt lake, (Tescuco,) but at an incredible expenditure of time and money, they have succeeded in draining it, leaving a marsh—varying from two to five miles in width. Here a perpetual spring-like temperature reigns, owing to its elevation, and is free from what would be the noxious exhalations of the marsh if situated in the same latitude on the coast; but throughout the valley of Mexico, the air is particularly salubrious, the inhabitants attaining to as great longevity as any in the world. The population of the city is similar to that of New-York, being 160,000 souls, of whom 12,000 are clergy, or attached to religious houses.

The road from Vera Cruz is extremely rough and precipitous, in many places almost impassable—but to Acapulco, the nearest seaport on the Pacific, the route is one of gentle declivity. The distance from Vera Cruz is 207, and Acapulco 199 miles. According to Humboldt, the old city was founded in 1325, on an island in the lake of Tescuco. At the time Cortez conquered it, three-fourths of the city were destroyed, both victor and vanquished uniting in the work of destruction; it is from its ruins the present Spanish

city has arisen, one of the grandest and most splendid in the whole continent of America. The streets of the modern city are all laid out at right angles, and in the centre is a large square, where formerly stood the great Mexican Temple, upon the ruins of which the present Cathedral is built, the foundation being laid of Mexican idols. On the east side is the palace built by Cortez, 700 feet long, terminating at the corner of the square leading to the market. The publick edifices and churches are vast and splendid, and the private dwellings have a magnificent appearance, being usually three stories high with flat roofs, and the windows ornamented with iron balconies. There are not less than one hundred and five cupolas, domes, or spires, in the limits of the city.

It would be needless for me to enter into a minute detail, especially since there is exhibiting in this city such a panoramic painting, which ought not to remain unvisited by any one, who would wish to know any thing of the interesting portion of our continent; and here he can form as good an idea of the actual appearance of Mexico and the surrounding country, as he could were he to view the city itself from the steeple of the Cathedral. But, to continue, ignorance with all its attendant debasing concomitants, is the character of the mass of the population. The religion is that of the church of Rome, but in the remote residence of the Indians, heathenism is not entirely abolished, although the severe penalties upon detection, and the residence of missionaries, might warrant a supposition to the contrary. The country possesses such vast resources, together with the salubrity of the climate, that if inhabited by people endowed with the intelligence and enterprise of the English Americans, (I use the term in contradicition to Spanish Americans,) it would without any doubt, be one of the greatest, and consequently one of the most respected nations in the world; but alas! from its present abjectness of morals, owing to the want of education, more is truly to be feared for its prosperity than really hoped.

VARIETIES.

The population of Ohio has more rapidly increased than any other state on record. The population, in 1790, was 3900, in 1800, it amounted to 42,186; in 1810, to 230,760; and in 1820, to 581,434. The population, at present, no doubt amounts to 800,000. At the census of 1820, the number of persons engaged in agriculture amounted to 141,000; manufactures, 19,000; and in commerce 1500. By the state census of April, 1827, the number of free white male inhabitants over twenty-one years of age, amounted 145,745.

The following highly poetical inscriptions, instead of the vulgar insignia of "boots and shoes," are to be found on the signs of two brethren of the craft of the English metropolis:—

"Here's the man that wont refuse
For to mend both boots and shoes;
My leather's good, my charge's just;
Excuse me—I can not trust."

The next is more sublime; but as it has less of the business-like style than the former, we should be inclined to prefer the man of modest pretensions for our cobbler.

"Blow, O blow, ye gentle breezes,
All among the leaves and treezes;
Sing, O sing, ye heavenly muses,
And I will mend your boots and shoezes."

The late archbishop of Canterbury's will having been proved, his personal estate is found to amount to £180,000. He left seven daughters, all unmarried. He bequeathed his options, worth 5 or 6,000 a-year, to his successor. The nomination to the registry of the prerogative court, lately secured to him by parliament, is valued at £100,000, in addition to his other wealth. His income was said to be £25,000 per annum.

A London paper of the 2d ult., has the following article under date of Agram, Sept 9:

"It is said that Field Marshal Wittgenstein, has made the following proposals to the Sultan.

- "1. To pay the old debts originating in the time of Catharine, to the amount of 350 millions.
- "2. To pay the expense of the present war.
- "3. To recognise the independence of Greece.
- "4. To abolish all the taxes of the Greek subjects of the Porte.

"5. The free navigation of men of war and mercantile ships in both seas.

"6. The termination of the conferences of Akerman.

"The Sultan made no reply, and ordered prayers in all the mosques for the maintenance of the throne."

Wells: Irrigation. The Royal Society of Agriculture in France has offered premiums for boring wells in such a manner as to bring the water to the surface of the ground, and thus render it applicable to the purposes of agriculture.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—I have subscribed respectfully to inform his friends and the publick, that he continues the *Horse and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand No. 399, corner of North Market and Strouben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 3, 1825. JOHN F. PORTER.

POETRY.

From the Forget Me Not, for 1829.

SIR BALDRED'S FAREWELL.

BY DELTA.

I will thee bless—I will thee bless—

Although this last farewell I take,

Across the world's wide wilderness

A lifelong pilgrimage to make;

Then, fair ladye, when I am gone,

Thou mayest think on days forever flown;

And let a tear in memory roll

Of him, who loved thee as his soul!

Upon my hauberk I fix thy glove—

With brand at side and spear in hand,

And heart that nurses a hopeless love,

I wander away to the Holy Land;

Unmarked! unknown, by the voice of Fame,

My name shall be a hidden name;

And the blood that thrills for thee be poured.

In the cause of heaven, on Paynim sword.

For me sigh not—for me sigh not—

One parting tear alone I crave—

One look—ah! ne'er to be forgot—

Then welcome exile and the grave;

Then, fair ladye, shall glide my prow,

Where none will note my pensive brow;

And I will wander o'er eastern lands,

Where camels toil through the burning sands.

Farewell! we meet not on earth again:

And I alas! no more, no more,

When pricking home through the dusky plain,

Shall thy lofty lattice-light explore.

Again shall May these woods perfume,

The birds shall carol, the wild flowers bloom,

And thou be happy—I could not be

So cruel as not to pray for bliss to thee!

Fly up, fly up, my bonny gray hawk,

Up to thy quarry, away, away—

No falconer's lure shall entice thee back;

Search for thyself, bird, the forest prey.

No more in kennel shall yell my hound,

Mid pastures green free let him bound,

And masterless moan, when twilight falls

On grass green courts and empty halls.

Farewell! though the hopes I have nursed are dead

Though the heart is another's I trowed was mine;

Though at mid-day for me hath sunshine fled,

And destiny's sun made a quick decline;

I shall think of thee as a dazzling star,

That lured my steps from their path afar;

I shall dream of thee, as the outcast driven

From his fellow mortals dreams of heaven.

If ever rage the midnight storm,

When thou on silken couch dost sleep.

Let no rude fears disturb thy form;

Oh, start not thou to watch and weep!

If at thy lattice the night winds rave,

Grieve not for him who stems the wave,

Nor waste one thought, one sigh, on him

Who rocks not whether he sink or swim.

EVENING.

There is an hour when leaves are still, and winds sleep on

the wave;

When far beneath the closing clouds the day hath found a

grave;

And stars, that at the note of dawn begin their circling flight,

Return, like sun-tired birds, to seek the sable thoughts of

Night.

The curtains of the mind are closed, and slumber is most

sweet,

And visions to the hearts of men direct their fairy feet;

The wearied wing hath gained a tree, pain sighs itself to rest,

And beauty's bridegroom lies upon the pillow of her breast.

There is a feeling in that hour which tumult ne'er hath

known,

Which nature seems to dedicate to silent things alone;

The spirit of the lonely wakes as rising from the dead,

And finds its shroud adorned with flowers, its night lamp

newly fed.

The mournful moon her rainbows hath, and maid the blight of

all

That garlands life, some blossoms live, like lillies on a pall;

Thus while to lone affliction's couch some stranger joy may

come,

The bee that hoarded sweets all day hath sadness in its hum.

Yet some there are whose fire of years leaves no remembered

spark,

Whose summer time itself is bleak, whose very day-break

dark.

The stem though naked still may live, the leaf though per-

ished cling,

But if at first the root be cleft, it lies a branchless thing.

And oh! to such—long, hallowed nights their patient mu-

sic send;

The hours like drooping angels walk, more graceful as they

bend;

And stars emit a hoperlike ray, that melts as it comes nigh,

And nothing in that calm hath life that doth not wish to die.

From the Atlantic Souvenir, for 1829.

THE WITHERED ROSE TREE.

Wave on, thou lone and leafless stalk,

With not one living tint of green,

How well thy dreary whispers talk,

Of all that beauty once hath been!

The spring-time comes, with sun and showers,

Breathing young life on every spray,

It ne'er can fling its leaves and flowers

On thee, poor victim of decay.

The careful hand, the gentle eye,

Turn from thee, thou hast naught for them;

The wild bird flits on proud wing by,

And scorns to touch thy wasted stem.

The worm that gnawed thy living heart,

Now, sated, leaves thee—all are gone—

For thee, so worthless as thou art,

Friend, lover, foe, there is not one.

Yet there remain—they shall not tear

Thy useless joyless branch away;

Like me—alone, and scathed, and bare—

Wear out the season's changeful day.

Years may pass on, and thou shalt see

Spring's loveliest flowers around thee fall,

And summer's wild luxuriance be

In fate as thine—the fate of all.

If thou couldst feel, 'twere well, at last,

To bear the worst that may betide,

That when life's fitful storms have past

O'er thee, they may not tame thy pride.

Pride, misery's pride—that thou hast proved

The brightest and the darkest lot,

In splendour and in bloom beloved,

In woe, in withering, scorned, forget.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

BY MRS. HALL.

One came—with light and laughing air,

And cheek like opening blossom,

Bright gossamer twined amid her hair,

And glittered on her bosom,

And pearls and costly bracelets deck

Her round white arms and lovely neck.

Like summer's sky, with stars bedight,

The jewelled robe around her,

And dazzling as the noontide light

The radiant zone that bound her;

And pride and joy were in her eye,

And mortals bowed as she passed by.

Another came—o'er her mild face

A pensive shade was stealing,

Yet there no grief of earth we trace,

But that deep holy feeling,

Which mourns the heart should ever stray

From the pure fount of Truth away.

Around her brow, as snow-drop fair,

The glossy tresses cluster,

Nor pearl, nor ornament was there,

Save the meek spirit's lustre—

And faith and hope beamed from her eye,

And angels bowed as she passed by.

THE ISSUES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

BY MONTGOMERY.

O where shall rest be found;

Rest for the weary soul?

'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,

Or pierce to either pole:

The world can never give

The bliss for which we sigh;

'Tis not the whole of life to live,

Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,

There is a life above,

Unmeasured by the flight of years;

And all that life is love:

There is a death whose pang

Outlasts the fleeting breath;

O what eternal horrors hang

Around "the second death!"

Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lost we be banished from thy face,
 And evermore undone:
 Here would we end our quest;
 Alone are found in thee,
 The life of perfect love,—the rest
 Of immortality.

From the Forget Me Not, for 1829.

BALLAD.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

I have left my own home;

Youth, to follow thee;

I have left the green fields

For the greener sea.

I have loved the wild rose—

I have loved the heath—

I have loved the hawthorn tree,

And the running brook beneath.

I have loved the blackbird's song,

And the linnet's call—

The sweet words of my northern tongue—

I shall forget them all.

I have bade farewell to my own land,

And to my native sky,

And yet no smile has left my lip,

No tear bedims mine eye.

My way is o'er the waters wide,

My home beyond the sea;

But my path is still the same as thine—

And, love, I am with thee.

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Prout's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new founts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Peculiar care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new founts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting-Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO. Albany, October 4 1829. 36 if--

PROCLAMATION,

By NATHANIEL FITCHER, Lieutenant-Governor of the state of New-York.

WHEREAS the continued goodness of Almighty God to the people of this state, in permitting us to enjoy the blessings of republican institutions; in crowning the year with his mercy, by the abundant production of the "kindly fruits of the earth;" in the diffusion of moral instruction and science, by sustaining our colleges, academies and sabbath and common school institutions; in continuing to us the light of Revelation, and the consolation and toleration of religious profession and worship—these, and numberless other evidences of Divine favour, demand from us a public expression of devout and grateful acknowledgements.

I do therefore, in accordance with custom, and under a solemn sense of public duty, recommend to the good people of this state, the observance of *Thursday, the 4th day of December next*, as a day of **PUBLIC PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING**; and, in so doing, I indulge the confident expectation that all, with the exception of those who may be restrained by conscientious scruples, will assemble on that day, in their respective places of public worship, and with devout and grateful hearts, present their thanks-offering to **ALMIGHTY GOD** for the multiplied blessings which we are permitted to enjoy.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the privy seal of the said state, at Albany, 28th day of October [L. S.] 1829. NATHANIEL FITCHER



Nov. 8 1829.

A. L. PLOUGH, DENTIST,

AT SKINNER'S MANSION-HOUSE, STATE STREET ALBANY.

WITH much freedom, Mr. Plough has the honour to inform his friends that he has determined to establish himself in this city, and will faithfully attend to all applications, in the dental art. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have not experienced his skill are respectfully invited to call and examine his recommendations, signed by some of the most respectable citizens, as well of this as of other places in the United States.

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILDS, at the corner of North Market and Steuben-streets, up stairs. By Entrance from Steuben-street. To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1828.

NO. 44.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, on the Festival of St. John the Evangelist, at the Stone Chapel, Boston, Dec. 27, 1802.

By BR. JOHN W. GURLEY.

(Concluded.)

When we consider the vicissitudes of life that every thing in the future is hidden from the eyes of mortal men, how amiable appears that virtue which soothes sorrow, and pours balm into the wounded heart. Unseen by the eye of the world it bestows relief without ostentation. It performs its good deeds in secret, and trusts its reward to reflection and Heaven. Ye men of pride, who delight in the pomp and parade of life, who nursed in the lap of ease sleep away time in careless indifference to every thing but the pleasures of the moment, whose utmost invention extends only to wear away those hours which can never return, enter with me the haunts of poverty and distress. Think not to turn away from the dark visage of misery, for it may one day be your own. Remember with experience, if you cannot reflect with philosophy, that there is no condition of human greatness beyond the reach of envy, and the blows of fortune. Behold the man of sorrow. Abandoned by all but those whose condition excites the last anguish of his heart. Surrounded by his helpless children, on whom he has conferred life without its blessings, demanding the sustenance of nature which he cannot obtain, and catching from the refusal of his wild distraction all the horror of his soul. Behold the partner, once of his joys, but now of his misery, soothing him with hope which alone exists in remembrance, while her heart beats only to warm for a moment the offspring of her bosom, which she presses in her arms while she sinks with the burthen. The wintry storm which howls over the angry ocean, is alone in unison with the commotions of his soul. He recollects the days which are past, the friends who have deserted and betrayed him at "his utmost need," and who in better times had fed on his bounty—his wife—his children—Behold the frenzy of nature in her last struggle, when she wages war with herself. Charity descends as from Heaven—in a moment all is peace. Hushed is the storm of the passions, reason reascends her throne, and no voice is heard but that of gratitude, and the responses of benevolence. Learn here what is Charity.

Think not, lovely woman, we can forget you when we inculcate virtue so peculiarly your own. Although you participate not with us in our labours and our toils, yet we cannot deny you the privilege of your nature, to participate in the exercise of all the virtues. And if Charity, celestial Charity should ever quit our earth, and take her flight to her native Heaven, she would leave last of all the bosom of beauty.

Let me here be permitted to inquire, can an institution which is thus directed to purposes which, I am sensible have been most imperfectly illustrated, be too highly estimated? Are not its advantages too great to be yielded to the clamours of presumptuous ignorance, or the senseless tales of idle, ungratified curiosity? It is frequently asked, why, if masonry is productive of such advantages, is its art not disclosed to the world? I answer—what is common is ever undervalued—what is obtained with labour is alone preserved with care. Besides, it is not the part of true wisdom to yield

a sure good for an uncertain advantage. To destroy is easy—it is the work of every common hand; but to build up requires not only labour, but time, skill and perseverance. Of all the ridiculous suggestions of folly, this is not the least ridiculous, that because we conceal from the eye of the world the sacred mysteries of our order, therefore they cannot be productive of good. What can be more illiberal than this process of condemnation? The excellence of almost every thing in the world is tested by its effects. But a reverse rule seems to have been applied to our institution, and while it is confessed that it performs much, it is reviled because it performs no more. As though there were no alloy mingled with all human good, and as if all virtue were not circumscribed within the limits of humanity. But it is the fashion of the day to cavil at every thing which has been sanctioned by experience and matured by time. Why should we, my brethren, expect to be unsubjected to the common lot? Do we boast any exemption from calumny? Or have we power to defy slander, which itself defies every thing? Which "rides on the posting winds, and doth belie all corners of the world." I am sensible that there are those who have been wrought upon by the alarms sounded throughout Europe, by a time of universal consternation, to advance opinions, which I trust however will be retracted with the same candour, with which, in this country, it is but justice to allow, they have been supported. To those who are capable of waging honourable war, I would on this occasion, as a humble organ, hold out the invitation of honourable peace. Are they the supporters of religion? Let them enter the vestibule of our temple. They will there find that the first precept of the humble Nazarene, who went about doing good, is the first precept of masonry. Are they the supporters of social order? They will there find the elementary principles of just equality and true subordination, reduced to a practical system, tested by experience.

That there are bad, as well as good men, who belong to our institution, has never been denied. But this assertion may be made with equal truth of every association of men that ever existed. When it can be said of all who profess to be the disciples of religion, that they are pious, honest, and benevolent, it will alone be time to accuse masonry of the delinquencies of masons. But when our institution is attacked as being in its design hostile to the peace and order of society, it is but reasonable that we should be heard in our defence against so unjust a reproach. Look upon those men who have patronized masonry, and say, have they been inimical to the publick happiness? Was Washington an enemy to his country or to mankind? Why should I yet mention the name of this illustrious man? "You all did love him once, not without cause." What reason is there then, let me ask you, in the language of Mark Antony, over the dead body of Caesar, what reason is there then that you should now forget him? Has slander had the power to efface from your memory the recollection of the hero, the patriot, and the sage? I know your answer—the answer of noble souls. Were fame herself, with her ten thousand tongues, her brazen throat, and her lungs of iron, to become auxiliary in the utterance of calumny, all would be lost, and more than lost in the harmony of gratitude.

Diodorus says of Empedocles, that his birth would have been glory enough for Sicily, had it produced nothing else, either great or excellent.

If the character of a single individual was thus accounted to have completed the glory of an ancient State, what claim may not this western world make, for having given birth to a man of such vast and just renown. What might not our order boast, if it were disposed to boast, in having had him for their most zealous patron during the greatest portion of his arduous and active life. But death has snatched him from us, and there is nothing now remains of the man that was mortal. The precepts of his wisdom, and the practice of his life, are still ours. A noble legacy. Let it go down to posterity.

It remains that I congratulate you, my brethren, on this auspicious occasion. The present situation of Masonry is flourishing throughout the world. In Europe it unites in its support the highest rank, and the most splendid genius. In America much devolves on you to preserve its pristine purity and original brightness.

To my Right Worshipful Grand Master elect, I can only say, great are his duties, but as great I trust his zeal and ability to perform them. He will remember that he stands in the place of a man who was beloved by his countrymen, and whose memory will be held in reverence as long as the high hills of Massachusetts shall be holden by the descendants of Freemen. In the place of Warren—who was bright as honour, pure as the faith of ancient days—who died on the bed of fame, whose name is encircled with glory. You knew the man—and it shall not be my part to cloud with eulogy the splendour of truth.

Let us, my brethren, while we celebrate the festival of holy St. John, reflect upon him who was indeed the pattern of every masonick virtue. Let us remember that while he was the best beloved of the twelve, he was found faithful even to the last trial of human fortitude. Learn of him fidelity. Be not deceived. Believe not that because our conditions in life are different, that therefore our interests are opposed. In spite of the games of fortune, and she has always played them from the world's beginning, we are all linked together. Let us brighten by union the chain which binds us—and while we stand beneath the majestic arch of this our temple of concord, whose pillars rest on the four quarters of the globe, let us pay our adoration to the shrine of virtue—virtue which is alone immortal—which will alone survive, bright effluence of divinity—when yon star of day shall be plucked from his sphere, "amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

For the American Masonick Record.

Mr. Editor,—In looking over a file of the Albany Gazette for 1821, under date of 4th May, I find the following interesting account of freemasonry among the Arabs.

Port Prayer, St. Jago, Dec. 21.

"Arrived, His Britannick Majesty's ship, Leven, captain D. E. Bartholomew, C.B. Commander, last from Rio Oura and Cape Blanco, and sailed 2d of January, for Goree and Gambia, surveying. Captain Bartholomew informs us that at Rio Oura he had an interview with a tribe of wandering Arabs, and, strange to learn, found among them a freemason, who spoke a little Spanish, and said that in Arabia Felix, where he had been, were many freemasons, and offered to go on board his ship, but was prevented by the chief."

From the above it seems there are freemasons among the Arabs of the Great Desert of Arabia and of Arabia Felix. This is certainly an interesting discovery.

information, which ought to be recorded, and has every appearance of truth. Y.

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

For the American Masonick Record.

Mr. Child—As a member of the order of Odd Fellows, I embrace the opportunity you have so liberally advanced by allotting a portion of your highly useful and interesting paper, to matter emanating from that fraternity: thereby affording us a medium whereby to disseminate our feelings and sentiments more generally, and perhaps usefully.

Reflecting on the nature and tendency of civil compacts, and the disposition inherent in mankind to associate themselves into societies; I found the subject highly interesting, and led me into a train of ideas not altogether unworthy attention.

Man considered in the abstract, when deprived by circumstances of a free intercourse with the rest of his species, and thrown altogether upon his own resources to supply the enjoyments of society, gradually loses his feelings of sociability, and consequently fosters others of a more misanthropic character. Mankind assembling themselves into communities, is certainly a tacit confession of the dependance man places upon his fellow man for security, and the comforts of civilized life; so much so, that when we find any portion of mankind that are compelled to forego a settled reliance upon society, or strive to live independent of each other, as the wandering Arab of the desert, and the wild Indian of America; they prove too clearly the fallacy of their system, by their unceasing wars and its attendant calamities. This then being premised, how can it be a matter of wonder that those who have seen fit to congregate themselves into communities should follow up the idea of security and refinement by subdividing themselves into smaller associations to suit the contingencies incidental to the domestic welfare of individuals; as the same feeling that prompted them to mingle their common interest in one in the establishing of government, would dictate the propriety of still smaller parties to protect and apply more strictly to their individual benefit, than could possibly be expected from the general laws of a community. This disposition to associate, so far from its being suppressed as dangerous and inimical to the good of mankind, I think, if viewed in a proper light and understanding, would, and ought to be encouraged; as the danger arises more from a want of intercourse with each other, and consequently from a want of knowledge of the character of those who compose the community. It is with feelings of pleasure I see the establishment of benevolent institutions for the benefit of tradesmen and artisans; and beside them, prudent provisions against a reverse of fortune. But as the object of these establishments are chiefly to afford pecuniary aid to the needy, the benefits arising therefrom can be expected to extend no farther. It is here that fraternities like Masonry and Odd Fellowship manifest a superiority; that together with their advantages, while they supply the needy with sustenance, they likewise administer soothing consolation to the afflicted in mind, and prepare it to withstand the many "ills that flesh is heir to," with fortitude and without murmuring.

Not being a mason, I can speak only with particular reference to Odd Fellowship, although I am convinced they have the same benevolent object in view. A lodge of Odd Fellows may be considered as a consecrated spot, where all meet upon an equality; the rich divested of his pride, the poor forgetting his poverty; the great laying aside his importance, the ignorant willing to be instructed, where true merit though unnoticed by the world finds its reward in being honoured and respected. It is here man is divested of all those trappings—pride, ostentation and conceit, which so much deceive himself and the world, and is made sensible of his littleness when he attempts to soar above his sphere, and while it teaches him humility towards his brethren, convinces him that his interest and comfort is so inseparably connected with that of his fellow man, that in planning happiness for himself, he must not in the smallest degree cause the unhappiness or disturb the tranquility of his fellows. D. B.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

MONOMANIA.

A French daily paper, devoted exclusively to medical and surgical reports (*La Clinique*) contains an account of the recent trial at Angouleme of a man named Jean Fort, charged with the wilful murder of his mother.

This case, it seems, has been brought forward in the Clinique in support of the arguments of Drs. Gall, Georget, and others, who from careful and long experience, have declared that the monomania of homicide is found frequently in persons who in every other respect are not only free from mental alienation, but who also sometimes display great intellectual powers, and but for the longing to shed human blood, which in them is unconquerable, might be considered mild and humane members of society, their general conduct being usually correct, and, during the absence of the paroxysms, decidedly benevolent.

The description given by Gall, Georget, Esquirol, and other eminent surgeons and physicians, of the monomaniack, is as follows:—"When the monomaniack has accomplished his object, he no longer thinks of any thing else. He has destroyed life; his end is attained. After the murder, he is calm, and does not attempt to conceal himself. Sometimes even, full of satisfaction with the deed that he has committed, he avows and delivers himself up to justice. If he is taken, however, against his will, he is morose and melancholy; he uses no dissimulation or artifice, and reveals with calmness and candour the minutest details of the murder."

Opposed to the doctrines of this party, by which monomania is declared a mental failing over which the subject of it has no controul—the development of the passion being greater than the co-reative powers of the mind—are some of the principal surgeons of the French metropolis, who deny first the correctness of the facts as stated by their opponents, and then comment on the bad examples and danger to society of allowing monomaniacks to escape without punishment.

As cases of real or pretended monomania are now become frequent in France particularly in the south, which appears to be as fertile in the production of crime as of the gifts of nature, the discussion excites great interest in Paris, and is kept up by the new facts of which the opposing parties daily avail themselves. The following case seems to support the doctrines of Gall in a strong degree. The murderer, in his calmness during the perpetration of his horrible purpose, and after its completion, resembles much the unfortunate man who was tried at Cork for the murder of his crew. On that occasion a strong effort was made to convict the prisoner of wilful murder, against the concurrent testimony of the medical witnesses, who deposed to his monomania in the most positive and decided manner. The general correctness of the prisoner, the total freedom from mental imbecility, and even great powers of intellect in the ordinary affairs of life, were clearly deposed to; but the horrible disease (for it is a disease) of monomania was clearly evident, and it seemed extraordinary that there should be persons who had been well educated who could doubt its existence.

Jean Fort, the monomaniack, tried at Angouleme, is described in the account of the trial as an object of disgust, from the appearance of his face, which was covered with an ulcer, which had nearly destroyed his nose; and instances of his having used threats of destruction to many persons, some of whom, perhaps, had ridiculed him on his appearance, were related in evidence. On one occasion he had been seen attempting the life of his mother, and when disturbed, he exclaimed, "Well, if I do not kill you to-day, I can do it to-morrow." At another time he attempted to destroy a young child, after having said to it, "I will kill you, you little rogue; for if I allow you to grow up, you will some day or other turn me into ridicule." On the 18th of June last, Fort was accosted by a woman, to whom he said, "I am determined to kill all the people at Querroy." "And why?" said the female. "Because they are too thick, and want thinning; some are too honest; but altogether they have caused me to kill my mother." "Your mother!" "Yes, I have killed her, but I will put her in a coffin, and bury her myself."

On the following afternoon, another woman, who lived near the house of the prisoner's mother, saw him enter the garden with a spade, mark out a grave, and begin to dig. She asked him what he was going to do. "I am digging a grave for my mother," said he, "for I have killed her; and if you don't believe it, go into the house and see." During the night he continued to dig. The woman and her husband rose at midnight, and called to him to go to bed. He replied coldly, "Go to bed yourselves: I am not working on your property."

When the Mayor went to apprehend him, he was found lying in the grave fast asleep. Being awakened and asked what he was doing, he said "I am digging a grave for my mother, whom I have killed;" at the same time showing the instrument with which he had destroyed her.

On entering the house, the mother was found murdered in her chair. Fort followed, and began to prepare for her interment. He was suffered to do this, and in a few hours he had made a complete shroud. He was then taken to prison, and soon after put upon his trial.

The Mayor and several persons who had known him for years swore that they had never witnessed in him any act of insanity.

The physician of the place and other medical men gave similar testimony.

He acknowledged the murder; said he could die but once, and that if found guilty, ten days, (making a sign to imitate the falling of the guillotine) would end every thing.

The jury acquitted him on the ground that at the time of the murder he was suffering under mental aberration.

STARCH FROM POTATOES.

Grind a quantity of potatoes into a pulp by rubbing them on a plate of tin in which a number of holes have been made, then put them into a hair sieve, and pour cold water over them as long as a milky liquid passes through. This liquid is to be received into a basin, and when a whitish powder has settled at the bottom, the liquid is to be poured off it, and the powder repeatedly washed with spring water, until it become perfectly white. When the last liquor has been poured off, the basin is to be placed in a warm place till the starch be perfectly dry.

Observation.—Twenty pounds of good potatoes, treated in this way, generally yields about four pounds of starch.

TO ETCH DESIGNS ON GLASS.

Cover the glass all over with a thin coat of bees' wax, and trace the design with an etching needle; then spread the whole over as uniformly as possible with fluor spar (Derbyshire spar) to the depth of an eighth of an inch, and when this is done, pour sulphuric acid, diluted with three times its weight of water, upon the spar. After the acid has remained upon it three or four hours it is to be poured off, and the glass washed with oil of turpentine; the etching will then appear, and the parts that were covered with the wax will have remained untouched.

Observation.—By this means glass vessels are graduated and ornamented very easily.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

The New-England Weekly Review is now publishing a series of "Letters from Turkey," by a traveller in that country, who appears to have been a close observer of the peculiarities of the inhabitants. From Letter V. we extract the following anecdote.

The religion of Mahomet forbids the indulgence of any of those amusements, so generally found in our large cities—such as theatres, &c. and it inspires its followers with a degree of enthusiasm bordering on fanaticism, and a practice of austerity almost beyond human endurance. It is not unfrequent, therefore, that we find in their countenances a dark and melancholy expression, so strongly marked, as to induce a belief that the Turk is not susceptible of much strong passion. But such is not generally the fact. He seems rather to be a compound of opposite characteristics: In his calmer moods he is mild, soft, and affectionate; but

as I have already said, when roused by provocation or disappointment his passion and rage are ungovernable for a time. In such a state of mind, he flies immediately to the society of his women, as instinctively as a startled frog to the water. So common and universal is this, that they almost seem to consider women created for special purpose of appeasing the anger of mankind. Of this I remember a curious instance, which amused me very much at the time. One of my friends at Constantinople, who was naturally a very passionate man, missed several valuable papers, which he had left in the care of his valet de chambre. Presuming that they had been lost by his negligence, he became very much enraged against him, and treated him with a great deal of violence. His Turkish interpreter was present, and being somewhat terrified at Mr. B's ungovernable rage, he came and called me and two of my travelling companions to sooth our friend. But our efforts to do so only adding to his excitement, the Turk went out again and brought in our hostess madam D. and two of her servant girls. They came in great haste, and being fresh from the work in the kitchen, were half naked and covered with grease and dirt, and madam D. being herself a very short and corpulent woman, and all together staring with astonishment and terror, not knowing why they had been sent for, they presented a very singular group. I took the Turk one side, who all the time stood smiling and bowing, and asked him what he meant by bringing those women there; he replied with a very gracious smile and leer of the eye, that he wished them to sooth Mr. B. by their carresses, &c. Upon hearing this, I burst into a loud laugh, which seemed to offend my friend Mr. B., but having told him the purport of our landlady's visit, he could not resist the joke, and heartily joined in the loud roar of laughter with the whole company. At this our interpreter thought it was his time to wax wrathful, and, drawing his sabre, he fell upon us with great fury, and would very soon have killed, or at least wounded some of us, if we had not fallen upon him all together and endeavoured to thrust him out of the room: he resisted with great strength until he was passing under the door. Here losing his turban, he yielded, exclaiming, that "fate was against him, and that he was conquered."* Mr. B. told him to go off and never to exhibit such violence again "upon the pain of being reported to government." He then left us, but still very angry. A day or two after he returned very penitent, and very gravely assured Mr. B. that he never should do so again, as he had now *taken a wife*. I could give you a great many anecdotes of this kind, which befel me, if time would permit, or the occasion required it. I have mentioned this one to illustrate this singular trait of character, and I presume it will suffice.

* It is a singular circumstance in the character of the Turks, arising from the fact of its being considered very indecorous as well as indelicate to uncover the head, in the presence of others—that if in fight they lose their turban, they yield from mere shame, as quick as one of us would on losing his coat under similar circumstances.

THE GATHERER.

SCRAPS FROM TURKISH HISTORY.

First landing of the Turks in Europe.—Orchanes, second king of the Turks, having settled his monarchy in Lesser Asia, was determined to get footing in Europe. Solyman, his eldest son, being willing to undertake the enterprise, was accordingly despatched with an army of veterans, who crossed the Hellespont, and arrived on the European side. They soon afterwards seized many considerable castles and cities belonging to the Greeks, who offered little or no resistance to the invaders of their empire. These occurrences transpired about the year 1358.

A Woman's Revenge.—Mahomet the Great, on being proclaimed Sultan, caused his two innocent brothers to be put to death; the mother of the youngest immediately afterwards went to the new king, and reproached him severely for his cruelty. In order to appease her, he said, "that it consisted with the policy of his state, to do as he had done, but that whatever she asked of him, should be granted her." The lady, therefore, determined to be revenged, demanded one of the Sultan's chief

bassas to be delivered to her. Mahomet, to keep his word, gave orders that it should be done without delay; and the enraged lady, seeing the bassa bound before her, first stabbed him, and then plucked out his liver, which she cast to the dogs.

Turkish Superstition.—Scanderbeg, prince of Epyrus, after many glorious victories, died on the 17th of January, 1466, in the 53d year of his age, and 24th of his reign. He was buried with great solemnity in the Cathedral at Lyssa. The Turks, nine years afterwards, took the city and dug up his bones for the purpose of setting them in rings and bracelets, thinking, by this means, that they should partake of his invincible fortune.

Amurath's Dream.—About the year 1594, Amurath III. dreamed that he saw a man of prodigious stature, with one foot raised upon Constantinople, while the other reached over the Bosphorus, and rested on the Asiatick shore. In one hand the figure sustained the sun, while the other held the moon. He struck his foot against the Tower of Constantinople, the fall of which overthrew the great temple and the imperial palace. Amurath, being greatly discomfited by this dream, consulted his wizzard, who informed him, "that it was a warning sent by their prophet Mahomet, who threatened the overthrow of their religion and empire. Unless Amurath engaged his whole force against the Christians." This interpretation had so much influence with the emperor, that he vowed not to lay down his arms until he had utterly exterminated the Christians.

AMBER.

Polangen, the frontier town of Russia, is famous for its trade in amber. This substance is found by the inhabitants on the coast between Polangen and Fillau, either loosely on the shore, on which it has been thrown by the strong north and westerly winds, or in small hillocks of sand near the sea, where it is found in regular strata. The quantity found yearly in this manner, and on this small extent of coast, besides what little is sometimes discovered in beds of pit coal in the interior of the country, is said to amount to from 150 to 200 tons, yielding a revenue to the government of Prussia of about 100,000 francs. As amber is much less in vogue in Western Europe than in former times, the best pieces, which are very transparent, and frequently weigh as much as three ounces, are sent to Turkey and Persia, for the heads of their expensive pipes and hookahs. Very few trinkets are now sold for ornaments to ladies' dresses; and the great bulk of amber annually found is converted into a species of scented spirits and oil, which are much esteemed for the composition of delicate varnish. In the rough state, amber is sold by the ton, and forms an object of export trade from Memel and Konigsberg.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA

Lives in comparative retirement, in a small palace fitted up with the greatest simplicity, and his bed is really not better than that usually allotted to a domestic in England. His study is quite that of an official man of business. He has a large map of his own dominions; and in each town where troops are stationed he fixes a common pin, and on the head of the pin is a small bit of card, on which are written the names of the regiments, their numbers, and commanding officers, in the town. He thus, at any moment, can see the disposition of his immense army, which is very essential to such a government as Prussia, it being a mild despotick military system. He has a most excellent modern map of the Turkish provinces in Europe, and upon this is marked out every thing that can interest a military man. A number of pins, with green heads, point out the positions of the Russian army; and in the same manner with red-and-white-headed pins, he distinguishes the stations of the different kinds of troops of the Turkish host.

AN IMPERIAL ENCORE.

When Cimarosa's opera of *Matrimonio Segreto* was performed before the Emperor Joseph, he invited all the singers to a banquet, and then in a fit of enthusiasm, sent them all back to the theatre to play and sing the whole opera over again!

GETTING A JOURNEY.

By Dr. Kitchener.

I got on horseback within ten minutes after I received your letter. When I got to Canterbury, I got a chaise for town. But I got wet through before I got to Canterbury, and I got such a cold as I shall not be able to get rid of in a hurry. I got to the Treasury about noon, but first of all I got shaved and drest. I soon got into the secret of getting a memorial before the board, but I could not get an answer then; however, I got intelligence from the messenger that I should most likely get one next morning. As soon as I got back to my inn, I got my supper, and got to bed. It was not long before I got to sleep. When I got up in the morning, I got my breakfast, and then got myself dressed, that I might get out in time, to get an answer to my memorial. As soon as I got it, I got into the chaise, and got home by three o'clock.

TALL PEOPLE.

The king of France, being at Calais, sent over an ambassador, a verie tall person, upon no other errand but a compliment to the king of England. At his audience he appeared in such a light garb, that afterwards the king asked Lord-keeper Bacon "what he thought of the French ambassador?" He answered, "That he was a verie proper man." "I," his majesty replied, "but what think you of his head piece? Is he a proper man for the office of an ambassador?" "Sir," returned he, "it appears too often, that tall men are like high houses of four or five stories, wherein commonlie the uppermost room is worst-furnished."

Lous XIV. was such a gourmand, that he would eat at a sitting four plateful of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a plateful of sallad, mutton hashed with garlick, two good sized slices of ham, a dish of pastry, and afterwards fruit and sweetmeats. The descendant Bourbons are slandered for having appetites of considerable action; but this appears to have been one of a four or five man power.

EPICURISM.

At a publick dinner, Captain R. commencing a conversation with a gentleman next to him, was astonished at not being able to elicit one word in answer. At length his silent neighbour turned to him and said, with a look and tone suitable to the importance of the communication, "Sir, whenever you are at a venison feast, let me advise you never to speak during dinner. In endeavouring to reply to you, I have actually at this moment swallowed entire a fine piece of fat, without tasting it!"

FLY WATER.

Prussick acid has been obtained from the leaves of green tea, in so concentrated a state, that one drop killed a dog almost instantaneously. A strong infusion of Souchong tea, sweetened with sugar, is as effectual in poisoning flies as the solution of arsenick, generally sold for that purpose.

IDOLATRY.

The origin of idolatry is by many attributed to the age of Eber, though most of the fathers place it no higher than that of Serug; but it appears certain, that image worship existed in the time of Jacob, from the account of Rachael taking images along with her on leaving her father's house, which is given in the book of Genesis.

OBSTINACY AND PERSEVERANCE.

Obstinacy and perseverance, though often confounded, are two very different things. A man may be very obstinate, and yet not persevere in his opinion ten minutes. Obstinacy is resistance to truth; perseverance is a continuance in truth or error.

ENDYMION.

A shepherd of Caria, from his observation of the course of the moon and planets, is reported to be the author of astronomy. The poets feign he was in love with the moon, who made a stop every night, and came down to kiss him, he being cast into a perpetual sleep on the top of Mount Latmos.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Oriental Herald.

BEBUT THE AMBITIOUS.

"Hear this true story, and see whether you may be conducted by ambition."
[Hafiz, the Persian poet.]

In one of the suburbs of Ispahan, under the reign of Abbas the First, there lived a poor, working jeweller. In his neighbourhood he was known by the name of Bebut the Honest. Numberless were the proofs of probity and disinterestedness which had gained for him this title.

In all disputes and quarrels, he was the chosen arbiter. His decisions were generally as conclusive as those of the Kazi himself. Laborious, active, and intelligent, and esteemed by all who knew him, Bebut was happy; and his happiness was still enhanced by love. Tamira, the beautiful daughter of his patron, was the object of his attachment which she returned. One thought alone disturbed his felicity; he was poor, and the father of Tamira would never accept a son-in-law without a fortune. Bebut, therefore, often meditated upon the means of getting rich. His thoughts dwelt so much on this subject, that ambition at length became a dangerous rival to the softer sentiments.

There was a grand festival in the harem. In the midst of it, the great Shah Abbas dropped the royal aigrette, called jigha, the mark of sovereignty among the Mussulmans. In changing his position, that it might be sought for, he inadvertently trod upon it, and it was broken. The officer who had charge of the crown jewels, knew the reputation of Bebut; to him he applied to repair this treasure. None but the most honest could be trusted with an article of such value, and who was there so honest as Bebut? Bebut was enraptured with the confidence. He promised to prove himself deserving of it.

Now Bebut holds in his hands the richest gems of Persia and the Indies. Ambition has already stolen into his bosom. Could it be silent on an occasion like this? It ought to have been so, but it was not.

"A single one of these numerous diamonds," said Bebut to himself, "would make my fortune and that of Tamira! I am incapable of a breach of trust; but if I were to commit one, would Abbas be the worse for it? No, so far from it, he would have made two of his subjects happy without being aware. Now, any body else situated as I am, would manage to put aside a vast treasure out of a job like this; but one, and that a very small one, of these many gems would be enough for me. It will be wrong, I confess, but I will replace it with a false one, cut and enchased with such exquisite taste and skill, that the value of the workmanship shall make up for any want of value in the material. It will be impossible to see the change; God and the Prophet will see it plainly enough, I know; but I will atone for the sin, and it shall be my only one. Sometime or other I will go a pilgrimage to Mashad, or even to Mecca, should my remorse grow troublesome."

Thus by the power of a "but," did Bebut the Honest contrive to quiet his conscience. The diamond was removed; a bit of crystal took its place, and the jigha appeared more brilliant than ever to the courtiers of Abbas, who, as they never spoke to him but with their foreheads in the dust, could, of course, form a very accurate estimate of the lustre of his jewels.

One day during the spring equinox, as the chief of the sectaries of Ali, according to the custom of Persia, was sitting at the gate of his palace to hear the complaints of his people, a mechanic from the suburb of Julfa broke through the crowd; he prostrated himself at the feet of the Abbas, and prayed for justice; he accused the kazi of corruption, and of having condemned him wrongfully. "My adversary and I," said he, "at first appealed to Bebut the Honest, who decided in my favour."—Being informed who this Bebut was, whose name for honesty stood so high in the suburb of Julfa, the Shah ordered the kazi into his presence. The monarch heard both sides, and weighed the affair maturely. He then pronounced for the decision of Bebut the Honest, whom he ordered the kalantar, or governor of the city, immediately to bring before him.

When Bebut saw the officer and his escort halt before the shop where he worked, a sudden tremour ran through his frame; but it was much worse when, in the name of the Shah, the officer commanded him to follow. He was on the point of offering his head at once in order to save the trouble of a superfluous ceremony, which could not, he thought, but end with the scimeter. However, he composed himself, and followed the kalantar.

Arrived before Abbas, he did not dare lift his eyes, lest he should see the fatal aigrette, and the false diamond rise up in judgement against him. Half dead with fright, he thought he already beheld the fierce rikas advancing with their horrid hatchets.

"Bebut, and you, Ismael-kazi," said Abbas to them, "listen. Since, of the two, it is the jeweller who best administers justice, let the jeweller be a judge, and the judge be a jeweller. Ismael, take Bebut's place in the workshop of his master; may you acquit yourself as well in his office, as he is sure to do in yours."

The sentence was punctually executed; and I am told that Ismael turned out an excellent jeweller.

Bebut-kazi, on his side, took possession of his place. He was quite determined to limit his ambition to becoming the husband of Tamira, and living honestly. He immediately asked her in marriage, and was immediately accepted. Bebut thought himself at the summit of his wishes. He was forming the most delightful projects, when again the kalantar of Ispahan appeared at his door. Still full of the affright into which this worthy person's first visit had thrown him, he received him with more flurry than politeness. He inquired confusedly, to what he was indebted for the honour of this second visit. The kalantar replied, "When I went to the house of your patron to transmit to you the mandate of the magnanimous Abbas, I saw there the beautiful Tamira with the gazelle eyes, the rose of Ispahan, brilliant as the azure campak which only grows in Paradise. Her glance on me produced the magical effect of the seal of Solomon, and I resolved to take her for my wife. I went this very morning to her father, but his word was given to you; and Bebut-kazi is the only obstacle to my happiness. Listen! I possess great riches, and have powerful friends; give up to me your claim on Tamira, and, ere long, I will get you appointed divan-beghi; you shall be the chief sovereign of justice in the first city of the universe; I will give you my own sister for a wife, she who was formerly the nightingale of Iran, the dove of Babylon. I leave you to reflect on my offer; to-morrow I return for the answer."

The new kazi was thunderstruck. "What! yield my Tamira to him for his sister! Why, she may be old and ugly; 'tis like exchanging a pearl of Bahrein for one of Mascata; but he is powerful. If I do not consent, he will deprive me of my place; and I like my place; and yet I would freely sacrifice it for Tamira. But were I no longer kazi, would he rather keep his promise? Doubtful. I love Tamira more than all the world; but we must not be selfish; we must forget our own interest, when it injures those we love. To deprive Tamira of a chance of being the wife of a kalantar would be doing her an injury. How could I have the heart to force her to forego such a glory merely for the sake of the poor insignificant kazi that I am! I should never get over it; 'tis done! I will immolate my happiness to hers! I shall be very wretched; but—but—I shall be divan-beghi."

If Bebut the Honest, misled by dawning avarice, fancied he committed his first fault for the sake of love, and not ambition, he must have been undeceived when these two rival passions came into competition, and he could only banish the first. If his eyes were not opened, those of the world began to be; for, from that moment, he lost (when he had more need of them than ever) the esteem and confidence he had hitherto inspired, and became known by the name of Bebut the Ambitious.

Not yet aware that the higher we rise in rank, the harder we find it to be virtuous, he was forever flattering himself with the future. Now, his conduct was to be such as should edify the whole

body of the magistracy of Ispahan, of which he was become the head. He would not be satisfied with going to Mecca to visit the black stone, the temple of Kaaba, and purifying himself in the waters of Zimzim, the miraculous spring which God caused to issue from the earth for Agar, and her son Ismael. He would do more; he would distribute a double zekath* to the poor, and win back for the divan-beghi, the noble title which the people gave to the mechanick of the suburb of Julfa.

The first judgment which he pronounced as divan-beghi, bore evidence of this excellent resolution; but an unfortunate event occurred, which proved the truth of the following verse of the renowned Ferdusi, in his poem of the "Schah-nameh."†

"Our first fault, like the prolific poppy of Abou-tige, produces seeds innumerable. The wind wafts them away, and we know not where they fall, or when they may rise; but this we know, they meet us at every step upon the path of life, and strew it with plants of bitterness."

The royal aigrette of Shah Abbas was again broken, and immediately confided to an old comrade of Bebut. He had not however the surname of "Honest," and his work was consequently subjected to the closest scrutiny. Now, it was discovered that a very fine diamond had been taken from the jigha and fraudulently replaced; the unfortunate jeweller was arrested and dragged to the tribunal of the divan-beghi. The ambitious Bebut felt that there was no chance for him if he did not hurry the affair to an immediate close. He forthwith condemned his innocent fellow-labourer to the punishment due to his own iniquity, and the sentence was executed on the instant.

His conscience told him that a man like him was unworthy to administer justice to his fellow-citizens. A pilgrimage to Mecca would now no longer suffice to appease his remorse; his ambition told him it could be lulled by nothing but luxury and splendour. By severe exactions, he amassed large sums; and by gifts contrived to gain over the most influential members of the divan; he thus got appointed Khan of Schamachia, and, from the modest distinctions of the judicature, he passed to the turbulent honours of military power—a change by no means rare in Persia.

Abbas was then collecting all his forces to march against the province of Kandahar, and to reduce the Afghans, who have since ruled over his descendants. In the battles fought on this occasion, Bebut the Ambitious gained the signal favour of one equally ambitious; for Abbas was an indefatigable conqueror, whom fortune, with all her favours, could never satisfy.

The Khan of Schamachia was so thoroughly devoted to his master, so blindly subservient to his will, that he presently became his confidant. He was the very man for the favour of a despot; he had no opinion of his own, and could always find good reasons for those to which he assented.—This, in the eyes of Abbas, constituted an excellent counsellor.

The monarch triumphed. Conqueror of the Kurdes, the Georgians, the Turks, and the Afghans, he re-entered Ispahan in triumph. He had already made it the capital of his dominions, and now proposed to himself to enjoy there quietly, in the midst of his glory, the fruits of his vast conquests; but the heart of the ambitious can never know repose. The grandeur of the sovereign crushed the people; Abbas felt this; he knew that, though powerful, he was detested; he trembled even in the inmost recesses of his palace. In pursuance of the Oriental policy, which has of late years been introduced into Europe, he resolved to give a diversion to the general hatred, which, in concentrating itself towards a single point, endangered the safety of his throne. With this design, he established, in the principal towns, numerous colonies from the nations he had conquered, and gave them privileges which excited the jealousy of the original inhabitants. The nation immedi-

*Zekath is the Persian name for the tithe of alms which the Koran enjoins to be distributed among the poor.

†Schah-nameh signifies the royal book. It was composed by Mahmoud the Gaznevide, and contains 60,000 distichs, the history of the ancient sovereigns of Persia.

ately divided itself into two powerful factions, the one calling itself the Polenks, the other the Felenks party. Abbas took care to keep up their strength; by alternately exciting and moderating their violence, he distracted their attention from the affairs of government. The disputes between them sometimes looked very serious; but they were kept under until the festival of the birth day of the Schah; on that occasion, the contenders were at last permitted to show their joy by a general fight. Armed with sticks and stones, they strewn the streets with bodies of the dying and the dead. Then the royal troops suddenly appeared, and proclaimed the day's amusements at an end, with slashes of the sabres drove back the Polenks and the Felenks to their homes.

But no sooner had this great politician ceased to fear his people, than he began to dread his court, and next his own family. Of his three sons, two had, by his command, been deprived of sight. By the laws of Persia, they were consequently declared incapable of reigning, and imprisoned in the castle of Alamuth.* He had only one now remaining. This was the noble and generous Safi Mirza—the delight of his father, and the hope of the people. His brilliant qualities, however, were destined only to be his destruction.

Abbas was one day musing, with some uneasiness, on the valour and popular virtues of his son, when the young prince suddenly appeared. He threw himself at his father's feet. He presented him a note which he had just received, and in which, without discovering their names, the nobles of the kingdom declared their weariness of his tyranny. They proposed to the youth to ascend the throne, and undertook to clear his way to it. Safi Mirza, indignant at a project that tended to turn him into a parricide, declared all to the Schah, and placed himself entirely at his disposal. Abbas embraced him, covered him with caresses, and felt his affection for him increase; but, from that moment, his fears redoubled. His anxiety even prevented him from sleeping. In order to get at the conspirators, he caused numbers of really innocent persons to die in tortures; and, feeling that every execution rendered him still more odious, he feared that his son would be again solicited, and would not again have virtue to resist.

This state of terror and suspicion becoming insupportable to him, he resolved to rid himself of it at any cost. A slave was ordered to murder the prince. He refused to obey, and presented his own head. "Have I then, none but ingrates and traitors about me, to eat my bread and salt!" cried Abbas, "I swear by my sabre and by the Koran, that, to him who will remove Safi Mirza, my generosity and gratitude shall be boundless." Bebut the Ambitious advanced and said,—"It is written that what the king wills cannot be wrong. To me thy will is sacred—it shall be obeyed." He went immediately to seek the prince. He met him coming out of the bath, accompanied by a single akta or valet, he drew his sabre, and presenting the royal mandate, "Safi Mirza," said he, "submit! Thy father wills thy death." "My father wills my death!" exclaimed the unfortunate prince, with a tone "more in sorrow than in anger." "What have I done that he should hate me!" And Bebut laid him dead at his feet.

As a reward for his crime, Abbas sent him the royal vest, called the calanta, and immediately created him his Etimadulet, or Prime Minister.

Paternal love, however, presently resumed its power. Remorse now produced the same effect upon the king, as terror had done before. His nights seemed endless. The bleeding shade of his son incessantly appeared before him, banishing the peace and slumber to which it had been sacrificed. Shrouded in the garb of mourning, the monarch of Persia dismissed all pleasure from his court; and, during the rest of his life, could not be known by his attire from the meanest of his subjects.

One day he sent for Bebut who found him standing on the steps of his throne, entirely clothed in scarlet, the red turban of twelve folds around his head—in short, in the garb assumed by the kings of Persia when preparing to pronounce the

decree of death. Bebut shuddered. "It is written," said the Schah, "that what the king wills cannot be wrong. Give me to-day the same proof of thy obedience which thou didst once before. Bebut thou hast a son—bring me his head!" Bebut attempted to speak. "Bebut, Etimadulet, Khan of Schamachia—is, then, thy ambition satisfied, that thou hesitates to satisfy my commands? Obey! Thy life depends on it!"

Bebut returned with the head of his only child. "Well," said the father of Mirza, with a horrid smile, "How dost feel?" "Let these tears tell you how," answered the unhappy Khan; "I have killed with my own hand the being I loved best on earth. You can ask nothing beyond. This day, for the first time, I have cursed ambition, which could subject me to a necessity like this." "Go," said the monarch: "You can now judge what you made me suffer, in murdering my son. Ambition has rendered us the two most wretched beings in the empire. But, be it your comfort that your ambition can soar no higher; for this last deed has brought you on a level with your sovereign."*

Abbas received from his subjects and posterity the surname of THE GREAT. Bebut the Ambitious was presently known only by the title of Bebut THE INFAMOUS. It is said, he was a short time after stabbed by a son of the unfortunate jeweller, whom he had so unjustly condemned to death when divan-beghi. Thus were the words of the poet Ferdusi verified. His first fault was the cause of all the others, and their common punishment.

* A king coolly ordering one of his subjects to cut off the head of his own child and being obeyed, is a circumstance so monstrous, that it would appear beyond all possibility, if it were not supported by numerous examples. But, incredible as it may seem, it only points the ominous manners of a court, where tyranny, and the vices which it generates, altogether extinguish the influence of nature.

MISCELLANY.

From the Ladies' Magazine.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

I might with propriety adopt the title of "a true story;" but I find the world pays little regard to names. Whatever is too refined for the fashionable, too generous for the selfish, too spiritual for the worldly, will be termed fiction. However, my story is true, absolutely and essentially true; and I could name as many living persons as the law requires to substantiate a fact, as evidences of its truth. But I think such a proceeding unnecessary. The narrative will carry its own conviction. It portrays woman as she is, constant "even unto death." And man—but I will tell the story.

During the last war between England and America, there lived in a town on the sea coast, an old man who had "Jephtha's treasure—one fair daughter, and no more." A sweet girl she was, that pretty Mary—sung like a lark, (a comparison, by the way, not very appropriate where there are no larks) was industrious as a bee, as lively as a swallow, and tender hearted as a pigeon. She fell in love, as such sweet girls are very apt to do, with one who was, if not beneath her in condition, very unpleasing to her father. The young man beat a drum, and the old man detested the noise of a drum; the young man enlisted as a soldier, and the old man protested his daughter should not wed a soldier—so the lovers were separated.

But before they parted, they mutually breathed a solemn vow to each other, that, if they were not permitted to marry together, they would not live. Only think what chivalric affection that was, for this "common place age." I do not know how long their period of trial was to last; but the hapless Mary "pined in thought." Her lover had marched "over the hills and far away," her father was silent and stern, and she had no companion but her own sad thoughts. Her father lived in a wild lonely place. He had no household save his daughter. He had no books. Novels may be decried, and charged with the sin of occupying precious time, and corrupting the imaginations of the young; but still they have often the "spell of power" to charm the desolate-hearted from the contemplation of their sorrows. I am not the champion of novels; yet I think it far better a silly, love-sick girl should read novels, than continually think of

her absent swain, or talk of her friend's cruelty and her own disappointment. But poor Mary had no novels to read, and she thought of her drummer from morning till night, and then from night till morning—except just when she happened to be asleep—even then he was not absent from her fancy. She dreamed of him, and dreamed he was dead; and she became impressed with the duty of committing suicide. She had promised; and her love and integrity alike demanded the sacrifice. She wrote a farewell letter to her lover, detailing all her agonies and the cruelty of her father; took the letter in her hand, and sought the sea shore. She probably never heard of Sappho, but similar feelings will inspire similar sentiments. No doubt but the tumult in the heart of that lowly lass was as tender, as terrible, as melting and melancholy, as that which inspired the immortal strains of the Lesbian's love harp. The catastrophe of the Plymouth maiden was as tragical as hers of Mitylene. When the tide ebbed, within a little cove was discovered the lifeless body of Mary. She was sitting, supported by a projecting rock, upright; her hair, nearly dried by the wind, floated over her shoulders; and in her hands, pressed closely together on her bosom, was the letter to her lover. Was she not constant?

What became of her drummer? Did he too, in despair—to use the lover's vein—snatch the fatal shears from the hand of the Fates, and cut short the thread of his own existence? Man, it is said, never loves like woman, with his whole heart. The statesman must devote his thoughts to the nation or his party—the merchant is engaged by the details of commerce and the desire of wealth—the sailor has a sweetheart in every port, and the soldier "changes mistresses as he changes garrisons." Never should a young woman flatter herself, that if she commits suicide, her swain will die also. Phaon did not. The drummer did not. Before the treaty of Ghent was known in the United States, he had negotiated a treaty for himself—he was married. Was he not false?

Yet where is the person of sense and good principles, but will commend the falsehood rather than the constancy? Let every romantic young lady who reads this story, grave it on her mind, that absurdities and sins can never be atoned for, by pleading wounded sensibility, disappointed affection, or even that devoted, exalted, yet sometimes dangerously indulged feeling—the pride of constancy!

GIPSIES.

The race of Gipsies, or, as the continental nations of Europe call them, Bohemians, is unknown on this continent; but the books, both grave and light of Europe, have made the name familiar to all reading people; and we shall therefore, without hesitation, copy from Walsley's Journey, "a sketch of this strange people, as he found them at the foot of the Carpathian mountains in Transylvania.—New England Palladium.

"I was now in the country where these extraordinary people are most numerous, and where they were first known in Europe. About the year 1408 they appeared in Hungary and Bohemia where they were called Ziguier, or Czingaries; but when they emigrated from hence, Bohemians, as it was from Bohemia they were supposed to have come, when they were first seen in the more western parts of Europe. They then went about in troops of several thousands together; but the tribes soon dispersed, and they are now scattered in smaller companies, forming still a large population in the centre of Europe, and occupying the suburbs of many towns, beside the wanderers, who pitch their tents wherever inclination leads them. The number of these people at present in Wallachia, Moldavia, and Transylvania, amounts to 222,000. They are generally called Czingaries, but sometimes Dfaroner, or subjects of Pharaoh, for the same reason as we call them Gipsy—their supposed Egyptian origin. They are distinguished like the Jews, by indelible personal marks—dark eyes, brown complexion, and black hair; and by unalterable moral qualities—an aversion to labour, and a propensity to petty theft. They acknowledge no particular religion as their own, but generally profess the Greek rites, of which they have but a crude and debased conception. They baptize their children; but it is generally done by themselves in a publick house, with a profane mix-

* That is to say, the Castle of the Dead. It was situated in the Tanderan, (the ancient Hircania), and had been the abode of the Old Man of the Mountain, the Prince of Assassins.

ture of ribaldry and folly. They have no notion of a resurrection, independent of the same body being again brought to life before it decays, which they say is impossible. One of their children died in school in this place, and the parents requested he might be buried with his school-fellows. On being asked if they expected to meet him in a future state, they said they knew he could never live again; and shewing a skinned horse, asked whether it was possible that could ever be restored to life. They form connexions before they are of marriageable years, and change them as inclination leads; and mothers are frequently surrounded by a number of children of different fathers, who, to a certain age, run about naked, even in the severest weather. When inclined to a settled life, several families herd together, with pigs and other animals, in a small enclosure, which is rendered exceedingly offensive by their total disregard of cleanliness.

"They are in temper irascible, even to frenzy, and live in a state of discord with each other, which is greatly increased by a propensity to intoxication. Notwithstanding their debased and despised situation in society, they are proud and consequential, exceedingly loquacious, and vain-glorious, with no regard to truth. They hold certain families among them in high respect, and call them *Volvodes*; and from these they elect a nominal chief, to whom they pay a semblance of obedience. He is carried three times around their huts, with shouts and vociferations, and then his inauguration is complete. These chiefs are the guardians of some privileges granted them by the Bathorian family, in the year 1600, of which the *Czingaries* of Transylvania are very proud and tenacious. Notwithstanding their general depravity there are grades of infamy, and many are so vile that they are rejected by the rest; of these some are made executioners, who set about the task with delight, prepare extraordinary instruments of torture, and take a savage pleasure in telling the victim the punishment he is to undergo and the pain he is to suffer.

"Their chief occupation is making iron tools, horn spoons, baskets, and other articles; in the provinces many are engaged in collecting gold from the beds of the *Olt*, *Dobricza*, and other auriferous rivers. They are also employed as scullions, and continue to increase that dirt and disorder for which a Wallachian kitchen is notorious; they sometimes, however, rise to higher and more pleasing occupations. They have, naturally, very acute and delicate perceptions of sounds, and hence they are greatly delighted with music; this talent is much cultivated—and they form, usually, the musicians of these countries, particularly on wind instruments. I have often heard them play, and always with pleasure.

"Their language is a collection of Hungarian and Bulgarian words, mixed up with Arabick and other Orientalisms, which one acquainted with the languages of the East recognizes in their jargon; they also learn and adopt that of the people near whom they reside, when they are disposed to be stationary. They have no schools, and are considered incapable of discipline or instruction; by the delicacy of the sense of hearing, they readily catch the melody, and take their parts in the harmony of a concert; but I was informed they could not be taught to read a note of music, and all their knowledge was by the ear.

"Their civil situation in Transylvania is much better than in the provinces; in the former they enjoy certain privileges and immunities, which raises them in some measure to the rank of citizens; but in Wallachia and Moldavia they are slaves. One class of them is the property of the government, and the other that of individuals. They are bought and sold at a fixed price of from five to six hundred piastres, though the sale is generally a private contract. Those belonging to the government are allowed to indulge their wandering propensities, on engaging not to leave the country, and paying a capitation tax of forty piastres for each individual above sixteen: and this they generally collect in the beds of the rivers. Those that belong to the Boyers are employed in whatever service their masters choose, generally as household servants or vine-dressers; and such

is the state of degradation to which they are reduced, that if one is killed by his master, no notice is taken of it; if by a stranger, his death is compensated by a fine of eighty florins. They seldom commit atrocious crimes, but are much addicted to minor offences; for the more serious they are severely bastinadoed on the soles of their feet, at the discretion of their masters; and for those of a lighter degree, their head is encased in an iron mask, which is locked on for a longer or shorter time, and this, besides an uneasiness it causes, prevents them from eating and drinking. In such a state they exhibit a very grotesque appearance. For petty thefts, they undergo another punishment, somewhat different; their neck and extended arms are confined on a cleft board, which they carry about with them. This is called in Transylvania, *en-feld*, and is evidently the remains of the Roman punishment of the *furca*, described by *Dionysius*."

THE LOVER.

We hold that every man acts with awkwardness when he is in love, and the want of the one is a presumption of the absence of the other. When people are fairly engaged, there is perhaps less of this directly to the object, but there is still as much of it in her presence; but it is wonderful how soon the most nervous become easy when marriage has concluded all their hopes. Delicate girl! just budding into womanly loveliness, whose heart for the last ten minutes, has been trembling behind the snowy wall of thy fair and beautiful bosom, hast thou never remarked and laughed at a tall and much bewhiskered young man for the *mauvaise honte* with which he hands to thee thy cup of half watered souchong? Laugh not at him again, for he will assuredly be thy husband. Yes! he will tremble for a few months more as he stands beside thy musick stool, and joins no other in the heartless mockery of their praise; but when every voice that has commended thy song is hushed, and every note which thou hast clothed in ethereal musick is forgotten by all besides, to him it will be a theme to dream upon in his loneliness, and every look which thine eye vouchsafed to him, will be laid up as a sacred and a holy thing in the inmost sanctuary of his secret soul. Thou wilt see in a short time that the tremulousness of his nerves is only observable when his tongue is faltering in its address to thee; pity will enter into thy gentle heart, and thyself wilt sometimes turn the wrong page of thy book of songs, and strike the wrong note on thy double grand piano, when thou knowest that his ears are drinking in thy voice, and his eyes following thy minutest action. Then will he on some calm evening, when the sun is slowly sinking behind the large line-tress which shake their ripened beauties before thy windows, tell thee, that without thee, he must indeed be miserable—that thou art the one sole light which has glowed and glittered upon "life's dull stream;" and then—how bitterly wilt thou repent that thou hast ridiculed the awkwardness which only thine own charms have caused! In a few months more, we see with perspective clearness, thou art sitting at the same piano, in a large and newly furnished room, snuffing thy candles every now and then thyself, and turning with thy own hands the leaves of the National Melodies, while he—O, he! is stretched along one of Mr. Trotter's finest Ottomans, fast asleep!

Love when it is successful, is well enough, and perhaps it has treasures of its own to compensate for its inconveniences; but a more miserable situation than that of an unhappy individual before the altar, it is not in the heart of man to conceive. First of all you are marched with a solitary male companion up the long aisle, which, on this occasion appears absolutely interminable; then you meet your future partner, dressed out in satin and white ribbons, whom you are sure to meet in gingham gowns or calico prints, every morning of your life, ever after. There she is, supported by her old father, decked out in his old brown coat, with a wig of the same colour, beautifully relieving the burning redness of his huge projecting ears; and the mother, puffed up like an overgrown bolster, encouraging the trembling girl, and joining her maiden aunts of full fifty years, in telling her to take courage, for it is what they must all come to.

Bride's maids and all mutual friends made up the company; and there standing out before this assembly; you assent to every thing the curate, or if you are rich enough, the rector, or even the dean, may say, shewing your knock-knees in the naked deformity of white kerseymere, to an admiring bevy of the servants of both families laughing and tittering from the squire's pew in the gallery. Then the parting! the mother's injunction to the juvenile bride to guard herself from the cold, and to write within the week. The maiden aunt's inquiries, of "My dear, have you forgot any thing?"—the shaking of hands; the wiping and winking of eyes! By Hercules!—there is but one situation more unpleasant in this world, and that is bidding adieu to your friends the ordinary and jailor, preparatory to swinging from the end of a halter out of it. The lady all this time seems not half so awkward. She has her gown to keep from creasing, her vinaigrette to play with, besides that, all her nervousness is interesting and feminine, and is laid to the score of delicacy and reserve.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1826.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "*American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

A CORPORATION ROW. On Monday se'enight the peaceable bearing of the New-York Corporation got rather beside itself, and its lawful monotony was variegated by an unlawful set-to. Under the head of "Corporation Proceedings," in the New-York Journals, we find sundry reports of this affair; from which it seems that every thing jogged on with its accustomed soberness and gravity, and that street and state prison affairs "had their entrance and their exit" with official formality, till it was proposed to let those "qualified to vote for charter officers" into the secret of the corporation expenditures. Now it is well known that aldermen are lovers of good cheer, and that the dynasty of New-York, especially, patronizes nautical jaunts, and turtle soup, and the like, to the sensible sufferance of the taxgatherer's boardings. But the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water," though they have guessed much and suspected very liberally, have never been able to initiate themselves into these corporation mysteries. Whether with a view to make the publick business more easy of comprehension, or to afford the gentlemen interested a better opportunity to take care of their private concerns, or through an error of memory, or some other reason, we cannot say; but the existence of Alderman Sibell, and sundry others, who have been heretofore honoured with a seat in the city council, seems to have been, at the late election, entirely forgotten "by those qualified to vote for charter officers;" the consequence of which was, that the said gentlemen were suddenly afflicted with a patriotick and republican jealousy, which induced them to support in their corporate capacities, a measure by which the "outs" as well as the "ins" would be enabled to comprehend the uses of assessments and the paying of taxes. Hereupon ensued loud talking and hard words, to abbreviate which, the council adjourned; when up jumped Alderman Sibell, crying vociferously, that Alderman Stevens was a "liar and a scoundrel." Now, Mr. Stevens is said to be a very peaceable sort of gentleman, but we think a man's nerves must be braced with an uncommon quantity of forbearance if he can calmly sustain a shock of this nature; and so, it seems, thought Mr. Stevens; for scarcely were the offensive words uttered, ere he was discovered with one hand hold of Alderman Sibell's collar, and the other in his face. At this stage of the proceedings gentlemen interfered, and the combatants were separated. Subsequently an extra meeting of the common council was called, to take cognizance of this affair, and a committee appointed to inquire into the powers of the corporation to punish the aggressors.

THE LADIES' MAGAZINE. One of the most pleasing and talented periodicals which comes under our observation is the *Ladies' Magazine*, published at Boston, under the editorial superintendence of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. We have

had occasion heretofore to express our good wishes for wealth to the fair editor: but it is not our intention at this moment to measure out compliments, or to let our readers into all notions we may possibly entertain of this excellent Magazine. We design merely to say, that it affords the best possible evidence of the fact, that the "lords of creation," however well disposed that way, cannot maintain a monopoly of the intellect; that since our last paper went to press the November number has reached us; that our readers may find one extract from it in our miscellaneous department, and another in our poetical department; and that the following is its table of contents:—*Original Miscellany*—Grace Wentworth; Sketches of American Character, No. 11—William Forbes; To the Editor of the Ladies' Magazine; Woman's Constancy; Confessions of a Husband; Reflections. *Original Poetry*—Happy Moments; Lines; Stanzas; The Bride's Soliloquy; Fancy Sketches; To Rosabelle; Children at their Mother's Grave; Sonnet. *Literary Notices*—"Atlantick Souvenir;" "Fanshawe," "History of Rome," and "History of England;" "A Visit to my Birth Place;" To our Patrons.

LITERARY. It is proposed by Messrs. W. C. Little and James M'Glashan to revive the "*Signs of the Times*," under the title of "*The Albany Times, and Literary Writer*." It would be useless for us to speak of the merits of a publication so well known as the "*Signs of the Times*;" its existence, though transient, was a respectable one; and towards this attempt to resuscitate its literary spirit, we entertain the most friendly feelings. It cannot be doubted that the public character is beneficially affected by well conducted publications of this character; and their want of success is necessarily attended by an indifferent reputation for the taste and liberal feelings of the community.

SYNOPSIS. *Peter Schlemil's Leap.* A countryman who was cutting wood near the falls of Niagara, some time since, was attacked by a rattlesnake; in his terror he leaped across a tremendous gulf, sixty-seven feet wide, and escaped unhurt.—*Sugar and Water Criticism.* In one of the critiques in a late London Monthly Magazine, some verses by Mrs. Hemans are said to be "elegant and lady-like."—*Alphabetical Agreement.* In reading over an agreement for letting a house the other day, the initials of the party letting it were A. B., of the party taking it, C. D., and of the witness to the signatures E. F.—*Prophecies.* Old women, and those who think and act like old women, predict a hard winter, in consequence of the abundant crop of nuts, this season.—*Domestic Felicity.* The legislature of New Jersey are tormented with perpetual applications for divorce.—*Matrimonial Hero.* A Mr. Grain is going about in Virginia, earning his livelihood by marrying every now and then a Luxom widow. This fellow may chance to be brought to a certain mill, where he will be well ground and sifted, and stored away in some convenient garner.—*Movements of the Dead.* A grave digger of Bath, England, declares that, in the course of decomposition, the face of every individual turns to the earth; and that in the experience of twenty-three years, in his situation, he has never known one instance to the contrary.—*A Family of great Men.* In Denton, near Manchester, resides a family of the name of Howard, hatters, by trade, of whom the father, and two sons together weigh 1030 pounds; the mother is only five feet two inches in height, and weighs no more than 140 pounds.—*Humane Apprehension.* An English paper begins an account of a serious injury, inflicted on a gentleman, by the sudden and unexpected discharge of a fowling piece, in the following manner:—"With the sporting season comes its certain concomitant—gun-shot wounds, and loss of life. We fear we record the first accident in 1828."

LITERARY SUMMARY. A collection of the works of Dr. Channing is advertised as in the Boston press.—Mr. A. Bowen of Boston, is publishing a neat little volume with plates, entitled "Picture of Boston, and Stranger's Guide to the metropolis of New-England."—A catalogue of the British Museum is now forming, and will run to the

unparalleled extent of fifteen quarto volumes.—A periodical work is announced in London, entitled *Eminent Women*, their lives and characters. Designed for the improvement of female youth.—The London Literary Gazette says, that there is in preparation a Pocket Cyclopædia, of great novelty and boldness of design. This work is announced to be composed of complete treatises on every branch of literature and science, freed from the difficulties of technical and mathematical language; so as to be at once a classical work, and an ample library for the polite and well informed. It is said that many eminent persons in the literary and scientific world give their cordial support to this new project.—Two volumes of Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, chiefly historical and legendary, and hitherto unpublished, are said to be forthcoming under the editorial guidance of Mr. Peter Buchanan, of Aberdeenshire.—The celebrated Talleyrand is said to have completed the memoirs of his life and times, which he is said to have bequeathed to his nephew and successor, under an injunction to publish them ten years after his decease.—A new Quarterly Review is announced in England, to be edited by the Rev. Blanes White.

Contents of No. 5 of the Western Monthly Review.—A Tour. (concluded.) The Martyr Son. Review of Letters in the Logos—Trinitarian Controversy. Paul and Virginia. Jurisdiction, &c. of Probate Courts. History of Medical Schools in the U. S. Literary Notices:—Sermon by Rev. J. Pierpont, Flurla Lexingtoniensis. Massachusetts Agricultural Journal. Southern Agriculturist.—Cincinnati Female Institution. Military Academies. Silk Raising. Notices of Recent Publications.

Contents of No. 6, of the Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences. *Essays and Cases.*—Observations on the reciprocal propagation of disease between the thoracic and abdominal Viscera. Some Observations on Ulceration of the Kidneys; with cases. *Reviews.*—1. An Exposition of the Natural System of the Nerves of the Human Body. 2. Appendix to the Papers on the Nerves, republished from the Royal Society's Transactions. *Miscellaneous Intelligence.*—Notice to Subscribers. First District Medical Society of Ohio.

From the Boston Statesman.

LORD BYRON. The refusal of the Dean of Westminster, assisted by the Dean of St. Paul's, to permit a monument to be erected to Lord Byron in Westminster Abbey, may vie, in the genuine spirit of vandalism, with the imprisonment of Copernicus for discovering that the earth was round, or with the petty spite of the Inquisition which burns the books whose contents are written upon men's minds by the living pen of intellectual inspiration. Petty agents of hate, not injury, to the manes of Byron! you cannot deprive him of a particle of his fame; his works will live when all the monuments of those ancient ruins, together with the pile which covers them, will crumble into ungatherable atoms! But what is your defence for your own conduct and the theme of your accusation against Byron? You cannot strip him of "the strength, the pathos, and the occasional (mark that) sublimity of his poetry," and "of his extraordinary discrimination of character"—of these you will not deprive him. Did you deny him, in truth, genius of the first order, you would outrage the common sense of mankind and leave your philippics without readers—but you seize on the prejudices of a particular class (the religious) as a cover to fulminate your barbarous decrees. Had Lord Byron been one of those who invented and published organized systems of infidelity, he could not have been dealt with with more severity; but what is the evidence that he did this or ought like it? Not a vestige of proof appears in his works, and you will surely not impose posthumous forgeries upon the world. You have no evidence of his disbelief of the scriptures but what inference and silence furnish. Reverend prelates! you retain within the pale of your benedictions and funeral rites a Swift and a Sterne, men who uttered more downright obscenity than Byron ever thought or could think; and yet you deny monumental honours to the man who has distributed your literature into every village of Europe, who defended your fame from the encroachment of an armour-cased Scot, who, before he (Byron) appeared, mocked at and bearded your intellectual chiefs, and almost claimed the supremacy of the island. But this is not all. If you are sincere in your pathetic lamentations over the Greeks, and if you are, or ever were, the advocates of that cause, will not the interference at Missolonghi—the act of his latest days—redeem his character from the fangs of calumny and misinterpretation? Are you not aware, Right Reverends, that some of the most glorious of mortal men in deeds and station have been silent upon the subject of religion? Is it not a matter that lies between the great Creator and the conscience of the individual? But in respect to this interdiction, is not

the fame you aim at like his who fired the Ephesian temple? Believe it, Byron will not go down to posterity.

"Unwept, unhonoured and unsung;"

but when the process of decomposition is completed upon your bodies, in despite of your crosiers, your leaden coffins, and your cast iron protectors, how many, separated from this act of barbarism, will even recollect your names, and who WILL CHAUNT YOUR FAME?

* Of the two exceptionable works—Cain and Don Juan—the first may be pardoned, perhaps, some startling thoughts for the sublimity and elevation of the whole composition, seeing that the design is illustrative of *Cosmogony*, and the passages teaching, not the record, since it is an interdicted work, and no further involves religious dogmas than Boccaccio's Tales, or any other work of voluptuous fiction. A similar circumstance occurred to Moliere. When living, he had offended the clergy by the lively satire of one of his comedies, and after death was denied christian burial—the king was petitioned by the widow, and with great difficulty the comick Shakespeare of France was admitted below the surface of the earth.

VARIETIES.

Corn in France. Forty years ago, when the population of France was only twenty-five millions, the annual produce of corn was about thirteen thousand millions of pounds. At present, when the population is estimated at thirty-one millions, the annual produce of corn is very little more; and there is neither exportation nor importation of that article. It is presumed therefore, that the land which has been brought into cultivation since the revolution, has been devoted to the growth of leguminous plants and of potatoes, rather than to that of wheat and other grain.

Fossil Bones. Fossil bones, similar to those found in caves in Germany and England, have lately been discovered in the cavern of Miremont, in the department of La Dordogne in France. They were near the surface, imbedded in red clay, and are friable and fractured. They consist principally of teeth and bones resembling those of the bear with the arched forehead, fossil remains of which have been found at Iserlohn and elsewhere in Germany. There are no stalactites in the cavern of Miremont. In one part of it, under several strata of marl, which seem of a more recent formation than those of the red clay, fragments of earthenware have been found, strongly resembling those which have been discovered, though rarely, in certain ruins and modern alluvial soils; and the form, colour, and other properties of which denote them to belong to a period anterior to the introduction of Roman arts into Gaul.

South America. At the end of last year, the number of periodical works published in South America was as follows: Spanish America, (the islands of Cuba and Porto-Rico) two; the Mexican Confederation, twenty-five; the Confederation of Guatemala, seven; the Confederation of the Rio De la Plata, twenty-one; the Republic of Chili, fourteen; the Republic of the Upper Peru, one; the Republic of the Lower Peru, twenty one; the Republic of Colombia, seventeen; several of which have since ceased; the Empire of Brazil, 25; making together 133.

Hebrew Chronology. M. Rask lately read to the Royal Society of Copenhagen a paper on the Hebrew Chronology, from Adam to the departure from Egypt! The author, supposing or admitting the principle that the duration of human life has never changed, and that the figures in the Bible are exact, arrives at the conclusion, that the word "year," as used by the Hebrews, has various significations; and indicates sometimes one month, sometimes two months, sometimes four months, sometimes six months, &c., and that it was only after the establishment of the Moslem law, that the Jews reckoned by years of twelve months each. This is certainly a very easy mode of getting over difficulties.

Saltpetre. A commission composed of four members of the French Academy, appointed at the desire of the government, has lately made an elaborate report, on the best means of producing saltpetre on economical terms; and more especially on the merit of the artificial nitrates formed from materials containing neither animal nor vegetable matter, recommended by M. Longchamp.

The Pendulum. It is stated in a Plymouth (England) newspaper, that Professor Airy, of Cambridge, has arrived at some new and unexpected results in experiments with the Pendulum, made in some of the deepest Cornish mines.

Earthquakes. Two earthquakes were felt at Martinique in the month of July; the one on the 6th, at half past two o'clock in the morning; the other on the 29th, at half past four in the morning. The latter preceded by twenty-three hours the earthquake which did so much mischief at Lima; and it is probable, therefore, that the events were unconnected.

Epidemick. A singular epidemick has prevailed during the last six months in the islands of the archipelago of the Antilles. It resembles articular rheumatism in the sharp pains of the limbs, with swelling. In most cases it is accompanied with an irruption analogous to scarlet fever. It is not, however, very dangerous. At one time half the inhabitants of the Havannah were attacked by it. All the medical practitioners agree that they never witnessed a similar epidemick; and to denote its strange character, the people of the French Antilles have named it "the giraffe."

POETRY.

From the New York Evening Post.

THE PAUPER'S HEARSE.

The following lines were occasioned by an actual occurrence, of which the writer was by accident a witness.

"See'st thou this, righteous Father? see'st thou this!
And wilt thou ne'er repay?"

'Twas evening hour—the sigh was still
She breathes among the evening wood—
When sad and slow a rumbling wheel
Came winding through the solitude.
No pall, no weeping train was there,
Nor plume, nor poet's chaunted verse,
As onward from the realms of care,
Lone, friendless, rolled the pauper's hearse.

I've seen the proud—the vain—the great
Borne on the labyrinth of night,
On 'scutcheoned car—'mid helmeted state,
And sobbing crowds and banners bright;
And grief reclined o'er grandeur's bed,
Mourn her departed tinsel day:—
Her tear on thankless marble shed—
For morning warned the drop away.

But o'er this unpretending bier,
Shall pity's crystal tribute live—
What time their gems the violets wear;
And wave their dewy crowns at eve!
For, doubtless, he was misery's child;
That shrank abhorrent from his nurse,
Nor dreamed, till sinking on the wild,
His form should press the pauper's hearse.

Yet who shall say, when life was green,
But wealth and pomp about him met!
When many a beauteous hand would screen
His prattling hours with flowery net?
He smiled, and pleasure's wing was gold—
Frowned, and the crowd were fain to fly—
Reigned long from glory's summit bold,
But fell—and here his woes go by.

Or, haply, one whose infant sight
At once to life and grief awoke—
Whose fretful sire blessed not the light
That o'er his child portentous broke.
On one dull, dark, returnless tide,
Inquired his tattered sail its course,
And dropped the willowy bank beside,
Where want had reared her pauper's hearse.

For him, no savoury viands shed
Sweet odours round the glittering board:—
No guest was he, of raiment sad,
At feasts that waiters devoured.
The crutch borne wretch groped on, to know
The sneer in scorn—the bitter taunt—
And haughty pride cross his pale brow,
Her scarlet robe disdainful flaunt!

Thus on, through life's gay, thoughtless crowd,
Slow crept the pilgrim's waning years;
Still mindful of that blasting cloud,
That gave his soul its draught of tears.
Now hied he not how grimly smile
These of the spade—whose jestings coarse,
And jokes profane, the turf defile
That waits the coming pauper's hearse.

Pass, then! I cried, and waved a hand,
As pallid as the sleeper's own;
What boots it, though no fairy strand
Yield flowers to twine thy simple stone?
Yet lives there One, whose sparkling dome
With its vast shade enwraps thy clay:—
Go—clasp the dust—then haste thee home—
He welcomes, who will sure "repay."

MONTGARNIER.

From Mrs. Hale's Ladies' Magazine.

HAPPY MOMENTS.

The golden erge of childhood!
Oh! there are happy moments then,
That come and go—yet come again,
And the young heart secure
From fears and pains, and follies vain;
And free from guilt's disgraceful stain,
They keep the spirit pure.

The days of youthful friendships,
When heart to heart is lightly bound
In rosy wreaths, that twine them round
More beautiful than strong,
And even in breaking, scatter flowers,
The rapid growth of sunny hours,
That heal their wounds ere long.

The spring of early love too—
When the true soul is linked forever

In holier bonds, that never, never
By earthly power are riven,
Ere yet sweet confidence forsake
The heart that must be loved or break,
Dreams, earthly dreams of Heaven!

These, these are happy moments,
And such are those that bid rejoice
The awakened chords, when Nature's voice
Calls up in kindred glow,
The mother's hope, the mother's pride,
Joys, tenderness, and all beside,
That only mothers know.

But dearer things than these do lie
Within our mortal grasp;—and earth
Hath not a moment from our birth,
The cradle to the sod,
Like that, when freed from passion's sway,
The mind rejects a feeble stay,
And rests its hope on God!

From the N. Y. Statesman.

RETROSPECTION.

If from his serene and aged day
Turns back the heart of man,
Over life's dim and mottled way,
Its joy or grief to scan,—
How many scenes his visions greet,
Of smooth and sunny hue;
And then dark clouds, with motion fleet,
Obscure the heavenly blue.

If wandering to youth's golden year,
Its down and spring of love,
The meadow fount, to memory dear,
The ramble in the grove:
His thoughts assume a brighter way,
A pleasant laughing train,
And heedless that his hairs are grey,
He thinks him young again.

Yet this is but a transient dream—
Too lovely bright to last—
And in the radiance of the dream
Will mournful clouds go past:
The toils of manhood throng his mind;
The thoughts of early love,
The huddling on the clouded wind,
As sudden started dove.

How favoured he who on life's leaf
Beholds no fixed blot—
No causing of unneeded grief.
On any human lot;
It were a joy to turn us back
And from our dying bed,
Find sun light lingering in the track
Where once our steps have sped.

From the Forget Me Not, 1822.

LAST LINES.

BY CHARLES BRINSLEY SHRIDAN ESQ.

By Affection's torturing power
In that fatal, final hour:
By my waking on the morrow
To the consciousness of sorrow;
Grief which far exceeded sadness,
Love which still approaches madness:

By the tones, which, as thou speakest,
Make the firmest heart the weakest;
Charms too fatally beguiling,
Pensive grace or playful smiling;
Looks with which thou still delightest,
All expression's best and brightest:

By my tears, repress, but starting,
At the moment of our parting:
By the love which yet adores thee,
By the pride which yet implores thee;
Pangs that torture, cares that fret me,
Doubly loved and lost! *forget me!*

From the New York Morning Courier.

HEBREW—II. KINGS, 7—C.

Where had thy war-host, O Israel! fled,
When ye crouched at the sound of the Syrian's tread,
Nor raised was the banner, nor grappled the sword,
Yet the Syrian shrank at the voice of the Lord.

It came when at midnight was closed every eye—
Dark! startling and fearful it burst from the sky!
And chariot and horseman with crash and with clang
All trackless and wild o'er the slumberers rang!

The foreman leaped up—fly, oh, fly from the strife—
Leave purple and silver, and rush for your life!
Through thy forests, M. assah, they swept like the wind,
And the anger of heaven rolled fiercely behind!

Rise, daughters of Judah—no wail for the slain
Shall mingle a sigh with your harp's merry strain—
And gather your garlands and bind on your brow,
The red drop rests not on their loneliness now.

Yet no chieftain shall laugh in the pride of his might—
To the King of the kingly the sword of the fight,
Be the gush of your heart at his altar seat poured,
And wreath a green leaf round the shrine of the Lord.

NORRIS.

MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

From the German of Gleim.

My native land, on thy sweet shore
Lighter heaves the breast;
Could I tread thy soil once more,
How should I be blest!

Heart, so anxious and so pained,
Fitting is thy woe:
My native land, what have I gained
By wandering from thee so?

Fairer green beds thy fields,
Lovelier blue thy skies,
Cooler shade thy forest yields,
Dew brighter on thee lies.

Thy Sabbath bells a sweeter note
Echo far and near;
Thy nightingale's melodious throat
Thrills more sweet the ear.

Softer flow thy lavish streams
Through the meadow's bloom;
Oh, how beautiful the dreams
'Neath thy lindens' gloom!

Fair thy sun and temperate,
Genial light and heat:
To my father's household gate
Let me bend my feet;
There, forgetting all the past,
I will rest my limbs at last!

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Cases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Printers' Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new fonts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. *Precut* care has been taken to cast them of the *hardest metal*. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new fonts of letter have been cut, viz. Melanin, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO. Albany, October 4, 1828. 36 if

PROCLAMATION,

By NATHANIEL PITCHER, Lieutenant-Governor of the state of New-York.

WHEREAS the continued goodness of Almighty God to the people of this state, in permitting us to enjoy the blessings of republican institutions; in crowning the year with his mercy, by the abundant production of the "kindly fruits of the earth;" in the diffusion of moral instruction and science, by sustaining our colleges, academies and schools; and common school institutions; in continuing to us the light of Revelation, and the consolation and toleration of religious profession and worship—these, and numberless other evidences of Divine favour, demand from us a public expression of devout and grateful acknowledgment.

I do therefore, in accordance with custom, and under a solemn sense of public duty, recommend to the good people of this state, the observance of **Thursday, the 4th day of December next**, as a day of **PUBLIC PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING**; and, in so doing, I indulge the confident expectation that all, with the exception of those who may be restrained by conscientious scruples, will assemble on that day, in their respective places of public worship, and with devout and grateful hearts, present their thanks-offering to ALMIGHTY GOD for the multiplied blessings which we are permitted to enjoy.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name, and affixed the privy seal, at the city of Albany, 2nd day of October, anno domini 1828. NATHANIEL PITCHER.

PAINTING AND GLAZING—The subscriber, residing in Albany, his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN F. PORTER.

A. L. PLOUGH, DENTIST.

AT SKINNER'S MANSION-HOUSE, STATE STREET ALBANY. WITH much freedom, Mr. Plough has the honour to inform his friends that he has determined to establish himself in this city, and will faithfully attend to all applications, in the dental art. Those Ladies and Gentlemen who have not experienced his skill, are respectfully invited to call and examine his recommendations, signed by some of the most respectable citizens, as well of this as of other places in the United States. 37 if

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. Entrance from Steuben-street. To city subscribers. Three Dollars a year.

AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1828.

NO. 45.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at Providence, Rhode Island, before Mount Vernon Lodge, A. L. 5925, being the anniversary of the birth of their illustrious brother George Washington.

By Rev. Br. DAVID PICKERING.

Retired from the noise and confusion of a busy world, and enjoying the calm retreat, where friendship's silken cord binds the olive of peace to the faithful, and draws kindred souls from the ordinary employments of life, to inhale the unmingled sweets of social and fraternal affection; the occasion will be esteemed highly auspicious to sage and profitable reflection, by which alone the mind of man is expanded and matured.

Time, which advances with steady march and rolls by divine command, has spread around us the ample scenery of nature, which every where bears the living inscriptions of wisdom, power and goodness. To the one living and supreme Jehovah, the Almighty Architect of heaven and earth, the Father of angels and men, we are all taught to bow with the most profound reverence, and to his instructive voice lend the attentive ear and the willing mind.

While we hail with emotions of joy the anniversary which calls us from the domestick circle to join the social throng, where upon the same level the brethren of a mystick tie cordially reciprocate the sentiments of fraternal affection and esteem; our time will not be unprofitably employed in tracing out the origin of society; the birth and progress of the arts and sciences; the antiquity and importance of masonry, together with the sublime moral instructions which its numerous emblems are designed to impress upon the mind of reflecting man.

In the very name of society there is a charm which awakens an agreeable association in the mind. Man, but for social intercourse, would be a stranger to most of the refinements which adorn our species and contribute in such an eminent degree to the happiness of rational beings.

The name of society naturally implies a bond of obligation, both of a civil and moral nature, and for which ample reasons may be assigned in the illustration of its origin and progress.

The origin of society must be traced to the order of divine wisdom, in creating beings with limited powers, and in a condition of mutual dependence.

When the grand Artificer of all worlds had brought order from chaotick ruin, and reflected light on the bosom of the deep;—when he had called forth the vegetable kingdom, and brought the countless variety of the animal creation to roam in sportive innocence upon the fertile plains, his omnifick voice awoke the nobler image of intellectual greatness from the peaceful shades of inconscious being, and clothed him with superior powers, made him lord of all below, fixed on him the indelible stamp of superiority by imparting to him the faculty of reason, clothing him with peculiar gifts, and appointing him to govern the various tribes of earth. It was then he announced in the majesty of infinite wisdom, "it is not good that man should be alone," and therefore conferred on him the blessing of society congenial to the constitution and desire of the human mind. It may with the utmost propriety, be urged from the peculiar powers in man, that the creator has formed him for social life. The means of contributing to the happiness of others were imparted in vain, un-

less man was formed for society. But when we reflect on those endearing relations which bind us to society, and with what reluctance we part with our friends, even for a short time, we feel an evidence too strong to be controverted, that the all-wise creator never designed man for a state of perpetual solitude. If man was not formed for social life, why did the great author of nature implant in him those social powers which operate upon the mind as a strong attractive force, tending perpetually to union and intercourse? and why did divine wisdom so often command the tribes of Israel to assemble at Jerusalem? Why did an eminent apostle of our Lord utter the command. "forsake not the assembling of yourselves together?" Why are our spirits depressed, and why are our hearts swollen with grief when the messenger of death removes beyond the veil of time our dearest friends? And for what has the author of our being multiplied man upon the earth, but for the cultivation of those moral and social powers of his nature?

From these considerations we are led to the conclusion that to unite in solemn compact is the duty as well as the interest of rational beings; and that the improvement of the moral faculties for the enjoyment of happiness is in a great degree dependent on the intercourse which we maintain with our friends. Should any be disposed to doubt the correctness of this conclusion, let him visit the abodes of solitude, or the lonely haunts of the savage train, where the cultivation of the social powers is mostly neglected; and instead of the sweet, endearing voice of refined sensibility, and the pleasant fruits of moral and religious sociability, the heart is appalled with the appearance of savage ferocity, and the senses are affrighted with the hideous yell! Perhaps it may be urged that the recluse has chosen solitude for the purpose of subduing the inordinate passions of the heart, and thus to prepare himself for future usefulness. We reply, that such an one is so far from abandoning society, that he has only retired from the noise and bustle of the world for a short time, in order to prepare his mind, by a course of strict discipline, and by storing it with the most useful science, to return, and vigorously to prosecute those schemes which have for their object the promotion of its best interests, and the increase of the general stock of social enjoyment. It may be pleaded, and very justly too, that the savage tribes have some consistent views of moral good uses and justice; and that many of them exhibit striking characteristics of a devotional mind:—To all which it may be replied, that whatever consistent views they may have entertained of moral goodness and justice, together with their devotional symptoms, these are not the natural productions of an uncultivated state, but the legacy they have inherited from the society of their fathers.

By an intercourse with society, the faculties of the mind become expanded, the understanding improved, and the taste and judgement refined.—Even the ferocity of the savage is tamed by an intercourse with civil society, and the hideous thrilling war whoop is softened into the mild salutation of friendship and social affection.

Since briars and thorns and poisonous weeds have become the spontaneous growth of nature's soil, and it is through much labour and toil that the earth is made to yield the wholesome necessities of life, why should it be thought mysterious that beings of similar passions and conflicting interests should require the united efforts of the wise and virtuous of every age to contribute to their

improvement, and aid their misdirected and uncultivated powers in the acquisition of moral refinement? But this object could not so well be accomplished by other means, as by uniting in social compact, with a resolution and injunction to enforce the necessity of a reform in the temper, disposition and conduct of mankind, as well by example as by precept.

This reasoning has not been without a precedent in any age since the proud waters of the billowy flood were stayed; but is more particularly exemplified in the instructions given by the great Head of the church to his disciples in the infantile age of christianity, when he commanded them to dwell together in peace; to love one another; to be kindly affectionate one to another with brotherly love, and to walk in that fellowship which would carry evidence to the world that they were his disciples, and had been instructed by the lessons of true wisdom. His forming a society, and praying the Father of spirits to preserve them in union, evinces the beneficial designs of social life: and we may add, that the apostles and primitive christians, by uniting in churches and holding all things in common, gave evidence by their prosperity, that social compacts were not only approved by Heaven, but were conducive to the best interests of rational beings.

If the course of reasoning we have adopted in favour of social compacts be correct, there can be but one sentiment respecting their utility. For it must be acknowledged that all institutions which have for their object the promotion of knowledge and the increase of human happiness, are entitled to the approbation and encouragement of a generous publick.

Among the institutions which have characterized the civilized world, there are none which make pretensions to higher antiquity and authority than that of masonry. And until the life-giving energies of the gospel of Christ were displayed, none could boast so widely diffused and salutary effects among mankind. Its origin is supposed to be traced back to the sublime period when orient brightness dispelled the gloom of the boundless cæcave, and displayed the order, the harmony, and the immensity of the works of God. In the admirable proportions of the visible creation, its principles were first discovered, while necessity, operating as an impetus, aided the powers of man in reducing the rude impressions of the science of geometry to practice. Hence arose the first imperfect cabins of antediluvian date, adapted to the convenience of the early inhabitants of the world. The science was carefully preserved, and advanced by slow degrees of refinement, till aspiring temples arose in numerous and far distant climes, and caught the astonished eye of the weary traveller. In a word; the vast improvements in the art of building, and the refined elegance which modern architectural skill displays, serve as a lasting monument to perpetuate the importance of masonry, as an operative. But to increase its importance still more, and strengthen the attachment of the mason to this noble art, and at the same time contribute to his refinement in the growth of every moral and social virtue, the early patrons of masonry impressed upon the minds of the fraternity the moral application of the various implements used by the operative workman, and thus became the promoters of sincere devotion, without an unreasonable infraction upon the hours allotted for the duties of manual labour.

No effects, seriously disastrous to the welfare of

community, or destructive of publick morals, could have resulted from the social intercourse of the masonick fraternity, and yet the fraternity retain its credit through so many ages and centuries. For observation and experience furnish the clearest evidence that institutions which have for their object the subversion of the publick weal, or the interests of religion and morals, are soon deserted by every virtuous philanthropist, and speedily fall into ruin and disgrace. But masonry still rests upon its ancient foundations, the pillars of science and virtue. It has diffused its influence through the dreary ages of former ignorance and darkness, and in numerous instances dispelled the gloom of barbarism, aided and strengthened the arm of civil government, given force and authority to laws, encouraged and patronized the child of genius and philosophy, and displayed the unbounded utility of its excellent tenets.

(To be continued.)

ODD FELLOWS' DEPARTMENT.

To all whom it may concern.—The Good Intent Lodge, No. 6, of Independent Odd Fellows, was consecrated in Columbia county, near Hudson, on the 29th day of November, 1823, when the following brethren were installed into office. James Prestwich, M. N. G.; Thomas Markham, V. G.; Jacob Smith, Secretary; John Jones, Treasurer. The Good Intent Lodge No. 6, is legally chartered by the Grand Lodge of I. O. F. of the State of N. Y. and was opened by them in due form.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

From the Boston Bulletin.

MANUFACTURE OF SALT.

In a late number of Silliman's Journal, there is an interesting and valuable article relating to the salt springs at Syracuse, Salina, and other places in the vicinity, including some practical observations on the manufacture of salt, as pursued in the neighbourhood of those springs. The usual mode of extracting the salt is thus described:

The blocks, constructed with potash kettles containing from eighty to one hundred and twenty gallons each, are of the greatest extent; the kettles are placed in masonry, in two parallel lines, having from eight to twenty in each line, [of course from sixteen to forty in a block] under which there are separate passages for the heat with fire places or arches at one end, and a flue or chimney, common to both, at the other end of the block. The fuel is exclusively wood, of the kind most common in the forests of this part of the country, such as beech, maple, elm, hemlock, bass-wood, &c., of which the prices, for the last six years, have been from seventy-five cents to one dollar and fifty cents per cord, delivered at the works.

In the boiling down the water to saturation, a portion of the impurities, sulphate and carbonate of lime stained with iron, is deposited in ladles and taken out, and the vaporization of the brine is continued until but a small quantity remains; when the salt that has been made, and which is, even at first, beautifully white and of fine grain, is taken out into baskets, drained, and removed, and the kettles are again filled with salt water, and the operation repeated. The inner surface of the kettles soon becomes firmly incrustated with a compound of the earthy substances and salt, which require frequent removal to prevent injury from overheating and cracking the metal.

Next in extent, or more properly in production, are the erections adjoining the Erie canal for evaporation by solar heat. They are vats of wood, resting horizontally upon a great number of small posts driven into the ground, according to the inequalities of the surface over which they are built, touching it in some places, and at a height of ten feet in others; but the most convenient height is between eighteen and thirty-six inches from the ground. Their width is eighteen and a half feet, depth from six to fifteen inches, and length from eighty to six hundred and forty feet; and they have roofs in divisions of sixteen feet each, sustained by rollers which travel on level supporters, and are moved off and on by the strength of one man. The water from the reservoirs is received

first into the deepest vats, in which is deposited much of the iron or colouring matter, which appears in the form of a pellicle as soon as the temperature [at the wells it is 50] is increased by the sun or warm atmosphere. From those it is passed, by means of pipes, into vats of less depth, not exceeding six inches, at a lower level, in which it remains, till, by the evaporation and consequent concentration of the brine, and the precipitation of sulphate and carbonate of lime, it is sufficiently depurated for the crystalization of the salt, which will then begin to appear on the surface. The brine, leaving behind the substances which have been separated, is again drawn off into vats of a level still lower, which are kept clean, and in which the salt is made, with greater or less rapidity, according to the altitude of the sun, the clearness of the atmosphere from clouds, and moisture, and the strength of the wind. As the brine by the formation of the salt in the last vats, diminishes, and as it is necessary that it be preserved of a proper depth, which seldom exceeds five inches, and should always cover the salt at the bottom, further supplies are drawn occasionally, and as they are needed, from the second graduation or tier.

The removal of the salt from the vats is without any regularity as to time or quantity, and is dependent upon the convenience of the manufacturer, who sometimes leaves it till there is an accumulation of three or four inches, or takes it out when there is barely enough to cover the bottom. It is shovelled into tubs, holding about one hundred pounds, in which it is drained for a few minutes, and without further drying is conveyed in carts to the store-houses.

It is estimated that the solar establishments at Syracuse, including the land necessary for the roofs and passages, occupy one hundred and ten acres; that the aggregate length of the vats is thirteen miles, and their superficial surface one million, two hundred and fifty thousand square feet, of which the annual product is about three thousand five hundred tons.

The steam works are similar in their construction to the blocks, the kettles of which are covered to save the steam produced in boiling of the water to saturation, and by condensation in its passage through metallic pipes, immersed in the brine, which is in deep wooden vats, the heat is applied a second time to the crystalization of the salt.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE SERAGLIO.

From Count Andreassy's work on Turkey.

By the word *seraglio*, or *serai*, is to be understood a palace, for which reason this appellation ought only to be applied to the residence of the Sultan, and the abode of the Grand Vizier, though almost always improperly used to designate the dwellings of the nobles of the empire.

Mahomet II. after having rendered himself master of Constantinople, built in this capital an imperial palace; choosing for its site a somewhat central situation; the *Eski-serai*, or old seraglio, occupies the space between the mosque of Sultan Soliman and that of Sultan Bajazet. This palace has been long neglected; the asylum of misfortune and regret, it now only serves as a retreat to the wives of deceased Sultans, or to the repudiated kadines of the seraglio. The conqueror of Constantinople was not slow in perceiving that the *Eski-serai*, having no view, converted his abode into a true prison. He easily saw the advantage over this position possessed by the place now occupied by the new seraglio; where formerly stood the citadel of the ancient Byzantium, to which afterwards succeeded monuments of magnificence and public utility.

In a political point of view, the new seraglio cuts off the sovereign from his capital, and not without some advantage, in a country where the revolutions are so frequent and so terrible. It gives him the power of entrenching himself as in any fortified post, and, in case of emergency, opens to him a way by sea; but under no circumstances, however severe, has any Ottoman emperor thought of seeking safety in flight.*

With respect to the situation of the seraglio, at the extremity of the Bosphorus, where it joins the sea of Marmora, and near the entrance of the port, having the Prince's Islands in front, together with the eastern shore of the Bosphorus, and the province of Bythinia, terminated by Mount Olympus, nothing can be placed in comparison with the view which it embraces.

The seraglio has eight gates; three large ones communicating with Constantinople, and five on the side of the sea, which are rather wickets than gates, and which have been fatal to more than one victim. By these were made to pass, when about to be thrown into the Bosphorus, the wives of Sultan Selim III., who had been participants in the murder of that prince. The principal gate looking towards Constantinople, is called *Babi humaioun*, [imperial gate.] Although adorned with two marble columns, it has not the less the appearance of the entrance to a fortress; its heavy and massive style is repulsive. But what cannot be viewed without disgust are the two side niches for placing to public exposure the heads of those victims which fall by order of the Sultan. The imperial gate opens upon a court of unequal proportions, planted with a few trees without any regularity, and enclosing the apartments of the *Defterdar Effendi*, the *Veznedar-Aga*, the infirmary for the occupants of the seraglio, and the quarters of the *Peik* and the *Solak*, bodies forming part of the imperial guard. But what more especially attracts attention, is the church of St. Irene, built by Constantine, in the style of the Greek Temples: it is at present converted into an arsenal; its entry is severely prohibited to all who are not of the Mussulman faith; and there are some ancient arms kept there with a kind of respect.

After the church of St. Irene, comes the Mint, composed of spacious, but not remarkable buildings; by the side of these are those inhabited by the *Chehir-Emini* (inspector of public buildings,) and the *Tasni-Effendi* (secretary of the chiefs of the black eunuchs.) In the same court is seen a mortar inverted, which was formerly destined, says report, for the pounding the chief of the Onlema, when guilty of any breach. Recourse has been had to this expedient to satisfy the prejudice, which does not allow the laying hands on the sacred person of the *Mufti*. The excuse was well-timed to give legality to the most odious punishment, and revenge the Sultan on his most redoubtable enemy; but it would appear that it was only devised to awe the chief of the law, for history mentions no instance of such an execution.

In the angle, on the left, is a gate which leads to the quarters of the *Balladji* (cleavers of wood and commissioners of the seraglio.) Beyond are the stables of the Grand Seigneur. Still farther is the building reserved for the chief of the black eunuchs and the *Khazne*, (treasure,) where is preserved all that is most valuable belonging to the crown, rich harness, sumptuous armour, stuffs, costly furs, and the sovereign's private chest, which each Sultan chiefly kept up by the produce of confiscations, which no longer occur.

There are also found the *Mesdjid*, or Oratory; the baths, in building which marble has been lavishly used; the library; the chapel, where is preserved with religious respect, the holy standard, and other relics of the prophet, the lodgings of the black eunuchs and the pages; and, lastly, the apartments of the princess and those of the Sultan. At the inner gate of the seraglio we arrive at that harem where no man, preserving his personal dignity can ever penetrate, with the exception of the Sultan alone, and where nothing can be known but by report, and the conjectures allowed by an external view of the buildings; they occupy the point of the seraglio, and are separated from that part near the port, by a wall of highly raised terrace work, which only admits a view of the enclosed cupolas. The northern part is adorned with porticos, supported by columns of marble, and looks in to the dwellings of the Kadines, each of whom has a particular residence.

The *Odaki* or *Odalisks*, are all collected together in one large gallery, partitioned by chambers, or *oda*. From the first court of the seraglio we pass to the second, by the gate called *Beb-us-Selam*, (or gate of safety) which is flanked by two turrets.

The gateway forms a vestibule, painted in fresco, and adorned with military trophies; on the left is a chamber for the *Kapigibachi* on service; on the right another chamber for the *Tchaouch* and the executioners; under this gateway takes place the ceremony of decapitating illustrious culprits.

The second court is of a square form, having buildings all around. In the middle play two fountains, and the court is crossed by two double rows of cypresses. The kitchens bear off towards the south, on a terrace, in proportion to the descent of the spot. It is fronting these kitchens that on the presentation of Ambassadors, the Janissaries were ranged, like birds of prey; awaiting with impatience, the signal for devouring the dishes of *Pilau*.†

At first the kitchen of the sovereign furnished the Janissaries with their daily rations; and the Sultan was thus considered by his then faithful and invincible troops, as their father and supporter. Thus the refusal to eat bread and salt (*ikmik ve touz*) was a sign of discontent, and even a signal for the fall of Princes. The eagerness manifested to the contrary by rushing on the dishes of pilau, was considered as a favourable omen. On the left is the Hall of the Divan, adorned in the front with porticos. Its interior arrangement offers two halls, separated the one from the other by a wall breast high, one of which serves as a vestibule to the other; the *Tchaouch*, or door-keepers, await in the first the orders of the Grand Vizier. The hall called *Alli koublie* (the six domes) is of vast magnificence, but is not sufficiently spacious, and does not receive sufficient day-light. Facing the entrance, we perceive a small window covered by a Venetian blind, whence the Ottoman sovereign (a power as invisible as God himself, whose shadow he is upon earth) may remark the manner in which his representative tenders justice to his people, and whether he abuses the absolute power he has delegated to him. It is in this hall the Ambassadors are first received on the first day of their audience, and find the meal of hospitality, which is set before them previously to their admission to the presence of his Highness.

From the hall of the Divan, or second court, we pass into the third, where is the hall of the Throne, through the gate *Bab us diadet* (gate of happiness) also called the gate of the white eunuchs, because confided to their care. Ambassadors on seeking audience of the Grand Seigneur, are the personages allowed to pass it, as it forms an entrance to the Harem.

The hall of the Throne, with a facade adorned with beautiful marble columns, is connected by a double portico, with the gate, of which we have just spoken. This hall, which is separated from the other buildings, is not of great extent; it is surmounted by a dome of beautiful elevation, and its walls clothed with marble, are loaded with ornaments; the throne which is in form of a canopy, supported by four pillars, incrustated with pearls and precious stones, and from which hang golden globes with the *tough*, [horse tails] is placed in the angle opposite the entrance. Moreover, the daylight is very artfully admitted into the hall, being only allowed to pass through coloured glass from whence arises the air of retirement and mystery which announces, as in Gothic churches, the sanctuary of a power, in some degree invisible, but which knows every thing, and extends over every thing.

Besides the pleasant gardens of his Highness, situate in the retired part of the seraglio, which occupies the brow and declivity of the first hill, there are, below these, large ones entirely devoted to usefulness. They extend, some along the harbour, others on the Propontis side. These spacious gardens have long walks planted with cypress, pine, and poplar, and one may perceive many fruit trees carefully cultivated.

* In the Lower Empire, Justinian alone, terrified by the sedition of January, 532, wished to abandon his palace; but he was dissuaded by the eloquent appeal of his wife Theodora.

† Or Cashier of the Minister of Finance; his title is derived from *venezue* (balance, because all coined money should be of just weight.)

‡ Pilau or Pilav, rice boiled in water, with or without seasoning, and containing meat cut in pieces.

With an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physick can be of much use.

THE GATHERER.

DEFINITION AND USE OF THE DICKY.

An apology for a shirt, having several of the outward appearances of the reality, such as gills, bosom, plait, and fold, to enclose the chin, and "display columns in front," through the openings in the waistcoat. But here the resemblance ends, for tail it has none, and body next akin thereunto. It is a modern improvement on the nether garment of our forefathers, and is, [agreeable to the doctrine of Lord Monbodo] to a shirt what a man is to a monkey; that is, it has got rid of its tail. The dicky may be worn with a shirt, or without a shirt, just as it happens to suit the fancy, the purse, or the convenience of the wearer. The latter is the more economical mode. But there are some gentlemen who do not scruple to wear both the apology and the shirt at the same time. Nay, there are some who will wear a dozen of these apologies at once, one above the other, each hiding the dirt beneath it, and tenaciously reserving the whole essence of bodily filth, collected by sweatings and sweltering through the dust and dirt of a six week's campaign. The dicky is the traveller's friend, and saves him all the expenses of a trunk or a valise. He crams a dozen into the crown of his hat, and as soon as his shirt becomes dirty, he makes it the foundation whereon to build his superstructure of dickets; and they may be seen rising weekly, or oftener, dicky above dicky, transferred from the crown of the hat to the declivity of the chin, and swelling out the bosom, so that returning home shirted with a round dozen of those articles, the traveller is congratulated on his rotund appearance, and the evident advantage which his health has derived from the journey, and hence a trip to a watering place frequently, and most unjustly bears away the credit due to a well arranged series of dickets. A dicky is a consummate hypocrite; it makes the wearer appear decently about the bosom and face, while all around and beneath he carries from thirty to sixty day's dirt. He is like a fish in market, growing prodigiously stale, but having the gills painted fresh to deceive the eyes of the buyer.

FEMALES IN INDIA.

Most of the white women seen at Batavia are born in India, and many so altered in figure, manners, and complexion, as to resemble the degenerate offspring of the Portuguese. They dress, when at home, exactly in the manner of their slaves, bare-headed, bare-footed, and wrapped in a long gown of red checkered cotton cloth, descending to the ankles, with large white sleeves. They anoint their coarse black hair with cocoa nut oil, and adorn it with the tube rose, and other strong scented flowers. In this loose and airy dress they loiter about among their slaves, to whom they are occasionally very cruel, or sit on the ground, having their legs crossed under them, chewing betel, with which they are infatuated.

These ladies soon ripen, and soon decay; they are marriageable at eleven and twelve years of age, and are accounted old before thirty. They have no resources within themselves, and many of them can neither read nor write, and are almost totally unqualified for the pleasures of social intercourse. Indeed the two sexes rarely meet in company except at great entertainments, when each have generally their separate circles: the men drinking and smoking in one apartment, the women chewing betel with their slaves in another.

When they go abroad in the cool of the evening to some grand assembly, they dress themselves in magnificent style. Their jet black hair twisted close to the head, sparkles with a profusion of diamonds, pearls and jewels of various kinds, mingled with flowers of the Arabian jessamine and tuberoses. Each lady has a female slave, almost as richly drest as herself, sitting at her feet. Before supper is announced, they usually retire to put on their cotton night gowns, and the gentlemen do the same, to exchange their heavy velvet, for white cotton jackets, and the elderly ones their wigs for night caps. In this manner the day is concluded, with a hot supper and its accompaniments, after which they retire to rest.

ACCOMMODATION FOR THREE HALF PENCE.

A gentleman on a wet evening entered the bar of an inn, and while standing before the fire, called to a servant girl who had come to receive his orders, "Margaret, bring me a glass of ale, a clean pipe, a spittoon, a pair of snuffers, and a newspaper. And Margaret, take away my great coat, carry it into the kitchen, and hang it up before the fire to dry, and dry my umbrella, and tell me what o'clock it is; and if Mr. Huggins should come in, request him to come this way, for I think it is near seven, and he promised to meet me at that hour. And Margaret, get me change for a sovereign, and see that all the change is good, take for the glass of ale out of it, and put the coppers in a piece of paper. And Margaret, tell Jemima to bring some more coals, take away the ashes, and wipe the table. And Margaret, pull down the blinds, shut the door, and pull-to the window-shutters." N. B. The gentleman had his own tobacco.

BURKE PUT TO FLIGHT.

Mr. Burke, on one occasion, had just risen in the House of Commons, with some papers in his hand, on the subject of which he intended to make a motion, when a rough hewn member, who had no ear for the charms of eloquence, rudely started up, and said, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Mr. Burke was so swoln, or rather so nearly suffocated, with rage, as to be incapable of utterance, and absolutely ran out of the House. On this occasion, George Lelwyn remarked, that it was the only time he ever saw the fable realized. *A lion put to flight by the braying of an ass.*

MARRIAGE BROKERS.

In Genoa there are marriage brokers who have pocket books filled with the names of marriagable girls of different classes, with notes of their figures, personal attractions, fortunes, &c. These brokers go about endeavouring to arrange connexions; and when they succeed, they get a commission of two or three per cent. upon the portion. Marriage at Genoa is quite a matter of calculation, generally settled by the parents or relations, who often draw up the contract before the parties have seen one another; and it is only when every thing else is arranged, and a few days previous to the marriage ceremony, that the future husband is introduced to his intended partner for life. Should he find fault with her manners or appearance, he may break off the match, on condition of defraying the brokerage, and any other expenses incurred.

BARRY'S POWERS OF PLEASING.

Spranger Barry, to his silver toned voice, added all the address and power of persuasion. A carpenter, to whom he owed some money for work at the Dublin Theatre, called at Barry's house, and was very clamorous in demanding his money of the servant. Mr. Barry, overhearing him said from above, "Don't be in a passion, but do me the favour to walk up stairs, and we'll speak on the business." "Not I," answered the man; "you owe me one hundred pounds already, and if you get me up stairs, you won't let me leave you till you owe me two."

LOTTERIES.

The earliest lottery that is recorded was in the year 1569; it consisted of 40,000 lots, at ten shillings sterling each lot. The prizes were silver plate, and the profits arising from it were applied to repair the havens of the kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, London; and the drawing, which began the 11th of January, continued incessantly, day and night, till the 6th of May, following. There were then only three lottery offices in London.

CHINESE POLITENESS.

The paying of visits is a great article of Chinese politeness. Visits are made upon every occasion, and are conducted with the most ceremonious formality, in which every thing is regulated by a public memorial, even to the number of bows, the expression of compliment, titles, genuflections, and several turns to the right hand or left, &c.

POPULAR TALES.

From Ackerman's Forget Me Not, for 1829.

THE MUSICIAN OF AUGSBURG.

BY DERWENT CONWAY.

Author of "Solitary Walks through Many Lands," &c.

There lived, at some former time, in the city of Augsburg, a musician, whose name was Nieser. There was no kind of musical instrument that he could not fashion with his own hands, nor was there any upon which he could not perform indifferently well. He was also a composer; and, although none of his compositions are now extant, tradition informs us that his reputation in that, as well as in the other departments of the art, not only filled the city, but extended throughout the whole circle of Suabia. Other causes contributed to swell his fame: he possessed great wealth—acquired, it was sometimes whispered, not in the most creditable way; and the only inheritor of it was a daughter, whose beauty and innocence might well have been deemed dowry sufficient, without the prospective charms of her father's possessions. Esther was indeed almost as celebrated for the softness of her blue eyes, and the sweetness of her smile, and her many kind actions, as old Nieser was for his wealth, and the excellence of his stringed instruments, and the paucity of his good deeds.

Now, in spite of the wealth of old Nieser, and the respect which it had obtained for him, and the musical celebrity which he enjoyed, one sore grievance pressed heavily upon him. Esther, his only child, the sole representative of a long line of musicians, could scarcely distinguish one tune from another; and it was a source of melancholy anticipation to Nieser, that he should leave behind him no heir to that talent which he held in almost equal estimation with his riches. But, as Esther grew up, he began to take consolation in thinking that if he could not be the father, he might live to be the grandsire, of a race of musicians. No sooner, therefore, was she of a marriageable age, than he formed the singular resolution of bestowing her, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whosoever should compose the best sonata, and perform the principal part in it. This determination he immediately published throughout the city, appointing a day for the competition; and he was heard to affirm, with a great oath, that he would keep his promise, though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers. Some say this was spoken jocularly; but it would have been better for old Nieser, had he never spoken it at all: it is certain, however, that he was a wicked old man, and no respecter of religion.

No sooner was the determination of Nieser the musician known in Augsburg, than the whole city was in a ferment. Many who had never dared to raise their thoughts so high, now unexpectedly found themselves competitors for the hand of Esther; for, independently of Esther's charms and Nieser's florins, professional reputation was at stake; and where this was wanting, vanity supplied its place. In short, there was not a musician in Augsburg who was not urged, from one motive or another, to enter the lists for the prize of beauty. Morning, noon, and night, the streets of Augsburg were filled with melodious discord. From every open window proceeded the sound of embryo sonatas; nor was any other subject spoken of throughout the city than the approaching competition, and its probable issue. A musical fever infected all ranks: the favourite airs were caught, and repeated, and played, and sung, in every house in Augsburg; the sentinels at the gates hummed sonatas as they paced to and fro; the shopkeepers sat among their wares singing favourite movements; and customers, as they entered, took up the air, forgetful of their business, and sung duets across the counters. It is even said, that the priests murmured allegrettos as they left the confessional; and that two bars of a presto movement were found upon the back of one of the bishop's homilies.

But, amidst all this commotion, there was one who shared not in the general excitation. This was Franz Gortlingen, who, with little more musical talent than Esther, possessed one of the best

hearts and handsomest persons in Suabia. Franz loved the daughter of the musician; and she on her part, would rather at any time have heard her own name, with some endearing word prefixed to it, whispered by Franz, than listened to the finest sonata that was ever composed between the Rhine and the Oder. Nieser's decree was therefore of sad import to both Esther and Franz.

It was now the day next to that upon which the event was to be decided, and Franz had taken no step towards the accomplishment of his wishes: and how was it possible that he should? He never composed a bar of musick in his life; to play a simple air on the harpsichord exhausted all the talent he was master of. Late in the evening Franz walked out of his lodgings, and descended into the street. The shops were all shut, and the streets entirely deserted; but lights were still visible in some of the open windows; and from these came sadly upon the ear of Gortlingen the sound of instruments in preparation for the event which was to deprive him of Esther. Sometimes he stopped and listened, and he could see the faces of the musicians lighted up with pleasure at the success of their endeavours, and in anticipation of their triumph.

Gortlingen walked on and on, until at length he found himself in a part of the city, which although he had lived in Augsburg all his life, he never recollected to have seen before. Behind him the sounds of musick had all died away, before him was heard the low rush of the river, and mingled with it there came at times upon the ear faint tones of wondrous melody. One solitary and far distant glimmer showed that the reign of sleep was not yet universal; and Gortlingen conjectured, from the direction of the sound, that some anxious musician was still at his task, in preparation for the morrow. Gortlingen went onwards, and as he drew nearer to the light, such glorious bursts of harmony swelled upon the air, that, all unskilled as he was in musick, the tones had a spell in them which more and more awakened his curiosity as to who might be their author. Quickly and noiselessly he went forward until he reached the open window, whence the sound proceeded. Within, an old man sat at a harpsichord, with a manuscript before him: his back was turned towards the window, but an antique and tarnished mirror showed to Gortlingen the face and gestures of the musician.

It was a face of infinite mildness and benevolence; not such a countenance as Gortlingen remembered to have ever seen the likeness of before, but such as one might desire to see often again. The old man played with the most wondrous power; now and then he stopped and made alterations in his manuscript, and as he tried the effect of them he showed his satisfaction by audible expressions, as if of thanksgiving in some unknown tongue.

Gortlingen could at first scarcely contain his indignation at the supposition that this little old man should dare to enter the lists as one of Esther's suitors; for he could not doubt that he, like the others he had seen, was preparing for the competition; but as he looked and listened, gradually his anger was quelled in contemplating the strangely mild countenance of the musician, and his attention fixed by the beauty and uncommon character of the musick; and at length, at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, the performer perceived that he had a sharer in his demonstrations of pleasure; for Gortlingen, in his unrestrained applause, quite drowned the gentler exclamations of the mild old man. Immediately the musician rose, and throwing open the door, "Good evening master Franz," said he, "sit down and tell me how you like my sonata, and if you think it likely to win Nieser's daughter." There was something so benignant in the old man's expression, and so pleasing in his address, that Gortlingen felt no enmity, and he sat down and listened to the player. "You like the sonata then?" said the old man, when he had concluded it.

"Alas!" replied Gortlingen, "would that I were able to compose such a one!"

"Harken to me," said the old man: "Nieser swore a sinful oath, that he would bestow his daughter upon whosoever might compose the best sonata, even although it were composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers."

These words were not spoken unheard: they were borne on the night-winds, and whispered through the forests, and struck on the ear of them who sat in the dim valley; and the demon laugh and shout broke loud upon the calm of midnight, and were answered from the lone depths of a hundred hills: but the good heard also; and though they pitied not Nieser, they pitied Esther and Gortlingen. Take this roll; go to the hall of Nieser: a stranger will compete for the prize, and two others will seem to accompany him: the sonata which I have given to you is the same that he will play; but mine has a virtue of its own: watch an opportunity and substitute mine for his!" When the old man had concluded this extraordinary address, he took Gortlingen by the hand, and led him by some unknown ways to one of the gates of the city, and there left him.

As Gortlingen walked homewards, grasping the roll of paper, his mind was alternately occupied in reflections upon the strange manner in which he had become possessed of it, and in anticipation of the morrow's event. There was something in the expression of the old man that he could not mistrust, though he was unable to comprehend in what way he could be benefitted by the substitution of one sonata for another, since he was not himself to be a competitor. With these perplexing thoughts he reached home, and lay down and fell asleep, while all night long Esther's blue eyes were discoursing with him, and the tones of the old man's sonata were floating in the air.

At sunset next evening Nieser's hall was to be thrown open to the competitors. As the hour approached, all the musicians of Augsburg were seen hurrying towards the house, with rolls of paper in their hands, and accompanied by others carrying different musical instruments, while crowds were collected at Nieser's gate to see the competitors pass in. Gortlingen, when the hour arrived, taking his roll, soon found himself at Nieser's gate, where many who were standing knew him, and pitied him, because of the love he bore the musician's daughter; and they whispered one to another, "What does Franz Gortlingen with a roll in his hand: surely he means not to enter the lists with the musicians?" When Gortlingen entered the hall, he found it full of the competitors and amateurs, friends of Nieser's, who had been invited to be present. Nieser sat in his chair of judgement at the upper end of the room, and Esther by his side, like a victim arrayed for sacrifice. As Gortlingen made his way through the hall, with his roll of musick in his hand, a smile passed over the faces of the musicians, who all knew each other, and who also knew that he could scarcely execute a march, much less a sonata, even if he could compose one. Nieser, when he saw him, smiled from the same cause; but when Esther's eye met his, if she smiled at all, it was a faint and sorrowful smile of recognition, and soon gave place to the tear that stole down her cheek.

It was announced that the competitors should advance and enrol their names, and that the trial should then proceed by lot. The last that advanced was a stranger, for whom every one instinctively made way. No one had ever seen him before, or knew whence he came; and so forbidding was his countenance, so strange a leer was in his eye, that even Nieser whispered to his daughter that he hoped his sonata might not prove the best.

"Let the trial begin," said Nieser: "I swear that I will bestow my daughter, who now sits by my side, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whosoever shall have composed the best sonata, and shall perform the principal part." "And you will keep your oath?" said the stranger, advancing in front of Nieser. "I will keep my oath," said the musician of Augsburg, "though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers." There was a dead silence; a distant shout and faint laughter fell on the ear like an echo. The stranger alone smiled; every one else shuddered.

The first lot fell upon the stranger, who immediately took his place, and unrolled his sonata. Two others, whom no one had observed before, took their instruments in their hands, and placed themselves beside him, all waiting the signal to begin. Every eye was fixed upon the performers.

The sign was given; and as the three musicians raised their heads to glance at the musick, it was perceived with horror that the three faces were alike. A universal shudder crept through the assembly; all was silent confusion; no one spoke or whispered to his neighbour: but each wrapped himself up in his cloak and stole away; and soon there was none left, excepting the three who still continued the sonata, and Gortlingen, who had not forgotten the injunction of the old man. Old Neiser still sat in his chair; but he too had seen, and as he remembered his wicked oath, he trembled.

Gortlingen stood by the performers, and as they approached what he remembered to be the conclusion he boldly substituted his for the sonata that lay before them. A dark scowl passed over the face of the three, and a distant wail fell upon the ear like an echo.

Some hours after midnight the benign old man was seen to lead Esther and Gortlingen out of the hall; but the sonata still proceeded. Years rolled on. Esther and Gortlingen were wedded, and in due course of time died; but the strange musicians still labour at their task, and old Neiser still sits in his judgement chair, beating time to the sonata. When it ends—if it ever shall end—Esther will be far beyond the reach of the wicked vow made by the musician of Augsburg.

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Bulletin.

EATING AND DRINKING.

That homely saying, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," contains more truth than half the precepts that are vastly more current. Appetite is the main thing. With this property, duly preserved, and not injured by intemperate eating or drinking, there is no knowing what commodities the human stomach may not dispose of advantageously. Men have been known to live on the most unlikely viands imaginable—but then appetite is essential. This, possessed in perfection enables the Kamschatdales to draw nutriment from bread made of sawdust and fish bones—the Ottomans of the Oronoco to eat raw fish, with a desert of clay—the Norwegians to relish chopped straw and the bark of fir-tree—the Hindostanese to devour castor oil as food—the Hottentots to fatten upon putrid blubber—the Creole to feed upon rats and other "small deer"—the Frenchman on frogs and garlick—and the Englishman on turtle and lobsters.

Upon this sort of fare, some people, it is true, could not subsist long; and why? because they have no appetite therefor—it does not suit their taste: though whole nations are known not only to derive sustenance from those species of provisions, but to esteem them as delicacies far preferable to beef and pudding. While some communities thus feed on what other communities might consider peculiarly obnoxious and destructive to health, there are occasionally to be found individuals who regard the *quality* of their food as a secondary matter—with such the *sumum bonum* is *quantity*. Bocher, of Wittenberg; tells of a man who could eat at a meal, a whole pig or sheep, and a bushel of cherries, stones and all. He had even been known, for a fee, to ingurgiate living birds, mice, handfuls of caterpillars, and once swallowed a bag-pipe, with all its appurtenances. In 1799, an individual existed in Europe, who would gormandize in the course of one day, fourteen pounds of raw meat, and two pounds of candles, besides five bottles of porter: this is fully attested by several English and French surgeons.

These may be considered as instances of depraved taste; but what are we to think of those gluttons, who have exhibited a penchant for glass, stones, coals, shells, &c., and would subsist upon such diet for days together? Such *lithophagi* have not only figured in former periods, but are said to exist even now. Boyle, in his Philosophical Essays, gives an account of a native of Lorraine, who had been seen to chew and swallow glass, wood, bones, linen, hair, woollen cloth, metals, dishes, bits of tin, straw, &c., all which wonderful exploits were duly authenticated. Bulmer, a recorder of miracles, mentions a common soldier who ate half a peck of stones per diem. In 1760, ac-

cording to Father Paulian's *Dictionnaire Physique*, there was a man at Avignon who swallowed pebbles, pieces of marble, and flints an inch thick. About thirty years since there was a foreigner at the Royal Circus, London, who would eat plates full of stones, and, to remove all suspicion, walk among the spectators, open his waistcoat, and treat the delighted audience with the sound of the engorged pebbles, rattling within his body. We have now before us a paragraph from a very recent London paper, stating that a few evenings previous, a respectable tradesman residing not a hundred miles from a fishmonger's shop in Newark, being in company at a publick house, had the misfortune to break a glass, which he paid for; and being hungry, says the writer, actually set on and ate the pieces in the presence of several respectable people. He afterwards offered to bet a wager that he would eat half a ton weight of glass in less time than any other man in England would eat half a ton of carrots!

But, *badinage* aside—many allowances are to be made, in the regulation of the quantity or quality of our food, for the peculiarities of appetite, the variations of taste, the differences of constitution, the influences of habit, &c. Taking these things carefully into account, people may eat or drink what they please. But, *carefully*, mind, if certain articles of food agree with an individual better than other articles, if he has arrived at years of discretion, he will of course adopt such diet. Men are so differently constituted—not originally, perhaps, but become so from a thousand causes, that there is no such thing as laying down particular rules in relation to diet, that are equally applicable to all persons. Some people die of an aqua vite, others of aqua solis. Some of repletion, and others of inanition. The best general rule is, eat what is known to agree with you, and endeavour to preserve a medium between the extremes of abstinence and excess.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FOX HUNTING.

"Well, do you know, that after all you have said, Mr. North, I cannot understand the passion and pleasure of fox hunting. It seems to me both cruel and dangerous."

Cruelty! Is there cruelty in laying the rein on their necks, and delivering them up to the transport of their high condition—for every throbbing vein is visible—at the first full burst of that maddening cry, and letting loose to their delight the living thunderbolts? Danger! What danger but breaking their own legs, necks, or backs, and those of their riders? And what right have you to complain of that, lying all your length, a huge hulking fellow, snoring and snorting half asleep on a sofa, sufficient to sicken a whole street! What though it be but a smallish, reddish-brown, sharp-nosed animal, with pricked up ears, and passionately fond of poultry, that they pursue! After the first tallyho, Reynard is rarely seen, till he is run in upon—once perhaps in the whole run, skirting a wood, or crossing a common. It is an idea that is pursued, on a whirlwind of horses to a storm of canine musick,—worthy, both, of the largest lion that ever leaped among a band of Moors, sleeping at midnight by an extinguished fire on the African sands. There is, we verily believe it, nothing foxy in the fancy of one man in all that glorious field of three hundred. Once off and away—while wood and welkin rings—and nothing is felt—nothing is imaged in that hurricane flight, but scorn of all obstructions, dikes, ditches, drains, brooks, palings, canals, rivers, and all the impediments reared in the way of so many rejoicing madmen, by nature, art and science, in an enclosed, cultivated, civilized, and christian country. There they go—prince and peer, baronet and squire,—the nobility and gentry of England, the flower of the men of the earth, each on such steed as Pollux never reined, nor Philip's warlike son—for could we imagine Bucephalus here, ridden by his own tamer, Alexander would be thrown out during the very first burst, and glad to find his way, dismounted, to a village alehouse for a pail of meal and water. Hedges, trees, groves, gardens, orchards, woods, farm houses, huts, halls, mansions, palaces, spires, steeples, towers, and temples, all go wavering by,

each demigod seeing, or seeing them not, as his winged steed skims or labours along, to the swelling or sinking musick, now loud as a near regimental band, now faint as an echo. Far and wide over the country are dispersed the scarlet runners—and a hundred villages pour forth their admiring swarms, as the main current of the chase roars by, or parted runlets float wearied and all astray, lost at last in the perplexing woods. Crash goes the top timber of the five barred gate—away over the ears flies the ex-rough-rider, in a surprising somerset—after a succession of stumbles, down is the gallant Grey on knees and nose, making sad work among the fallow—Friendship is a fine thing, and the story of Damon and Pythias most affecting indeed—but Pylades eyes Orestes on his back sorely drowned in sludge, and tenderly leaping over him as he lies, claps his hand to his ear, and with a "hark forward, tan-tivy!" leaves him to remount, lame and at leisure—and ere the fallen has risen and shook himself, is round the corner of the white village church, down the dell, over the brook and close on the heels of the straining pack, all a-yell up the hill crowned by the Squire's Folly. "Every man for himself, and God for us all," is the devout and ruling apothegm of the day. If death befall, what wonder? since man and horse are mortal; but death loves better a wide soft bed with quiet curtains and darkened windows in a still room, the clergyman in the one corner with his prayers, and the physician in another with his pills, making assurance doubly sure, and preventing all possibility of the dying christian's escape. Let oak branches smite the too slowly stooping skull, or rider's back not timely levelled with his steed's; let faithless bank give way, and bury in the brook; let hidden drain yield to fore feet, and work a sudden wreck; let old coal-pit, with briery mouth, betray; and roaring river bear down man and horse, to banks unscaleable by the very Welsh goat; let duke's or earl's son go sheer over a quarry fifty feet deep, and as many high, yet, "without stop or stay, down the rocky way," the hunter train flows on; for the musick grows fiercer and more savage,—lo! all that remains together of the pack, in far more dreadful madness than hydrophobia, leaping out of their skins, under insanity from the scent, now strong as stink, for vultures can hardly make a crawl of it; and ere he, they, whipper-in, or any one of the other three demoniacks, have time to look in one another's splashed faces, he is torn into a thousand pieces, gobbled up in the general growl; and smug, and smooth, and dry, and warm, and cozy, as he was an hour and twenty-five minutes ago, exactly, in his furze bush in the cover,—he is now piecemeal, in about thirty distinct stomachs, and, is he not, pray, well off for sepulture?

From the Yankee, and Boston Literary Gazette.

WOMAN.

It were no easy matter to describe the women of a small neighbourhood, or of a single parish, set apart in one of the isles of the sea, from all the rest of the earth. How much more difficult to describe those of a large country by a few general remarks. It is not so with men. They may be lit off in the lump. They are the herbage not the blossoms of the country. They are all of a hue—they are not like the flowers that blow under the pressure of the foot, and fade away before you have time to trace the perfume of their dying breath—to the trodden and crushed root you have scarred with your heel as you hurried by. They are not like women—as changeable as light, and fluctuating as a shadow of the summer sea. They are more like the substantialities that you see about you—heavy, and rocky, and steadfast.

Men are the reality, women the poetry of this world. Men are the trees—women the fruitage and flowers. The former delight in a rude soil—they strike their root downwards with a perpetual effort, and heave their proud branches upwards with a perpetual strife. Are they to be removed—you must tear up the very earth with their roots, rocks, and ore, and impurity, or they perish. They cannot be transplanted with safety. Something of their home—a little of their native soil, must cling to them for ever or they die. Not so with woman give her but air and sky enough, and she will seek

no nourishment on earth—strike no roots downward—urge no sceptre upward—but content herself with shedding light and cheerfulness on every thing she touches. Would you remove her—you have to unclasp a few green, delicate fibres, to scatter a few blossoms, and to shake of a few large drops—like the rain drops of a Summer shower—and lo! she is ready to depart with you wheresoever you may steer. She does not cling to the soil—she does not yearn for a native earth—all that she needs any where, is something to grow to. Her vitality is untouched—her sympathies unhurt, by the influence of a new sky or a strange air. It may be that, in her youth, her blossoming was about the doorway of a cottage—it may be, that she is now transplanted to a palace; made to breathe the hot and crowded air, to bask in the artificial sunshine of a city—in shadow and smoke, and a most exaggerating atmosphere. But even there she is happy—she carries her home with her; and though what she clings to may sicken at the heart and perish at the roots, for lack of its native air, she will put forth her beauty, and scatter her perfumes as before.

These things are easily said; but are they true? We are liable to be carried away by poetry, and metaphor, and illustration—but illustration, poetry, and metaphor, what do they prove? What are they good for? Why should it be more difficult to describe the women than the men of a small parish or of a large country? Try the experiment yourself. Go into the first church you see open, or to any other place where you may meet a multitude of women gathered together. Try to give a reader a general idea of their dress—nay try to give any body a general idea of any part of it—of the fashion of their bonnets—you will seldom or ever find two alike in the whole house—I might say on the face of the whole earth. Such is the very nature of woman: quick, apt, sensible, and precipitate, with an eye for colours that men have not; with an ear for music that men have not; with a taste for shape that shows itself in every thing she wears, and every thing she builds up. A woman studies change and variety—it is a reproach to dress alike. I do not say to be alike for twenty-four hours at a time. She would blush to be caught twice a year at a ball in the same or a similar dress. And where it may not be in her power to put on a new robe every day, it is the study of a large part of her life to appear to do so; to multiply and vary by all sorts of contrivances the few that she may have; now by altering the shape, now by giving a new dye, now by changing the ribbons, or a flounce, or a furbelow, and now, it may be, converting slips into frocks, or frocks into slips, or both into spencers and riding habits; all which a woman may do from her youth up, yet more from a love of change than from a secret desire to appear better off than she really is. And so it is with not a few of our men. The more youthful they are, the more sensitive they are: the more like women they are, the more changeable and capricious they are. But why should I complain of this? I do not—I only mention the fact for the purpose of showing how difficult it is to give another a general idea of a body of women. Before the hue is copied it is altered. Before the outline is finished it is no longer the same. You are in pursuit of the rainbow—you are describing a changeable landscape under the drifting clouds of a changeable sky—you are after a bird of paradise—a feather—a butterfly:

And every touch that woe its stay,
Brushes its brightest hues away.

But is this to complain? If I say that flowers are not trees, that fruitage is not rock, that women are not men; what say I more than every body, woman as well as man, should delight to acknowledge? Are we to be imprisoned forever and aye with realities; are we to live under a marble firmament, because, forsooth, a marble firmament may have more stability? Are we, who live in the very midst of change and fluctuation, who are never the same for two minutes together, who see all the elements circulating forever within us and around us, through all the vicissitudes of shadow and light, and youth and age; are we to speak irreverently of her, who, by the greater fineness and greater purity of her corporeal texture is made more sen-

sible than we to the influence of sky and air, and sea and earth? As well might we deny the perfume of the flower, and the hue of the wild rose, or the song of birds, or the flavour of a peach, for not being as fixed and immutable as the very earth we tread on. Are we to speak slightly of that which, through all its changes, is still woman—the witchery and power, the pulse and life-blood of our being? Let us remember that the charm of the very sky is changeableness—of the very earth, is its never being the same for a long while together—of the very sea and air, that they change with every breath you draw, and with every word you speak.

Let us remember that the character of her who is appointed to be our companion,

Like sunshine in the rill,
Though turned away, is sunshine still.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1826.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

TO OUR PATRONS. To those who intend to discontinue their subscription to this paper at the expiration of the present volume, we would suggest the propriety of giving us information, free of expense, previous to that time; as it may be done as easily now as hereafter, and will be of service to us in the regulation of our business. To those who are disposed to yield us their support another year, we would observe, that such improvements will probably be made at the commencement of our third volume, as will render the Record a journal of still greater utility and amusement. Those who desire to discontinue, as above stated, can do it through the agency of post-masters, without subjecting either themselves or us to expense. Such as are in arrears may learn the amount of their bills by referring to our terms. We request that in all instances the letters of our correspondents may come free from the expense, to ourselves, of postage.

POLITICKS AND POLITICIANS. The election being over, and the president made, men begin to look more smilingly at each other, and the general appearance of things prognosticates "fair weather" for a time. The periodical scribbler has laid his anger on the shelf, and pushed the cup of gall aside, and Maynard and Noyes' fine black liquid peaceably etches the eloquence of "the gray goose quill." Now, when a printer's devil asks a Jackson editor for copy, he is greeted with smiles and anecdotes; and instead of trudging under the leaden influence of endless expositions, addresses and resolves, he merrily skips to the compositor with the history of some adventurous cavalier, or bundle of oddities designed to shake the sides of some merry pack which has already grown fat upon the winnings of "Old Hickory." And when another printer's devil importunes an Adamsman upon similar business, he soberly guesses that long faces are fashionable in December, and piously contemplates the meekness and submissiveness of the editorial countenance; and in pity and sorrow he moves to the compositor with numberless snatches of sentiment, and chapters of accidents, and dolorous tales of unfortunate and tender persons ages, whose unrequited constancy brought on a "green and yellow melancholy" and then they died. And now there is more comfort in looking over one's exchange papers, for "coffin handbills," and "bargains," and the "six militiamen," do not absolutely run down his common sense and good feelings; but grave concoctions of "the season" and "Thanksgiving" introduce freezing and sociability to our meditations, while we marvel upon the similitude of sermons and "leading articles."

Now, when night brings leisure to neighbour Snug and neighbour Thrifty, they seat themselves together in friendship, and ever and anon quaff the sparkling cider from the mug, but talk not in the interim of politicks; though in times by-past their lungs and tongues met in hostile array, and discussed stentorian logic, much to the edification and opposite conviction of dame Bridget and her maiden sister Jemima; while the one refitted an Adams coat, and the other

new seated a pair of Jackson indispensables. Men's own business has grown upon their attention; and if we may judge from the appearance of the faces we meet, we should say that they are not displeased with the exchange of thoughts. No more are Johnson and Walker searched for adamant terms wherewith to set forth our good opinion of the refractory wretches of the opposite faction, and the brain almost forgets its existence while revelling in wheat and poultry speculations. Now, when somniferous propensities plunge them into slumberous scenes, the trader indulges dreamy thoughts upon commerce and price currents; and the moralist marvels upon the wisdom of ghostly apologues, and sagely dreams of the mysteriousness and transientness of pleasure. And now, when the wearied retire to rest, their somnolency is undisturbed by canine and feline querulousness, for the spirit of peace seems to have extended its influence over both quadruped and biped; save now and then an anti-masonick cur, that thinks it his duty to continue his grumbling, whether matters go right or wrong.

Now men's blood has become cooler, and they bethink themselves of flannels, and marvel upon the sudden change in the atmosphere since the fifth of November. The shop and the smithy resound to the strokes of the hammer and sledge, and master and man are too devout in their worship of mammon to philosophize upon the republicanism of war, or the aristocracy of negotiation. In lack of hearers, the bar-room politician proclaims his wisdom to the deserted walls; while gaping decanters and dilapidated tumblers are motionless, and wonderstruck by his mysterious brevity. Ragged placards, gibbitted upon corners and lamp-posts, give half utterance to calumnious phrases; and Lazy Lawrence gaps and grins, and seems utterly amazed that he has nothing to do but mind his own business.

JOHN CLEVES SYMMES. This eccentric, yet we believe much injured philosopher, has addressed a letter to the editors of the National Intelligencer, acknowledging the receipt of fifty dollars from a "good brother," and twenty dollars from a "good friend in prosperity and adversity, of the city of New-York." The captain is in Trenton, where he has been detained near two years, by sickness and pecuniary want; and he is still labouring under an attack of the dyspepsia, from which, however, he is taught he shall be relieved in time, by temperance and abstemiousness, that is, "living on dry bread alone." He thinks that, now the election is over, "the subject of the new world (as Columbus' discovery was called)" should be attended to; for he most positively avers that such a new world as he has announced must exist, "and that, too, without any barrier to prevent an easy exploration of its utmost bounds." Some two years or more since, we heard captain Symmes lecture, and though we were not quite converted to his notions, we recollect that we thought him as rational as most men; and much more candid and capable than most theorists. Besides, we are of the same opinion with some one else, who has said that a man should not be called a dunce or a fool because he evinces a capacity to reason erroneously, or differently from other people. We do not mean to say that because one theorist proves the truth of his notions by experimenting, another will necessarily do the same; but men may think and talk as they will, there is much science in captain Symmes, and when we canvass the difficulties he has encountered, and the prejudices he has fearlessly met and attempted to controvert, we cannot but think of the years spent by Columbus in subverting the prejudices of Europe. Men of learning and genius have admitted captain Symmes' arguments to be well founded, and he cites the fact as favourable to his theory, that such of the learned as do not approve of it "in whole or in part, appear cautious in meeting the question with a fair stated denial." Those who feel disposed to assist him, may transmit their supplies to Mr. Joseph Titus, of the Trenton bank, New-Jersey.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, which was delivered to congress on Tuesday, was brought to this city yesterday morning, by the southern mail. It is a long, able, and dignified document, treating largely the foreign relations and internal affairs of the Union. The greater part of our read-

ers will peruse this document in the columns of journals devoted more exclusively than our own to such matter. However, for the benefit of those who may not see it immediately, we shall make a summary of its most prominent features.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS. The relations of the United States with other nations, since the close of the last session of congress, "have generally tended to the preservation of peace and the cultivation of harmony."—"The state of our particular relations with France has scarcely varied in the course of the present year. The commercial intercourse between the two countries has continued to increase for the mutual benefit of both."—"The last friendly expedient has been resorted to for the decision of the controversy with Great Britain, relating to the northeastern boundary of the United States. By an agreement with the British government carrying into effect the provisions of the fifth article of the treaty of Ghent, and the Convention of 29th September, 1821, his majesty the king of the Netherlands has by common consent been selected as the umpire between the parties."—"Our commercial relations with Great Britain will deserve the serious consideration of congress, and the exercise of a conciliatory and forbearing spirit in the policy of both governments. The state of them has been materially changed by the act of congress passed at their last session, in alteration of the several acts imposing duties on imports, and by acts of more recent date of the British parliament. The effect of the interdiction of direct trade commenced by Great Britain, and reciprocated by the United States, has been, as was to be foreseen, only to substitute different channels for an exchange of commodities indispensable to colonies, and profitable to a numerous class of our fellow citizens. The exports, the revenue, the navigation of the United States have suffered no diminution by our exclusion from direct access to the British colonies. The colonies pay more dearly for the necessities of life, which their government burdens with the charges of double voyages, freight, insurance and commission, and the profits of our exports are somewhat impaired, and more injuriously transferred from one portion of our citizens to another. The resumption of this old, and otherwise exploded system of colonial exclusion has not secured to the shipping interest of Great Britain the relief which, at the expense of the distant colonies, and of the United States, it was expected to afford."—"A treaty of amity, navigation, and commerce, between his majesty the emperor of Austria, king of Hungary and Bohemia, has been prepared for signature by the secretary of state, and by the Baron de Ledreder, intrusted with full powers of the Austrian government."—"The conclusion of our last treaty of peace with Great Britain was shortly afterwards followed by a commercial convention, placing the direct intercourse between the two countries upon a footing of more equal reciprocity than had ever before been admitted. The same principle has since been much farther extended, by treaties with France, Sweden, Denmark, the Hanseatic cities, Prussia in Europe, and with the republics of Colombia, and of Central America, in this hemisphere."—"The general aspect of the affairs of our neighbouring American nations of the South, has been rather of approaching than settled tranquillity. Internal disturbances have been more frequent among them than their common friends would have desired. Our intercourse with all has continued to be that of friendship, and of mutual good will. Treaties of commerce and of boundaries with the United Mexican States have been negotiated, but from various successive obstacles, not yet brought to a final conclusion. The civil war which unfortunately still prevails in the republic of Central America, has been unpropitious to the cultivation of our commercial relations with them; and the dissensions and revolutionary changes in the republic of Colombia and Peru, have been seen with cordial regret by us, who would gladly contribute to the happiness of both.

THE REVENUE. "The condition and prospects of the revenue are more favourable than our most sanguine expectations had anticipated."—"The receipts of the present year have amounted to near two millions more than was anticipated at the commencement of the last session of congress."—"Upwards of nine millions have been applied to the extinction of the public debt, bearing an interest of six per cent. a year, and of course reducing the burden of interest annually payable in future, by the amount of more than half a million."—"That the revenue of the ensuing year will not fall short of that received in the one now expiring, there are indications which can scarcely prove deceptive."

THE TARIFF. "The tariff of the last session was, in its details, not acceptable to the great interests of any portion of the Union; not even to the interest which it was specially intended to subserve. Its object was to balance the burdens upon native industry imposed by the operation of foreign laws; but not to aggravate the burdens of one section of the Union by the relief afforded to another. To the great principle sanctioned by that act, one of those upon which the constitution itself was formed, I hope and trust the authorities of the Union will adhere. But if any of the duties imposed by the act only relieve the manufacturer by

aggravating the burden of the planter, let a careful revival of its provisions, enlightened by the practical experience of its effects, be directed to retain those which impart protection to native industry, and remove or supply the place of those which only alleviate one great national interest by the depression of another."

INDIAN AFFAIRS. "The attention of Congress is particularly invited to that part of the report of the Secretary of War, which concerns the existing system of our relations with the Indian tribes. At the establishment of the Federal Government, under the present constitution of the United States, the principle was adopted of considering them as foreign and independent powers; and also as proprietors of lands. They were, moreover, considered as savages, whom it was our policy and our duty to use our influence in converting to Christianity, and bringing within the pale of civilization.

"As independent powers, we negotiated with them by treaties; as proprietors, we purchased of them all the lands which we could prevail upon them to sell; as brethren of the human race, rude and ignorant, we endeavoured to bring them to the knowledge of religion and of letters. The ultimate design was to incorporate in our own institutions that portion of them which could be converted to the state of civilization. In the practice of European states before our revolution, they had been considered as children to be disposed of as occasion might require, as hunters, to be indemnified by trifling concessions for removal from the grounds upon which their game was extirpated. In changing the system, it would seem as if a full contemplation of the consequences of the change had not been taken. We have been far more successful in the acquisition of their lands than in imparting to them the principles, or inspiring them with the spirit of civilization. But in appropriating to ourselves their hunting grounds, we have brought upon ourselves the obligation of providing them with subsistence; and when we have had the rare good fortune of teaching the arts of civilization, and the doctrines of Christianity, we have unexpectedly found them forming, in the midst of ourselves, communities claiming to be independent of ours, and rivals of sovereignty within the territories of the members of our Union. This state of things requires that a remedy should be provided; a remedy which, while it shall do justice to those unfortunate children of nature, may secure to the members of our confederation their rights of sovereignty and of soil. As the outline of a project to that effect, the views presented in the report of the Secretary of War are recommended to the consideration of Congress."

SOUTH SEA EXPEDITION. "A resolution of the House of Representatives, requesting that one of our small public vessels should be sent to the Pacific Ocean, and South Sea, to examine the coasts, islands, harbours, shoals and reefs in those seas, and to ascertain their true situation and description, has been put in a train of execution. The vessel is nearly ready to depart; the successful accomplishment of the expedition may be greatly facilitated by suitable legislative provisions; and particularly by an appropriation to defray its necessary expense. The addition of a second, and, perhaps, a third vessel, with a slight aggravation of the cost, would contribute much to the safety of the citizens embarked on this undertaking, the result of which may be of the deepest interest to our country.

From the New-York Statesman.

THE PRESIDENT ELECT. We learn that general Jackson, to avoid the fatigues and inconveniences of a journey to Washington in mid winter, has made arrangements for taking up his residence at Philadelphia till the 4th of March, and that he is soon expected in that city. It is not improbable, that in the interim he may go to New-England, which he has never visited, and whither it is understood he will be invited by his political friends. A determination to exchange the seclusion of the Hermitage for the more busy and active scenes of life, whence a wider knowledge of the interests and feelings of the country may be derived, previous to entering upon the duties of the chief magistracy of the United States, is highly commendable, and will doubtless meet public approbation. Peter the Great, for the benefit of his young empire, did not disdain to enter workshops and labour in disguise, in order to familiarize himself with mechanical operations and the useful arts. If General Jackson should so far imitate the noble example of the czar, as to visit our sea-ports, our navy-yards, our extensive manufactories, and other departments of industry, it might be the means, we do not say of liberalizing his views, but of refreshing his knowledge of the great interests of his country.

From the National Intelligencer.

MR. SPARKS. It is known, says the National Gazette, that our distinguished countryman, Mr. Sparks, went to Europe last spring, in order to collect materials for illustrating the life of Washington, and the important events of our history, from the beginning of the struggle for independence. In July last, he proceeded from Germany to Paris, and has been constantly employed in that capital, in searching the public archives for papers, diplomatic and military, relating to our revolution, and the old French war in the colo-

nies. As Paris was the centre of all the diplomatic concerns connected with America, the documents are numerous, curious, and valuable. Mr. Sparks has experienced the utmost liberality and comity, on the part of the ministers in whose departments the papers are deposited, and very earnest aid from French gentlemen of eminence. A kindly feeling towards the United States seems to be almost universal in France. All the correspondence of Dr. Franklin with the French cabinet has come under the eyes of Mr. Sparks. The Dr. sustains in every part of it, a dignified, independent, and truly patriotic character. We shall, in all likelihood, see a full refutation of the charge or story of pliancy to the wishes of Vergennes, which has been copied into the newspapers from Mr. Cooper's "Notions of a Travelling Bachelor." Mr. Sparks will return to London to prosecute his researches there. In that capital also he is permitted to examine the diplomatic correspondence and military papers, and to make abstracts and selections. Some of the Whig noblemen in particular have entered warmly into his objects. The Marquess of Lansdowne, whom all men honour for his enlightened rectitude and generous courtesy, has opened to him all the papers of his father, Lord Shelburne, respecting the peace of 1783.

From the New-York Statesman.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY. The grand retreat of the Russians has filled some of our city poets with inspiration; and one of them, we perceive, goes so far as to say, that the movement is only "the crouching of the lion," at whose leap, "the bearded foeman will quail." We do not catch the resemblance of this bristling image. The Russians have been literally beaten back, scourged, and pursued. They went forward as destroyers, to the proudest and most exulting note of the trumpet; they bend back their steps with the brand of other destroyers upon them, and with their banners all prostrate! This result is grateful to every correct mind and upright heart. It was a war of subjugation—stimulated by monarchical cupidity and ambition. Neither religion nor liberty had, nor could they have, anything to do with the matter. Nicholas is no saint, to make battle on account of faith—(though we look upon the very proposition of a war of the cross as one which "cannot be conceived without an incongruity of ideas, nor expressed without solecism in language")—nor is he a devotee to Liberty, to volunteer for the struggling, or, as he must regard them, insubordinate Greeks. He has given no indication that his character tends either of those ways, or that either of those objects were his governing motive.

The Turks are barbarians, it is true; but neither the general policy of nations, nor the course of true justice, would be subverted by converting them into Helots, for the equally barbarous Muscovites—that is, into the servants of slaves! It can not, of course, be pretended—even though some profess to desire that consummation—that they are to be exterminated as a people, because they believe in Mahomet; and if not, their invasion should be no more a ground of rejoicing, than that of any other empire. The independence of the Greeks is what we in America have especially put to our hearts; but the aggrandizement of Russia, is in no wise a scheme deserving our aspirations.

From the Berkshire American.

GREAT CENTRAL PRESS. It is stated in several papers, among which is the Christian Advocate and Journal, that a plan is on foot among the Presbyterians to get up a vast Printing Establishment in some central part of the United States, which is to publish nothing but orthodox books and periodicals, and by its vast wealth, immensity of business, and labour-saving machinery, afford its publications so low as to break down all other printing establishments in the country, and thus become itself the sole purveyor of information, both political and religious.

A part of its project is the establishment of a Central Newspaper, the plan of which is as novel as it is magnificent. The size is not mentioned; but we should suppose it could not be less than 20 feet by 30—the London Atlas, and such like papers being mere pigmies to it. It is to have *Nine Editors!* Instead of being printed all over at the Central Press, one page is to be left blank, to be filled up with advertisements and local matters by auxiliary presses, one of which (subject to the "great Dragon,") is to be established in each county.

It is stated that agents are employed in procuring subscriptions, that \$300,000 are already subscribed, and that \$200,000 more are only wanting to carry the project into operation.

Of all mammoth schemes of politico-religious ambition, this is the mightiest. It is the very "image that Nebuchadnezzar set up." What a pity it is that a free, enlightened, liberal minded and christian people, will not "fall down and worship" it.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 239, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1824. JOHN F. PORTER.

POETRY.

LADDER OF LOVE.

From a Spanish Comedy.

Men and women,—more or less,—
Have minds o' the self-same metal, mould, and form:—
Doth not the infant love to sport and laugh,
And tie the kettle to a puppy's tail?
Doth not the dimpled girl her 'kerchief don
(Mocking her elder) mantilla wise—then speed
To mass and noontide visits; where are banded
Smooth gossip words of sugared compliments?
But when at budding womanhood arrived,
She casts aside all childish games, nor thinks
Of aught save some gay parang—*who, caught
In love's stout meshes, flutters round the door,
And fondly beckons her away from home.*
The whilst, her lady mother fain would cage
The foolish bird within its narrow cell:—
And then, the grandame idly wastes her breath,
In venting saws, 'bout maiden modesty—
And strict decorum—from some musty volume:
But the clipped wings will quickly sprout again;
And whilst the doating father thinks his child
A paragon of worth and bashfulness,
*Her thoughts are hevering round the precious form
Of her sweet furnace-breathing Don Diego!*
And he, all proof 'gainst dews and nightly blasts,
In breathless expectation waits to see
His panting Rosa at the postern door,—
While she sighs forth, "My gentle cavalier!"—
And then they straightway fall to kissing hands,
And antic gestures—such as lovers use,
Expressive of their wish to quickly tie
The gordian knot of marriage:—*Pretty creatures!
But why not earlier to have thought of this?*
When he, the innocent youth, was wont to play
At *cocoquilla*; and the prattling girl,
Amid her nursery companions, toiled
In sempstress labours for her wooden dolls.
Ah! wherefore did I ask? Because, forsooth,
Their ways are changed with their increasing years!—
For when for gallantry the time be come,
And when the stagnant blood begins to boil
Within the veins, my master—then the lady
Cast longing looks on damosels—for nature
Defies restraint—and kin birds flock together!—
And think not, master, *Chance* disposes thus;
Or, were it so, then *Chance* directs us all—
Whene'er we have attained the important age!
I, ———, am a living instance!—
Was I not once a lively laughing boy?
And, in my stripling age, did I not love
The pastimes suited to those madcap days?—
Oh! would to heaven those times were present still!
But wherefore fret myself with hopes so vain?
The silly thought doth find no shelter here,—
That any beauty, with dark roguish eyes,
With sparkling blood, and rising warmth of youth,
Would ere affect this wrinkled face of mine:—
The very thought doth smack of foolishness!—
And, though the truth may be a bitter pill,
Yet, ———,
It is most fitting that we know ourselves.

From the Forget Me Not, for 1829.

CONSTANCY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, Esq.

"It is—it is the trumpet's note!—
Bright hope once more is mine!
I see the glorious banners float,
The martial weapons shine!
I hear, like an approaching storm,
The warriors' heavy tread:
Albert! I seek in vain thy form:
O God!—canst thou be dead?"

"One—but one little moment more,
My heart, forget to ache;
That time hath blessed joys in store—
Or griefs—to bid thee break!
Long years, since our farewell, have past
In misery and in gloom;
And oh! if it should prove our last,
Welcome my shroud and tomb!"

"Aha! how could I live—yet know
That thou, my love, wert slain;

That, gashed and cold, thy noble brow
Lay on the battle plain;
That the fond voice, 't was bliss to hear,
In death had passed away:
O, Albert, haste—or doubt and fear
Thy Genevieve will slay!

"Who calls?—the wind my ear deceives—
Again!—'tis from the grove—
And, hark!—a step among the leaves—
'Tis he!—my life—my love!
O, welcome—welcome to this breast,
Thou prized of all the most!—
This kiss—these tears—will speak the rest—
Alas! I thought thee lost!"

"My own fond girl—my graceful flower—
My beautiful—my pride,—
How have I longed for this blest hour,
When on the ocean wide!
And is, indeed, thy youthful heart
Still constant as my own?—
Then we have met, no more to part;
To live for love alone!

O, I have many a tale to tell
Of woes and perils o'er;
Of fair and gallant youths that fell
Upon the Turkish shore!—
Of dreadful battles on the land,
And tempests on the sea;—
Still saved by heaven's protecting hand,
My Genevieve, for thee!"

"Yet thou lookest pale—thine arm is bound—
And faded is thine eye;
Ah me! I fear from sight and sound,
Thou comest but home—to die!—
But, no!—I will not speak of this,
Nor keep one thought of pain;
This hour is one of soul-felt bliss,
And many may remain!"

"Behold our lovely cottage home,
O, never will you meet,
In any land where'er you roam,
A spot more fair—more sweet:
Mother—dear mother—bless your child,
The news was false we learned;
God on our mutual prayers has smiled—
Our Albert is returned!"

From Little's Remember Me.

A CHERUB.

BY REV. GEORGE W. DOANE

Beautiful thing, with thine eye of light,
And thy brow of cloudless beauty bright,
Gazing for aye on the sapphire throne
Of Him who dwelleth in light, alone,
Art thou hastening now on that golden wing,
With the burning seraph choir to sing,
Or stooping to earth, in thy gentleness,
Our darkling path to cheer and bless.

Beautiful thing, thou art come in love,
With gentle gales from that world above;
Breathing of pureness, breathing of bliss,
Bearing our spirits away from this,
To the better thoughts, to the brighter skies,
Where heaven's unclouded sunshine lies,
Winning our hearts by a blessed gale,
With that infant look, and angel smile.

Beautiful thing, thou art come in joy,
With the look, with the voice of our darling boy,
Him that was torn from the bleeding hearts
He had twined about with his infant arts,
To dwell, from sin and sorrow far,
In the golden orb of his little star;
There he rejoiceth, while we, oh! we
Long to be happy and safe as he.

Beautiful thing, thou art come in peace,
Bidding our doubts and fears to cease,
Wiping the tears, that, unbidden, start
From the fountain deep, in the broken heart.
Cheering us still, on our weary way,
Lest our hearts should faint, or our feet should stray,
Till, crowned for the conquest, at last we shall be,
Beautiful thing, with our boy and thee!

EUTHANASIA OF TASSO.

Oh would I were laid where my fathers lie,
With a heart as the damp earth o'er me cold.—
That my grate were changed for the free blue sky,
And my cell were under the fresh green mould!

How sweet to rest in that silent sleep,
Never more of earth and its griefs to dream,
While unfelt the tears of the night should weep,
And unseen the smiles of the day should beam!

How happy to rest in that sacred sleep,
Till awoke to a life beyond the sky,
Where the sower in tears in joy shall reap,
And forever be mute the mourner's sigh.

Oh, I never will breathe my farewell breath,
Like the world I scorn, and its heartless throng;
But on the green brink of the river of death,
I will die, like the swan—as I lived—in song!

Even then, even there, though the ebbing of life
May permit not a sound from the lips to stir,
Yet with music my spirit will all be rife,
And the hymn of the dying shall rise to her!

With that vesper of love thrilling all within,
And the roses of hope breathing balms beside,
Oh rapture! to sleep in the trust to win
For ever—for ever, my heart's lone bride!

"MANY THINGS IN A FEW WORDS."

In place not far removed from Hoosick mountain,
A worthy wight, grown weary of recounting
The days he'd spent in single state,
Concluded he would seek and find a mate.

A clever farmer lived not far away,
Rich in good land and stock, and grain and hay;
But richer still in honest Isaac's fancy,
In one fair daughter who was christened Nancy.

Isaac a wooing went—not to the maid,
As most befitting seems—but to her dad.
With bashful look and timid step, he crept
Where farmer Simon his brush harrow swept;
And following back and forth the oxen round,
At length his passion thus an utterance found—
"I've been—I come—I think—I feel—as how
I wants to mar—to mar—to marry now.
Your dar—your darter Nancy hits my eye—
I loves her—but I feels tarnashun shy;
I wants to court and marry with the gal—
Your leave I'd ax, and then—and then I shall."

Old Simon, frugal of his words and time,
Quick answered thus, at rendered into rhyme—
Plying the goad to make his cattle go—
"Take her, and use her well—ahoa, haw, buck, wo!"

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Prout's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new founts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Peculiar care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new founts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO.
Albany, October 4, 1838. 36 ff



Nov. 8, 1838.

REMOVAL.—ALLISON & WEEB have removed from No. 4 Green-st. to 471 South Market-street, opposite James Gould's Coach Maker's shop, where they intend to carry on the SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK making business, in all its various branches. Military Caps and Horse Equipments made according to order, and on the shortest notice. All orders from the country, thankfully received and promptly attended to. Thankful for past favours, they hope to merit a continuance of the same.
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Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILL, at the corner of North Market and Steuben-streets, up stairs. 37 Entrance from Steuben street. To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year.



AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1828.

NO. 46.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered at Providence, Rhode Island, before Mount Vernon Lodge, A. L. 5825, being the anniversary of the birth of their illustrious brother George Washington.

By Rev. Br. DAVID PICKERING.

(Concluded.)

Masonry has not its limits in any particular country, but flourishes wherever freedom unfurls her banner, and the ensigns of liberty unfold the genius of the arts and sciences. It has enjoyed the approbation of the wise and virtuous of the human race, and has withstood the ravages of time's unsparing hand, triumphing over the maddening rage of infuriated bigots, and the persecuting zeal of proud and haughty tyrants. It has outlived the billowy flood of ancient days, witnessed the downfall of unstable kingdoms, and chanted the requiem of dissolving empires. In every age of the world, and in every country, its principles have been the same, and in the effects which its moral influence has produced upon mankind, there has always existed a striking similarity.

Had masonry been a system of monopolizing influence, calculated to rivet the chains of poverty, ignorance, and slavery, upon a portion of our race; had its genius been such as to abridge the rational enjoyments of any part of community, or corrupt the morals of society, it would long since have been abandoned as an innovation upon the rights and the happiness of mankind, and left destitute of any supporters who are worthy of having their names enrolled in the archives of fame. The virtuous harbinger of Immanuel, and the beloved disciple of the immaculate Saviour, would have frowned indignantly upon it, had they have found beneath the cloak of fair pretence, either wickedness, or mere frivolity. From its remote antiquity and the incalculable number of philanthropic men, who have patronised and encouraged the institution, and even suffered torture and death in its defence, we may assert without ostentation that masonry had its origin in virtue, and for its object the improvement, interest, and welfare of mankind.

The peaceful genius of freemasonry is a strong evidence of the purity of the institution.

In the dark ages of the world, when the means of knowledge which we so amply share were beyond the reach of the multitude, masonry diffused its influence to perpetuate friendship, to neutralize the poison of envy, and to soften the virulence of vindictive passion. Never did it raise the unhallowed standard of persecution, or grasp the reins of civil government in any nation; or attempt to dictate a religious creed to man. Never has it opposed itself to the legal authorities of any country; but in all kingdoms, and under all governments, its submission, docility, and peaceful character have been marked with astonishment. While nations have been struggling for liberty, and tyrants, to ascend the thrones of state, have waded through seas of blood; masonry has stood firm upon its ancient and imperishable foundations, and bade defiance to the wild commotion of falling kingdoms and crumbling empires.

While a part of the nominal christian world has been stained with the blood of unhappy victims of its persecuting rage, masonry has stretched forth the hand of charity for the relief of the suffering and the oppressed, and applied the balsam of healing to the wounds of bleeding humanity. But

masonry, which has ever proved the faithful friend of the unfortunate, and the kind angel of condolence, has not escaped the iron rod of religious intolerance—in Spain, it has long groaned beneath the disgraceful burden of despotick arrogance, and in different kingdoms it has alternately been the subject of jealousy and oppression. Such persecution and oppression would be less intolerable, were it administered by the hand of the idle and the openly profane: but when men professedly engaged in promoting the benevolent religion of Jesus Christ, resort to the bloody engines of persecution, reason stands aghast, religion drops the tear of regret, and philosophy discovers in the semblance of christianity the rugged features of the apocalyptic beast!

We have seen the rise and progress of masonry, and we have beheld in times of peril and danger, as well as in prosperity and security, the peaceful paths which its votaries have pursued. We now turn to consider the benefits derived from a strict adherence to the principles of the institution.

It discountenances and prohibits vice in all its Protean forms, as destructive of happiness and degrading to the dignity of its subjects. It recommends the peaceful paths of true wisdom, as the only course of safety for man; and strongly inculcates the duties of *friendship*, without the alloy of indifference; of *morality*, without the mixture of ostentation; and of *brotherly love*, without the imposing shadows of dissimulation.

That freemasonry has sustained a peaceful character, and urged the practice of its sublime virtues upon the members of the whole fraternity, will not be doubted by any serious reflecting mind, who will be at the trouble to examine the records of its progress in various parts of the world, and especially in times of persecution. It has never lifted its hand to crush the civil power. It has never summoned its votaries to erect the standard of rebellion, or seize the reins of government: but it has uniformly inculcated the duty of submission to the legal authorities of every nation, and solemnly enjoined an undeviating adherence to the precepts of justice, which would perpetuate the invaluable blessing of peace to the world.

Had masonry been a system of rancorous policy, its deformity would long ere this have been exposed, and its ranks deserted by virtuous men. But instead of rancour and pride, it teaches the lessons of humility and condescension to the prince, the ruler, and the judge; while it descends to the vale of obscurity, and exalts the man of humble virtue to a level with the great. The warm undeviating friendship of brotherly love is considered by masonry as the proper centre, towards which all the actions of its friends should verge.

Wherever the genuine principles of the institution are cherished in the heart, the bosom is caused to glow with love, and the finer feelings of the soul are excited and become interested in the welfare of a brother. This effect is accounted for by the fact, that masonry holds fellowship with pilgrims in distress; cordially hails the sons of want, and welcomes them to the board of plenty, administers to the wants of a peniless brother, and regards with the tender solicitude of fraternal affection the unfortunate children of affliction and pain.

The mason who is worthy of a mason's name, can meet on the same level, and greet with the same cordiality, a Briton, a Frank, a German, or a native of the forest, and fellowship them as brethren, if they are acquainted with our art.

How wildly soever the members of this fraternity may differ in their opinions, he who acts up to the sentiments and rules of this noble institution, must lay aside his prejudices, and, on the masonick pavement, hail in the melting voice of friendship, a brother of a different denomination.

The worthy mason is taught to visit the widow in distress, to substitute the oil of consolation and joy for the tears of affliction, to clasp in the arms of charity and affection each helpless orphan, and administer to their necessities. His heart is taught to regard with emotions of grief the distresses of others, and to aid in the alleviation of human misery. In a word, the natural influence of freemasonry is, to tame the ferocity of men, allay the prejudice of those whose tenets are the most dissimilar, promote peace in society, correct the morals of the irreligious and profane, encourage arts and social intercourse among mankind, and engage the hearts of men in the exercise of virtuous friendship and love.

To exemplify the charitable genius of this venerable institution, it is only necessary to remark, that in the last memorable struggle with one of the most formidable powers of Europe, the unfortunate captives from beyond the Atlantick, shared largely the bounty of lodges in many of our popular towns and cities, where their funds were liberally imparted for the relief of brethren, compelled by the laws of their country to sustain the character of an invading foe. And permit me to add, that the lessons which freemasonry inculcates were universally observed by its professed friends, the tongue of slander would be bound—the wise politician, the worthy religionist, and the sage philosopher, would rejoice in its upbuilding, and feel themselves honoured in having their names enrolled with the fraternity, and deposited in the archives of the middle chamber.

I have entered thus far into the history of the origin and progress of freemasonry, elucidated its real principles, and treated of its genius, its influence upon and relation to society, its tendency and the benefits derived from a knowledge of the institution, not for the instruction of the experienced and well informed mason, but for the purpose of refreshing their minds with a recollection of those truths on which the prosperity of the craft depends, and to aid the young and inexperienced in the just estimate of the principles which mark the importance of our order.

But I am aware that two objections are urged with great pertinacity against the fraternity, and give rise to inquiries which demand a reply.

First. If masonry be of any real benefit to the world, why is it kept a secret?

Second. If the institution be good, and has a tendency to reform mankind, why are there immoral members found in its ranks?

In answer to the first, it is proper to reply, that in order for the secrets of freemasonry to be generally known, it would be necessary that its privileges should be indiscriminately bestowed, which would not only subvert the design of the institution, but render it familiar, it might, like many other important theories, lose much of its influence upon the mind, and gradually sink into disregard. The general neglect of the sublime and infinitely important truths of Christianity furnish striking illustration and evidence of the truth of this position. Besides, it is a fact which has not escaped the observation of the most discerning, that whatever is new and difficult to be obtained, is the more highly prized on account of the obstructions in the way of acquisition; and more sure to awake

the curiosity, and encourage the perseverance of the inquiring mind.

These considerations, in conjunction with the arguments already adduced in support of its peaceful tendency, and its moral influence upon its members and upon society, will not only justify the exclusion of the world from a knowledge of the art, but prove with sufficient clearness that in order the more effectually to extend the benefits of the institution, its secrets should be inviolably kept within the walls of the fraternity.

In answer to the second objection, which relates to immoral members, we may reply, although it cannot be denied that such members are sometimes found in our ranks, yet from that consideration it cannot be inferred with certainty that the institution itself is corrupt: for such an inference would justify the unreasonable conclusion that no member of community could act unworthy of his profession. Where can a society be found on earth, of any description whatever, that can boast of having no bad members? And shall we pass the uncharitable censure that all institutions are corrupt, because some of their members walk in a disorderly manner? If what has already been advanced be not sufficient to explode the objection, let the objector consult the sacred history of the apostolick fraternity, where he will find penned in living characters, the treachery of one, and the falsehood and profanity of another! It is true that sometimes we are troubled with disorderly or immoral members, and find it necessary to admonish, rebuke, and exhort them to reformation, with long-suffering and charitable forbearance: but when gentle means fail to reform their lives, we have recourse to the painful expedient of expulsion, and for ever withdraw from our fellowship as Masons.

The last alternative is truly painful to the fraternity, and deeply disgraceful to him who merits such treatment. To be for ever excluded, and stripped of the honours and denied the confidence of a Society, whose principles are founded upon the most rational and manly piety; whose laws are dictated by justice and reason; the principles of whose actions are sympathy and benevolence; which breathes universal peace on earth, and promotes good will among mankind, is deemed a sufficient punishment for us to inflict upon the refractory.

The Worshipful Officers and Brethren will accept the cordial congratulations of a brother, on the hitherto rapid progress, the present prosperity, and future prospects of the fraternity, in this highly favoured and liberal section of our happy country; and his most sincere and devout wishes for their success in promoting the benevolent designs of this noble institution: an institution which has commanded the talents and called forth the energies of the patriot, the hero, and the sage; in whose prosperity, the most ardent followers of the Prince of Peace have been feelingly enlisted, and the widely extended range of whose philanthropic exertions, thousands of the unfortunate have been made to rejoice.

The occasion on which we are assembled the endearing name of this flourishing Lodge, and the memory of the Sainted Patriot whose anniversary is selected to heighten the enjoyments of this festive interview, all tend to awaken the most pleasing associations in the mind, and impress us with the importance of emulating the virtuous examples of the illustrious Father of his country, the friend and patron of Masonry.

To preserve unstain the reputation of the craft; to ensure prosperity to the designs of this ancient and honorable fraternity, and to aid the cause of universal improvement in the science of happiness, it is only necessary that we attentively pursue the path marked out by the sublime precepts and excellent moral instructions inculcated within our walls, and urged with silent, but forcible eloquence by the numerous emblems of the masonic Carpet.

And may the choicest blessings even attend this Lodge. May the radiance of wisdom be shed from the East, and beam in equal splendour upon all—The West be strengthened and beautified by the golden tinges of the descending luminary, till the whole fraternity, cemented in union and friendship, shall present one immense Galaxy in the moral firmament below; and in the Lodge celestial

be crowned with the pure delights and unfading refulgence of everlasting Love.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

From the Western Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences.

A case of poisoning by Opium, treated with success by the affusion of cold water. By Dr. James F. Brown, of Jackson, Tennessee.

On the 30th of June 1825, early in the morning, I was called to see Mr. Harris. On my arrival, I found him lying on his back, apparently in a profound sleep; and was informed that every exertion had been made to awaken him, but ineffectually. There was no suspicion of his having attempted to destroy himself; and no knowledge of his having taken opium. After examining him for some time, I was confident he was under the influence of some powerful narcotick. His pulse was stout 45 in a minute; skin cool and flaccid, slightly moist with clammy sweat; breathing slow and laborious; pupils of the eyes dilated; and his jaws strongly set. I had them opened, and on inspecting the mouth, found some small pieces of opium sticking to his jaw teeth. This confirmed our first impression; and accordingly, with as much haste as possible, I endeavoured to excite vomiting, and arouse him from his lethargy. But all attempts were ineffectual. Fifteen grains of tartar emetic were forced into his stomach; and repeated in ten or fifteen minutes, the fauce being titillated by a feather; but without the least possible effect. The sulphate of zinc was also administered freely, but to no better purpose.

His situation still growing more alarming I requested the attendance of Doctors Young and Snider. On their arrival, the case was believed to be hopeless, as every exertion to arouse the system proved ineffectual. It was immediately determined to use the cold affusion, in imitation of Doctors Jackson and Cross. We accordingly had him placed on the floor, and doured a large vessel of cold water on him, commencing with his face and directing it to his breast. The first vessel was expended without producing any sensible effect. We resorted, without delay, to a second, which appeared to produce some effect, for he began to struggle. So soon as we began to pour the third, he suddenly raised himself on his knees and said, "I cannot stand every thing." We continued the cold affusion, at the same time endeavouring to excite vomiting by titillating the fauces, which was effected so soon as sensation awakened. As soon as practicable, we directed strong coffee to be taken freely. In about two hours the emetic medicines produced a free catharsis. We directed frictions and moderate exercise, with some other gentle remedies, intended to obviate the effects of the opium, and left him.

I did not visit my patient until late in the evening, when, to my astonishment, I found him cheerful, and apparently free from the effects of the opium. All the secretions appeared to be completely re-established. I directed him to keep his bowels open with salts or oil. He continued to mend, and was free from all symptoms of the poisoning in a few days.

From the statement of the patient, after his recovery, it must have been 14 hours from the time he swallowed the opium, until I saw him. He said he had swallowed a large piece at bed time the night before. The first dose made him vomit; and thinking he had thrown up the principal part, he repeated the potion. From the description of this piece, it must have weighed two drams, both together making half an ounce. Whether he threw up the whole of the first dose, is not known.

This case would seem to be of considerable importance, when we take into consideration the period which elapsed from the time of taken the opium, until medical aid could be had, and his very quick recovery, without the train of disagreeable symptoms, which are not unusual, when large quantities of opium have been taken.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

An Irishman in France drinking with some company, one of them proposed the toast, "The land we live in."—"Aye, with all my soul, my dear," said Pat, "here's poor old Ireland."

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF RIEGO, THE SPANISH PATRIOT.

Translated for the Washington City Chronicle.

D. Raphael del Riego, Field Marshal, Captain General of Aragon, and Deputy to the Cortes of 1822, was born in Austria, in 1783. Partaking of the enthusiasm with which the Spanish youth were inflamed in 1808, for the independence of their country, he closed the course of his studies, and became incorporated into one of those battalions into which the young scholars of the Spanish colleges were precipitated by emulation. Having become an officer in the regiment of the Austrias, he entered on a campaign; but fortune did not second his valor, and he was made prisoner and conducted into France. The pacification of the Continent restored him to liberty. During this long captivity, thrown upon himself, he occupied his gloomy moments in meditating upon the miseries of his country, and felt in his soul these great passions which the hope of doing good to his fellow citizens was soon to develop. He did not return to Spain until he had visited Germany and London; but instead of the intelligence which he expected to find, connected with independence, he saw nothing but the inquisition and slavery. Riego had, however, again entered the service as a Lieut. Colonel. The regiment which he commanded was one of those assembled at Cadiz, to pass into Mexico, and Riego figured among the chiefs who had projected the amelioration of the Government. This project having been revealed, they arrested the Colonels Quiroga, Arco-Aguero, Lopez-Barnos, and O'Daly; all hope was not lost; Riego was still free. He re-animating the drooping courage of such of their friends as could still act; made the arrangements that circumstances required; reserved to himself all the dangers of the commencement of the undertaking, and gave the signal of Spanish regeneration. On the 1st of January, 1820, one of his battalions filled the air with the cry of *Viva la Constitucion!* Without giving this first burst time to subside, Riego hastened to Arcos, and there found another battalion, of which he was made second, arrested the new General in Chief (the Count de Calderon) and all his état major; and flew to Alcala de Los Cagales, and took Gairoga from his jailors. In the mean time the regiments of Seville and Canaris took part in the movement; other corps followed their example, and all swore to the Constitution. It was nothing now but a national army. Quiroga took the rank to which his seniority entitled him, and placed his head quarters in the isle of Leoa. Riego, on his side, departed at the head of 1,500 men to aid the revolters of Andalusia; took the route to Algesira, received reinforcements at Gibraltar, and arrived at Malaga. General J. O'Donnell, however, followed him with a superior force, attacked him at various points, and even in the streets of the last city, and deprived him of every hope of escape. Riego saw his little army reduced to despair, and on the very brink of annihilation, when the success which his great enterprise obtained in other parts of the kingdom changed his position and that of the Constitutionals, and, for a time, the destiny of Spain. Riego repaired to Seville, where he received the honors of a triumph. Such is the course of human affairs. As a conqueror, he received the crown of William Tell and Themistocles; as the vanquished, he partook of the punishment of Porlier and Lacy. The King of Spain rivalled the citizens in marks of kindness, and appointed him Captain General of Aragon, a place which his differences with the Minister of War, Salvador, and the political chief Saragossa, Moreda, soon made him lose; or rather the commotions which soon arose to destroy or shake the political equilibrium. Riego was persecuted because the party which opposed the revolution could not protect its authors. The people were favorable to the Revolution, and the hero of Las Cabezas de San Juan was appointed to represent his fellow citizens. The Cortes, from their first session, chose him to preside over them, and they avenged the treachery which a faction had made him experience. The honors which they heaped upon Riego, and the glories with which they surrounded him, seemed to trouble him. He

was honored with fetes at Leon, at Valladolid; the anniversary of the Constitution was celebrated at Madrid, in the presence of Riego; they raised to him triumphal arches at Burgos and at Saragossa, the seat of his government, where he signalized his arrival by a proclamation addressed to the people of Aragon. On the other hand, it was proposed to the Cortes to grant him and his descendants 20 000 francs in landed property. But the enemies of Riego did not remain inactive; they exerted all the means in their power to destroy his popularity; commotions were excited for this purpose at Saragossa, and they rendered Riego responsible for them. Suspended from his functions, he was sent to Lerida, and notwithstanding the expose of his conduct which he published, he was deprived of his place, and succeeded by Morla. While Cadiz asked of the King that he should be brought to trial, the patriotic society of Valencia wrote to him a letter of felicitation, and at the moment in which they offered him the government of Barcelona, he was appointed deputy to the Cortes by the province of Asturia. His journey from Valencia to Madrid was a triumphal march. The authorities were eager to congratulate him on his arrival in this last city, in 1822. On the 18th of March, the regiment which he commanded at Cadiz had the honor to defile in the hall of Cortes; the sword of Riego, with which he had done honor to this assembly, was given to him on this occasion, in order that he might use it against the enemies of the Constitution, with the injunction to return it to them to be placed among the national monuments, when his services should cease to be useful. So many marks of interest overpowered the feelings of Riego, and he wished, by moderation, to render, in some degree, his glory less offensive. He only entered at night into Madrid in order to avoid the honors of a triumph which they had prepared for him, and demanded of the Cortes that the cry of "Vive Riego" should be prohibited. He abandoned the pension of 20,000 francs, which the Cortes had granted him; but they refused to accept it. He proposed an amnesty in favor of the insurgents, who requested that they might be tried. But whilst the enemies of the existing order of things rejected even his kindnesses, his partisans proposed to erect a monument in the place where the first cry of liberty was heard by his army. The King himself seemed to partake of the enthusiasm which the presence of Riego excited; he invited him to the palace, received him with great kindness, and conversed familiarly with him. Riego answered the royal familiarity by a constant observance of respect due to the monarch, and made use of the ascendancy which he had over the people to retain them within the limits of obedience. Riego never proposed an extravagant measure; he supported those only who endeavored to consolidate the party to which he was devoted. Thus he was of opinion, at the approach of the French armies, that the King should be conducted to Seville; and so far from having incurred his disgrace by this vote, he was appointed in this city, by the Prince, second in command of the army under Ballesteros. A conspiracy having been discovered, and the French approaching nearer and nearer, the Cortes, after having decided to transfer to Cadiz the seat of government, suspended their powers, and those of the King, and created a provisional Regency. Riego, like all the friends of the Constitution, took part in this measure, which appeared to them indispensable, and which was the first source of the numerous defections which soon after broke out. The Cortes arrived at Cadiz, re-established Ferdinand VII. in all his rights, and resumed their functions after having abolished the Regency. Riego made many journeys, and felt that the enthusiasm for the new order of things was weakened by reason of the approach of the French armies. He decided upon going to join his general, to prevent, if possible, his following the example which Abisbal and Morillo had given. Riego, after having assembled his troops, approached Ballesteros, only to ascertain the certainty of what he feared; he having made him propositions which he rejected. Riego, who counted upon the devotion of his troops, arrested Ballesteros, whom his soldiers very soon rescued. A battle then took place between the two armies. Riego lost more than half his force, killed or taken

prisoners. Still counting under his command 2500 men, he moved towards Malaga, where he was pursued. He decamped the same evening, and was met by the French: overpowered by superiority of numbers, he was forced to leave the field on a borrowed horse, his own having been killed under him, and fled to an isolated farm near Arguillas. The inhabitants of this village attacked him on the 15th of August, and delivered him, and two colonels and a captain who accompanied him, to the French army, who conducted him to the prison of Carolina. The Duke D'Anguene having been instructed, gave orders at the port of Santa Maria that he should be delivered up to the Spanish authorities. Riego, dragged from prison to prison, arrived at Madrid on the 2d of October. The brother of Riego, who was a canon, and the associate of the general, foreseeing the destiny for which he was reserved, fled to London, and there employed in favor of the unfortunate prisoner the aid of the most elevated personages; but all were deaf to his entreaties. On the other hand, they flattered him that Riego, being really a French prisoner, would be treated as such; and added, moreover, that the King having adhered in good faith to the Constitution, and having overwhelmed with particular favors the man who had first proclaimed him, he would not suffer that they should punish Riego for a step which he had, in some measure sanctioned.

However, Riego was detained at the College of Nobles, at Madrid, and exposed to the most cruel treatment on the part of his jailors. Violent nervous attacks tended also to aggravate his misfortunes. In fine, it was reported on the first of November that Riego had been condemned to the punishment of the gibbet. The Fiscal had decided that his body should be quartered; that his limbs should be sent to different parts of the Peninsula, and that his head should be exposed at Las Cabezas, where the Revolution first broke out. This sentence was not executed, the King having refused his assent to it. But the enemies of Riego, in the delirium of vengeance, indemnified themselves by blending ignominy with the parade of punishment. On the 6th of November, at 12 o'clock precisely, Riego arrived upon the square of la Cebada, in an osier basket, drawn by an ass. His countenance was firm and manly, although his features bore the impression of the suffering that he had experienced. The prop to which he was attached was so high that it was with difficulty he could mount the scaffold, in consequence of the swelling of his limbs occasioned by the irons which he had worn since his imprisonment. It was remarked that the greater part of the people who assisted at his execution, wore arms under their clothes; but it still remains unknown what was their intention. Every one remained tranquil, and in a mournful silence. As soon as they heard of the death of Riego in London, they proposed a subscription in favor of his family. This proposition was postponed, as well as the motion made by Mr. Slade, in a meeting of the Common Council of the city, to erect a monument to the memory of this celebrated author of the Spanish Revolution. His wife could not support her grief at the tragical and untimely end of her husband, and she died a few months after. Such was the fate of this distinguished Patriot!

THE GATHERER.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

When Alexander the Great was at Babylon, after having spent a whole night in carousing, a second party was proposed to him. It took place accordingly; and there were twenty guests at table. Alexander drank to the health of every person in company, and then pledged them severally. After this, calling for the Hercules cup, which held an incredible quantity, it was filled, when he drank it off to the health of Proteas, a Macedonian, who was present; and afterwards pledged him again in the same extravagant bumper. He had no sooner done this, than he fell on the floor. "Here then," cries Seneca, describing the fatal effects of drunkenness in this hero, "unconquered by all the toils of prodigious marches, by the dangers of sieges and combats, by the most violent extremes of heat and cold, here he lies, subdued by his intemper-

ance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules." In this condition Alexander was seized with a fever, which in a few days terminated his life. He was only thirty-two years of age, and had reigned twelve. "No one," says Plutarch, "suspected then that Alexander had been poisoned; the true poison which brought him to his end was wine, which has killed many thousands besides Alexander." It was, says Seneca, "*Intemperantia bibendi: et ille Herculeus ac fatalis Scyphus condidit.*"

CANDID ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The tradesmen of a certain great man, or scoundrel, having dunned him for a long time, he desired his servant one morning to admit the taylor, who had not been so constant in his attendance as the rest. When he made his appearance, "My friend," said he to him, "I think you are a very honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you, therefore I take this opportunity to tell you, that I'll be—d if I ever pay you a farthing! Now go home, mind your business, and don't lose your time by calling here. As for the others, they are a set of vagabonds and rascals, for whom I have no affection, and they may come as often as they chuse."

CAPRICES OF FASHION.

In the reign of Francis the Second of France, the men imagined that a large belly gave them an air of majesty. The woman imagined, in like manner, that it was the same with a great rump. They wore great bellies, and sham rumps, which ridiculous mode lasted some years—what is singular is, that when this fashion began, the ladies thought no more of their faces, but began to hide them. They never appeared in the streets, the walks, a visiting, or even in the church without a mask. To the mask patches succeeded, which they put on in such quantities that it was difficult to know them. In regard to rouge, the generals who entered Rome in triumph wore it; and to a handsome woman every day is a day of triumph.

INTEMPERANCE.

Anachoris, the philosopher, being asked by what means a man might best guard against the vice of drunkenness? answered, "By bearing constantly in his view the loathsome, indecent behaviour of such as are intoxicated." Upon this principle was founded the custom of the Lacedæmonians, of exposing their drunken slaves to their children, whereby that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational.

QUAKER AND COMMISSIONERS.

A quaker was examined before the Board of Excise, respecting certain duties. The commissioners thinking themselves disrespectfully treated by his *theeing* and *theuing*, one of them with a stern countenance asked him—"Pray, Sir, do you know what we sit here for?" "Yea," replied Nathan, "I do—some of you for a thousand, and others for seventeen hundred and fifty pounds a-year."

SEASONING.

Dionysius the tyrant being at an entertainment given to him by the Lacedæmonians, expressed some disgust at their black broth. "No wonder," said one of them, "for it wants seasoning." "What seasoning?" asked the tyrant. "Labour," replied the citizen, "joined with hunger and thirst."

GENERAL ZAREMBA.

This general had a very long Polish name: the king of Prussia had heard of it, and one day said to him, "Pray, Zarembo, what is your name?" The general told him the whole of it. "Heavens!" said the king, "the devil himself has not such a name!"—"Why should he?" replied Zarembo, "he is no relation of mine."

IAMBICKS.

Iambe was a servant maid of Metanira, wife of Celeus, king of Eleusis, who tried to exhilarate Ceres, when she travelled over Attica in quest of her daughter Proserpine. From the jokes and stories which she made use of, free and satirical verses have been called iambicks.

POPULAR TALES.

THE DROWNED ALIVE.

BY W. L. STONE.

O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?
Methought I had.

Shakspeare.

I have been dead and am alive. Not that I am one of your hanging-looking fellows, of whom the gallows has once claimed and enjoyed its rights, but who has been brought back into this breathing world again by electricity and warm blankets, or by a Galvanick battery, just in season to spoil the sport of a class of young surgeons, who, having succeeded in finding the "organ of destructiveness" very beautifully developed, were just beginning to amuse themselves in making a poor dead man kick and grin, and roll his eyes, and swing his arms about like another Mollineux or Tom Crib. Nor, by falling into a syncope, have I been hurried prematurely first into a coffin, and next into a grave, by greedy heirs, who, even then, thought I had lived too long, to be raised into life again by those very humane gentlemen, the resurrectionists, like good Mr. Hodgson, who has lately treated the world to a chap of underground auto-biography in the newspapers. Nor yet again have I been frozen to death, and preserved in an avalanche, like a cricket in amber, only to be warmed again into existence by a great January thaw, like the celebrated Dr. Dodsley, who, it was lately said to have been ascertained, had just been awakened by a shower of sunbeams, from a comfortable nap of a hundred and sixty-three years and a half, which he had taken beneath an iceberg at the foot of Mont Blanc. But yet it is nevertheless certain that I have been dead, not only fairly and legitimately, but honourably dead—and no less certain I am now alive. And, if the rule will bear reversing, and yet hold good after being made to read, "a man that is born to be drowned will never be hanged," I hope still to live to a good old age.

I have often heard people say, that the easiest way in the world to die, is by drowning. Indeed I have listened to grave discussions upon this question, and have actually seen a whole circle of sensible men concur in the opinion, and vote that it was next to nothing—a mere pastime—to be drowned. Such discussions are very common in the country—particularly at coroner's inquests, or when some poor devil is about to expiate his crimes by the gallows. But how came these physiologists by their information? Who has ever been hanged and drowned both, and afterwards been lucky enough to come back a second time, and make an affidavit as to the easiest method of getting out of the world? Those who believe this doctrine had better try the experiment, before they inculcate opinions that perchance may induce some pretty jilted maiden to leap into the cold embrace of a river, as a substitute for an ungrateful lover, whose heart she has reason to believe is colder still. And after they have made the trial, my word for it, if they survive, they will at least so far question the correctness of their theory as to adopt the more rational conclusion, that, if drowning be the easiest method of dying, they had better live soberly and honestly, say their prayers and cling to life as long as they can with honour.

The scene of my boyhood were in the Valley of Wyoming—rendered classic ground by one of the sweetest minstrels of the age—and really, poetry aside, one of the sweetest and loveliest spots in creation. I was a swimmer from my very infancy up, and, at the period of which I am now going to speak, I could sport amongst the billows like a dolphin. Not that I would compare myself with Leander or Lord Byron. Still, had I been on one side of the Hellespont, on a moonlight night, and had seen the beautiful priestess of Sestros, beckoning to me with a torch from the other, I think I should have hazarded as much as he of Abydos did for love, or Byron for fame.

But be that as it may, with me and my youthful companions at Wyoming, to leap into the deep clear flood, and buffet its waves as they dashed up impetuously, was one of our cleverest sports. Fifty

of us in a row, with a run and a frog's leap from the verge of a precipitous rock, often successively plunged into the deep Susquehanna beneath us. The favourite spot for these aquatic sports, was one where the torrent dashed wildly and furiously over a narrow rocky bed, and, eddying round a steep promontory, hurried away until it disappeared in the distance.

On one of these occasions, my foot slipped on the ledge. I lost the curve, and the water hurt me as I fell upon it. My legs felt suddenly as if they were no longer fit for swimming. Their sinews were contracted, and I was fast hurried from the shore by the current. For a time, a moderate exertion of my arms served to keep me afloat. A numbness began to creep over me. My tongue, however, was not compressed, nor silent. My cries were loud for help, and my appeals were vehement as the paralysis increased, and my strength was exhausting. At length two of my friends were by my side. "My friends!" Yes. But they came not within my reach, and only swam timidly around me. I stretched them my hand, and implored them to save me. They took it not; but looked pale, and shrinkingly besought that I would not grapple with them. "I will not," I replied—and did not—for the next instant I was beneath the surface, and breathing another element.

The thought now came shuddering over me, that my last hour was come, and that my soul was about to be demanded by its Maker. My lungs played heavily; but I had no pain like the thoughts of friends who were yet over me. A thousand recollections hurried through my brain in an instant—my mother, my sister, and Annette, the loveliest maiden of the valley. My throat was enlarged, and at every breath I seemed to inhale an ocean. My lungs grew shallow—I was full! O God! I could not breathe—and a weight, cold and ponderous, came upon my heart, and "it seemed to run down like a clock!" I was light, and the tempest that was about me was sweeping me along. I seemed to be hurried through the air, and the stones over which I was dragged, appeared ragged and frightful. Every thing was revolving around me. The heavens and the earth alternately seemed above and beneath me. Everything was magnified and convulsed. The sun was bloodshot, and every moment it grew darker and more terrible.

At length it was calm. I breathed again. The sun stood still, and the stones were beneath me. I lay on the ground, but I could not rise, for my weight was heavier than lead. The sun looked yellow, and the heavens appeared of gold. No fancy could paint the magnificence of the scene that was about me. The pebbles beneath were all pearls, and gilded fish seemed gently flying through the air, all glorious and beautiful as the tints reflected by the prism. They came and floated still above, their fins playing gently like filmy pinions of silver, and their scaly sides shining, as they moved, with various hues—mingled emerald and gold! The earth seemed everywhere covered with rubies, and the boundless distance filled with turrets of gold. Harmony of the most ravishing sweetness appeared to fill the atmosphere, and complete the enchantment that was about me. Everything was charming to the eye, grateful to the senses, soothing to the spirits, and delicious to the soul. I was happy. * * * Again I saw the heavens convulsed. The sun seemed agitated, and a large boat was gliding through the air above. Men appeared to be flying all around me, and one reached his long, brawny arm, and raised me from the earth. He took me where it was dark, and I could not breathe. O Heaven! the agony of that place! I felt it a moment, but I recollect it no more—I was lost—my memory died in that struggle! * * * The next sensation of which I have any even the most confused and indistinct recollection, was that of being annoyed by a multitude of demons, who seemed to take delight in afflicting me. They tumbled me about, and chafed me with countless hands, as though each were a Briareus. Then strange, confused, and muttering sounds of unearthly voices began to fall upon my ear. Yet all was dark and cold, and I could neither move, nor make the effort to do so. At length I succeeded in raising my eyelids, and caught a glimpse of

light. But they were heavy as lead; and straightway all was dark again. The next effort was more successful, and I could distinguish moving objects—spirits I thought them, in close consultation what was to be done with me. I longed to exert myself, but it was impossible—I lay powerless. A chilly sensation pervaded my whole frame, and I began to have just sufficient consciousness to know that the wheels of the machine stood still. And still the moving objects around continued to chafe and vex me, while I could neither stir, nor resist, nor speak, nor imagine the region I was in. I thought myself—I knew not where.

Presently my bosom, which seemed pressed "as if with the heavy hand of an evil spirit," was lightened, and I began to feel a glow of warmth in the region of the heart, which had lain cold and motionless like a lump of ice. At first it seemed like a warm current flowing gently through it, and by degrees extending itself, until a hundred warm, delicious streams began to course through my veins in as many different channels. I can next faintly remember another delightful sensation, produced by a consciousness of returning respiration. But still I could give

"No sign, save breath, of having left the grave."

A moment more, and I felt that the spell was broken, and that I could move my limbs. I partly raised myself, thought I half recollected the faces by which I was surrounded, and fell back exhausted. Cordials were then administered, a sense of drowsiness came over me, and I fell into a profound slumber, which must have lasted several hours. * * * When I awoke, the sun was shining cheerfully into the window of my own apartment in my father's cottage, and my sweet and only sister, Mary, was hanging over me, watching for the moment when I should awake, and anxiously waiting to anticipate my wishes, and administer to every want.

My fond sister! methinks I see thee now, bending over me as then—thy lovely countenance expressing the deepest solicitude for my situation, and the liveliest joy at every favourable symptom, and thy mild, pensive blue eye beaming with delight, as thy unworthy brother awoke, as it were, once more into existence.

But Mary—dear, innocent, sainted Mary—is no more! Many and long are the years since, in the midst of youth and beauty, she was cut down like the wild-flower, while I, after entering the very gates of death, am still living!

MISCELLANY.

From the Boston Evening Bulletin.

CITY OF BOSTON.

A traveller from the European border of the Atlantick, who has traversed the wide waters for the first time with intent to see the "new world," on sailing into the harbour of Boston, beholds perhaps one of the most favourable specimens before him, of the country which he comes to examine. If a citizen of the United States were desirous of introducing into his own land an intelligent foreigner, and were solicitous also that the first impressions of the visitor should be those of admiration and respect, he would point out the port of Boston as the place of his original entree. He might perhaps select that of New-York, could the approach to that city be made by the way of Long Island Sound, presenting romantick prospects on either side, and beautiful seats of private gentlemen scattered along its margin, gradually becoming more frequent as one advances towards the metropolis. Yet that city, immense as it is, cannot be seen advantageously from any external point, whatever—a portion of it only is visible at once, from either of its sea entrances—and that portion produces but a single idea or association—that of business. But as a stranger approaches Boston from the sea, he notices on every hand, and springing into existence as it were every moment, numerous verdant and picturesque islands, forming an archipelago in which fancy might lay her most enchanting scenes. Before him, at the extremity of the vista, rises the city itself, its highest natural eminence crowned by the Temple of Legislation, and flanked on either side, as the ground slopes to the waters, by count-

less spires of civil, religious and charitable edifices. Passing the principal fortress with its solid walls and scowling battlements, he perceives more distinctly the indications of a populous and thriving city. The extensive wharves reaching far into the harbour, covered with warehouses, as though anxious to meet and embrace the crowds of shipping, whose masts environ the city with a palisade—the vast ranges of public and private buildings, rising one above another in the perspective, exhibiting in their architectural elegance and comfortable appearance, symptoms of both public spirit and individual prosperity—all conspire to produce the most flattering, and likewise a very just opinion of the adaptation of a free system of government to the general happiness of mankind.

On landing, the disappointed visitant finds himself at once amidst a throng of people who are absolutely civilized; he is assailed by no importunate mendicants—he is marked out as the prey of no designing sharper—he discovers no trace of savage manners, such as he might expect from the descriptions of sundry tourists, who travel by the fireside and make large excursions thence into the regions of imagination. He proceeds into the chief streets and highways, and is presented at every turn with some new object of admiration—some noble example of public forecast, some munificent instance of the operation of free institutions upon the general condition of society. He beholds numerous large mansions, the abodes of plain but opulent citizens, which might vie in splendour with the princely palaces of the "old world." He observes, with sensations partaking of astonishment, that almost the entire populace exhibits an appearance of good breeding, comfort, and respectability—sees, where he looked for squaws and gipsies, multitudes of elegantly clad females promenading the public walks—and these spectacles, so incompatible with his preconceived notions of our once heathen land, and of our unpolished progenitors, almost tempt him to believe that he has mistaken his route and stumbled into the court end, the fashionable quarter of some European city.

Moreover, the spirit of trade seems to be abundantly active; and there is just enough of business stirring to show the absence of idleness on the one hand, and of avarice on the other. Hundreds of stage coaches, and vehicles of every other sort are rapidly driving by—loads of merchandize of all descriptions are lumbering along the pavement—the shops display, in all their gairish and tempting dresses, every variety of personal ornament, of useful apparel, of household wares, and of solid or luxurious condiment. One may as readily and as cheaply provide himself in Washington-street as in Bond-street, with a gold snuff box, the last novel, the newest garments, a piano forte, a haunch of venison, or a plumb cake. In short, while Boston is a mart for the commodities of every place in the known world, it is not, like New-York, a rendezvous for adventurers of every shade of character, and of "every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people." Whatever of art, of science, of devotion, of elegant amusement, of utility, or of subsistence, is required, may here be produced, to the satisfaction of the most fastidious, by her learned institutions, her churches, museums, theatres, manufactories and markets. Her suburbs are excelled in rural beauty and agricultural value by those of no city in the union; nor are her commercial faculties surpassed, or the enterprize and virtues of her people eclipsed. The grand sources of all this prosperity, the primary foundations of this high character, are Commerce and Education—and the preservation of these should ever constitute a subject of paramount solicitude, not only in the minds of Bostonians merely, but in those of every man who feels an interest in the continued welfare of the *Capital of New-England*.

THE SKELETON OF THE WRECK.

While Sir Michael More was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruising in the bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water; her lower masts alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board, but there was a cambouse on deck; which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvass and tarpauling, as if to

afford shelter to some of the crew. It blew at this time a strong gale: but Sir Michael, listening only to the dictates of humanity, ordered the ship to be put about, and sent off a boat with instructions to board the wreck, and ascertain whether there was any being still surviving whom the help of his fellow man might save from the grasp of death. The boat rowed towards the mast, and while struggling with the difficulty of getting through a high running sea, close along side, the crew, shouting all the time as loud as they could, an object, like in appearance to a bundle of clothes, was observed to roll out of the cambouse, apparently against the lee shrouds of the mast. With the end of the boat hook they managed to get hold of it, and hauled it into the boat, when it proved to be the trunk of a man bent head and knees together; and so wasted as scarce to be felt within the ample clothes which had once fitted it in a state of life and strength. The boat's crew hastened back to the Amethyst with this miserable remnant of mortality; and so small was it in bulk, that a lad of fourteen years of age was able with his own hands, to lift it into the ship. When placed on deck, it showed for the first time, to the astonishment of all, signs of returning life; it tried to move; the next moment muttered in a hollow sepulchral tone, "there is another man."

The instant these words were heard, Sir Michael ordered the boat to shove off again for the wreck; and looking into the cub house, they found two other human bodies, wasted, like the one they saved, to the very bones, but without the least spark of life remaining. They were sitting in a shrunk-up posture, a hand of one resting on a tin pot, in which there was about a gill of water, and a hand of the other reaching to the deck, as if to regain a bit of salt beef, of the size of a walnut, which had dropped from its nerveless grasp. Unfortunate men! they had lived on their scanty store, till they had not strength remaining to lift the last morsel to their mouths! The boat's crew having completed their last melancholy survey, returned on board, where they found the attention of the ship's company engrossed by their efforts to preserve the generous skeleton, who seemed to have just life enough to breathe the remembrance, that there was still "another man," his companion in suffering to be saved.

Captain S. committed him to the special charge of the surgeon, who spared no means which humanity or skill could suggest to achieve the noble object of creating anew, as it were, a fellow creature whom the unparalleled famine had stripped of almost every living energy. For three weeks he scarcely ever left his patient, giving him nourishment with his own hand every five or ten minutes; and at the end of three weeks more, the "Skeleton of the wreck" was seen walking on the deck of the Amethyst!—and, to the surprise of all who recollected that he had been lifted into the ship by a cabin boy, presented the stately figure of a man nearly six feet high.

From the Boston Fulletin.

BONNETS.

The prerogative of carrying fashions to extremes does not belong exclusively to either sex; but in the article of bonnets, the palm of victory has been decidedly obtained by the ladies of the present day. And, as if determined to exhibit their trophies above all future possibility of depression, they have crowned themselves with domes of pasteboard, satin, ribands and feathers, that resemble the overloaded market-baskets of flowers and wreaths and chaplets whilom used to decorate the Roman conquerors withal. It is impossible, according to any canon of fashion now recognized, for the sterner sex to outdo this tremendous reach of female ambition. A hat, seven stories high, with all suitable outbuildings, is not so easily overtopped or cast into the shade. Wherefore, let those who wear male attire content themselves with weaving their way along Washington-street, as chance and opportunity may dictate—let them contrive to take the altitude of the Old South steeple, or obtain a squint at its clock, during a snow storm or in the midst of a shower; for while the sun shines, in vain shall they attempt to accommodate themselves with an angle or a position whereby such

observation may be accomplished! Let them sit down at the theatres, and console themselves with the comforts of listening, and the idea that they are ensconced behind interminable forests of peacock plumes, or embowered beneath the umbrage of impenetrable gauze and buckram, where neither gnat nor dust can disturb, nor quizzers peep through and grin. Let them eke take humble seats at churches, and concerts, and all other places where horizontal floors afford a common level and a footstool to every heel, and watch their fortunes with argus-ian optics. Peradventure some slight turn of an intervening head-apparatus may afford an accidental prospect a few feet beyond—or a lucky nod give some slight glimpse even of the very performers. One grand effect results from this fashion, besides the proof which it furnishes of good breeding—viz. it teaches patience and humility to proud and imperious man.

From the New York Courier.

KEEP OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

Where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise.

You are too inquisitive.

Curiosity caused the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise.
(Sour-bow else.)

In our college-days, we once strolled into the kitchen of the great hall, being "naturally curious" to learn how cooking was managed on a scale so extensive as to meet the wants of some two hundred students. It was a quarter of an hour before breakfast, and an enormous kettle, filled with coffee (as it was denominated) hung gloomily over the fire. As its contents boiled and bubbled, we observed, ever and anon, some dark substance, evidently too large to be a grain of coffee, rising to the surface, and instantly ducking down, as if its deeds were evil. What was it? Of that very same liquid in fifteen minutes we were to partake; we were to persuade our palate that it was *bona fide* coffee, despite of all insinuations that it was made of poplar leaves and damaged rye. What could that mysterious black substance be? Was it a sturgeon, or a negro's head, or a stick of wood, or a stove-pipe? The question was one of great personal interest—curiosity took the alarm—our evil star had provided a cane—we plunged it in the boiling ocean before us, and raised to the fair light of the laughing morn, an OLD HAT. Heavens! what a discovery—even now we tremble at the horrid recollection.

In a few minutes we were in the breakfast-hall, carrying the hat on the cane's point. There were our class-mates masticating with all their might the toughest bread in Christendom, and pouring down their devoted throats, cup after cup of that infernal beverage. [Reader, permit us to become I for a few minutes. We sounds so outlandish in a dialogue.] I took my place next to my friend Frank Stanley.

"Frank, what are you drinking?"

"Coffee."

"Will you take your oath of that?"

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"I have been in the kitchen—I have made a terrible discovery—put down that cup, for mercy's sake."

Here the whole table caught the alarm—"speak out, speak out," resounded on all sides.

"Fellow-Juniors, you fondly imagine that you have been drinking coffee—no such thing—you have been drinking HAT SOUP—here is the hat itself—(holding up the still reeking and horrid mass, which had been boiled into a polygon) five minutes ago I fished this out of the coffee kettle."

That same Junior Class was composed of as many reckless dare devils as were ever congregated under one roof—they cared nothing for thunder-claps, or stages in the process of being capsized—they had once set at defiance all the militia of the county: but this discovery was too much for them—every one was appalled, and they all left the room muttering execrations. That night the cook was tarred and feathered, and rode on a rail, and the keeper of the hall was burnt in effigy. I never took another cup of college coffee.

The story has its moral. Curiosity, which kicked Eve out of Eden, and sent Doctor Faustus to old Nicholas (familiarily and endearingly called Old Nick) is as fatal to the physical as it is to the

intellectual appetite. The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life—and if we gather the fruit of the former, we lose our relish for that of the latter. Reader, if you are inclined to pinguity—if you live in an after-dinner dread of apoplexy—in three weeks you will be as thin as Cassius, without his “hungry look.” But if you wish to enjoy the good things of life, seek not to be too wise, and above all things, *Keep out of the Kitchen.*

So with the Stage. The time was, when we hung with breathless interest on the mimic scene. But one fatal night we went behind the scenes. We took a glass of wine with Virginius, cracked a joke with Appius Claudius, and made our best bow to Virginia, just after the old man had killed her in the market. The charm was broken—the golden chain of imagination was severed—it has never been re-united.

AWKWARDNESS.

Man is naturally the most awkward animal that inhales the breath of life. There is nothing, however simple, which he can perform with the smallest approach to gracefulness or ease. If he walks—he hobbles, or jumps, or limps, or trots, or sidles, or creeps—but creeping, sidling, limping, hobbling, and jumping, are by no means walking. If he sits—he fidgets, twists his legs under his chair, throws his arm over the back of it, and puts himself into perspiration, by trying to be at ease. It is the same in the more complicated operations of life. Behold that individual on a horse! See with what persevering alacrity he hobbles up and down, from the croupe to the pommel, while his horse goes quietly at an amble of from four to five miles in the hour. See how his knees, flying like a weaver's shuttle, from one extremity of the saddle to another, destroy, in a pleasure-ride, from Edinburgh to Roslin, the good, gray kerseymeres, which were glittering a day or two ago in Scaife and Willis's shop. The horse begins to gallop—bless our soul! the gentleman will decidedly roll off. The reins were never intended to be pulled like a peal of Bob Majors; your head, my friend, ought to be on your own shoulders, and not poking out between your charger's ears; and your horse ought to use *its* exertions to move on, and not you. It is a very cold day, you have cantered your two miles, and now you are wiping your brows, as if you had run the distance in half the time, on foot.

People think it a mighty easy thing to roll along in a carriage. Step into this noddy. That creature in the corner is evidently in a state of such nervous excitement that his body is as immovable as if he had breakfasted on the kitchen poker; every jolt of the vehicle must give him a shake like a battering ram; do you call this coming in to give yourself a rest? Poor man, your ribs will ache for this for a month to come! But the other gentleman opposite: see how flexible he has rendered his body. Every time my venerable friend on the coach box extends his twig with a few few yards of twine at the end of it, which he denominates “a whupp,” the suddenness of the accelerated motion makes his great round head flop from the centre of his short thick neck, and come with such violence on the unstuffed back, that his hat is sent down upon the bridge of his nose with a vehemence which might well high carry it away. Do you say that man is capable of taking a *pleasure* ride? Before he has been bumped three miles, every pull of wind will be jerked out of his body, and by the time he has arrived at Roslin, he will be a dead man. If that man prospers in the world, he commits suicide the moment he sets up his carriage.

We go to a ball. Mercy upon us! is this what you call dancing? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes, and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal, the unweildy animal puts himself in motion; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and, without moving a muscle of his face, kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back to the place puffing and blowing like an otter after a half hour's burst. Is this dancing? Shades of the filial and paternal Vestris! can this be a spe-

cimen of the art which gives elasticity to the most inert confirmation, which sets the blood glowing with a warm and genial flow, and makes beauty float before our ravished senses, stealing our admiration by the gracefulness of each new motion, till at last our souls thrill to each warning movement, and dissolve into ecstacy and love!

People seem even to labour to be awkward. One would think a gentleman might shake hands with a familiar friend without any symptoms of cabbishness. Not at all. The hand is jerked out by the one with the velocity of a rocket, and comes so unexpectedly to the length of its tether, that it nearly dislocates the shoulder bone. There it stands swaying and clutching at the wind, at the full extent of the arm, while the other is half poked out; and half drawn in, as if rheumatism detained the upper moiety and only below the elbow were at liberty to move. After you have shaken the hand, (but for what reason you reason you squeeze it, as if it were a sponge, I can by no means imagine,) can you not withdraw it to your side, and keep it in the station where nature and comfort alike tell you it ought to be! Do you think your breeches pocket the most proper place to push your dandle into? Do you put it there to guard the solitary half crown from the rapacity of your friend; or do you put it across your breast in case of an unexpected winder from your apparently peaceable acquaintance on the opposite side?

Is it not quite absurd that a man can't even take a glass of wine without an appearance of infinite difficulty and pain? Eating an egg at breakfast we allow is a difficult operation, but surely a glass of wine after dinner should be as easy as it is undoubtedly agreeable. The egg lies under many disadvantages. If you leave the egg-cup on the table, you have to steady it with one hand, and carry the floating nutriment a distance of about two feet with the other, and always in a confoundedly small spoon, and sometimes with rather unsteady fingers. To avoid this, you take the egg-cup in your hand, and every spoonful have to lay it down again, in order to help yourself to bread; so upon the whole, we disapprove of eggs, unless, indeed, you take them in our old mode at Oxford; that is, two eggs mashed up with every cup of tea, and purified with a glass of hot rum.

But the glass of wine—can any thing be more easy? One would think not—but if you take notice next time you empty a gallon with a friend, you will see that, sixteen to one he makes the most convulsive efforts to do with ease what a person would naturally suppose was the easiest thing in the world. Do you see, in the first place, how hard he grasps the decanter, leaving the misty marks of five hot fingers on the glittering crystal, which ought to be as pure as Cornelia's fame! Then remark at what an acute angle he holds his right elbow, as if he were meditating an assault on his neighbour's ribs; then see how he claps the bottle down again, as if his object were to shake the pure liquor, and make it muddy as his own brains. Mark how the animal seizes his glass,—by heavens, he will break it into a thousand fragments! See how he bows his lubberly head to meet half way the glorious cargo; how he slobbers the beverage over his unmeaning gullet, and chucks down the glass so as almost to break its stem after he has emptied it of its contents, as if they had been jalap or castor oil! Call you that taking a glass of wine? Sir, it is putting wine into your gullet as you would put small beer into a barrel,—but is it not—oh, no! it is not taking, so as to enjoy, a glass of red, rich port, or glowing, warm, tinted, beautiful caveza!

A newly married couple are invited to a wedding dinner. Though the lady, perhaps, has run off with a person below her in rank and station, see, when they enter the room, how differently they behave. How gracefully she waves her head in the fine recover from the withdrawing curtsy, and beautifully extends her hand to the bald-pated individual grinning to her on the rug! While the poor spoon; her husband, looks on, with the white of his eyes turned up as if he were sea sick, and his hands dangle, dangle on his thighs as if he were trying to lift his own legs. See how he ducks to the lady of the house, and simpers across the fire place to his wife, who, by this time, is giv-

ing a most spirited account of the state of the roads and the civility of the postillions near the Borders.

Is a man little? Let him always, if possible, stoop. We are sometimes tempted to lay sprawling in the mud fellows of from five feet, to five feet eight, who carry the back of their heads on on the extreme summit of their back bone, and gape up to heaven as if they seemed the very ground. Let no little man wear iron heels. When we visit a friend of ours in Queen-street, we are disturbed from our labours or conversation, by a sound which resembles the well-known marching of a file of infantry or a troop of dismounted dragoons. We hobble as fast as possible to the window, and are sure to see some chappie of about five feet high stamping on the pavement with his most properly named caddy-heels; and we stake our credit, we never yet heard a similar clatter from any of his majesty's subjects of a rational and gentlemanly height—we mean from five feet eleven (our own height) up to six feet three.

Is a man tall? Let him never wear a surtout. It is the most unattractive, and therefore the most awkward dress that ever was invented. On a tall man, if he be thin, it appears like a cossack trouser on a stick; if it be buttoned, it makes his leanness and lankness still more appalling and absurd; if it be open, it appears to be no part of his costume, and leads us to suppose that some elongated habit maker is giving us a specimen of that rare bird, the flying tailor.

BULLS IN FRANCE.

Duels had at one time become so frequent in France as to require particular enactments for their prevention; as, for example, when the debt about which any dispute occurred did not amount to five-pence. The regulation of the mode in which the barbarous custom might be maintained had engaged the attention of several of the French kings.—In 1205, Philip Augustus restricted the length of the club, with which single combat was then pursued, to three feet; and in 1260, Saint Louis abolished the practice of deciding civil matters by duelling. With the revival of literature and of the arts, national manners became ameliorated, and duels necessarily declined. It was still, however, not unusual for the French to promote or to behold those single combats over which the pages of romance have thrown a delusive charm, and which were, in early times, hallowed, in the opinion of the vulgar, by their accompanying superstitious ceremonies. When any quarrel had been referred to this mode of decision, the parties met on the appointed day, and frequently in an open space, overshadowed by the walls of a convent, which thus lent its sanction to the bloody scene. From day-break the people were generally employed in erecting scaffolds and stages, and in placing themselves upon the towers and ramparts of the adjacent buildings. About noon, the cavalcade was usually seen to arrive at the door of the lists; then the herald cried, “Let the appellant appear,” and his summons was answered by the entrance of the challenger, armed cap-a-pie, the escutcheon suspended from his neck, his visor lowered, and an image of some national saint in his hand. He was allowed to pass within the lists, and conducted to his tent. The accused person likewise appeared, and was led in the same manner to his tent. Then the herald, in his robe embroidered with fleur-de-lis, advanced to the centre of the lists, and exclaimed, “Oyez, oyez! lords, knights, squires, people of all condition, our sovereign lord, by the grace of God, King of France, forbids you, on pain of death or confiscation of goods, either to cry out, to speak, to cough, to spit, or to make signs.”—During a profound silence, in which nothing but the murmurs of the unconscious streamlet, or the chirping of birds might be heard, the combatants quitted their tents, to take individually the two first oaths. When the third oath was to be administered, it was customary for them to meet, and for the marshal to take the right hand of each and to place it on the cross. Then the functions of the priest began, and the usual address, endeavouring to conciliate the angry passions of the champions, and to remind them of their common dependence on the Supreme Being, may have tended to benefit

the bystanders, although it generally failed of its effect on the combatants.

If the parties persisted, the last oath was administered. The combatants were obliged to swear solemnly that they had neither about them nor their horses, stone, nor herb, nor charm, nor invocation; and that they would fight only with their bodily strength, their weapons, and their horses. The cries and brevity were then presented to them to kiss, the parties retired into their tents, the heralds uttering their last admonition to exertion and courage, and the challengers rushed forth from their tents, which were immediately dragged from within the lists; Then the marshal of the field, having cried out: "Let them pass, let them pass," the second retired; The combatants instantly mounted their horses, and the contest commenced.

THE ANDALUSIAN ASS.

A gay lieutenant of the Spanish Royal Guards, known by the name of Alonzo Beldia, became violently enamoured of the beautiful Carlotta Pena, the eldest daughter of a reputable gunsmith, whose humble habitation adjoined the vast cemetery of Valencia, and whom Beldia had casually seen at a public entertainment given in that good city.

Alonzo was affable and extremely complaisant, though an egotist and somewhat loquacious; but nature had, nevertheless, bestowed upon him a prepossessing exterior with an enviable pair of jet black whiskers, and the most expressive eyes; he could sing a *bolero* divinely; dance the *fandango* with inimitable grace; and "strike the light guitar" with unparalleled mastery. He was, in truth, an accomplished man of pleasure, and by his gallantry he subdued the tender hearts of many fair daughters of Ferdinand's domains.

On a dark night in the month of December, just as Alonzo had played one of his bewitching airs, with his waltzing execution, and was engaged, in converse sweet, with the enraptured Carlotta, an extraordinary and seemingly supernatural noise suddenly proceeded from a distant part of the hallowed ground where Alonzo sacrificed at the shrine of *Sancta Maria*; exclaimed the terrified damsel, what, in the name of heaven, can it be? Ere the silvery tones of her sweet voice had reached the ears of the petrified Alonzo, the "iron tongue" of the cathedral clock announced the hour of midnight, and the solemn intonation of its prodigious bell called new horrors into the confused minds of the terrified lovers. The brave, the royal Alonzo heard not the voice of his enchanting dulcinea, he, poor fellow, with difficulty supported his trembling frame against an ancient *memento mori*, which reared its trustful crest within a whisper of the lattice of the lovely Carlotta. Large globules of transparent liquid adorned his pallid brow, and his emaciated knees sought each other with mechanical solicitude. It was a moment pregnant with the greatest misery to poor Alonzo; not a star was seen to enliven the murky night, and the wind whistled most lugubriously. He was in a state of insensibility, and would have fallen to the cold earth, but luckily for the valiant youth, the melodious voice of the enchanting girl again breathed the tenderest hopes for the safety of her adored Alonzo. He sprang upon his legs and drew a pistol from his girdle, which he discharged with unerring aim at the dreaded goblin. A horrible groan followed this murderous act, which was succeeded by a confused noise, and a solemn silence ensued! "It's vanished, Carlotta! I have hurried the intruding demon to the nether world!" exclaimed the valorous guardsman. "Heavens be praised," cried the superstitious girl, "but hasten, my love—quit this spot directly—my father has alarmed his people—away, away!"

The worthy maker of guns approached the scene of carnage, accompanied by the inmates of his dwelling, with rueful countenances, illumined by tapers, when the cause of their disquietude was soon discovered. No apparition or sprite forsooth, but a full grown *donkey* of the Andalusian breed, lay weltering in gore, yet warm with partial life! By timely liberality the valorous Alonzo escaped detection, though the heroic deed is still remembered in merry Valencia, and often cited as an instance of glorious (!) *chivalry*.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1828.

Our subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonic Record and Albany Saturday Magazine" from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

The address which we conclude in our masonic department this week, is worthy the attention of the reader, especially should he think a refutation of the state and oft repeated slanders upon our order in any manner necessary. It contains the opinions of an honest man, supported by the history of the institution, and this is more than can be said of any thing which has been urged against freemasonry. Mr. Pickering's address was written and spoken a long time before the disappearance of Morgan; and as it contains a refutation of the chief of the slanders repeated by Governor Southwick and his wax-nosed gentry, it proves that "the world" is indebted to the constellation of commentators engendered by the new order of things for little else than trapings.

We shall, probably, before a great while, take up the subject of anti-masonry, and treat it as we may think proper. The volume, announced some weeks since, entitled the "Genius of Masonry, or a Defence of the Order," by S. L. Knapp, Esq. of Boston, has been published, as we learn from the papers, but it has not yet reached this city. We have seen extracts from it, which are temperate and candid, and give us a favourable impression of the work. The following paragraph is from the Rochester Daily Advertiser:

His Excellency Solomon Southwick received some nine or ten hundred votes for governor in and about this "city of the wild!" He would scarcely find a dozen since the election to acknowledge they voted for him. There is some shame left.

TABLE TALK. The Washington papers say that the members of congress from South Carolina and Georgia appeared in their places clothed in *homespun*.—*Fanaticism.* A man who calls himself Christ, and who says he has come to judge the world, appeared in Guernsey county, in the state of Ohio, a few weeks since; and, strange as it may seem, collected a band of deluded followers, who worshipped him as God. Some of his disciples, are said to be respectable people, and have neglected their business to follow after this fanatic. A calf was produced at Smithfield, England, at Bartholomew fair, with five feet. Sir W. Curtis, who once toasted the female daughters of England, remarked that the creature was a *feat* of nature. It is said that the income of the Marquis of Stafford is about £200,000 per annum, and that of the Duke of Northumberland upwards of £250,000, and that of the Duke of Buccleugh at about as much more. A letter from Smyrna says the Turkish regular troops, officers and soldiers, have their *Koan* in a large silver bowl, hung round their necks. Previous to going into action one or two chapters are read aloud, after which they sing, and then commence the battle.—The Mochauek Association of Boston have made arrangements for a series of scientific lectures to be delivered before that institution.—*Pedestrianism.* The Salem (Massachusetts) Register says, Mr. W. L. Smith, of the theatre, undertook to walk from the Salem Hotel to Milk street, in Boston, and back again, in seven hours. This he accomplished on Saturday, in six hours and a half. Distance thirty miles. There was some blowing on the occasion.—It is stated in English papers that the enthronement of the Archbishop of Canterbury always takes place by proxy; because to go through the whole ceremony in person, would cost the primate *thirty thousand pounds sterling*.—A man in the northerly part of New-Bedford, a few days ago, killed thirty-six snakes in the space of a few minutes. Thirty-three of them were black, and the whole thirty-six measured 152 feet. They were found together *apparently*, in their winter quarters. Sir Edward Colingridge, the British commander at the victory of Navarino, is said to express great dissatisfaction at his recall. It seemed by his letters that he acted under instructions, and thought asilly of the affair as any one did.—Baron de Rothschild, the great broker to sovereigns and for millions, lately returned to Paris. His suit occupied six carriages, with four horses in each. That in which the magnate was sitting, had on it a coat of arms, in which there were crowns interlarded with the motto, "Alliance with the Powers."

From the New-York Enquirer.

IRISH EMANCIPATION. The question of Irish Emancipation continues to agitate England, from its centre to its remotest extremity. The Brunswickers, as the Protestants party is called, have succeeded in getting up a large meeting in Kent, to give a tone and an example to the other portions of the people of England. The European war is all most forgot amidst the noise raised by the Catholic and Anti-Catholic parties. What is going to be the issue of this great contest in England? The Duke of Wellington, although his reputation was made out of gunpowder, is no rash man. He is waiting patiently for events.

He is a non-committal. All he ascertains how the world intends to incline. In the meantime, as is said by the Catholic wits, he is busy studying the horn-book of diplomacy and politics.

The apparent contest in British politics is between the Catholics and anti-Catholics. That is not the real contest. The landed aristocracy, who possess both houses of parliament, and consequently the government, are delighted with the disputes between the two religious parties. What they fear most is, parliamentary reform. Let the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland be fairly represented in the house of commons, and in one year the Catholic claims would be granted without asking. The crown and the house of lords could not move an inch in opposition, without a subservient house of commons. If the great question of general liberty were carried, then would the emancipation of the Irish follow as a natural consequence. This is what the governmental aristocracy dread. They, therefore, give every impulse to the Catholic excitement, as a means to keep what is dearer to them—office—out of the view of the great body of the intelligent, enterprising and wealthy commoners.

This state of things can not continue long. The fall of Varna before the arms of Nicholas, will help the cause of Irish liberation. How can this be? The dread of a general war in Europe—the fear that the Czar may overcome the Sultan—will make the British cabinet restore peace and tranquility at home. This can only be accomplished by granting the Irish Catholics their just rights. The events in this country will have a similar tendency. The burst of Irish sympathy which has risen up from north to north, during the last few months, will not pass away in silence. Already there are in the United States fourteen branches of the Irish Association, which are united in the same principles, and embarked with the same cause with the Association in this city. From Boston to Georgia, from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi, they have spoken forth in the voice of freedom to their brethren in Ireland. From every consideration, we are justified in the expectation that Irish emancipation is close at hand.

DISCOVERY OF A WONDERFUL CAVE NEAR THE CHAUDIERE FALLS, CANADA.—Among the interesting scenery which surrounds the above place, a curious cave has recently been discovered, which has excited the attention of such as have visited it, and is reported as being well deserving the notice of the curious and scientific traveller. The opening to it is through a fissure of the rock, which appears to have been at one period a rent, but is now, from the upper place having fallen together, of the form of a Gothic arch. The entrance is low, only capable of admitting a person crawling on the hands and knees. After proceeding in this way for a short distance, the height of the opening, as well as its width, expand so as to admit of a person standing upright, and is nearly eight feet in diameter. This forms what may be termed the first chamber. The sides and roof of this part is covered with beautiful stalactitical incrustations, which can be readily detached from the solid rock, which under them presents a smooth surface of the same appearance as the limestone rock about the Falls. From this first apartment there are several other openings branching off in various directions, and which in all probability lead to other caverns. The whole appears to have been excavated by some convulsion of nature, and at one period the course of water.

Our informant not being provided with the necessary implements, was not able to ascertain the exact dimensions, nor would his time permit of exploring this interesting object farther. It has been very appropriately denominated Cobb's Cave, from the name of a lady who first discovered it.

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Cases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Prompt Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Types. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new fonts of letters. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. *Precious care* has been taken to cast them of the *hardest metal*. The large letters are cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new fonts of letters have been cut, viz. Modern, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO. Albany, October 4, 1828. 36 if

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 229, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1828. JOHN T. PORTER.

POETRY.

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Percy, or Percival Rede, of Trechend, in Redesdale, Northumberland is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was upon two occasions singularly unfortunate: once, when an arrow which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again, when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossair, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of the first of these incidents, suggested the following stanzas.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea;
The palfrey sprang with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound;
They were a jovial three.

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game,
On Chevoit's rueful day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras ne'er was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Rede:
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was the common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harboured deer,
The signs the hunters know;—
With eyes of flame and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar peers;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—Hullo! Hullo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the fateful yew!
The stag bounds scathless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drenched the gray goose wing.

The noble hound! he dies, he dies!
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a moan or quiver;
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps forever.

But he that bent the fatal bow
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite bending low,
In speechless grief recline;
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unrepentful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?"

"And if it be, the shaft be blessed,
Which sure some erring aim addressed,
Since, in your service, prized, caressed,
I in your service die:
And may you have a fleetier hound,
To match the dun deer's merry bound
But by your couch he ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance; for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day!"

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had joined the tides which flow,
Carrying human bliss and woe,
Down dark oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoils from Lethe's breast,
And in her Cooper's colours dressed,
This scene shall live forever.

THE CASTELL HYLL APPARYCYONN.

BY ROBERTT HAIWOOODE, 1520.

The rodie feytures of the sonne
Ne longerr smyl'dd upponn the lea,
Butt fast beforre the evenynge donne
Dyd hys goldenn fees expyrynge flee.

The pale-fac'dd ettells* tremblyng eyne,
Imbruedd wythy teares, appear'dd onn hie;
Wythe syckenynge glarre the moone dyd sheene
And meteors shott alonge the skie.

The fyttfull wynds were calme and styll,
Ne sownde the nyghtt's deepe slumbers broke;
Darke vapoures hunge onn everie hyll,
Lych age's sylverrie crynet orr smoke.

Inn breathelesse sylence stodee the trees,
The ryvers trembledd onn theyr waie,
And lyghtlie o'err the dewie mees
Inn cyrcles daunc'dd the leven's† raie.

Whann, lo! the yonderr moulderynge towrr
Appear'dd a phantomme wann and pale,
Lych Pacyence, restynge free fromm stoure,||
Upponn the plomage off the gale.

Hys face look'dd whytterr than a shrowd,
Hys eyne, two estells fyll'dd wyth teares,
Hys mantell was a sabell cloude,
Hys stature bent and hoare wyth yeares.

A sanguyne mole upponn hys breste,
Butt bryghtterr farr thann crymson gore,
Appear'dd beneath his ayrie vestt,
And inn hys hand a speare he bore.

And thoss the lornlie phantomm spoke,—
Its fayntest tones were lowdd and shrillt,
Lych cavern'dd wynds eche accentt broke,
Orr thonderr onn a dystantt hyll.

"Agaynstt mie lyffe upponn thys spott
Hys lethall sworde the murth'rerr bore,
And here itt is mie spyrytt's lott
To roame at nyghtt forever more!

Deny'dd a restynge place onn hie,
Through erthe itt nowe bewreenes hñr dole,
Forr nothyng can appoache the skie
Exceptt a pees departedd soule.

Yett doethh itt mie spyrytt joie,
As thorow ayre itt roames unblestt,
Ta wote the thornes thatt nowe alloie
Wyll tayntt forr the murtherr's breste."

Than lych the sylverrie mystts thatt flee
Before the sonne's effulgentt raie,
Orr Pees abash'dd att Slaughterr's ee,
Itt meltedd into ayre awaie.

* Stars. † Hair. ‡ Lightning. || Perturbation.

From the Legendary.

BURIAL AT SEA.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

The shore hath blent with the distant skies,
O'er the bend of the crested seas,
And the gallant ship in her pathway flies,
On the sweep of the freshened breeze.

Oh! swift be thy flight, for a dying guest,
Thou bearest o'er the billow,
And she fondly sighs in her own blue West
To find a peaceful pillow.

'Tis vain!—for her pulse is silent now,
Her lip hath lost its breath,
And a strange, sad beauty of the brow
Speaks the cold stroke of death.

The ship heaves to, and the funeral rite
O'er the lovely form is said,
And the rough man's cheek with tears is bright,
As he lowers the gentle dead.

The corse floats down alone—alone,
To its dark and dreary grave,
And the soul on a lightened wing hath flown
To the world beyond the wave.

'Tis a fearful thing in the sea to sleep
Alone in a silent bed,
'Tis a fearful thing on the shoreless deep
Of a spirit-world to tread.

But the sea hath rest in its twilight caves,
To the weary pilgrim given,
And the soul is blest on the peaceful waves
Of the star-lit deep of heaven.

The ship again o'er the wide blue surge
Like a winged arrow flies;
And the moan of the sea is the only dirge
Where the lonely sleeper lies.

From the Salem Gazette.

Messrs. Editors.—The following lines were found in the bottom of an old sea chest. They contain the expression of elevated feeling, if it be not poetry. He who penned them lay sleeping in the sepulchre of the mighty deep. The ocean never flushed a braver seaman, and its blue waves never curled in then, cold embrace, a heart more fond and faithful, and true to the core."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The fire burns bright in my father's hall,
And the family circle draws round at his call;
His table is loaded with luxury's store,
His wine cup and flagon are both running o'er.

My table's a cotton bale, wine I have none;
My heat I derive from the rays of the sun;
On salt beef and biscuit my hunger I stay,
For I'm on the wide ocean on Thanksgiving day.

The young and the gay they have met in the hall,
And manhood and beauty both vie at the ball;
They merrily dance to the brisk viol's sound,
While the bright smile of beauty is beaming around.

No musick have I but the north-western gale,
Nor dance, save the dance of the waves as I sail;
From the smiles of the fair I am far, far away,
On the broad-bosomed ocean, on Thanksgiving day.

The priest in the temple has opened the book,
And offers thanksgiving and prayer for his flock;
The loud anthem ascends, and the sweet songs of praise,
As the full choir their voices in harmony raise.

But I have a temple more splendid by far,
Its ceiling bespangled with many a star
With its azure-girt walls and its sea-green floor,
Meet place for a creature his God to adore.
For the voice of his children is heard while they pray,
In the midst of the ocean on Thanksgiving day.

The following is probably the most perfect specimen of alliteration extant. Whoever has at any time attempted to imitate an acrostic merely, is aware of the embarrassment of being confined to particular initial letters. Here the whole alphabet is furnished, and each word, in each line, claims its own proper initial. It is worthy the indefatigable perseverance of another Dean Swift. [Boston Centinel.]

SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade;
Cossack commanders, cannonading, come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;
Every endeavour, engineers essay,
Generals 'gainst generals grapple—gracious God!
How honours heaven, heroic hardihood!
Infuriate, indiscriminate in ill,
Kinsmen kill kinsmen,—kinsmen kindred kill!
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines—
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murderous mines:
Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles opposing ought:
Poor patriots, partly purchased, partly pressed,
Quite quaking, quickly quarter quest:
Reason returns, religious right redounds,
Swarrow stops such sanguinary sounds,
Truce to the Turkey—triumph to thy train!
Unjust, unwise, unmerciful Ukraine!
Vanish vain victory, vanish victory vain!
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Yield! ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell!
Zeno's, Zarpater's, Zorouster's zeal,
And all attracting—arms against appeal.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LOVE.

'Tis sweet to eye
The cloudless sky,
When the stars are brightly beaming—
And sweet to gaze
On the rosy rays
Of the sun in the morn first gleaming.

And sweet 's the hour
When musick's power,
Soft o'er the senses stealing,
Holds heavenly reign,
And its silken chain
Throws o'er each raptured feeling.

But yet more sweet,
The responsive beat,
Of love's twin hearts against each other,
When nought repels
Their wistful swells,
Or bids the sparkling flame to smother.

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AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1828.

NO. 47.

MASONICK RECORD.

Let not, of ignorance, the ulcer'd hand,
Pollute the institutions of our land—
Let not the breath of wretches taint the name,
That forty ages have consigned to fame—
Let not the dregs of scandal heaped on earth,
By dregs still meaner poisoned, be spit forth—
By fiends, that even the infernal crew
Would from their dark abode in loathing spew.

Can they be men who with insatiate rage,
A war against reason and her vot'ries wage;
Whose word's impurity itself defile,
Who, vile themselves, would render virtue vile?
Forbid it, Heaven! or if they can be so,
Let me claim kindred in the realms below;
Let me, in preference, shake a demon's hand,
And on the terms most friendly with him stand;
'They are not men; they cannot be: for Heaven
To men has kindly power to reason given;
'These do not reason; they but vomit forth
The veriest filth and scum of all the earth.

When prejudice succeeds in putting the curb in the mouth of reason, adieu to truth—she loses her healthful influence, and the gullets of men now become irrational, are sufficiently capacious to swallow the rankest falsehoods—the most absurd colouring is given to the plainest facts, and if the accused are not culpable; if facts cannot be distorted to prove them so, then is conscience arraigned and dragged before an impious tribunal, pre-determined to condemn, inasmuch as it is deaf to the voice of reason.

So with the libellers of masonry, of whom we trust the master spirits are few. These libellers, acting through the vilest motives that influence the bosoms of creatures wearing the human form, have commenced an attack upon an institution that ages have cradled, and ages more have brought to a high and enviable rank amongst the various institutions of the earth.

Attempts are making to shake the foundation of the ancient edifice of masonry; but a house that stands on a rock, against which storms and tempests have long in vain exerted their influence—a house that has withstood papal thunders and inquisitorial fires, has some claim to indestructibility.

If the libellers of masonry were reasoning beings, it would be easy to convince them of their errors; but they are not, for they are too ignorant or too wicked to have congruous ideas. In their attacks against this fair fabric, well knowing that they cannot destroy it by argument, they resort to declamation, and poison the ears of the people with the rankest falsehoods—they unite some facts, which have nothing to do with masonry, to their assertions, and thus impose upon the ignorant, who seeing some things they know to be true, infer that all the words of the impostors are equally so.

If these libellers were reasoning beings, they would calmly and dispassionately seek to answer the following questions, on which alone the merits of masonry or their villainess depend.

1st. Does masonry militate against those rights which are, or ought to be, common to all men?

2d. Does it tend to the subversion of private morals?

If the libellers find an affirmative to these two questions, based on good logic and sound reason, how injurious is this society to the world? but if they find a negative, how ineffably stupid, or what is more, how ineffably villainous must they be!—what contemptible wretches! for none but such could sin against light and reason.

With regard to the first question, it is hardly possible for a rational being to contend that masonry militates against the common rights of all men—

the books containing the whole code of masonic morality are extant, and what little there may be behind the curtain, ought to be as sacred as if it were placed in the apartment of a lady—no idle curiosity should permit itself to reach it; yet the enemies of masonry say, "If some things be veiled from vulgar eyes, it shows that this institution must be a dark one; that its members are ashamed or afraid to bring their secrets to light; there must be something in them too horrid to promulgate." 'Tis difficult not to laugh at the stupidity of these creatures; they are worse than childish, whilst they imitate the language of children, and say "you durst not tell—I dare you to tell," after which they will ridicule those who were foolish enough to gratify their idle curiosity.

The whole system of masonry being extant, except some things which do not concern any but the initiated, if we find any thing in it that tends to the public injury, we have some right to declaim against masonry; but nothing of the kind can be found: on the contrary, we find the purest principles and noblest precepts inculcated in them. If so, then, masonry does not militate against the rights of men, and on that score none may presume to attack it. We may suppose, if we please, that some, even many masons have infringed the rights of men. That is no more an argument against masonry, than the fact, that many men calling themselves christians, who have committed the most horrid crimes, is an argument against christianity; for neither masonry nor christianity are responsible for crimes they do not sanction. Nothing can be plainer, and yet there exist misguided beings who, seeing one black sheep in a flock, boldly assert that all are black. They see a mason do wrong, and they say masonry is the cause of it. What fools! They see a *soi-disant* christian act improperly, and they say that it is the fault of christianity. What ignorance! Now if these libellers cannot find any fault in the system of masonry, then what right or title have they to poison the public mind, and keep alive the seeds of discord among men? They have none, and we see invariably how prone these wretches are to attach crimes to the masonic system—we see them daily filling the papers with every thing that can prejudice the public against masonry; we see them withholding from the eye of the people every thing that could enable them to reason for themselves. If they put forward some good things attached to masonry, their falsehoods might the more readily be believed; but they overhit the mark, and expose themselves, to the view of the reflecting, as a set of unprincipled libellers and perjurers. And such they are—they almost defy a man whom they really confess to be an apostate and a perjurer, and the foundation of their calumniations being thus base and vile, the whole system of the libellers partakes of it.

It is a fact that the vilest persecutors of masonry cannot deny, that one, nay hundreds, and even thousands of masons, who have constantly attended lodges, have been good and worthy men in whom, as far as human frailty permits, "no guile could be found."

If so, it is a proof incontrovertible, that masonry is not opposed to public morality, nor private happiness and virtue; and every argument of the libellers must fall to the ground, for it is utterly impossible that Satan should fight against himself.

But some of the libellers say, "all secret societies ought to be abolished;" they might just as well

say that every man should be compelled to divulge his thoughts, for it really amounts to the same thing; the secrets of masons are their thoughts; they form a part of each and every mason, and they who aim to get at them, otherwise than by entering at the gate, will not succeed, and wo to those who attempt it; they do but open the box of Pandora from an idle and pernicious curiosity.

All secret societies ought to be tolerated whilst their systems do not militate against the rights common to men, and are not subversive of private morality; and if masons do wrong when it is certain that their system does not countenance them, tell them that they are bad masons, but do not say that masonry is responsible for their conduct.

There can be but little doubt that the body of those who belong to no society whatever, is more corrupt than that of those connected in various societies; and the most loud, in their declamations against societies, will generally be found to be those who have been so devoid of merit that they were refused, or unworthy admittance into them. We should deem this to be a very well established fact; for we can safely say that the most violent declaimers against societies are the most destitute of correct principles, the most prejudiced, ignorant and vicious.

In fine, masons would really do well to look upon the attacks of the libellers with silent contempt, and leave them as they would a pack of snarling puppies, by whom they might be beset, to snarl amongst themselves; for we venture to assert, that if they should divulge to them the few things which remain behind the curtain, and which interest only themselves, the whole kennel of their persecutors would erect a tribunal of conscience, and insist that each and all should be amenable to it; they would swear that their thoughts were evil; although they could find no guile in their actions; to such extent can these monsters in human shape carry their infamous schemes to libel all that time has consecrated, all that wears the dress of morality and virtue.

A guilty curiosity ought never to be gratified; and it is unimportant to the world, whether masonry is but the association of the Dionysian artificers continued, with some modification—ascends to the Pythagorean system, or traces still higher its origin in the mysteries of the Eleusinian institution. It is singly important to know whether its influence be baleful. It is not, and guilty are those who attempt to make it appear so.

From the Boston Centinel.

MASONRY "IN THE TENTED FIELD."

While a popular stream is running strong against masonry in one of the largest states in the union, and some abjuring communion with the institution, it may be pleasant to the faithful to read an occurrence which evinces its generous spirit, in the midst of the tumults of war. In one of the memorable events of our revolutionary war, the constitution of a British Military Lodge fell into the hands of the American army; the generosity of a patriot and a mason instantly restored it, accompanied by a letter of the following import: "When the ambition of monarchs, or the jarring interests of contending states, call forth their subjects to war, as masons, we are disarmed of that resentment which stimulates to undistinguished desolation, and however our political sentiments may impel us in the public dispute, we are still brethren, and (our professional duty apart) ought to promote the hap-

piness and advance the weal of each other. Accept, therefore, at the hands of a brother, the Constitution of the *Lodge Unity*, No. 18, held in the Seventeenth British regiment, which your late misfortunes have put in my power to restore to you."

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE POTATO.

BY SIR JOHN SINCLAIR.

It is well known, that in 100 lbs. of potatoes, only 25 parts are solid or nutritive, while the remaining 75 parts consist of liquid matter. It contains, dispersed through the whole root, but more especially near the skin, a dark acid substance, which is of so deleterious a nature, that raw potatoes, when given to horses, often prove injurious to them. It is highly important to get rid of this substance, which may be accomplished by repeated washings, after the root is grated. The nutritive parts of the potato consist—1, of flour and starch; and 2, of fibre. These when the potatoes are grated, can be separated by a common strainer. The flour, which will be accumulated at the bottom of the tub, must be repeatedly washed, to clear it of the acid substance with which it is impregnated. It can then be converted into a jelly, in the same manner as arrow-root. For that purpose, it must be first moistened with cold water, then put into a bowl, and boiling water gradually poured on it, constantly stirring it with a spoon, for a few minutes, till the jelly is formed, which is almost immediately the case. It will be improved by having either a little salt or a little sugar mixed with the moistened flour, before the boiling water is poured on it. A wholesome and nourishing food is thus produced, which, with the addition of a little milk, is extremely palatable. By some, previous to the application of the boiling water, a teaspoonful of brandy, or other spirit, is put into the potato flour, which, in the operation of making the jelly, is mingled with the whole mass, and makes the food lighter. The quantity of flour or starch in a potato differs considerably, according to the sort and the season. It varies from a fourth to a seventh part of the total weight of the root in its raw state. In regard to the fibrous part, it is a most valuable article of food, whether dried for horses, or boiled for cows and pigs. But Mr. Jefcoat, of Gateshead (Newcastle-upon-Tyne,) who has paid much successful attention to this subject, has proved that 21 lbs. of wheaten flour, kneaded with 12 lbs. of the fibre of potatoes, will produce, when well baked, 38 lbs. 8 oz. of excellent bread; which, allowing that a stone of flour produces at the rate of 18 lbs. of bread, is an increase of 11-12 lbs. of bread, from 12 lbs. of fibre. His mode of preparing the fibre is as follows:—After washing it in two waters, he places it for about an hour upon a sieve to drain; then he adds, without its being boiled, the usual quantity of yeast, and after it has stood for about an hour, he works in the 21 lbs. of wheaten flour. It requires very little addition of water, but rather longer time in heaving, preparatory to its being placed in the oven. A moderate quantity of this bread should be taken with a proportion of the potato-jelly and milk, at each meal. The labourer would thus obtain food, a part of which would remain for some time in the stomach, and by which he would be enabled to perform a good deal of work without injury to his health. The bread thus prepared continues equally good for several days, so that there is no necessity for constantly renewing it. The potato flour will keep for years. If the price of wheat is high, a wholesome bread may be made with the potato fibre, and either barley flour or oat meal. The addition of some potato flour to the bread, instead of consuming it as a jelly, would make it much more nourishing. The potato fibre is an excellent ingredient in a pudding. It may be made either plain, for common use, or with a variety of ingredients, for the more opulent. To make it plain, take two spoonfuls of the fibre of the potato, after it has been strained through a hair sieve, boil it for half an hour, or even less, with two English pints of milk, adding two ounces of butter. Keep stirring it while on the fire, and if it becomes too thick, add more milk. Put it in a dish before the fire, or in an oven. Those who can

afford it, make the following mixture:—Beat five or six eggs, and some sugar and spice, and a glass of brandy or whiskey. Some add, to give it a flavour, two or three teaspoonsful of marmalade. Let the pudding be put in a dish, and when rather cold, pour the above ingredients into it; mix them well, and then set the dish in an oven, or before the fire, till it has got a fine brown colour.

PROGNOSTICKS OF THE WEATHER.

By Sir Humphrey Davy.

Red clouds in the west, at sunset, especially when they have a tint of purple, portend fine weather. The reason of which is, that the air, when dry, refracts more red or heat making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A coppery or yellow sunset generally foretells rain; but as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than the halo around the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall. The old proverb is often correct:

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning:

A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

A rainbow can only occur when the clouds, containing or depositing the rain, are opposite to the sun; and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us. When the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. This is explained as follows: Swallows pursue the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in a warm strata of air, and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of our air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm, moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place. When sea-gulls assemble on the land, stormy and rainy weather is almost always approaching; the reason of which might be thought to be that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm. This is not the case, however. The storm is their element, and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea-insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave, and he may be seen flitting above the edge of the highest surge. The reason of this migration of gulls and other sea-birds to the land, is their security in finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth-worms and larvae driven out of the ground by severe floods; and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather on the sea, leave the surface, and go deeper in storms. The search after food is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and there is no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon their observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that, in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but if two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

From Two Years in Java.

SPORTS OF THE BURMESE.

Shortly after our arrival at Prome, we had an opportunity of witnessing some boxing and wrestling matches, exercises which the Burmahs are very fond of, and which they pride themselves much

on excelling in. The challenge is given by stepping to the front, and with the right hand slapping the left shoulder, at the same time taunting the opponent in order to excite him; the struggle does not last long, and when ended, no animosity remains between the parties.

Another amusement of the Burman youth deserves mentioning on account of its singularity. This is a game at ball, played by six or eight young men, formed in a circle; the ball is hollow, and made of wicker-work; and the art of the game consists in striking this upwards with the foot, or the leg below the knee. As may be conceived, no little skill is required to keep the ball constantly in motion; and I have often been much entertained in watching the efforts made by the players to send the ball high in the air, so that it should fall within the limits of the ring, when it is again tossed by the foot of another. The natives of Hindostan are not acquainted with this game, but it is said to be common amongst the Chinese, Japanese, and other nations east of the Ganges. But by far the most favourite amusement of the Burmahs are acting and dancing, accompanied by music, which to my ear appeared very discordant, although occasionally a few rather pleasing notes might be distinguished. The principal instrument used in the Burman bands of music is the kiezoo, which is formed of a number of small gongs, graduated in size and tone on the principle of the harmonica, and suspended in a circular frame about four feet high and five feet wide; within which the performer stands, and extracts a succession of soft tones, by striking on the gongs with two small sticks. Another circular instrument (the boundah) serves as a bass; it contains an equal number of different sized drums, on which the musician strikes with violence, with a view perhaps to weaken the shrill, discordant notes of a very rude species of flageolet, and of an equally imperfect kind of trumpet, which are usually played with a total disregard of time, tune, or harmony. Two or three other instruments, similar in principle to the violin, complete the orchestra. To Europeans, there was not much to admire in the sounds produced by these instruments; neither did our music appear to have many charms for the Burmahs, whom I have seen present at the performance of some of Rossini's most beautiful airs, and of different martial pieces, by one of our best regimental bands, without expressing, either by their words or gestures, the least satisfaction at what they heard.

In condemning, however, the Burman instrumental music generally, I would observe, that some of the vocal airs have a very pleasing effect, when accompanied by the Patola. This is an instrument made in the fantastic shape of an alligator; the body of it is hollow, with openings at the back, and three strings only are used, which are supported by a bridge, as in a violin.

I chanced one day to meet with a young Burman who had been stone blind from his birth, but who, gifted with great talent for music, used to console himself for his misfortune by playing on this species of guitar, and accompanying his voice. When I expressed a wish to hear him perform, he immediately struck out a most brilliant prelude, and then commenced a song, in a bold tone, the subject of which was a prophecy that had been current at Rangoon before we arrived. It predicted the appearance of numerous strangers at that place, and that two-masted ships would sail up the Irrawaddy, when all trouble and sorrow would cease! Animated by his subject, his voice gradually became bolder and more spirited, as well as his performance, and without any hesitation he sung with much facility two or three stanzas composed extempore.

Changing suddenly from the enthusiastic tone, he commenced a soft, plaintive love-song, and then, after striking the chords for some time in a wild but masterly manner, retired. I confess I felt much interested in this poor fellow's performance. He seemed so deeply to feel every note he uttered, particularly at one time, when he touched upon his own misfortune, that it appeared Providence, in ordaining he should never see, had endowed him with this soul-speaking talent in some measure to indemnify him.

The Burmahs, generally speaking, are fond of

singing, and, in some instances, I have heard many very good songs. The war-boat song, for example, is remarkably striking. The recitative of the leading songster, and then the swell of voices when the boatmen join in chorus, keeping time with their oars, seemed very beautiful when wafted down the Iravaddy by the breeze; and the approach of a war-boat might always be known by the sound of the well known air.

I have sometimes heard a trio sung in parts by three young girls, with a correctness of ear and voice which would do credit to others than the self-taught Burmahs. Many little songs, amongst others that commencing "Tekien, Tekien," were composed and sung by the Burman fair in compliment to their new and welcome visitors, the white strangers; but these, of course, are long since consigned to oblivion, unless they recollect with pleasure

— "The grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours;"

for it is very certain that the Burmahs considered themselves quite happy, when enjoying the transient glimpse of liberty, and the advantages of a just government which were offered them during the short stay of the British army at Prome.

The Burman plays do not appear to be remarkable for the number of their *dramatis personæ*. In most there is a prince, a confidant, a buffoon or two, and a due proportion of female characters, represented by boys in female attire. The dresses are handsome; and in one which I attended, the dialogue appeared to be lively and well supported, as far as I can judge from the roars of laughter which resounded from the Burman part of the audience. One sentimental scene, in which the loving prince takes leave of his mistress, and another where, after much weeping and flirtation, she throws herself into his arms, were sufficiently intelligible to us; but some, in which the jokes of the clown formed the leading feature, were quite lost upon those who did not understand the language. The place chosen for the representation was a spot of ground outside of our houses, the heat being very great; and here a circle was formed of carpets and chairs, lighted by torches dipped in petroleum, which threw a brilliant flare around, though accompanied by a most unpleasant odour.

Dancing succeeded, and one or two young women were the performers; like the Hindostanee Nautch, it merely consisted in throwing the body and arms into numerous graceful and rather voluptuous postures; at the same time advancing slowly, with a short steady step, and occasionally changing it for a more lively figure.

All this time the drums, cymbals, and clarionets were unceasing in their discordant sounds, and, before long, fairly drove me from the field.

CHARACTER.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

From Karamzin's History of Russia.

Ivan was but an infant at his father's death, and he lost his mother, the regent, before he had attained his seventh year. The administration of the government was in consequence entrusted to a council of boyards, whose dissensions and intrigues threw the empire into such disorder that it was nigh becoming a prey to its Tartarian and Lithuanian enemies. During this state of anarchy, the education of the future sovereign was almost totally neglected; it was evidently the object of his ambitious guardians to remove him as much as possible from public affairs, and by thereby rendering him unqualified to hold the reins of government, to secure the continuance of their own authority. But he had received from nature faculties of no ordinary kind; he soon perceived that both he and the nation were slaves to a vile oligarchy; hence he learned to fear and hate all who afterwards aspired to a participation of the sovereign power. His natural disposition was cruel; to torture or kill domestic animals, and to ride over old women and old men, were his favorite amusements—amusements in which he was encouraged by those whose duty it was to restrain his vicious propensities. Hence was laid the foundation of a tyranny which was afterwards to astonish all Europe. The first effects of it were experienced by one who had helped to foster it, and who had therefore little

commiseration from the people. This was Prince Shuisky, president of the council. Ivan was no more than thirteen years of age when he resolved to inflict summary vengeance on this object of general execration; the unfortunate wretch, on a signal given from the young prince, was dragged out into the street, and worried by dogs in open daylight. In 1546, Ivan having reached his eighteenth year, was crowned Tzar of all the Russians—a title thenceforward adopted at home, as well as in relations with foreign courts. In the beginning of his reign, Ivan was doubtless disposed to follow the natural bent of his mind towards cruelty; but the influence of his consort, the mild and amiable Anastasia, and the exhortations of a monk, continued for many years to restrain the monster within. During this period, indeed, he seemed to have undergone an entire change, he was not only indefatigable in discharging the duties of his station, but he exhibited so many instances of generosity and clemency, that he was equally beloved and adored by his people. Victorious over its natural enemies, and tranquil at home, Russia looked forward to long years of happiness under its hopeful monarch. But if the lion was chained, it was not destroyed; if it slumbered, it might be suddenly aroused in its anger to dart its fangs into the heart of the victim. The advice of an old bishop, who during the preceding reign had been banished from the court for his crimes, and whom Ivan consulted on the best means of governing his kingdom, made a profound impression on the mind of the Tzar. "If you wish to be truly a sovereign," said the bishop, "never seek a counsellor wiser than yourself; never receive advice from any man. Command, but never obey, and you will be a terror to the boyards. Remember that every one who is allowed to advise, ends by ruling his sovereign." Ivan kissed the old man's hand, exclaiming, "My own father could not have spoken more wisely!" Still, so long as Anastasia lived, no change was perceptible in his conduct; he applied himself unceasingly to the welfare of his subjects; but on the death of that excellent princess, in 1560, the slumbering demon arose in all the terror of his might, and gained for Ivan the appellation of the "Muscovite Monster." On the 25th July, eighteen gibbets were erected in the market-place of Moscow; instruments of torture were displayed; an enormous fire was made, over which was suspended an immense copper cauldron. Seeing those frightful preparations, the Muscovites were persuaded that their last hour was at hand—the Tzar was about to annihilate the capital, and exterminate its inhabitants. Terrified out of their senses, they fly and conceal themselves, leaving their shops open, their merchandise and money exposed. Immediately the streets are deserted; no one is seen except a troop of Opritsniks ranged in profound silence round the gibbets and blazing fire. Suddenly the air resounds with the beating of drums; the Tzar is seen on horseback, with his eldest son, the beloved object of his affections. He is also accompanied by his boyards, princes, and devoted legion, who marched along in perfect order. After these came the condemned, in number exceeding three hundred, who resembled spectres; they were bruised, torn, and bloody, and scarcely able to crawl along. On arriving at the foot of the gallows, the Tzar looks around him: he is surprised to find that no spectators are present and he commands his legions to collect the inhabitants in the same place. He becomes impatient at their dilatoriness, and runs himself to call the Muscovites to the treat which he had prepared for them; at the same time assures them of his perfect good will towards them. None dared to disobey; immediately all issued from their hiding places, and with trembling steps hastened to the scene of execution, which was instantly crowded; the walls and roofs also were covered with spectators. Then the Tzar cried aloud, "People of Moscow, you are about to witness tortures and punishments; and I punish none but traitors. Tell me, is mine a righteous judgement?" The air instantly filled with acclamations, "Long live the Tzar, our lord and master! May his enemies perish!" Ivan separated from the crowd of victims one hundred and twenty, to whom, as less guilty, he granted life. The secretary to the privy council then read the names of

the rest from a long roll of parchment which he held in his hand. Viscovaty was first made to advance, to whom the emperor read these words: "John Mikailof, confidential ex-counsellor of the Tzar you have served me disloyally, and have written to King Sigismund, offering to put him in possession of Novgorod: this is your first crime!" The Tzar then struck him on the head with a whip, and continued, "The second crime is not so heinous: ungrateful and perfidious man, you have written to the Sultan, encouraging him to seize on Astrakan and Kazan." Two blows follow. "You have also invited the Khan of Tauris to invade Russia; this is your third crime." Here Viscovaty, in a modest but firm voice, replied, lifting his eyes to heaven, "I take the teacher of hearts to witness—he who knows the most secret thought—that I have faithfully served my sovereign and my country. All that I have heard is a tissue of infamous calumnies; but to defend myself is vain, for my earthly judge is deaf to the voice of pity; he who reigns in heaven knows my innocence; and you also, Sire, will one day acknowledge it before the throne of the Almighty." The assassins rush on him to stop his mouth; they hang him up by the feet, and cut him to pieces; Skuratof first began the execution, by dismounting and cutting off the martyr's ears. The second victim was the treasurer Funikof, the friend of Viscovaty, and accused with as little foundation, of the same treasons. "For the last time," said he to Ivan, "I salute thee on earth; God grant thee in the next world a meet reward for thy cruelties!" Over this wretch is alternately poured boiling and freezing water: he expires in horrible sufferings. The rest had throats cut, or were hung and cut in pieces. The Tzar himself on horseback and with the utmost coolness, pierced one old man with a lance. In four hours about two hundred were thus butchered.

THE GATHERER.

BANGALL.

Every body has heard of the little village of Bangall, and those who have not, are informed that it lies on the old Schoharie road, about twelve miles west of Albany. On our way to Albany, a few weeks since, we halted a short time at one of the inns: round the fire were arranged some half dozen men, discussing over a brown jug of the *crature*, the numerous exploits of themselves and their companions in by-gone days; "I grant you, neighbour Van Pelt," said an elderly looking man of a size somewhat larger than ordinary men, "you have been a great boxer in your day, and there were but few who could stand before you. But for me, I never struck but one man in my life, and if I were to live a hundred years, I'd never strike another." Here the speaker raised the jug to his head and took a long pull. The company waited patiently till he had finished his devotion and recovered his breath, when he proceeded—" 'Twas but ten years ago, in this very bar-room—I hit him a hard one somewhere in the neighbourhood of the bread-basket—and may this jug of whiskey be my last, if ever hide or hair of the fellow was seen after the blow reached him: nothing remained but a small grease spot on the floor where he stood."

After hearing the conclusion of this story we no longer doubted that the name of *Bang-all* was a proper designation of the place. [N. Y. Com.]

OUT OF.

A writer in the New-Haven Chronicle says the words *out of* are the worst in the language, when one is *out of* patience and *out of* money. He says his wife tells him she is *out of* sugar one day; *out of* coffee the next; *out of* tea next; *out of* flour the next; and finally, *out of* spirits. The words, we think, are very good words, and decidedly the best in the language, when one is *out of* debt, *out of* trouble, and *out of* jail. If a man has a smoky house and a scolding wife, *out of* doors is no bad place.

A woman in politicks is like a monkey in a china-shop; she can do no good, and may do a great deal of harm.

POPULAR TALES.

THE WONDERFUL TUNE.

From Fairy Legends, by T. Crofton Croker.

Maurice Connor was the king, and that's no small word, of all the pipers in Munster. He could play jig and planxty without end, and Ollistrum's March, and the Eagle's Whistle, and the Hen's Concert, and odd tunes of every sort and kind. But he knew one, far more surprising than the rest, which had in it the power to set everything, dead or alive, dancing.

In what way he learned it is beyond my knowledge, for he was mighty cautious about telling how he came by so wonderful a tune. At the very first note of that tune, the brogues began shaking upon the feet of all who heard it—old or young, it mattered not—just as if their brogues had the ague; then the feet began going—going—going from under them and at last up and away with them, dancing like mad!—whisking here, there, and everywhere, like a straw in a storm—there was no halting while the musick lasted!

Not a fair, nor a wedding, nor a patron in the seven parishes round, was counted worth the speaking of without "blind Maurice and his pipes." His mother, poor woman, used to lead him about from one place to another, just like a dog.

Down through Iveragh—a place that ought to be proud of itself, for 'tis Daniel O'Connell's country—Maurice Connor and his mother were taking their rounds. Beyond all other places Iveragh is the place for stormy coast and steep mountains: as proper a spot it is as any in Ireland to get yourself drowned, or your neck broken on the land, should you prefer that. But, notwithstanding, in Ballinskellig Bay there is a neat bit of ground, well fitted for diversion, and down from it, towards the water, is a clean, smooth piece of strand—the dead image of a calm summer's sea on a moonlight night, with just the curl of the small waves upon it.

Here it was that Maurice's musick had brought from all parts a great gathering of the young men and the young women—*O the darlings!*—for 'twas not every day the strand of Trafraska was stirred up by the voice of a bagpipe. The dance began; and as pretty a rinkafadda it was as ever was danced. "Brave musick," said everybody, "and well done," when Maurice stopped.

"More power to your elbow, Maurice, and a fair wind in the bellows," cried Paddy Dorman, a hump-backed dancing-master, who was there to keep order. "'Tis a pity," said he, "if we'd let the piper run dry after such musick; 'twould be a disgrace to Iveragh, that didn't come on it since the week of the three Sundays." So, as well became him, for he was always a decent man, says he, "Did you drink, piper?"

"I will, sir," says Maurice, answering the question on the safe side, for you never yet knew piper or schoolmaster who refused his drink.

"What will you drink, Maurice?" says Paddy. "I'm no ways particular," says Maurice; "I drink anything, and give God thanks, barring raw water: but if 'tis all the same to you, mister Dorman, may be you wouldn't lend me the loan of a glass of whiskey."

"I've no glass, Maurice," said Paddy; "I've only the bottle."

"Let that be no hindrance," answered Maurice; "my mouth just holds a glass to the drop; often I've tried it, sure."

So Paddy Dorman trusted him with the bottle—more fool was he; and, to his cost, he found that though Maurice's mouth might not hold more than the glass at one time, yet, owing to the hole in his throat, it took many a filling.

"That was no bad whiskey, neither," says Maurice, handing back the empty bottle.

"By the holy frost, then!" says Paddy, 'tis but could comfort there's in that bottle now; and 'tis your word we must take for the strength of the whiskey, for you've left us no sample to judge by: and to be sure Maurice had not.

Now I need not tell any gentleman or lady with common understanding, that if he or she was to drink an honest bottle of whiskey at one pull, it is not at all the same thing as drinking a bottle of water; and in the whole course of my life, I never knew more than five men who could do so without

being overtaken by the liquor. Of these Maurice Connor was not one, though he had a stiff head enough of his own—he was fairly tipsy. Don't think I blame him for it: 'tis often a good man's case; but true is the word that says, "when liquor's in, sense is out;" and puff, at a breath, before you could say "Lord, save us!" out he blasted his wonderful tune.

'Twas really then beyond all belief or telling the dancing. Maurice himself could not keep quiet; staggering now on one leg, now on the other, and rolling about like a ship in a cross sea, trying to humour the tune. There was his mother too, moving her old bones as light as the youngest girl of them all; but her dancing, no, nor the dancing of all the rest, is not worthy the speaking about to the work that was going on down upon the strand. Every inch of it covered with all manner of fish jumping and plunging about to the musick, and every moment more and more would tumble in and out of the water, charmed by the wonderful tune. Crabs of monstrous size spun round and round on one claw with the nimbleness of a dancing-master, and twirled and tossed their other claws about like limbs that did not belong to them. It was a sight surprising to behold.

Never was such an ullabulloo in this world, before or since; 'twas as if heaven and earth were coming together; and all out of Maurice Connor's wonderful tune!

In the height of these doings, what should there be dancing among the outlandish set of fishes, but a beautiful young woman—as beautiful as the dawn of day! She had a cocked hat upon her head; from under it her long green hair—just the colour of the sea—fell down behind, without hindrance to her dancing. Her teeth were like rows of pearl; her lips for all the world looked like red coral; and she had an elegant gown, as white as the foam of the wave, with little rows of purple and red sea weeds settled out upon it; for you never yet saw a lady, under the water or over the water, who had not a good notion of dressing herself out.

Up she danced at last to Maurice, who was flinging his feet from under him as fast as hops—for nothing in this world could keep still while that tune of his was going on—and says she to him, chaunting it out with a voice as sweet as honey—

"I'm a lady of honour
Who live in the sea;
Come down, Maurice Connor,
And be married to me.
Silver plates and gold dishes
You shall have, and shall be
The king of the fishes
When you're married to me."

Drink was strong in Maurice's head, and out he chaunted in return for her great civility. It is not every lady, may be, that would be after making such an offer to a blind piper; therefore 'twas only right in him to give her as good as she gave herself—so says Maurice,

"I'm obliged to you, ma'am:
Off a gold dish or plate,
If a king, and I had 'em,
I could dine in great state.
With your own father's daughter
I'd be sure to agree;
But to drink the salt water,
Wouldn't do so with me."

The lady looked at him quite amazed, and swinging her head from side to side, like a great scholar, "Well," says she, "Maurice, if you're not a poet, where is poetry to be found?"

In this way they kept on at it, framing high compliments; one answering the other, and their feet going with the musick as fast as their tongues. All the fish kept dancing too: Maurice heard the clatter and was afraid to stop playing, lest it might be displeasing to the fish, and not knowing what so many of them may take it into their heads to do to him if they got vexed.

Well, the lady with the green hair kept on coaxing of Maurice with soft speeches, till at last she over-persuaded him to promise to marry her, and be king over the fishes great and small. Maurice was well fitted to be their king, if they wanted one that could make them dance; and he surely would drink, barring the salt water, with any fish of them all.

When Maurice's mother saw him with that unnatural thing in the form of a green haired lady as his guide, and he and she dancing down togeth-

er so lovingly to the water's edge, through the thick of the fishes, she called out after him to stop and come back. "Oh, then," says she, "as if I was not widow enough before, there he is going away from me to be married to that scaly woman. And who knows but 'tis grandmother I may be to a hake or a cod—Lord help and pity me, but 'tis a mighty unnatural thing!—and may be 'tis boiling and eating my own grandchild I'll be, with a bit of salt butter, and I not knowing it!—Oh! Maurice, Maurice, if there's any love or nature left in you, come back to your own *ould* mother, whd reared you like a decent christian!"

Then the poor woman began to cry and ulla-goane so finely that it would do any one good to hear her.

Maurice was not long getting to the rim of the water; there he kept playing and dancing on as if nothing was the matter, and a great thundering wave coming in towards him, ready to swallow him up alive; but as he could not see it, he did not fear it. His mother it was who saw it plainly through the big tears that were rolling down her cheeks; and though she saw it, and her heart was aching as much as ever mother's heart ached for a son, she kept dancing, dancing all the time for the bare life of her. Certain it was she could not help it, for Maurice never stopped playing that wonderful tune of his.

He only turned the bothered ear to the sound of his mother's voice, fearing it might put him out in his steps, and all the answer he made back was—

"Whisht, with you, mother—sure I'm going to be king over the fishes down in the sea, and for a token of luck, and a sign that I'm alive and well, I'll send you in, every twelvemonth on this day, a piece of burned wood at Trafraska." Maurice had not the power to say a word more, for the strange lady with the green hair seeing the wave just upon them, covered him up with herself in a thing like a cloak with a big hood to it, and the wave, curling over twice as high as their heads, burst upon the strand, with a rush and roar that might be heard as far as Cape Clear;

That day twelvemonth the piece of burned wood came ashore in Trafraska. It was a queer thing for Maurice to think of sending all the way from the bottom of the sea. A gown or a pair of shoes would have been something like a present for his poor mother; but he had said it, and he kept his word. The bit of burned wood regularly came ashore on the appointed day, for as good, aye, and better than a hundred years. The day is now forgotten, and may be that is the reason why people say how Maurice Connor has stopped sending the luck-token to his mother. Poor woman, she did not live to get as much as one of them; for what through the loss of Maurice, and the fear of eating her own grandchildren, she died in three weeks after the dance—some say it was the fatigue that killed her, but whichever it was, Mrs. Connor was decently buried with her own people.

Sea-faring people have often heard, off the coast of Kerry, on a still night, the sound of musick coming up from the water; and some, who have had good ears, could plainly distinguish Maurice Connor's voice singing these words to his pipes:—

"Beautiful shore, with thy spreading strand,
Thy crystal water, and diamond sand;
Never would I have parted from thee,
But for the sake of my fair ladie."

MISCELLANY.

A GALE AT SEA.

From Tales of the Sea.

The high mountains were already covered with snow, and the ice in the harbour warned us to be gone, or remain there for the winter. We put to sea with a light breeze from the eastward; but before we had got twenty miles to the northward of the Naze, it died away in light drifting showers of snow, and left our sails flapping against the masts, and our ropes feathered with frost work. As the sun went down, the snow ceased, and a dark cloud, fringed with wild white, arose in the west—while a gentle ripple on the heaving, oily-looking sea, heralded a breeze from that direction, which, before morning, ripened into a strong gale.

The ship was in no very safe situation, as we

could not fetch the mouth of the sleeve on one tack, nor weather the Norwegian land on the other.

At three o'clock in the morning it was dark and dreary; the wind was still unabated, and showers of sleet whistled through the rigging.

Nothing could be seen around us but the flying spray, topping the furious waves, that threatened to break on board of us at every surge, for we were obliged to carry a press of sail, to keep the ship to windward.

All hands were on deck; the ship lurched heavily in the hollow of the waves, and the very masts shook, when their wild and curling tops struck the bow.

The mainsail flew in tatters, and at that moment a loud crack was heard forward: the bowsprit had risen a foot from its place; the gammoning, which was rotten, had given way; the masts were in danger; the helm was instantly put a-weather, the ship flew before the wind, the foresail was hauled up, the runners and tackles were boused up to the stem, and a hawser passed out of the hawse-holes over the bowsprit: this saved the masts, and the ship was again brought to the wind.

We knew that we must have run several miles to leeward while the bowsprit was securing; but the loss of our masts there, would have been death to us, for we then heard the roaring of the breakers against the iron-bound coast. As day-light broke, red and fiery streaks with wind-galls were seen among the clouds, and the rugged mountains of Norway, fleeced in white, were just showing their towering peaks above the misty curtain which hung over the horizon to the eastward. All eyes gazed with horror at a sight which, in security, would have been magnificent. Drenched with the spray, cold and weary as we were, still some hopes remained, that our despatch in securing the bowsprit had kept us fusther to windward, but when the veil of mist passed away, all the perils of our situation came full upon our view.

The steep black rocks frowning over the boiling surf, threw up the liquid element in mad gambols, till the oblique rays of light reflected an iris in the spray: but the sun seemed to shine to show, and not to relieve us from danger.

Our sails were all we had to trust to: another mainsail was bent and set, and the master, with a stout man, took the helm, watching every surge to ease the ship as she rose. At each curling wave all eyes seemed to turn instinctively, first to the masts, then to the coast, and then to the deck: no one looked at the other, not a word was spoken, and nothing was heard around us but the wild winds, the rush of waters, and the screaming of the sea-gulls in our wake.

The ship plunged violently, and made but little way. A few minutes were to decide—we were within a hundred yards of the weathermost rock, which occasionally howled its dark head above the furious sea that rused over it.

It was an awful moment: we had got into that long swell which usually precedes the tremendous break of a heavy wave on a rock—a few minutes more were to rattle us with the living or the dead. Each man raised himself up, grasping firmer the rope by which he held, as if willing to lighten the ship by poisoning himself in the air, till the wave sunk back from the rock, and the vessel glided into the hollow of the sea—no shock—another heave, and we were afloat.

That day taught me to use every effort, and hope to the last. The sleeve was now open, we felt ourselves comparatively safe, and the next morning the wind veering round to the north-east, we were induced to keep the sea and steer homeward.

GOLDEN RULES.

TO RENDER EN HONEST, RESPECTABLE AND HAPPY.

By Sir Richard Phillips.

Wealth, ambition, learning, are phantoms of the mind, similar, as to actual contact, to the will-o'-the-wisp or the rainbow of nature. The avaricious are never rich enough, the ambitious desire to rise higher and higher, and the cyclopedia is too bulky for the grasp of one life. Nevertheless, all are enemies of healthy minds, if temperately exerted; and it is excess, like that in wine, which constitutes their vice and disease. As practical rules,

a man ought to be content, who, from indigence, has secured comfortable independence for his old age, or who has doubled his patrimony; who has advanced two or three social steps over his former equals; and who is wise enough to guard himself against superstition and imposture; able to discover and assert truth; and competent to fill up his hours of leisure, by reading the best authors with good intelligence and discrimination.

In society, character is the first, the second, and the ultimate quality. A man is never ruined who has not lost his character: while he who has lost his character, whatever be his position, is ruined, as to all moral and useful purposes. Envy and calumny will follow a man's success like his shadow; but they will be powerless, if he is true to himself, and relies on his native energies to beat or live them down. Virtues may be misrepresented, but they are virtues still: and in vain will an industrious man be called an idler; a sensible man, a fool; a prudent man, a spendthrift; a persevering man a changeling; or an honest man, a knave. The qualities are inherent, and cannot be removed by words, except with a man's own consent. At the same time, all calumniators, thrice detected, ought to be banished as criminals, unworthy of the benefits of the society, of which, however powerless, they endeavour to be the pest and bane.

Do no act which you feel any repugnance to have seen or known by others; for the necessity of being secret implies some vice in the act, or some error in the reasoning, which leads to its self-justification.

To live and let live, applies to all social and physical relations: for the world is the common property of all the beings who have been evolved by the progress of creative power, and all are necessary parts of a great and harmonious scheme, to which it is our duty to submit; while the happiness of all ought, as far as possible, to be rendered accordant with our own.

Men should at all times respect the superior sensibility, delicacy, virtue, and fascinating persons, of the female sex; whose weakness of frame ought to secure them sympathy and support; whose affections ought never to be sported with; whose tenderness repays man for his labour in their service; whose union in his interests affords him a trusty counsellor in moments of difficulty; whose constancy attends him in adversity; and whose solicitude supports him on the bed of sickness.

The life of man in society is like the game of one who sits down to play at cards. The hand dealt him is like the accidental position in which birth placed him; and that is, in truth, a new birth, which changes his position in society. His game may be backward or forward, as he is weak or strong. If, in his early course, he waste his substance, or his trumps, his rivals will turn the game against him: if he finesse, he must calculate the chances: if he is weak, he will be the patient of the strong, without losing reputation: but his chief disgrace will be, the holding of good cards, and playing them badly, making false speculations and losing the game. The morals also of cards and of life are the same: you must play your part without cheating or lying, with good temper and good manners, and pay your stake with honour.

From the Boston Statesman.

FASHION.

We have always had a kindly feeling for the Turks. Not because we have been robbed by Greeks or cheated by Russians, or because of any particular hatred to the holy alliance. We are above such small prejudices. But we love the "turbaned and malignant Turk," because, since the "banner of Mahomet" was first unfurled, he has worn the same cut to his breeches, and made no innovation on his beard! His women cover their faces still, and have no square-toed caprice upon sandals, and he does as his father did before him, and cares not a pill of opium for Shultz and Cantello—Bond-street loungers, or Paris milliners—he is fashion free.

Now we have no objection to a new coat—we rather prefer a square-toed boot, and we can shut our eyes in peace while Dudley trims our mous-

* The sacred banner is said to be made of Mahomet's breeches.

tache—these are innocent and unobtrusive changes, and we submit—but we hate men-stays, Jackson cord and gigos—big bonnets and tight-kneed pantaloon—hoops and Spanish dances. They touch our comfort—they roil our temper.

Our cousin Kate is a round, plump, bouncing girl of sixteen, just "come out." We attempted to take a lesson from her the other evening, in waltzing, (shade of our deaf grandmother, lie still!) for which we confess the cramp of our editorial chair but little fits us. Well—we caught the step, and whirled round once or twice, till we lost our recollection of the perpendicular. We naturally lost our step, became entangled in the "Jackson cord," and have at this present time a large bump on our forehead, upon which phrenology has no chapter. We have no opinion of waltzing for sedentary or awkward people. We are too angular for grace, and too old to outlive the ridiculous. Tempt us not, cousin Kate, we shall lay by for the cotillion.

And these "gigot sleeves!" We have no comfort in church,—we are afraid to stir in a party.—we are hag-ridden at night with phantoms of fat women whose faces should be familiar. Our ideal of beauty grows daily indistinct. We are forgetting the contour. We must buy a Venus to refresh our memory of human form and comeliness.

Then who in these days can walk round the common without bursting his coat buttons! Or sit down without splitting out his knees! Or turn his head for the embankment of his broad collar.

We are fashion-sick. Will the world never turn natural! Is simplicity dead!

MORAVIAN FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The garden-green before the chapel is surrounded by those invited—the neighbors of their own fraternity, old and young, and the young ladies of the school, all similarly dressed in white, with a simple black riband. As soon as the coffin is brought from the house, the officiating minister reads the opening verses of our funeral service; after which he gives out the first stanza of a hymn,

"Our aged friend is gone to rest."

This is sung in unison by the young women, and the effect is very impressive. The coffin is then borne into the chapel; the clergy of the established church invited go the next in order, then the Moravian ministers, and afterwards the congregation. A sermon is preached, and, in the same order as before, the coffin is borne to the burial ground. The whole of this area is surrounded on one side by the women of the establishment and the young females; on the other by the minister, friends and fraternity. The whole join in an affecting hymn, after which the coffin is deposited in the earth, and a few prayers are read. At the afternoon service in the chapel, there are prayers and an appropriate anthem. The minister then gives a narrative of the life of the departed brother, and the whole is concluded by the congregation, rich and poor, taking bread together, and, what is difficult to mention with appropriate seriousness, drinking tea! The place devoted to receive the last remains of those who die among the congregation is a square enclosure, to which a walk leads from the sister's house and the minister's: it is surrounded by a few firs and shrubs. The sisters are buried by themselves, and another portion of the consecrated ground is allotted to the brethren. A small square stone is laid on the ground, the top somewhat elevated: no inscription appears except H. H. S. for the single sister; or M. H. M. S. married sister "departed;" or, on the brother's side, W. G. M. B. or S. B.—married or single brother "departed." No distinction is made between rich and poor, minister or brother.

MARIA LOUISA.

The Duke of Rovigo, in the fourth volume of his memoirs, which has just been published by Mr. Colburn, endeavours to acquit the late Empress of France of indifference towards Napoleon in his misfortunes. He says: "The Emperor wrote almost every day to the Empress, who was quite alone at Orleans. He did not urge her to join him at Fontainebleau: he did not even ask her to do so,

presuming, no doubt, that she would better consult her personal advantage by remaining at a distance from him, than by coming to share in his misfortunes; a step which might possibly have been displeasing to her father, to whom the Emperor recommended she should write, since he had no means at his command of affording her protection. The tender attachment he felt for her, imposed upon him the painful sacrifice of dissuading her from joining him, however much he would have derived consolation from her presence. I have beheld this princess inwardly struggling between two contending sentiments; what her attachment for the Emperor suggested to her heart, and what her deference for the least intimation on his part had made it a law for her to comply with. She did me the honor to address to me at Orleans the following words: 'I am indeed much to be pitied. Some advise me to proceed, others to remain. I write to the Emperor, and he does not reply to my request. He tells me to write to my father. Alas! what can my father tell me, after the injuries which he allows to be inflicted upon me? I am deserted, and must now trust entirely to Divine Providence. It had once suggested to me the wisest course, when it inspired me with the idea of becoming a canoness. I should have done much better in yielding to that inspiration than in coming to this country. To repair to the Emperor! impossible, without my son, who looks up to me as his natural protector. On the other hand, if the Emperor is apprehensive of an attempt being made upon his life, a very improbable circumstance, and is compelled to fly, the embarrassment I should be to him might occasion his falling into the hands of his enemies, who, there is no doubt, have sworn his ruin. I know not what to decide upon. I only live to shed tears.' In fact they were running in abundance down her face whilst she concluded these words.

ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

The following paragraphs are extracted from an article entitled "Anecdotes of Elephants," published in the *Juvenile Keepsake*, for 1829.

A band of hunters had surprised two elephants, a male and female, in an open spot near the skirts of a thick and thorny jungle. The animals fled towards the thickets; and the male, in spite of many balls which struck him ineffectually, was soon safe from the reach of the pursuers; but the female was so sorely wounded, that she was unable to retreat with the same alacrity, and the hunters having got between her and the wood, were preparing speedily to finish her career, when, all at once, the male rushed forth with the utmost fury from his hiding place, and with a shrill and frightful scream, like the loud sound of a trumpet, charged down upon the huntsman. So terrific was the animal's aspect, that all instinctively sprang to their horses, and fled for life. The elephant, disregarding the others, singled out an unfortunate man, Cobus Kloppe I think his name was, who was the last person that had fired upon its wounded comrade, and who was standing, with his horse's bridle over his arm, re-loading his huge gun at the moment the infuriated animal burst from the wood. Cobus also leaped hastily on horseback, but before he could seat himself in his saddle, the elephant was upon him. One blow from his proboscis struck poor Cobus to the earth; and, without troubling himself about the horse, which galloped off in terror, he thrust his gigantic tusks through the man's body, and then, after stamping it flat with his ponderous feet, again seized it with his trunk and flung it high into the air. Having thus wreaked vengeance upon his foes, he walked gently up to his consort, and affectionately caressing her, supported her wounded side with his shoulder, and regardless of the volleys of balls with which the hunters, who had again rallied to the conflict, assailed them, he succeeded in conveying her from their reach into the impenetrable recesses of the forest.

One of my own friends, lieutenant John Moodie, of the Scotch fusiliers, now a settler in South Africa, had an almost miraculous escape on an occasion somewhat similar. He had gone out to an elephant hunt with a party of friends; and they had already succeeded in killing one or two of a

small herd, and the rest were retreating before them to their woody fastnesses, when one of the females, having been separated from her young one among the bushes, forgot all regard to her own safety in maternal anxiety, and turned back in wrath upon her pursuers to search for it. Mr. Moodie, who happened to be on foot at the time, was the individual that the animal first caught sight of, and she instantly rushed upon him. To escape from an angry elephant in open ground is often difficult enough for a well mounted horseman. My friend gave himself up for lost: nor would the activity of despair have availed him—the animal was close at his heels. But just at the moment when she was about to seize or strike him to the earth with her upraised proboscis, he fortunately stumbled and fell. The elephant, unable at once to arrest her impetuous career, made an attempt to thrust him through with her tusks as he lay on the ground before her, and actually tore up the earth within an inch or two of his body, and slightly bruised him with one of her huge feet, as she passed over him. Before, however, she could turn back to destroy him, Mr. Moodie contrived to scramble into the wood, and her young one at the same instant raising its cry for her in another direction, the dangerous animal went off without searching further for him."

CONJUGAL TENDERNESS.

It is a singular fact, that among the uneducated Irish, a woman does not dislike her husband for beating her occasionally, and of all amicable and forgiving creatures, they stand first on the calendar. Instances daily occur of this fact, but one case in point took place some time ago. An Irishman was imprisoned on the charge of his wife, for beating her in an unmerciful manner. He was brought up to hear her deposition, and she appeared at the bar with a face scratched like the rough bark of a plumb tree—eyes black and blue—a bump or two on her forehead and her clothes in tatters. The loving couple exchanged melancholy glances at each other, a kind of upbraiding look of tenderness; and when she took up the book to kiss it, he broke out—"Hould a bit: Katy, my darling—your honour—will your honour's worship please to let me spake a word to her first." "Very well, you can speak to her." "Katy, my honey, come here, arrah do n't be afraid; come nearer. Now, Katy, ar'n't I your husband?" "Sure you are, Teddy, and you'r larrupping me often enough to put me in mind of it; see what a condition I am in." "I'm very sorry and penitent, my darling, for it, and sure, wont you forgive me, and try me agin? Last night I lay'd in prison with thaves and niggars; I, that you know am of a good family in Ireland, och, love, is it come to this! don't swear agin, my jewel, I'll be a dutiful husband to you all my life." "Arrah Teddy, I can't trust you—you git tosicated and bate me, and you lave the poor children to starve, and if I rade you a lecture, sure I get a bating for it—but if I could but trust ye?" "Och, by the holy Saint Dennis, I'll take my bible oath on't." "Well, your honour, if you please, I'll forgive Teddy this once, if your honour's worship will let me, sure he is n't a fit karacter for a prison, he's of a good distraction in Ireland, and what's to become of my poor childer?" "Woman this is the third time you have complained of your husband's beating you, and if you will thus arrest the uplifted arm of justice, we cannot, in future, hear your complaints—go." [N. Y. Enq.]

HISTORICAL.

From The Baltimore Emerald.

THE SANDJEAK SHERIF, OR, SACRED STANDARD OF MOHAMMED.

By George Bethune English.

Since the affairs of the East have created great interest in this country, our newspapers have more than once made mention of the "Standard of Mohammed." I have therefore thought it probable that a description and short history of this most extraordinary palladium, or rather symbol of Islamism, might be acceptable to the public. I call it most extraordinary, for it certainly is so, since nothing parallel to it has ever existed. Its antiquity

dates from the Hegira, i. e. twelve hundred and forty-four years ago. It has been carried victorious over Arabia, Palestine, Egypt, Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, Khorassan, and even to the frontiers of India on the east, and over Hungary, Poland, Austria, to the very walls of Vienna on the west; and during the vicissitudes of, it is said, more than four hundred battles, has never been profaned by the touch of an enemy.

Its origin was as singular as its history has been remarkable. According to Mohammedan history, it happened in the following manner: "After Mohammed had lain concealed for three days in a cave near Mecca, together with Abu Bekir and his son Abdallah, (says the historian *Ahmed Efendy*) he quitted his retreat on the fourth, and followed by his two faithful companions, took the road to Medina, working at every step new miracles. His countenance alone astonished and dispersed various parties of the Koreish, [i. e. his fellow-citizens of Mecca, who had plotted to assassinate him, which occasioned his flight,] who with arms in their hands sought him on all sides. Some missed him—some fled from him; others, enlightened by the first words he addressed to them, fell at his knees, embraced his doctrine, and followed him to Medina. Of this number was Buriade Schmy, who was sent in pursuit of him at the head of seventy Meccans. From a cruel enemy, this officer became one of his most zealous partizans. In the ecstasy of his joy, Schmy unwound the shawl of his turban, attached it to a lance, and made of it a banner, which he consecrated to the glory of the prophet. This was the first standard of Islamism. The standard bearers of all the Mussulman monarchs have since held it as an honour to decorate themselves with the name of *Schmy*, as having been the first standard bearer of the celestial apostle." So says the historian.

During the life time of Mohammed, his generals alone carried the military standards, the delivery of which into their hands was the symbol of investiture. They fought each at the head of his troops, the standard in one hand, and the scimeter in the other. In the first expedition, that of Beder, made by Mohammed in person two years after his flight from Mecca, Hamza, his uncle, carried his banner; and after him Ali, his son-in-law, had the same honour on the day of the conquest of Mecca, and the triumphal entry of Mohammed into that first of the Mussulman cities. After his death, Abu Bekir, his successor, showed great honour to this sacred banner. When he sent his armies into Syria, he delivered the sacred standard into the hands of his general *Ussame*, with great ceremony, and to show his respect for it, accompanied his officer for some distance on foot, walking by the side of his horse. "This trait of humility, (says history) these demonstrations of respect for the sacred flag under which the Mussulmans ought to march in the way of the Lord to combat the enemies of the faith, increased extremely the love and veneration of the people for this first of the Khalifs."

Since his time, and under the reigns of his successors, it was carried into battle by one of the generals or chief officers of the army, and has always been revered under the title of *Sandjeak Sherif*. It has passed successively from the hands of the four first successors of Mohammed to the Ommyades who reigned at Damascus, from them to the Abbasides of Bagdad and Cairo, and finally to the Ottoman Emperors, since the conquest of Egypt under Selim the first.

The Sandjeak Sherif, in its present state, is rolled up in another flag which was used by the Khaliph Omar; the two are enclosed in forty coverings of silk, and the whole enveloped in a sort of sheath of green cloth. In the midst of these envelopes are deposited a small copy of the Koran, written, as is believed, by the hand of Omar, the companion and second successor of Mohammed, and on silver key of the sanctuary of the temple of Mecca—the same that was presented to Selim I. by the Sheriff of Mecca, in sign of homage and submission. The sacred flag, thus enveloped, is twelve feet long, and is surmounted by a sort of pommel of silver, square in form, which encloses another copy of the Koran, written by the hand of the Khaliph Osman, the secretary and third successor of Mohammed.

This standard, with its lance or staff, is preserved

ed in a gorgeous chapel in the palace of the Ottoman Emperor, where are also preserved some other relics of Mohammed; such as two of his teeth which an arrow struck out of his mouth at the battle of Ohod, where he exclaimed, "how can that people prosper who have covered the face of the apostle of the Most High with blood, because he invited them to worship God alone?"—words which roused his followers to the most furious enthusiasm; and also a coarse cloak of a sort of camblet, which he wore when he entered Mecca and purged it of idols, and dedicated it anew to the worship of the God of Abraham and the prophets. This chapel is a favourite place of worship with the Ottoman Emperors.

It has been the custom, till the recent insurrection of the Janissaries, that the Standard of Mohammed should never be carried from the Seraglio, i. e. the palace of the Grand Seigneur, except when the Grand Vizier, or the Sultan in person, heads the army of the Empire. Then a superb tent is erected, especially to contain the sacred banner. Attached to its lance, it is placed upon a frame of ebony wood, adorned with circles of silver, into which the flag staff is passed. At the end of every campaign it is carried back to the chapel before mentioned, is detached from its lance, and deposited in a coffer most richly ornamented. When taken out, and when deposited, solemn ceremonies are practised; the Sultan and the Grandees of the Empire are present; prayers are said, and perfumes of the most costly description are burnt with profusion.

In war, forty standard bearers are especially appointed to carry it, relieving each other in succession. All the possessors of military fiefs, called *zaims*, in the Empire, are obliged to defend it with their lives. All the cavalry of the army must particularly attend to its preservation, and four regiments, called *the four regiments*, in Turkish "*Beulukeyth-Erbea*," are appointed for its guard, not to mention a crowd of Emirs, i. e. descendants of Mohammed, who always accompany it as volunteers, and who have frequently sacrificed themselves by thousands in protecting it.

Such is a brief history and description of the famous Banner of Mohammed, whose appearance only like that of Virgil's Neptune, can hush the waves of an ocean of insurrection, and from China to Tangier can invoke several hundred millions of our fellow creatures to die in its defence.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1828.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "*American Masonic Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

Such of the patrons of the MASONICK SOUVENIR AND PITTSBURGH LITERARY GAZETTE as have paid one year in advance for that paper, are informed that L. F. W. Andrews, Esq. editor of the Souvenir, has entered into an arrangement with us, by which they will receive thirty-four numbers of the AMERICAN MASONICK RECORD, &c. in lieu of the unpublished portion of the first volume of the Souvenir, which has been discontinued, for want of sufficient patronage. No charge for subscription will be made by us, against those who shall receive no more than the thirty-four numbers, which, commencing with the present, will terminate with the twenty-eighth of our third volume.

We owe an apology to our readers for the unusual incorrectness of our last paper. The truth is, other matters sometimes interfere so much with our editorial duties, that neglect for the moment is unavoidable. However, we soon recover ourselves, and glide on smoothly again.

THE LEGENDARY. We have a benevolent feeling for all book-makers, from Mrs. Royall, upwards and downwards; and a pleasant sensation always comes over us, upon the announcement of a new volume. We have visions of fat papermakers and thrifty publishers, which picture human nature in such dignified shapes, that we possess our own good graces for happening to be one of the species. Authors are a charitable race; were it not for their "thirstings after im-

mortality," how few of the world's "vanities" would tickle the palate of a printer! and how essentially is the critic dependent upon their misgivings for his materiality!

We patronize *The Legendary*, because we like the plan of the work; in our opinion it is just what is needed in this country. To encourage such publications is the only way to give spirit and interest to American literature. With too many of the periodical presses of the day, wit is a crime of too "shocking" a nature to be encouraged; and the delicacy of their sensibility will not permit the least approach towards humour. *The Legendary* is calculated to encourage a new vein; to draw more sanguine spirits into the field, and to give a value to literary character.

Most of our readers probably know that *The Legendary* is a quarterly publication devoted to original pieces, principally illustrative of American history, scenery, and manners, and edited by N. P. Willis, one of the most pleasing and feeling writers in the world. The volume just issued is the second. We have read it hastily, and must speak of it in the same way. It has many fine things in it; some so-ish; and two or three as stupid as ever crept from the lack-a-daisical brain of Robert Morris. *Leaves from a Colleger's Album*, *Idleness*, and *Unwritten Philosophy*, by Willis, *Extracts from a Sea Book*, by Samuel Hazzard, and *The Field of the Grounded Arms*, by Halleck are the best pieces in the book, and such as would do credit to any magazine, or collection of sketches. *The Schoolmaster* and *The Siege of Soleur* are quite respectable, but not of the first water. The dullest thing in the book is an attempt at blank verse, called *Lionel*, by Robert Morris, the veriest coxcomb, over whose potation of words we ever dozed away an hour. What could the editor of *The Legendary* have been thinking about when he gave *Lionel* to the printer's devil? Certainly not of the respect due to his readers. He must have been as much troubled as newspaper mongers are sometimes for matter wherewith to eke out their pages. We suspect, however, that personal friendship blunted his critical acumen, and that he considered any thing in the shape of words creditable to the head of Robert Morris. Willis is one of the most pleasing writers of the day; there are few of his compositions that will not bear reading a second time: their sweet influence rests with the feelings of the reader long after the perusal, and we hate to see the pages upon which they appear, soiled by such muddiness as *Lionel*. We shall probably have something to say of this Robert Morris, hereafter, when we have nothing else to fill our pages with.

We may soon give our readers a taste of *The Legendary*, notwithstanding the publisher's threat.

The following article from the Troy Budget was inadvertently omitted last week.

A GOOD DRED. The *Apollo Lodge* of masons in this city, have purchased one hundred cords of wood, which they have laid up in order to deal it out to the meritorious poor in the rigorous season of the winter, at the price which it now costs; which is at least three or four dollars per cord less than it generally sells for at such seasons. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Samuel Picher, A. J. Rousseau, and J. D. Willard, are appointed, to whom application may be made.

LITERARY SUMMARY. A novel, entitled *Donald Adair*, has been written by a lady of Richmond, and is in the press.—In preparation, "*Letters from the West*, containing Sketches of Scenery, Manners and Customs, with Anecdotes connected with the first Settlement of the Western Sections of the United States," by Judge Hall, Editor of the *Western Souvenir*.—The author of "*Pelham*" is said to have a new novel in preparation, to be called "*The Disowned*."—Mr. Grattan, the well known author of "*Highways and By-ways*," is engaged on a new series of *Tales and Sketches*.—Don Telesforo de Treuba, author of "*Gomez Arias*," is preparing for publication a new work, to be called "*The Castilian*," which is said to embrace a most interesting period of Spanish History.—T. Roscoe is preparing a "*Life of Ariosto*, with Sketches of his Contemporaries." "*The Life and Times of Daniel De Foe*," by Walter Wilson, is also advertised as in preparation.—A work is announced, under the very curious title of the "*Man of Two Lives*," a narrative, written by himself.—"*The Gem*" is the title of a *Souvenir* edited by Thomas

Hood. Among the contributors are some whom we have not seen mentioned in the lists of any other souvenir. These are Charles Lamb, the late J. Kears, T. Keightley, one of the authors of "*Fairy Legends*," Rev. Chauncey Hare Townsend, and the author of "*The Subaltern*."—The following works were published in London early in November:—"Sailors and Saints," by the author of "*The Naval Sketch Book*."—"The Trials of Life," a novel, by the author of "*De Lisle, or the Sensitive Man*."—The Second Series of the "*Romance of History*," to comprise *Tales founded on Facts, and Illustrative of the Romantic Annals of France, from the Reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIV. inclusive*. "*The Life and Times of Francis I. of France*."—"Conversations on Intellectual Philosophy, or a Familiar Explanation of the Nature and Operations of the Human Mind."

From the Boston Bulletin.

ANTI-MASONRY. Taking up, by way of amusement, yesterday, neighbour Greene's paper, we caught sight of an old advertisement headed "*Baptist Herald*," being a sort of standing puff in behalf of a weekly print of that name. "Its editor," says the prospectus, "professes to be a predestinarian Baptist, of the old school;" and he considers that his Baptist brethren of the present day, as a body, have forsaken that "pure faith and order once delivered to the saints." In addition to this denunciation of a highly respectable class of citizens, the erudite and charitable professor proceeds to state that the "masonic institution has long been spreading its poisonous influence among the professed followers of the Lamb, and has helped doubtless, in no small degree, by the ingenious erection of a legal fabrick, a second Babel on which to climb to heaven without a Saviour, to establish the kingdom of anti-Christ."

Now we are not sufficiently versed in polemicks, to be able to comprehend the manner in which masons have managed to erect any sort of contrivance for the purpose of "climbing to heaven without a Saviour." We know enough of this calumniated institution, however, to warrant us in saying, that the only "fabrick" which they have erected, is a very simple one, a mere ladder of three steps, the rounds of which of which are denominated *faith* in God, *hope* in immortality, and *charity* towards all mankind. They leave it for others to place aditious obstructions in the way to heaven, as may be considered proper, according to the various views of sectarians.

We also happen to know, that the institution itself is wholly grounded in the scriptures—the very source whence this sanctimonious exclusive pretends to derive his own doctrines—and that it is immediately blended with all the noblest and most philanthropic precepts inculcated by the christian religion. The man who would endeavour to impress a contrary opinion upon the minds of others, exposes himself, to all acquainted with the subject, as a downright ignoramus—either totally ignorant of masonry, or of christianity, or of both. And yet, according to the principles of this very reformer, the assistance which he says has been rendered by the masonic institution towards the establishment of the "kingdom of anti-Christ," was all "predestinated"—and, according to the same principles, [in which, in this instance, at least, we are also devout believers,] this "candid" and disinterested labourer in the "work of reform" was "predestinated" to show himself a hypocritical jackanapes. The fashion of decrying freemasonry is rapidly passing away; and but very little more money will be made out of the Morgan excitement. In a few years, that ridiculous delusion will be regarded with the same species of wonderment and shame as is now universally felt in relation to the subject of witchcraft.

PHENOMENON. The Telegraph of Moscow states, that on the fifth of February an extraordinary and magnificent phenomenon was observed at Kiaththa. The cold was very rigorous. At the rising of the sun there was perceived, on each side of that luminary, two brilliant rays, which in Siberia are called the "ears of the sun." At ten o'clock in the morning, these rays became transformed into brilliant parheliions. An immense whitish column, resembling the tail of a comet, streamed from the sun, already arrived at considerable elevation, and directed itself towards the west, forming a regular circle, resting upon the horizon, in the circumference of which were seen seven images of the sun, pallid and rayless, situated at an equal distance between each other and the true sun. The latter was reflected also, from other large white circles in the atmosphere, disposed in such a manner as to form a pyramid, and two of which were circumscribed within the circle hitherto mentioned, while the other two were placed in that part of the heavens opposite to the sun. It was remarked that four circles might have been seen within the large circle, but that one of them was effaced by the light of the sun, and but half of another was seen glowing with the brilliant colours of the iris. It is to be regretted that this phenomenon, which remained until nearly mid day, was not observed by scientific individuals.

POETRY.

The following lines accompany an engraving in the "Remember Me," a religious annual, lately published in Philadelphia.

CONTEMPLATION.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"They are all up—the innumerable stars—
And hold their place in heaven. My eyes have been
Searching the pearly depths through which they spring
Like beautiful creations, till I feel
As if it were a new and perfect world,
Waiting in silence for the word of God
To breathe it into motion. There they stand
Shining in order, like a living hymn,
Written in light, awaking at the breath
Of the celestial dawn, and praising Him
Who made them, with the harmony of spheres.
I would I had an angel's ear, to list
That melody! I would that I might float
Up in that boundless element, and feel
Its ravishing vibrations, like a pulse
Beating in heaven! My spirit is athirst
For music—rarer music! I would bathe
My soul in a serener atmosphere
Than this; I long to mingle with the flock
Led by the 'living waters,' and lie down
In the 'green pastures' of the better land!
When wilt thou break, dull fetter! When shall I
Gather my wings, and like a rushing thought,
Stretch onward, star by star, up into Heaven?"

Thus mused Alethe. She was one to whom
Life had been like the witching of a dream,
Of an untroubled sweetness. She was born
Of a high race, and laid upon the knee
With her soft eye perusing listlessly
The fretted roof; or on Mosaic floors;
Grasped at the tessellated squares inwrought
With metals curiously. Her childhood passed
Like fairy—amid fountains and green haunts—
Trying her little feet upon a lawn
Of velvet evenness, and hiding flowers
In her sweet bosom, as if it were a fair
And pearly altar to crush incense on.
Her youth—oh! that was queenly! She was like
A dream of poetry that may not be
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!
And so came worshippers; and rank bowed down
And breathed upon her heart as with a breath
Of pride; and bound her forehead gorgeously
With dazzling scorn, and gave unto her step
A majesty, as if she trod the sea,
And the proud waves, unbidden lifted her.
And so she grew to woman—her mere look
Strong as a monarch's signet, and her hand
Th' ambition of a kingdom.

From all this
Turned her high heart away! She had a mind,
Deep and immortal, and it would not feed
On pageantry. She thirsted for a spring
Of a serener element, and drank
Philosophy, and for a little while
She was allayed,—till, presently, it turned
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew
Faint for undying waters.

Then she came
To the pure fount of God, and is athirst
No more—save, when the fever of the world
Falleth upon her, she will go, sometimes,
Out in the starlight quietness, and breathe
A holy aspiration after heaven.

MAN.

The human mind—that lofty thing!
The palace and the throne,
Where awful Reason sits as king,
And breathes his judgement tone—
O! who, with fragile step, shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
Nor, in his weakness, own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing, the human mind!

Seek not her thousand thoughts to tell;
Their essence who may know?
Ask not her fancies where they dwell,
Her visions how they glow.
All soft and beautiful they come;
They dream of rest, and call it home;
Ah, mark not where they go!
Enough that, while their light they pour,
We love the life we loathed before.

The human heart—that restless thing!
The tempter and the tried;
The haughty, yet the suffering;

The child of pain and pride;
The buoyant, and the desolate;
The home of love, the lair of hate;
Self-stung, self-deified!—
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

And wherefore bless thee?—O, there lies
A spell and power in thee,
And in the torment of thy sighs
Disguised hope we see.
Yet, though the golden fruit be gone,
Which once in its own lustre shone
On Passion's fragrant tree,
Its shade is still divinely sweet,
And fascinates the lingering feet.

The human soul—that holy thing!
The silently sublime;
The angel sleeping on the wing,
Worn with the scoffs of time:
The beautiful, the veiled, the bound;
A prince enslaved; a victim crowned;
The stricken in its prime!—
In tears—in tears to earth it stole—
That holy thing—the human soul!

Lo! shrined in her sacredness,
And breathing sainted air,
She calls on purity to bless
The presence-hall of prayer:
The dream is curtailed in the shroud;
The rest is pillowed on the cloud;
Her hope, her joy, are there;
And while she treads the mortal sod,
Her glorious eye is fixed on God.

And this is man!—Oh! as of him—
The gifted, and forgiven—
When o'er the landscape, drear and dim,
The rack of storms is driven,
If pride or passion, in their power,
Can chain the tide, or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven;
He bends the brow, he bows the knee—
"Creator—Father—none but Thee!"

From Atherstone's Fall of Nineveh.
NINEVEH AT SUNSET.

On Nineveh's proud towers the sinking sun
In cloudless splendour looks, nor through the earth
Like glory doth behold. In golden light
Magnificent the mighty city stands,
Empress of nations—nor her coming doom
Aught feareth—nor the voice of prophet old
Remembereth—nor of her iniquities
Repenteth her—nor the avenging hand
Of heaven incensed doth dread;—but with her pomp
Made drunken, and the glory of her might,
Her head in pride exalteth, and to fate,
As to a bridal or a dance, doth pass.

The flaming orb descends: his light is quenched:
The golden splendours from the walls are fled.
Even so thy glories, mighty Nineveh!
Shall darken, and impenetrable night,
On which no morn must rise, envelope thee!

But joyous is the stirring city now:
The moon is clear—the stars are coming forth—
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's King
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem bossed that, high on jasper steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond, quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual king is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing,
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a god. All rarest flowers,
Bright-hued and fragrant, in the brilliant light
Bloom as in sunshine: like a mountain stream
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.
All fruits delicious, and of every clime,
Beauteous to sight, and odoriferous,
Invite the taste; and wines of sunny light,
Rose-hued, or golden, for the feasting gods
Fit nectar: sylph-like girls, and blooming boys,
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as spring,
Attend upon their bidding; at the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes,
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's melodious voice. What pampered sense,
Of Luxury most rare and rich, can ask,

Or thought conceive, is there.

Through all the city sounds the voice of joy,
And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro;
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze,
Crimson and azure, purple, green, and gold;
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song;
And many feet that tread the dance are seen,
And arms upflung, and swaying heads, plume-crowned,
So is that city steeped in revelry.

OH, BRING ME THE HARP.

From "The Woman Hater," an unpublished Work,

BY J. H. WILLIS.

Oh, bring me the Harp he loved, that I
May give its sweet voice once more
To the twilight breeze that is floating by,
Ere life's waning fever is o'er;
For the damp of death is upon my brow,
And the chill of the grave is creeping now
Through my heart to its inmost core,—
Yet the pulse of that heart, so fast freezing and dim,
Will but cease with the song that is wakened to him.
They brought her the Harp, and its trembling strings
Breathed a tone as wild and deep,
As the frantic wail which a grief-spirit flings
O'er the dream of a troubled sleep;
And the searching woe of that hurried strain
Sped swift through the minstrel's soul and brain,
In a pang that seemed to heap
One anguish too keen—for it crushed apart
The quivering chords of both harp and heart.

BENEVOLENCE.

Oh, let us never lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another;
Oh, never let us haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.
Each has the power to wound—but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of Charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.
'Tis god-like to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
But not to wound—not to annoy—
Is part of virtue's lesson too.
Peace, winged in fairer worlds above,
Shall bend her down and brighten this,
When all man's labour shall be love,
And all his thoughts—a brother's bliss.

THE SCOLD.

IMITATED FROM BERNI.

To dine on devils without drinking,
To want a seat when almost sinking,
To pay to-day—receive to-morrow,
To sit at feasts in silent sorrow,
To sweat in winter—in the boot,
To feel the gravel cut one's foot,
Or a cursed flea within the stocking,
Chase up and down—are very shocking;
With one hand dirty, one hand clean,
Or with one slipper to be seen:
To be detained, when most in hurry,
Might put Griselda in a flurry;
But these, and every other bore,
If to the list you add a score,
Are not so bad, upon my life,
As that one scourge—a scolding wife!

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Proust's Printing Ink.

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Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new founts of letters have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiqua, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting-Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO.
Albany, October 4, 1858. 36 tr

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. 37 Entrance from Steuben street. To city subscribers. Three Dollars a year.



AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1828.

NO. 48.

MASONICK RECORD.

From a Dublin Magazine of 1820.

ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

A brief account of the most noble, sacred and illustrious order of Knight Templars, translated from an authentick ancient manuscript found in the year 1540, in a squire oak box under the High Altar of the Templars Church in London, immediately after the suppression of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, by Henry the Sixth, the 25th of May, in the above mentioned year, J. S. C.

These Knights of St. John were successors to the Templars after their expulsion by Edward the Second, in the year 1312, the time this manuscript was written and deposited.

When found it was carefully conveyed to the hands of Jacob Ulric St. Clair, of Roslin, in Scotland, whose family had the honour of hereditary Grand Master of that kingdom conferred on them, and in which it continued uninterrupted for upwards of two centuries.

William St. Clair of Roslin, in the year 1736, gave it to his nephew John St. Clair, M. D. of Old Castle, in the county of Meath, then studying at Glasgow, from whom and by which assistance, I took this copy in 1784.

It was written on a piece of skin resembling our parchment, but much thicker; the letters, ancient Norman characters found in the Doomsday Book of William the First; some had been gilt, but are now black and chipped off; the whole seems to have been done rather with a painting pencil than any kind of pen, their colour mostly red with some black.

The entire would have been unintelligible to me, but for the assistance of the above mentioned Dr. St. Clair, who during his stay at Leyden, where he resided some years, and made the Celtick and ancient Norman languages his study, for the better understanding several original papers preserved in the family library brought from Roan in Normandy, by Geoffrey St. Clair, soon after the Conquest.

This curious manuscript begins with the following address to the Divine Being. It certainly must appear an odd one to a common reader; but those who are honoured with the Sacred Order of the Temple will readily comprehend it.

"We, the trusty champions of the Great Emmanuel, in this our day of tribulation, having with reverence and holy fear renewed on this spot our awful and glorious ties and ceremonies, whereunto appertaineth such things as the eyes of man hath not seen, neither hath the heart conceived, save only those who have seen Golgotha, who have tasted of thy bitter cup even from the valley of death, think it meet to sit down and commit to the earth as to a sepulchre, some things which may hereafter re-light that sacred fire which for some ages we foresee must be hid in the hearts of a chosen few as in a grave wherein resteth bones, and rottenness, and wonder, and contemplation; yet at thy good time those dry bodies shall be clothed, and arise even from this dust, and through weary pilgrimage arrive at thy Holy City, even thy Holy of Holies: so be it unto us; we will bear thy cross. We have drank before thee, we have tasted of thy cup, Jehovah, the cup of thine own workmanship; we have looked with our eyes wonder and astonishment; we have seen thy wonders of words, our Lord, our head; remember us; shorten this our rough and rocky road; take this heavy burden from us. Simon, we think upon thee, horror, awe and silence. Oh! quench not our glorious lights, nor extinguish us as the evil flame that sold thee; we die this day thy soldiers: we all perish togeth-

er as we have lived—death cannot part us. Oh! spare a remnant somewhere to lay up the sacred rules of thy servant Bernardin; nor cut us clear off, that thy soldiers fall not from thee for ever, and thy Temple here on earth. Oh! grant that our last wishes here deposited in hearts may hereafter come to light, and bring us who suffer this day to the knowledge of future faithful brethren and champions of thy cross. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Here follows an historical account of the order, their rise, progress and sufferings, signed by Huge Paginis, and Godfrey de St. Andemer, Grand Master, and 157 Knights.

As most of the historical particulars of this ancient and noble order have been largely treated of by several authors, I shall here only set down in as brief a manner as possible the mere heads of what this manuscript contains, and some annexed to it by Jacob Ulric St. Clair, to whom it was first delivered.

This Order was originally founded by Pope Galasius the First, A. D. 1119. It is evident from certain ceremonies, forming part of the rules of Knights Templars, that Galasius was a Freemason, who, in conjunction with St. Bernard, formed those rites and ceremonies, which constitute the order of Knighthood.

There were originally but nine companions, and those of the first men then existing in christendom. During the Crusades their number was considerably enlarged, as well as their business. The title originally given to this order, remains a secret to this day to all but those initiated. That which they commonly bear, viz. Templars, was given by Baldwin the Second: when he had subdued the Saracens, he appointed them a portion of land and a house; where the temple of Jerusalem stood, there were a number of poor Knights whose office was to conduct pilgrims at that time safe through the Holy Land. The Council of Trent, A. D. 1127, fully confirmed all the vast privileges, donations, honour, and lands, allotted by the several Popes and crowned heads to this Order. In 1186, Saladin having taken Jerusalem, the Knights were dispersed all over Europe, where they founded large seminaries, famous for learning, wealth, valour, power, and an invincible love and adherence to each other.

The Grand Master fixed his residence in the island of Cyprus. Among the numerous houses founded at that time, that which is now called the Temple in London, and where this manuscript was found, was one of the noblest and most magnificent. Ireland at that time the seat of piety and learning, was not destitute of this order: near Dublin, where the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham now stands, was a superb edifice of the Knights Templars, which they inhabited until the reign of King Henry the Eighth. It is evident from various circumstances of history how great power and privileges this Order possessed.

In signing the Magna Charta, that great bulwark of English liberty, in the reign of King John, A. D. 1215, we find the name of the Grand Master of the Templars in London, Brother Aylmer G. M. &c. J. C. M. immediately after the Archbishops and Pandulph, the Pope's nuncio, before any of the temporal lords, though ever so high and potent. During the civil broils and disturbances of those days; all money, plate, and valuables of London and Westminster were deposited with the Templars, as they considered the valour and probity of

those knights their greatest safeguard and security in those troublesome times.

In, or about the year 1309, Philip the Fair of France, and Pope Clement, V. plotted the destruction of the order, fearing them too powerful, and finding them contrary to their political views.

Three years after, viz. A. D. 1312, they succeeded so far as to condemn and abolish the order in a General Council, held at Vienne, in Dauphine, Philip treacherously seized on the Grand Master, who had been secured from Cyprus to France, and accused him and the order of the most unheard-of and ridiculous crimes, such as worshipping an ass's head, trampling on the crucifix, and denying Christ. The Grand Master and fifty-seven principal knights were burned on this extraordinary charge, because they would not reveal their most hidden and sacred secrets; nor did the fury of Philip and Clement rest here, they threatened both temporal and eternal destruction to all who should harbour the order, and prevailed on Edward the Second, of England, to put them to death, or banish them from his dominions. It was on this occasion this manuscript was buried. Edward's persecution was not as severe as Philip's, for he suffered some of the order to remain in his dominions, under another name; as Knights of St. John. They held some lands and revenues until the suppression of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth, after which they were incorporated with the Knights of Malta, the only remaining branch of this famous order, except honorary members, who were formed in several parts of Europe, about the year 1540, and who still enjoy the mysteries and secrets of the order, with all its mystick rites, though not its former power and grandeur.

ELECTIONS.

NEW-YORK.

At the annual communication of Champlain Royal Arch Chapter, No. 2, held on the 16th inst. the following companions were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Luther B. Hunt, High Priest; John Nason, King; Jonathan Berry, Scribe; Leonard Robinson, Captain of the Host; Jeduthan Spooner, Principal Sojourner; Charles W. Wetmore, Royal Arch Captain; Harvey Ingalls, G.M. of the first Vail; Ira Church, G.M. of the second Vail; David Reid, G.M. of the third Vail; Ashbel Smith, Treasurer; G. A. Barber, Secretary; Rev. Sylvester Nash, Chaplain; Luther L. Dutcher, Sentinel; Samuel Barlow, Josiah F. Chamberlain, and David Read, Committee of Charity; William Bridges, Luther L. Dutcher, and Seth P. Eastman, Prudential Committee.

Officers of Mystick Lodge, No. 389, in the city of New-York, elected December 15, 1828:—

J. F. Henry Master; W. C. Burnet, Senior Warden; S. S. Ward, Junior Warden; John Runnion, Senior Deacon; Henry Chandler, Junior Deacon; Andrew Bogart Master of Ceremonies; Matthew W. King, and C. H. Horton, Stewards; Daniel Tuttle, J. F. Henry, W. C. Burnet, S. S. Ward, and E. B. Wood, Standing Committee; James Rice, Tyler.

Thy soul is the rough ashler which thou must labour to polish; thou canst do no homage more worthy of the Supreme Being, than when thou offerest up to him regular desires and inclinations, and restrained passions.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

From the Boston Bulletin
SPOTS ON THE SUN.

An ingenious individual in Providence has very recently succeeded, by means of a seven-foot telescope, constructed by himself on a new principle, in bringing the entire image of the sun into a darkened room, upon a white screen, to the size of eight feet in diameter. He writes us, that his astonishment was great, when he perceived that every spot now upon the face of the sun, nine in number, was distinctly transferred to the screen, and was so plain that he could see every movement of them in their various and sudden changes. He says he could plainly discover that those spots were immense bodies of smoke, apparently issuing from volcanoes; and as they seem occasionally forced upward from the craters, now forming dense clouds and now dispersing, he considers these phenomena as accounting for the rapid changes of those spots. The escape of such a vast quantity of gas from the interior of the body of the sun, would, he observes, as it surrounds that luminary, produce that bright and dazzling appearance, which is the atmosphere of the sun. This theory may not accord with the opinions of others who have made observations on the subject; but the writer, at any rate, entertains the strongest belief of its truth.

With the same instrument, which is but just finished, he has also examined the moon; and states his conviction that that body is covered with perpetual snow and ice—the dark spots discoverable on its surface being frozen seas, and the lighter spaces land covered with snow. Those circular places, which have a rising cone in the centre, he thinks are extinguished volcanoes, as no clouds are perceptible over the moon's face; which, being covered with snow and ice, accounts, as he imagines, for its clear atmosphere, or for the absence of an atmosphere. This vast accumulation of ice and snow upon the moon's surface, may be explained, the writer conjectures, by the nature of the moon's revolutions. He offers to construct instruments of the above description, by which these phenomena may be observed, at prices from \$50 to \$100; and at the same rate to furnish solar microscopes, on a new principle, with a magnifying power at twelve feet distance, of 5,184,000.

THE TRAVELLER.

BURMESE BOATS.

From Two Years in Ava.

The Burman war-boat is formed of the trunk of the magnificent teak tree, first roughly shaped, and then expanded by means of fire, until it attains sufficient width to admit two people, sitting abreast. On this a gunwale, rising a foot above the water, is fixed, and the stem and stern taper to a point, the latter being much higher than the other, and ornamented with fret-work and gilding. On the bow is placed a gun, sometimes of a nine pounder calibre, but generally smaller; and the centre of the boat is occupied by the rowers, varying in number from twenty to a hundred, who in the large boats use the oar, and in the small ones the paddle. A war-boat in motion is a very pleasing object. The rapidity with which it moves, its lightness and small surface above the water, the uniform pulling of the oar falling in cadence with the songs of the boatmen, who taking the lead from one of their number, join in chorus, and keep time with the dip of their oars: the rich gilding which adorns the boat, and the neat, uniform dress of the crew, place it to the eye of a stranger, in a curious and interesting point of view: and in regard to appearance, induces him, when contrasting it with an English boat, to give the former the preference. In point of swiftness, our best men-of-war boats could not compete with them; and of the superiority they generally availed themselves when an action was impending.

The boats we had captured at Rangoon, and were cutting down for the transport of the army, were totally of a different nature. These built on the same plan as ours are, but with flat bottoms. belonged to traders, and were solely adapted to the transport of merchandise. The stern, fancifully or-

namented, rises two or three stages above the deck, and is the seat of the helmsman. The inside of the boat is filled with goods, and thatched over, leaving sufficient room underneath to accommodate two or three families—men, women and children—who promiscuously take up their abode there.

This description of boat is not propelled by oars, but by long poles, the ends of which being placed against the shoulders of the boatmen, they run the whole length of the boat, and push her forward with considerable velocity. The space on which they act is formed by strong outriggers on either side of the boat, which answer the twofold purpose of preventing her upsetting, which she otherwise would do from the excess of top-weight, and of increasing her width and accommodation.

The third class of boat is that used throughout the country, and which, to those who inhabit the banks of rivers, becomes a necessary appendage, and to many a home. It is a mere canoe, decked with a split bamboo, and partly covered in with mats, so as to afford shelter from the sun by day and the dews by night. One man steers, and two others either row or paddle; but when the wind is favourable, they use a sail. This is generally made at the moment, with the scarfs they wear over their shoulders, tied together. Two bamboos constitute the mast and yard, the sail being fastened between them; yet, with this frigate rigging, and with the gunwale of the boat almost under water with every puff of wind, they stem the most rapid currents at all seasons of the year, and, such is their skill in steering, seldom meet with an accident. It was in these boats that the majority of the inhabitants of Rangoon, and the adjacent villages, fled upon our approach; and these formed their only habitation during the many months they kept aloof from us.

TYROLESE CARRIER.

In the Tyrol, the lighter sort of merchandize is transported in a singular equipage, a light two-wheeled cart, to which are yoked (tandem fashion) a small mule, a man, and a woman; the mule, equipped with bells, is placed in the shafts; the male biped is in the middle, and the fair one leads. One evening, says a recent tourist, we overtook one of these machines, and halted to examine so novel an equipage. We found the proprietor an intelligent fellow. Having offered him *schnapps* and a pipe, which put him into great good humour, he told us he had, for thirty-five years, been a carrier between his native village and two neighbouring ones; that he made two voyages a week, and during the above period had lost not a single day by sickness, although his cattle were sometimes knocked up. "My journey," continued our *swaager* between his whiffs, "is rather more than two miles (eleven English) besides occasional callings on my customers out of my line, so that I am five hours at work. I have had three wives. My first proved too delicate for harness, and lived but a few years. She left me, however, two *kleinchens* (children.) My son is a soldier, and my daughter keeps my house. My second spouse, a strong-boned *frau*, had some *gelt*, and made a contract that she was not to be treated like a mule. She sat at home and took to *schnapps*. One day she dropped down dead while I was on my journey. My last wife, being a tailor, made more money by her trade than by assisting me, so that I have never been able to get cart-work out of any of my wives, and am obliged to hire a labourer. The wench you see has been with me three years, and is both strong and willing. But I am getting old and stiff in my joints, and hope my son will get his discharge, and take to my trade. I have scraped together a little money, and wish to retire." This sort of harangue, interrupted occasionally by *schnapps* and filling his pipe, lasted an hour, and caused my friend much amusement, in which, from my ignorance of German, I could not participate. The fellow was a humourist, and, from the colour of his nose, a *bon vivant*. During his labours of thirty-five years, at the rate of fifty miles a week, he had dragged this cart eighty thousand miles! He had passed his grand climacterick, and yet, in spite of pretty frequent attacks on the brandy bottle, to which he confessed he was addicted, he was as vigorous and fresh as a man of forty.

THE SKETCH-BOOK.

From the Yankee, and Boston Library Gazette.
COUNTRY SCHOOL-KEEPING.

But few of your readers are acquainted with country school-keeping, as it is generally practised in the villages and by-ways of Maine, among her rocks, deserts, and fastnesses, where children are taught by the reckoning of the ferule, or the whizzing of the switch. Few are acquainted with the downright, clever country schoolmaster—the great man of the district, to whom the old men look up with wonder, and the young with awe. Few know the open-hearted, generous manner in which he is treated by the farmers of the district. Did you ever go to a country party, and see the "boys and gals" seated round a roaring fire, in the two sides of a huge fire-place—watching intently every motion of the "Master," and not daring to open their mouths till he had broken the silence, either by talking about the weather, or by proposing to play button? Did you never play button yourself—and hear the "gals" judging each other all round to "kiss the master, kiss the master?" Have you not seen the eyes of a handsome, hearty, healthy one, sparkle outright when the master chose her in the play of *filanders*,* while marching round the room to the tune of *chuse yer tru luv now-er-never*—her fingers intertwined with his, and her heart beating as if it would bang through her side! Have you never watched the motions of the belle of the district, when she was led forth to dance a French four, a long reel, or a shuffle—how she would trip over the sanded floor to the sound of a three stringed fiddle, with a quickened step and a more brilliant eye—her head reclining on her shoulders, and her whole countenance beaming with pleasure—and all for who? her partner was the schoolmaster.

By-and-by too, as the evening advances, when the apples are placed in the corner, and the cider is sizzling at the edge of the hearth, all the glances the oglings, or as they call 'em there, the sheep's eyes, are thrown upon the man of the ferule from every side. Then comes the snapping of apple-seeds; and happy is he of the birch if he escapes unhurt from the invisible shot. He now begins to throw off his dignity, and to mingle with the rest in the chit-chat of the place; to talk of sleigh-rides, kuskings, and so-forth—parties held in bygone days; of the courting stories that are flying over hill and valley—that he is partial to such or such a one, likes neighbor this or that's daughter, mayhap, or is going to be married to somebody or other—guess who? When the time for going home has arrived, then his true dignity and worth appears. From the crowd of girls who are hurrying out, and slyly peeping over their shoulders for somebody to go home with them, and the crowd of boys looking for partners, he is seen marching slowly and gravely apart. Who shall be waited upon by him is the inward anxious question of every one; and proud, proud indeed is he who marches home under the guidance of the marter: she remembers it for months, yea, for years, and looks back upon it always with a swell of the heart.

But, would you believe it! this very man, treated as he is with reverence and with almost worshipping attention—this very man who is teaching children, whom their parents cling to as they would to their life-blood, and whom they love as much, yea more than they love themselves; he is teaching for the paltry sum of *nine* or *ten* it may be for *twelve* or *fourteen* dollars per month,—nobody gets more. Would you believe that parents could entrust nobody knows how many souls, of their own flesh and blood, into the hands of a man, to be moulded and formed at his pleasure, for ten dollars a month? Strange as it may seem, they do this in more than one half of our country towns; and they put their children into pens, where they are kept, wedged together, for seven hours a day—pens tottering over their very heads, and threatening destruction to the inmates—pens through which the winds whistle, and the snows drive month after month—pens where no parent should allow his children to sit for a single day—and this too for the purpose of instruction. Into such wretched hovels as these, which the hogs would hardly creep to for a night-stye, destitute of shovels, tongs, brooms;

with only a fire-poker, and a pair of huge rocks for andirons, one third of the children of the State of Maine, to speak without exaggeration, are literally crammed. Here their minds, in the buoyancy of youth and spring-tide of life, are to be formed for greatness; their talents to be drawn out, and their ambition to be kindled by instructors, who hire themselves out at ten or twelve dollars a month!

Go into any of our country-schools, and see the task which is or ought to be performed by their instructors, and say who can qualify himself as he ought to be qualified, for this insignificant price? What man, young or old, with any education, would put himself into such places, to be stunned with the discordant yelping of children, unless he were utterly headless and shirtless? What man would hire himself out to teach babies their A, B, C, and how to spell Baker; or hang over the contents of Noah Webster's spelling book, month after month, unless he were compelled to it by sheer necessity? who will do it from choice? Nobody. Our country schools are provided with instructors, therefore, who either teach from necessity or pursue the trade of school-keeping, because they can find none better. Men of talent, such men as we ought to have, will seldom engage for any length of time in this employment; for they can earn more at picking oakum or filtering sap. One half at least of our country schools are miserably provided with teachers therefore;—with men or boys who pretend to deal with the English language; and whose only recommendation is that they know how to parse Grammar, and to do the sums in this or that Arithmetick by rote. Some of these very men cannot write a sentence in English on the commonest affair of life; nor even make out a sheriff's notice for the walls of a country store, without blundering in orthography or something worse. But they can parse grammar, that's what they can; they have cyphered through Walsh, or got far enough to see through, and they know perhaps the Young Ladies' Accidence by heart. Sublime qualifications indeed for an instructor of American youth—the princes, the kings, the emperors, of this, our land—youth who are hereafter to mould the destinies of our country, and to sit in judgment on the fate of nations.

A YANKEE SCHOOL-MASTER.

* Qu. Phi—or fi—landers?

From the Berkshire American.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST, A FARCE.

Scene.—An editor is discovered in an elbow chair, with a long list of subscribers before him, his face radiant with hope, and his pockets filled, in anticipation, to overflowing. Enter printer's devil with a bundle of letters, postage unpaid. The editor, glancing his eye over the contents, turns blue, for where he expected bank bills, he finds only the paper maker's bill, the type founder's bill, the ink manufacturer's bill, &c. &c. In this situation, surrounded with megrims, and confounded with horrors, he takes the printer's devil to be a blue devil, and having invoked his aid in conjuring up the ghosts of delinquent subscribers, he begins to read over their names.

Editor. John Lumberfunction?

Ghost. Here!

Editor. Dr. to paper five years—total amount, ten dollars.

Ghost. Intends to settle up as soon as ever he draws that're prize in the lottery, which he is looking for every day.

Editor. Rodman Limberwig!

Ghost. Runaway.

Editor. The devil catch him!

Pr. Dev. I don't know where to find him, sir.

Editor. Peter Gimcrank!

Ghost. Gone to jail.

Editor. The devil go with him!

Pr. Dev. I'd rather not, sir.

Editor. Lemuel Love-the-bottle!

Ghost. Lays out all his money for grog.

Editor. [Striking the name off the list, and proceeding to the next.] Nehemiah Pilgarlick!

Ghost. Here!

Editor. Dr. to paper three years, and advertising sundries—total amount \$9.

Ghost. Can't pay the money; will you take any thing in the way of trade?

Editor. Yes, any way to accommodate. I'll take my pay in fire-wood.

Ghost. Hasn't any wood to spare. Any thing else in the world will be at your service.

Editor. Well, then, I'll take a few bushels of grain.

Ghost. Is sorry to say he has'n't a bushel of grain to sell. But any thing else that you want—

Editor. I'll take some pork.

Ghost. Unluckily the pork is all promised.

Editor. A side of beef; then.

Ghost. Has all his own beef to buy; but any thing else in the world that you can mention—

Editor. I should like a load of potatoes.

Ghost. Great part of them were spoilt by the frost, so that—

Editor. Some winter apples would not come amiss.

Ghost. Cattle got into the orchard and eat 'em all up. But can't you think of something else that you would like.

Editor. Ay, I'll take any thing in the world to get my pay—even to a load of "chips and whetstones."

Ghost. Very well—he'll take time to think about it. [Exit.]

Editor. Ephraim Puddingstone!

Ghost. Has broke tu pieces long ago.

Editor. Luther Quintenbogus!

Ghost. Disappeared between two days.

Editor. Anthony Scurvypocket.

Ghost. Never intended to pay.

The farce proceeds in this way till the editor, out of all patience, thrusts the subscription list into the fire, oversets the printer's devil with his foot, and throws his inkstand at the ghosts, some of whom vanish into thin air, and the rest dance a fandango at his disappointment and mortification.

THE GATHERER.

THE GOLDEN TOOTH.

Fontenelle says, "If the truth of a fact were always ascertained before its cause were inquired into, or its nature disputed, much ridicule might be avoided by the learned." In illustration of this remark, he relates the following whimsical anecdote:—

"In 1593, a report prevailed, that a child in Silesia, seven years old, having lost its first teeth, in the new, a tooth of gold grew up in place of one of the cheek teeth. Hortius, Professor of Medicine in the University of Helmstadt, became so convinced of the truth of this story, that he wrote a history of this tooth, in which he affirmed, that it was partly natural and partly miraculous, and that it had been sent by heaven to that child to console the poor Christians oppressed by the Turks. It is not, however, very easy to conceive what consolation the Christians could draw from this tooth, nor what relation it could bear to the Turks.

"Hortius, however, was but one historian of the tooth; for, in the same year that this work appeared, Rullandus wrote another history of it. Two years afterward, Ingosterus, another learned man, wrote in opposition to Rullandus respecting the golden tooth, who failed not to make a very elaborate and scientific reply. Another great man, Libavius, collected all that had been said on the tooth, and added his own peculiar doctrine.

"Nothing was wanting to so many fine works, but a proof that the tooth was really of gold; a goldsmith at length was called to examine it, who discovered that it was only a bit of leaf gold applied to the tooth with considerable address. Their books were first composed on an assumed fact, and then the goldsmith consulted."

NAPOLEON'S BED ROOM.

After Josephine had been divorced from Napoleon, it is stated, in a volume of memoirs just published, that "the empress, retaining for the Emperor an attachment approaching to adoration, would not allow even a chair to be disturbed in his apartment; and, instead of occupying it herself, preferred being very indifferently lodged above stairs. Every thing remained exactly in the state as when the

Emperor quitted his cabinet:—a book of history, placed on his bureau, with the page marked at which he had left off; the pen which he had been writing retaining the ink that, a moment later, might have dictated laws to Europe; a map of the world, on which he had been pointing out to his confidants his projects respecting the countries the invasion of which he meditated, and which bore marks of his impatience, occasioned probably by some silly comment. Josephine alone understood the office of dusting what she called his 'relics;' and she seldom gave any one permission to enter the sanctuary. Napoleon's Roman bed was without curtains; his arms were hung on the walls of the chamber; and various parts of the male dress were scattered over the furniture. It seemed as if he were just about to re-enter a place from which he had banished himself forever."

PICTURESQUE DRESSES IN SPANISH MARKETS.

On entering Madrid by the gate of Toledo, or the Place de la Ceneda, where the market is held, nothing is more striking than the confused mass of people from the country and provinces. There a Castilian draws around him with dignity the folds of his ample cloak, like a Roman senator in his toga. Here a coward from La Mancha, with his long gode in his hand, clad in a kilt of oxskin, whose antique shape bears some resemblance to the tunic worn by the Roman and Gothic warriors. Farther on may be seen men with their hair confined in long nets of silk. Others wearing a kind of short brown vest, striped with blue and red, conveying the idea of Moorish garb. The men who wear this dress come from Andalusia.

RABBIS

Constitute a sort of nobility of the Jews, and it is the first object of each parent that his sons shall, if possible, attain it. When, therefore, a boy displays a peculiarly acute mind and studious habits, he is placed before the twelve folio volumes of the Talmud, and its legion of commentaries and epitomes, which he is made to pore over with an intenseness which engrosses his faculties entirely, and often leaves him in mind, and occasionally in body, fit for nothing else; and so vigilant and jealous a discipline is exercised so to fence him round as to secure his being exclusively Talmudical, and destitute of every other learning and knowledge whatever, that one individual has lately met with three young men, educated as rabbis, who were born and lived to manhood in the middle of Poland, and yet knew not one word of its language. To speak Polish on the Sabbath is to profane it—so say the orthodox Polish Jews. If at the age of fourteen or fifteen years, or still earlier, (for the Jew ceases to be a minor when thirteen years old,) this Talmudical student realizes the hopes of his childhood, he becomes an object of research among the wealthy Jews, who are anxious their daughters shall attain the honour of becoming the brides of these embryo sants; and often, when he is thus young, and his bride still younger, the marriage is completed.

SELLING A WOMAN.

The value that was set upon the bondservants in the West Indies is curiously exemplified in the following anecdote:

There was a planter in Barbaôes that came to his neighbour, and said to him, "Neighbour, I hear you have lately bought good store of servants out of the last ship that came from England; and I hear withal that you want provisions. I have great want of a woman servant, and would be glad to make an exchange. If you will let me have some of your woman's flesh, you shall have some of my hog's flesh." So the price was set, a groat a-pound for the hog's flesh and sixpence for the woman's. The scales were set up, and the planter had a maid that was extremely fat, lazy, and good for nothing; her name was Honour. The man brought a great fat sow, and put it in one scale, and Honour was put in the other. But when he saw how much the maid outweighed his sow, he broke off the bargain and would not go on.

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Literary Magnet.
THE PHANTOM HAND.

I see a hand you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away!

In a lonely part of the bleak and rocky coast of Scotland, there dwelt a being, who was designated by the few who knew and feared him, the Warlock Fisher. He was, in truth, a singular and a fearful old man. For years he had followed his dangerous occupation alone; adventuring forth in weather which appalled the stoutest of the stout hearts that occasionally exchanged a word with him, in passing to and fro in their mutual employment. Of his name, birth, or descent, nothing was known; but the fecundity of conjecture had supplied an unending stock of materials on these points. Some said he was the devil incarnate; others said he was a Dutchman, or some other "far away foreigner," who had fled to these comparative solitudes for a shelter, from the retribution due to some grievous crime; and all agreed that he was neither a Scot nor a true man. In outward form, however, he was still "a model of a man," tall, and well-made; though in years, his natural strength was far from being abated. His matted black hair, hanging in elf-locks about his ears and shoulders, together with the perpetual sullenness which seemed native in the expression of features neither regular nor pleasing, gave him an appearance unendurably disgusting. He lived alone, in a hovel of his own construction, partially scooped out of a rock—was never known to have suffered a visitor within its walls—to have spoken a kind word, or done a kind action. Once, indeed, he performed an act which, in a less ominous being, would have been lauded as the extreme of heroism. In a dreadfully stormy morning, a fishing-boat was seen in great distress, making for the shore—there was a father and two sons in it. The danger became imminent, as they neared the rocky promontory of the fisher—and the boat upset. Women and boys were screaming and gesticulating from the beach, in all the wild and useless energy of despair, but assistance was nowhere to be seen. The father and one of the lads disappeared for ever; but the younger boy clung, with extraordinary resolution, to the inverted vessel. By accident, the Warlock Fisher came to the door of his hovel, saw the drowning lad, and plunged instantaneously into the sea. For some minutes he was invisible amid the angry turmoil; but he swam like an inhabitant of that fearful element, and bore the boy in safety to the beach. From fatigue or fear, or the effects of both united, the poor lad died shortly afterwards, and his grateful relatives industriously insisted, that he had been blighted in the grasp of his unhallowed rescuer!

Towards the end of autumn, the weather frequently becomes so broken and stormy in these parts, as to render the sustenance derived from fishing extremely precarious. Against this, however, the Warlock Fisher was provided; for, caring little for weather, and apparently less for life, he went out in all seasons, and was known to be absent for days, during the most violent storms, when every hope of seeing him again was lost. Still nothing harmed him: he came drifting back again, the same wayward, unfearing, unhallowed animal. To account for this, it was understood that he was in connexion with smugglers; that his days of absence were spent in their service—in reconnoitering for their safety, and assisting their predations. Whatever of truth there might be in this, it was well known that the Warlock Fisher never wanted ardent spirits; and so free was he in their use and of tobacco, that he has been heard, in a long and dreary winter's evening, carolling songs in a strange tongue, with all the fervor of an inspired bacchanal. It has been said, too, at such times he held strange talk with some who never answered, deprecated sights which no one else could see, and exhibited the fury of an outrageous maniac.

It was towards the close of an autumn day, that a tall young man was seen surveying the barren rocks, and apparently deserted shores, near the dwelling of the fisher. He wore the inquiring aspect of a stranger, and yet his step indicated a pre-

vious acquaintance with the scene. The sun was flinging his boldest radiance on the rolling ocean, as the youth ascended the rugged path which led to the Warlock Fisher's hut. He surveyed the door for a moment, as if to be certain of the spot; and then, with one stroke of his foot, dashed the door inwards. It was damp and tenantless. The stranger set down his bundle, kindled a fire, and remained in quiet possession. In a few hours the fisher returned. He started involuntarily at the sight of the intruder, who sprang to his feet, ready for any alternative.

"What seek you in my hut?" said the Fisher.

"A shelter for the night—the hawks are out."

"Who directed you to me?"

"Old acquaintance!"

"Never saw you with my eyes—shiver me! But never mind, you look like the breed—a ready hand and a light heel, ha! All's right—tap your keg!"

No sooner said than done. The keg was broached, and a good brown basin of double hollands was brimming at the lips of the Warlock Fisher. The stranger did himself a similar service, and they grew friendly. The Fisher could not avoid placing his hand before his eyes once or twice, as if wishful to avoid the keen gaze of the stranger, who still plied the fire with fuel and his host with hollands. Reserve was at length annihilated, and the Fisher jocularly said—

"Well, and so we're old acquaintance, ha!"

"Ay," said the young man, with another searching glance. "I was in doubt at first, but now I'm certain."

"And what's to be done?" said the Fisher.

"An hour after midnight you must put me on board—'s boat; she'll be abroad. They'll run a light to the mast head, for which you'll steer. You're a good hand at the helm in a dark and rough sea," was the reply.

"How, if I will not?"

"Then—your life or mine!"

They sprang to their feet simultaneously, and an immediate encounter seemed inevitable.

"Psha!" said the Fisher, sinking on his seat, "what madness this is! I was a thought warm with the liquor, and the recollections of past times were rising on my memory. Think nothing of it. I heard those words once before," and he ground his teeth in rage. "Yes, once; but in a shriller voice than yours! Sometimes, too, the bastard rises to my view; and then I smite him so—bah! give us another basin—full!" He stuck short at vacancy, snatched the beverage from the stranger, and drank it off. "An hour after midnight, said ye!"

"Ay—you'll see no bastard's then."

"Worse—may be—worse!" muttered the Fisher, sinking into abstraction, and glaring wildly on the flickering embers before him.

"Why, how's this?" said the stranger. "Are your senses playing bo-peep with the ghost of some pigeon-livered coast captain, eh? Come, take another pull at the keg, to clear your head lights, and tell us a bit of your ditty."

The Fisher took another draught, and proceeded—

"About five-and-twenty years ago, a stranger came to this hut—may the curse of God annihilate him!"

"Amen to that," said the young man.

"He brought with him a boy and a girl, a purse of gold, and—the arch fiend's tongue, to tempt me! Well, it was to take these children out to sea—upset the boat—and lose them!"

"And you did so," interrupted the stranger.

"I tried—but listen. On a fine evening, I took them out: the sun sank rapidly, and I knew by the freshening of the breeze, there would be a storm. I was not mistaken. It came on even faster than I wished. The children were alarmed—the boy, in particular, grew suspicious; he insisted that I had an object in going out so far at sunset. This irritated me,—and I rose up to smite him, when the fair girl interposed her fragile form between us. She screamed for mercy, and clung to my arm with the desperation of despair. I could not shake her off! The boy had the spirit of a man; he seized a piece of spar, and struck me on the temples. 'How, you villain!' said he, 'your life or mine!' At that

moment the boat upset, and we were all adrift. The boy I never saw again—a tremendous sea broke between us—but the wretched girl clung to me like hate! Damnation!—her dying scream is ringing in my ears like madness! I struck her on the forehead, and she sank—all but her hand, one little white hand would not sink! I threw myself on my back, and struck at it with both my feet—and then I thought it sunk for ever. I made the shore with difficulty, for I was stunned and senseless, and the ocean heaved as if it would have washed away the mortal world—and the lightnings blazed as if all hell had come to light the scene of warfare! I have never since been on the sea at midnight, but that hand has followed or preceded me; I have never— Here he sank down from his seat, and rolled himself in agony upon the floor.

"Poor wretch!" muttered the stranger, "what hinders now my long sought vengeance! Even with my foot—but thou shalt share my murdered sister's grave!"

"A shot is fired—look out for the light!" said the young man.

The Fisher went to the door; but suddenly started back, clasping his hands before his face.

"Fire and brimstone! there it is again!" he cried.

"What?" said his companion, looking coolly round him.

"That infernal hand! Lightnings blast it! but that's impossible," he added, in a fearful undertone, which sounded as if some of the eternal rocks around him were adding a response to his impressions—that's impossible! It is a part of them—it has been so for years—darkness could not shroud it—distance could not separate it from my burning eye-balls!—awake, it was there—asleep, it flickered and blazed before me! It has been my rock a-head through life, and it will herald me to hell!" So saying, he pressed his sinewy hands upon his face, buried his head between his knees, till the rock beneath him seemed to shake with his uncontrollable agony.

"Again it beckons me!" said he, starting up; "ten thousand fires are blazing in my heart—in my brain! where, where can I be worse! Fiend, I defy thee!"

"I see nothing," said his companion, with unalterable composure.

"You see nothing!" thundered the Fisher, with mingling sarcasm and fury; "look there!" He snatched his hand, and pointing steadily into the gloom, again murmured, "Look there! look there!"

At that moment the lightning blazed around with appalling brilliancy; and the stranger saw a small white hand pointing tremulously upwards.

"I saw it there, said he, 'but it is not hers! Infatuated, abandoned villain!" he continued, with irrepressible energy, "it is not my sister's hand—no! it is the incarnate fiend's who tempted you, to perdition—begone together!"

He aimed a dreadful blow at the astonished Fisher, who instinctively avoided the stroke. Mutually wound up to the highest pitch of anger, they grappled each the other's throat, set their feet, and strained for the throw, which was inevitably to bury both in the wild waves beneath. A faint shriek was heard, and a gibbering, as of many voices, came fluttering around them.

"Chatter on!" said the Fisher, "he joins you now!"

"Together—it will be together!" said the stranger, as with a last desperate effort he bent his adversary backward from the beetling cliff. The voice of the Fisher sounded hoarsely in execration, as they dashed into the sea together; but what he said was drowned in the hoarser murmur of the uplashing surge! The body of the stranger was found on the next morning, flung far up on the rocky shore—but that of the murderer was gone for ever!

The superstitious peasantry of the neighbourhood still consider the spot as haunted; and at midnight, when the waves dash fitfully against the perilous crags, and the bleak winds sweep with long and angry moan around them, they still hear the gibbering voices of the fiends, and the mortal execrations of the Warlock Fisher!—but, after that fearful night, no man ever saw THE PHANTOM HAND!

MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Critick.

MEMORY.

It is related of Themistocles, that, when some one offered to teach him the art of memory, he replied, his wish was rather to learn the art of forgetfulness. Unsound, and oftentimes extremely pernicious opinions, obtain unquestioned currency, and are transmitted as axioms, from age to age, because uttered by men who had gained high repute for wisdom and for learning. But he who considers that the wisest are not always wise; that circumstances may occur to ruffle the calmest temper and the cloud the clearest mind; and that, during an hour of disappointment, or of calamity, sentiments may be expressed which were never seriously entertained, will hear with suspicion, and pause before he adopt an opinion, like that of Themistocles, calculated to chill the ardent beatings of the heart, and render it misanthropick and unhappy. That sorrow and misfortune are the lot of all who bear a part in the complicated drama of life, is undoubtedly true; but even those who appear the most wretched, have, provided they are not guilty, their alternations of pleasure: and all, whether of high or of low estate, in looking back over the waste of years, can fix their mental gaze upon some sunny spot, which cheered them as they advanced, and the retrospect of which continues to cheer. It has often been noted of aged men, that in recounting the events of their lives, they dwell most frequently, and apparently with most pleasure, on those, which, as they occurred, occasioned them the greatest uneasiness. The dangers they encountered in youth, their trials by sickness, and even the havoc made by death in the family circle; are the usual themes of discourse; and though the relation of circumstances like these invariably gathers a kind of twilight shadow over the mind, yet it possesses the softness of evening destitute of its gloom.

To him who is approaching, after a well spent life, the bourne where earthly pleasures and earthly perplexities alike must terminate, memory is indeed a friend, with whose consolations the soul could not be induced to part. But he, whose survey of the past rests only on acts of folly, "on fair occasions gone for ever by," may well shudder at her unspoken approaches, "loud to the mind, as thunder to the ear." There are none, it is true, to whom memory does not suggest indiscretions and extravagancies, for having committed which, regret must be experienced; but it is to be hoped that there are few who cannot revert to events of an opposite character, to counterbalance the effects of these.

Memory was given to man as a guide and a monitor. In the outset of life it gathers, by its incessant operation, the stores of knowledge into his mind; and as he progresses and has occasion to use them, it brings them forth from the thousand mysterious chambers where they had lain distributed; when, having answered the purpose of their production, it re-deposits them, until they shall be required for future use. Without memory, no other faculty could exist. We know nothing of the future but by the past; we cannot reason but by comparing and variously combining those images of which we are already possessed, and imagination could never wave her soaring pinion did not memory direct its flight.

From her sweet home her airy colouring draws,
And Fancy's flights are subjects to her laws.

Let any one, who has arrived at that middle stage of existence, when the delusive anticipations of youth have ceased to beguile, and when to look back is as easy as to look forward, be asked from what source he derives the purest and sweetest enjoyment. His answer will from memory. The pleasures of his school-boy days, he will tell you, often rise in shadowy semblance to his mental view; associations then formed, and never to be forgot, seem awhile to be renewed, and, "the orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood," are again trod by busy feet, and vocal with the jocund laugh of innocent childhood.

Of the old man these remarks are particularly true. With him the season of anticipation has passed away, and he lives almost entirely in a by-

gone world. He has little to hope for on this side of the grave, but much to remember; and that memory confers happiness, needs no other proof than the tranquility which usually accompanies old age.

"Lighter than air, hope's summer visions fly,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
Let but a beam of sober reason play;
Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away;
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a wearied hour?
These when the trembling soul shall wing her flight,
Pour round her path a flood of living light,
And gild those realms of pure and perfect rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest."

From the London Weekly Review.

JEWISH CHARACTER.

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis," is a saying that cannot be applied to the scattered remnant of Israel. Time passes, but the Jews stand still. The desert of Arabia was only a type of the present populous and cultivated world, through which he now journeys to the promised land. His ancient faith still guides him through the wilderness of men, and the project-chief stalks before him, like a pillar of cloud, along the earth. The arms of his warfare indeed are indifferent, because the passengers he encounters on his route are so. He no longer falls in with "a quiet and secure people" upon whom he may fall with the edge of the sword, and sweep them, from the tottering grandsire to the cradled infant, from the face of the earth; his bow and his spear are broken; his shield is beaten to the dust; the voice of cursing has gone forth against him, and he is scattered abroad upon the world, a fragrant and an outlaw. He cannot stand up before his enemies; and he, therefore, creeps. He cannot breast the torrent which would overwhelm him; and he, therefore, goes round about. The fatal prophecy which broke his nation in pieces has been fulfilled. Wherever the cross was planted, it became, in his infidel imagination, an upas tree, and woe to the Jew who lingered under its branches! The Jew has no part in the customs and institutions of his fellow men. What are the governors of the world to him who turns his face every day to the east in expectation of coming of his lawful prince! The Jew wants no political emancipation at the hands of any other than the Messiah; he makes no complaints, as certain "agitators" were told, even a few days ago, at a meeting of his people in London; he may be despised, but he despises more bitterly in return; he may suffer, but he knows well how to revenge. The changes which have taken place in manners and institutions within the last two or three centuries have, no doubt, had their effect both on the moral and physical situation of the Jew; but the basis of his character remains the same. It is true, he still contributes, even in the most liberal countries of Europe, to the support of laws which he has no hand in making, and upholds, with the sweat of his brow, a religion which his soul abhors; but we know some classes of Christians who are yoked neck by neck with the despised Jew in these labours of hate: and besides, the latter has neither wish nor pretext to escape from the degradation,—his hourly expected Messiah being not merely a God and a priest, but a temporal prince who shall revenge his injuries, build up the temple of his ancient faith, and gather from the ends of the earth the scattered remnant of Israel into that glorious land denominated alike by Jew and Gentile the "Holy." In the meantime he is precisely what circumstances have made him. Denied access to honourable employments, he has recourse to the most base; he is a usurer, a trafficker in old clothes and stolen goods—in any thing which can turn the penny, and spoil the Egyptian. The instances which arise among his people of learned and amiable men, and virtuous and beautiful women, are only exceptions to the general rule: the remnant matches with the piece, and the comparatively free Jew of the nineteenth century identifies himself with the cringing bondsman of the seventeenth and he again with the cunning spoiler of his task-maker, who first stole forth on that dreary pilgrimage into the desert which is not finished to this day.

ITALIAN WOMEN.

Italy and England are undoubtedly possessed of a greater share of female beauty than any other

country in Europe. But the English and Italian beauties, although both interesting, are very different from one another. The former are unrivalled for the delicacy and bloom of their complexion, the smoothness and mild expression of their features, their modest carriage, and the cleanliness of their persons and dress; these are qualities which strike every foreigner at his landing. On my first arrival in England, I was asked by a friend how I liked the English women; to which I replied that I thought them all handsome. This is the first impression they produce. There is an air of calmness and pensiveness about them, which surprises and interests particularly a native of the south. They seem to look, if I may apply to them the fine lines of one of their living poets—

"With eyes so pure, that from the ray
Dark vice would turn abash'd away;

Yet filled with all youth's sweet desires,
Mingling the meek and vestal fires
Of other worlds, with all the bliss,
The fond weak tenderness of this.

The Italian beauties are of a different kind. Their features are more regular, more animated; their complexions bear the mark of a warmer sun, and their eyes seem to participate of its fires; their carriage is graceful and noble; they have generally good figures; they are not indeed angelick forms, but they are earthly Venuses. It has been supposed by some, that the habitual view of those models of ideal beauty, the Greek statues, with which Italy abounds, may be in an indirect cause conducting to the general beauty of the sex; be that as it may, I think the fine features and beautiful forms of the Italian fair have a great influence upon the minds of young artists, and this is perhaps one of the principal reasons why Italy has so long excited in figure painters. A handsome female countenance, animated by the expression of the soul is among the finest works of nature; the sight of it elevates the mind, and kindles the spark of genius. Raphael took the charming Madonnas from nature. Titian Guido, Carracci, and others derived their ideas of female beauty from the inquisitive countenances so frequent in their native country.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

GLUTTONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

Athenæus tells us, there was a woman of Alexandria who could eat twelve pounds of solid meat, a still greater weight of bread, and who could drink above a gallon of wine. Julius Capitolinus states, that the emperor Maximia often, in one day, drank off an Amphora, a measure somewhat larger than eight gallons. The same emperor, he says, could demolish forty pounds of meat, a quantity which Cordus has increased to sixty.

Flavius Vopiscus, in his history of Aurelian, mentions the delight that emperor received from the buffoonery of mummies; and that one of them, a certain Phagon, on some occasion, ate, in the imperial presence, a whole boar, one hundred loaves, a wether sheep, and a young porker; that he drank in a proportionate enormity, and performed his potations "through a funnel applied to his mouth," "infundulibo ori apposito." Capitolinus, in his life of Clodius Albinus, says, that Cordus charged him with gluttony, (a subject, by the way, which it appears that author much affected.) The quantity of fruits that emperor is said to have devoured, exceeds belief. He was wont to eat, when hungry, five hundred figs of the delicious species which the Greeks call Calistruthian, one hundred Campanian peaches, ten Ostian melons, and twenty pounds of Luvianian grapes; to which he would occasionally add a hundred becafcicos and four hundred oysters, a performance which would puzzle the heroick enterprise that glows in Arlington-street or Whitehall-place. Old Ugaccio Fagiolianni boasted at table, when in exile at Verona, that, as a young man, he had often eaten, at one supper, four fatted capons and as many partridges, the roast hind quarter of a kid, and a stuffed breast of veal, independently of a variety of salted meats, &c. There was one in the days of Maximilian Cæsar, who devoured at one time, a whole calf and a whole sheep, uncooked; and Suidergillius, Duke of Lithuania, was accustomed to spend six hours at his supper, which seldom was composed of less than 130 dishes.

From the Belt more Emerald.
HOW TO LIVE.

It is a matter of some moment to the rising generation to know how to live during hard times. The Jerry Diddlers of the present day are awkward loons, and require a degree of schooling, to bring them to that state of perfection, which indicates a *master sponge*. To "live by your wits," requires more than ordinary genius, though it is an every-day business, yet there are many who are no more fitted by nature to *raise the wind*, than Minerva was to turn a Christmas pan-cake. Let every man who is hard pushed bear in mind the old adage, "sue a beggar and catch a louse," and he will not grumble at the fickleness of Madame Fortune; no one values the bare body of a man—bating the young disciples of Esculapius; and even they would not give a farthing for it, without it had bid a long farewell to the immaterial constituent called soul. "Live honestly, if you can—but live at all events," saith Oliver Bede, (I hope the gentleman will excuse my making free with his name:) But how is a man to live if he be destitute of resources? "Ay, there's the rub." Idleness begets carelessness, carelessness brings on pecuniary embarrassment, and pecuniary embarrassment stirs up the hitherto dormant energies of the mind, leaving the wits our only provider for the morrow. Ye who can turn your breeches pockets inside out (be they as large as Major Noah's, who threatened to pocket the state of Delaware) and bite your thumbs at the world, saying "he who steals my purse, steals trash," practice the following methods, and you will—*live*.

Be polite to your creditors as long as you can; this may prolong the period of payment; when once dunned, cut them wherever you should chance to meet them. (See various species of cutting, viz: cut retrograde, cut direct, cut collateral, cut oblique, cut celestial and cut infernal.) Should they take you by surprise, awaken all your valour and billy them, or politely promise to give your note in the course of six months, payable one year after date—when note becomes due, take the benefit of the insolvent act.

To raise a pair of boots, order a pair to be made at two different places; have a right or left sent from each place to your lodgings, and left to try.

To raise a new hat, leave your old one at the hatter's whom you patronize, to be brushed up, while you step out to consult a friend's taste about the new one. You can manage your tailor in the same manner.

Should your landlady be a widow, pay off your board in affection; a few soft words cost a man nothing. Should you have to deal with a man, load him with promises, they being the most current coin of the present day.

Knock any man down that dares to say, you have but one shirt, and that is turned upside down, as a substitute for a dickey.

Should you have need to enter a bar-room where your credit is stale, advance with a smiling countenance, and both hands in your side pockets, jingling keys and buttons to the tune of "money musk!" When you have obtained your liquor, cock your hat upon the side of your head, stare the bar-keeper boldly in the face, whistle the "Austrian retreat," and evaporate.

Let all-stripling sponges follow the above rules strictly, if they can, and I'll warrant they'll scorn "the world's gear," while they can live without labour.

BENEDICT.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.**CEREMONIES RELATING TO THE HAIR.**

Among the ancient Greeks, all dead persons were thought to be under the jurisdiction of the infernal deities, and therefore no man (says Potter) could resign his life, till some of his hairs were cut to consecrate to them. During the ceremony of laying out, clothing the dead, and sometimes the interment itself, the hair of the deceased person was hung upon the door, to signify the family was in mourning. It was sometimes laid upon the dead body, sometimes cast into the funeral pile, and sometimes placed upon the grave. Electra in Sophocles says, that Agamemnon had commanded her and Chrysothemis to pay him this honour:—

"With drink-off'nings and locks of hair we must,
According to his will his tomb adorn."

Candace in Ovid bewails her calamity, in that she was not permitted to adorn her lover's tomb with her locks.

At Patroclus's funeral, the Grecians, to show their affection and respect to him, covered his body with their hair; Achilles cast it into the funeral pile. The custom of nourishing the hair on religious accounts seems to have prevailed in most nations. Osiris, the Egyptian, consecrated his hair to the gods, as we learn from Diodorus; and in Ari-an's account of India, it appears it was a custom there to preserve their hair for some god, which they first learnt, as that author reports, from Bacchus.

The Greeks and Romans wore false hair. It was esteemed a peculiar honour among the ancient Gauls to have long hair. For this reason Julius Cæsar, upon subduing the Gauls, made them cut off their hair, as a token of submission. In the royal family of France, it was a long time the peculiar mark and privilege of kings and princes of the blood to wear long hair, artfully dressed and curled; every body else being obliged to be polled, or cut round, in sign of inferiority or obedience. In the eighth century, it was the custom of people of quality to have their children's hair cut the first time by persons they had a particular honour or esteem for, who, in virtue of this ceremony, were reputed a sort of spiritual parents or godfathers to them. In the year 1096, there was a canon, importing, that such as wore long hair should be excluded coming into church when living, and not be prayed for when dead. Charlemagne wore his hair very short, his son shorter; Charles the Bald had none at all. Under Hugh Capet it began to appear again; this the ecclesiastics were displeased with, and excommunicated all who let their hair grow. Peter Lombard expostulated the matter so warmly with Charles the Young, that he cut off his own hair; and his successors, for some generations, wore it very short. A professor of Utrecht, in 1650, wrote expressly on the question, whether it be lawful for men to wear long hair and concluded for the negative. Another divine, named Reeves, who had written for the affirmative, replied to him. In New-England, a declaration was inscribed in the register of the colony against the practice of wearing long hair, which was principally levelled at the Quakers, with unjust severity.

FUNERAL GARLANDS.

The primitive Christians censured a practice prevalent among the Romans, of decorating a corpse; previous to interment or combustion, with garlands and flowers. Their reprehension extended also to a periodical custom of placing the "first-fruits of Flora" on their graves and tombs. Thus Anchises, in Dryden's Virgil, Æneid, book 6, says,

"Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mixed with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with funeral flowers his body strew—
This gift, which parents to their children owe.
This unavailing gift I may bestow."

Notwithstanding the anathemas of the church, these simple, interesting, and harmless (if not laudable) practices still remain. The early customs and features of all nations approximate; and whether the following traits, which a friend has kindly obliged me with, are relics of Roman introduction, or national, I leave the antiquary to decide.

On Palm Sunday, in several villages in South Wales, a custom prevails of cleaning the grave-stones of departed friends and acquaintances; and ornamenting them with flowers, &c. On the Saturday preceding, a troop of servant girls go to the churchyard with pails and brushes, to renovate the various mementos of affection, clean the letters, and take away the weeds. The next morning their young mistresses attend, with the gracefulness of innocence in their countenances, and the roses of health and beauty blooming on their cheeks. According to their fancy, and according to the state of the season, they place on the stones snow-drops, crocuses, lilies of the valley, and roses.

A sacrifice such as this, so pure, so innocent, so expressive, is surely acceptable to the great God of nature.

HISTORICAL.**HISTORY OF FAIRS.**

Fairs, among the old Romans, were holidays, on which there was an intermission of labour and pleadings. Among the Christians, upon any extraordinary solemnity, particularly the anniversary dedication of a church, tradesmen were wont to bring and sell their wares even in the churchyards, which continued especially upon the festivals of the dedication. This custom was kept up till the reign of Henry VI. Thus we find a great many fairs kept at these festivals of dedications, as at Westminster on St. Peter's day, at London on St. Bartholomew's, Durham on St. Cuthbert's day. But the great numbers of people being often the occasion of riots and disturbances, the privilege of holding a fair was granted by royal charter. At first they were only allowed in towns and places of strength, or where there was some bishop or governor of condition to keep them in order. In process of time there were several circumstances of favour added, people having the protection of a holiday, and being allowed freedom from arrests, upon the score of any difference not arising upon the spot. They had likewise a jurisdiction allowed them to do justice to those that came thither; and therefore the most inconsiderable fair with us has, or had, a court belonging to it, which takes cognizance of all manner of causes and disorders growing and committed upon the place, called *pye powder*, or *pedes pulverizanti*. Some fairs are free, others charged with tolls and impositions. At free fairs, traders, whether natives or foreigners, are allowed to enter the kingdom, and are under the royal protection in coming and returning. They and their agents, with their goods, also their persons and goods, are exempt from all duties and impositions, tolls and servitudes; and such merchants going to or coming from the fair cannot be arrested, or their goods stopped. The prince only has power to establish fairs of any kind. These fairs make a considerable article in the commerce of Europe, especially those of the Mediterranean, or inland parts, as Germany. The most famous are those of Frankfort and Leipsic; the fairs of Nevi, in the Milanese; that of Riga, Arch-Angel of St. German, at Paris; of Lyons; of Guibray, in Normandy; and of Beauchaire, in Languedoc: those of Porto-Bello, Vera Cruz, and the Havannah, are the most considerable in America.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1826.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

As the present year will be gone before we issue another paper, we may as well doff our cap, and give it our farewell salutation. Take it all in all we have little fault to find with it, and besides we have an excessive dislike to grumbling. The memory of eighteen hundred and twenty-eight will live as long as most of its predecessors. Events the most important have had their being, and every one of the immortalizing features of previous ages has cast its mite of consequence upon the year which is now sinking, like a man in his dotage, calmly and heedlessly into eternity. May all trouble and care go with it, and may anxiety mourn herself to death for want of a better companion than comfort. The close of the year may be a very good time to sum up the items of our misery for the last twelve months, and persuade ourselves that we have had a very hard run of it; and it may also be a very good time for an editor to speak in parables, and be sentimental; but "enough for the day is the evil thereof," and we cannot forget that we are in the very heart of the holidays, and that it is a very bad omen to be miserable while others are merry. Those who have no relish for the pleasures of the season, who cannot look with a pleasant countenance upon others, while enjoying the blessings which heaven has bestowed upon them, we consign to all the coldness and selfishness of their natures. But to those who are of a more open nature,—who, without entering into dissipation, cast aside every thing puritani-

cal, and permit the natural feelings of the soul to controul them, we wish every enjoyment of which humanity is capable. In these days a man should remunerate himself for ills which he has borne, and not by recounting them, or anticipating others, renew their poignancy. A clear conscience and a competent purse should render a man happy; but those who have not the former will not be capable of enjoying the latter; and those who have not the latter will be taught the value of economy.

The joys of the present season will be more of a domestic nature than will be agreeable to the wild fancies of May. The grave and the gay will be compelled to mingle, and draw their pleasures from the same sources. The earth has few of the appearances of winter; even to-day a summer sun tempers the atmosphere, and there is more of spring than of winter in the prospect.

The following beautiful lines are from the December number of the Ladies' Magazine. They are the production of the gifted editor of that journal; and we quote them as appropriate to the season, as well as in evidence of a cultivated and exalted mind.

THOU DYING YEAR, FAREWELL!

Farewell, thy destiny is done,
Thy ebbing sands we tell,
Blended and set with centuries gone—
Thou dying year, farewell!

Gifts from thy hand—spring's joyous leaves,
And summer's breathing flowers,
Autumn's bright fruit and bursting sheaves,
These blessings have been ours.

They pass with thee, and now they seem
Like gifts from fairy spell,
Or like some sweet remembered dream—
We bid those gifts farewell!

Though frail the fair, rich things of earth,
Must mind's bright hopes be frail?
And those pure thoughts that owed their birth
To thee—thus with thee fail?

Not if the soul but gird her might,
Her treasures guard with care,—
The storm swelled stream that sweeps the height,
But lays the rich mine bare,

The high resolve, the holy fear,
Waked by thy passing knell,
O, take not these, thou dying year!
We bid not these farewell.

FOREIGN LITERARY SUMMARY. Garrick's Papers, Correspondence, &c., with Materials for a new Life of that admirable Actor and clever man, have, it is said, been placed in the hands of an experienced literary character and dramatick amateur, to be prepared for publication.—A Sacred poem, to be entitled the Opening of the sixth Seal, has been announced.—An Annual, printed in gold, and called the Golden Lyre, and being a poetical selection from the works of English, French, and German authors, is announced.

Contents of the December Number of the Ladies' Magazine:—Original Miscellany—Female Education in Spain; Sketches of American Character, No. 12—A Winter in the country; The poet's Star; The Man with a Shadow; Charity. Original Poetry—The Dear Mother; Song; The Nativity; The Indian's Departure; Hymn for Christmas; Thou Dying Year, Farewell. Literary Notices—"The Legendary;" "Seventy-five Receipts;" "Remarks on the Importance of Teeth;" "The Mirror," or "Juvenile Tales;" "Godfrey Hall,"—"The Museum of Foreign Literature and Science;" "The Pearl;" To Patrons and Correspondents.

Contents of the November Number of the Western Monthly Review:—On the Establishment of a National University; Silk Raising; Navigation of the Ohio; American Antiquities; Poetry. Review of Letters on the Logos—The Trinitarian Controversy; Sismondi's Political Economy; Pollok's Course of Time; De Lancey's Inaugural Address; Flint on Intemperance. Notice of the Western Souvenir; To the Publick.

SLAVE TRADE. According to the Journal du Havre, a young African prince, having a desire to see this country, embarked forty negroes on board a ship which he had freight-

ed, apparently in order to pay by their sale the expenses of his voyage. It appears that the forty negroes were to be sold for account of his highness. The authorities of Guadeloupe would not doubtless consider that sale contrary to the repressive laws of the treaty. The prince of the least kingdom is proprietor of his subjects, and has a right to sell them. Then, of course, the colonies have a right to purchase them. This admirable reasoning, by which it would always be easy to evade the law. Embark a cargo of negroes: choose one upon whom you bestow the title of prince. Tattoo, and ornament him with gew-gaws, then if you are seized and accused of breaking the treaty, answer—"not at all; these negroes belong to his highness, Prince of Boni, or any other place you please. I am simply the navigator, employed to conduct his Royal Highness to his destination." We are assured that such things have been done, and that not long since, in one of our colonies, the subjects of a Black Queen were sold, after which the Queen herself was sold in her turn.

N. Y. Statesman.

VARIETIES.

Selected from foreign journals received at this office.

Turkey. The Ottoman empire is as extensive at the present day in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa, as it was during the period of its splendour; but among the vast countries which it still considers under its dominion, some, as Barbarian States of Egypt, are independent of its authority, or recognize it only in an illusory manner; others, as the Asiatick provinces, cannot, in their condition of ruin and devastation, afford it the assistance promised by their size, their fertility, and the riches, as well as the population, which they formerly possessed. The Ottoman empire, if considered as comprehending all these countries, is one of the largest on the face of the globe. It consists of

Turkey in Europe, with Greece	23,602 square leagues.
Turkey in Asia, with its Islands	18,750
African Territories	36,247

Total 78,600

This is a surface inferior in extent to that of the empire of Russia, which comprehends 210,000 square leagues. But the Barbarian States have long been emancipated; Egypt obeys solely its own interests; a part of Greece is free, and the remainder threatens to be so; the example of the Cyclades will soon be followed by the Asiatick Isles; and Moldavia and Wallachia, already under the protection of Russia, are at this moment invaded by her armies. Thus reduced, the Ottoman empire will stand as follows:—

Turkey in Europe, without Greece	16,128 square leagues
Turkey in Asia, without the Isles	57,279

73,407

Without Moldavia and Wallachia it will be 67,136

This surface is equal to once and a half that of the Austrian monarchy, double that of the Germanick Confederation, four times that of Prussia, and thrice and a half that of France. This immense territory will, however, lose much of its importance when we consider that Turkey in Asia is a distant colony, badly peopled, feebly united to its metropolis, and in the neighbourhood of powerful enemies. Separated from Turkey in Asia, and reduced to its European provinces, the Ottoman empire would have an extent of only about 16,128 square leagues. It would then be larger than Prussia, than Italy, or than the Britannick Isles; and would, in size, hold the seventh rank among the European states. If Moldavia and Wallachia were also detached from it, its surface would be reduced to 11,625 square leagues, which is about that of Great Britain.

New Description of Punishment introduced into the Criminal Code of Rome. In former times, the sacraments of religion were refused to individuals whose bad conduct had rendered them unworthy to receive them. At Rome, they have now hit upon a different plan: and actually inflict the holy communion and confession as a punishment. Two pupils of the Academy of France at Rome, having had the hardihood lately to speak freely of the Jesuits, were arrested by the Sbirri, and thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition. The affair made some stir; and the relations of the victims were in dismay. The prisoners, however, when in expectation of the actual torture, were informed, that on their submitting to confession and communion they would be set at liberty. The condemned were for some time too indignant to submit; but the French Charge d'Affaires being a man of piety would not interfere; and their chains feeling every day heavier and heavier, they at last gave in. They confessed that it was wrong to speak ill of the powerful order of the Jesuits—received the sacred communion, and were dismissed to their studies, in a holy fear of the Roman Catholic church.

Washington.—The forthcoming publication of the works of General Washington, with Notes and Historical Illustrations by Mr. Jared Sparks, is to be divided into six Parts:—1. Letters and Papers relative to his first Military Exploits in the French War, and as Commandant of the Forces in Virginia. 2. Letters and other Papers concerning the American Revolution. 3. Private Correspondence on Publick Affairs. 4. Messages and Addresses. 5. Private Letters.

6. Papers on Agriculture. From the age of twenty-two, until the moment at which he assumed the command of the army of Virginia, Washington had a custom, which he never relinquished during a long and active career;—he kept copies of all the letters he wrote; even of those which related only to his domestick affairs. For a long time he made those copies with his own hand; and he left all his papers in such perfect order, that it would seem as if he foresaw the importance which posterity would attach to his minutest actions, and as if he wished to submit even the details of his private life to their inspection. Of course, it would be impossible to publish all his manuscripts; for they would amount to above sixty folio volumes. Mr. Sparks has selected from them those which seem to him to be the most important.—*Revue Encyclopedique.*

The Vine in France. According to the calculation of M. Cavoleau, the author of "Enologie Francaise," the vine is cultivated in seventy-eight departments; it occupies an extent of 1,786,056 hectares; and produces annually about 35,075,689 hectolitres, valued at 540,289,298 francs. About a thirtieth part of this wine is exported, between five and six millions of hectolitres distilled into brandy, and, after deducting between three and four millions for vinegar, drainage, &c., twenty-five millions of hectolitres are left for home consumption. The calculation is made from the years 1822-3.

French Periodicals.—The circulation of newspapers in France since the peace has increased at least twofold; and in some of the provinces the number of political and scientific journals is in the proportion of five to one to what it used to be. An official return is preparing of all the periodical works now published in France, with the numbers which they circulate. It is supposed that this is doing for the purpose of ascertaining the amount which a small additional tax upon them would produce to the government.

French Improvement. Another order has been sent by the French minister of war to the commandants of the different corps of the army, to furnish him with a complete list of the soldiers who are uneducated, and an account of the number of military schools of mutual instruction, which have been established. This order has been forwarded with a view to provide instruction for the troops wherever it may be deemed expedient.

African and European Wonders. Van Caarden relates of the kingdom of Monomatapa, in Africa, that the females there are the warriors; and that the publick escort of the monarch consists of two hundred dogs. What is there so very singular in this? We ourselves know some European states, where the best soldiers are old women, and the king's guards are puppies.

MARRIED,

In Deerfield, Massachusetts, Nov. 26, by Simon De Wolf, esq. Mr. Rhodolph Peeler, to Miss Abigail L. Lovredge, both of Deerfield.

Soon as the marriage knot was tied,
The groom a hearty kiss applied,
Of love the sweetest sealer,
When Abby, turning to her dear,
Thus slyly whispered in his ear,
"I vow you are a Peeler!" [Berk. Amer.]

In Worcester, Mass. Mr. Smith E. Brown, to Miss Cynthia Wait.

Ah, cruel fate! what woes befall
Those who are doomed to meet thy frown;
Thy frown it was made Cynthia Wait—
Ah, Wait, alas! till she was Brown. [Ib.]

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Proof's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new founts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Particular care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new founts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO.
Albany, October 4, 1838. 36 ft

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1838. JOHN F. FOSTER.

POETRY.

From the Legendary, Vol. II.

THE FIELD OF THE GROUNDED ARMS,

SARATOGA.

BY FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

Strangers! your eyes are on that valley fixed
Intently, as we gaze on vacancy,
When the mind's wings o'erspread
The spirit world of dreams.

True, 't is a scene of loveliness—the bright
Green dwelling of the summer's first born hours,
Smiling through tears of dew,
A welcome to the morn.

And morn returns their welcome. Sun and cloud
Smile on the green carth from their home in heaven,
Even as the mother smiles
Above her cradled boy—

And wreathe their light and shade o'er plain and mountain,
O'er sleepless seas of grass whose waves are flowers,
The rivers golden shores,
The forests of dark pines.

The song of the wild bird is on the wind,
The hum of the wild bee, the musick wild
Of waves upon the bank,
Of leaves upon the bough.

But all is song and beauty in the land,
In these her Eden days—then journey on!
A thousand scenes like this
Will greet you ere the eve.

Ye linger yet. Ye see not, hear not now
The sunny smile, the musick of to-day—
Your thoughts are wandering up,
Far up the stream of time:

And long-slept recollections of old tales
Are rushing on your memories, as ye breathe
That valley's storied name
Field of the grounded arms!

Gazers! it is your home—American
Is your lip's haughty smile of triumph here;
American your step—
Ye tread your native land.

And your high thoughts are on her Glory's day,
The solemn sabbath of the week of Battle,
When Fortune bowed to earth
The banner of Burgoyne.

The forest leaves lay scattered, cold, and dead,
Upon the withered grass that autumn morn,
When, with as withered hearts,
And hopes as dead and cold,

His gallant army formed their last array
Upon that field, in silence and deep gloom,
And, at their conqueror's feet,
Laid their war weapons down.

Sullen and stern, disarmed, but not dishonoured,
Brave men, but brave in vain, they yielded there—
The soldier's trial task
Is not alone to die.

Honour to chivalry! the conqueror's breath
Stains not the ermine of his foeman's fame,
Nor mocks his captive doom—
The bitterest cup of war.

But be that bitterest cup the doom of all
Whose swords are lightning flashes in the cloud
Of the invader's wrath,
Threatening a gallant land!

His army's trumpet tones wake not alone
Her slumbering echoes—from a thousand hills
Her answering voices shout,
And her bells ring—"To Arms!"

Then Danger hovers o'er the invader's march,
On raven wings; hushing the song of Fame,
And Glory's hues of beauty
Fade from the cheek of Death.

A foe is heard in every rustling leaf,
A fortress seen in every rock and tree;
The veteran eye of art
Is dim and powerless then,

And War becomes the peasant's joy; her drum
His merriest musick, and her field of death
His couch of happy dreams,
After Life's Harvest Home.

He battles, heart and arm, his own blue sky
Above him, and his own green land around,
Land of his father's grave,
His blessing and his prayers!

Land where he learned to lisp a mother's name,
The first beloved on earth, the last forgot,
Land of his frolick youth,
Land of his bridal eve!

Land of his children! Vain your columned strength,
Invaders! vain your battle's steed and fire!
Choose ye the morrow's doom,
A prison or a grave!

And such were Saratoga's victors—such
The peasants brave, whose deeds have given
A glory to her skies,
A musick to her name.

In honourable life her fields they trod,
In honourable death they sleep below,
Their sons' proud feeling here
Their noblest monuments.

Feelings, as proud as were the Greek's of old,
When, in his country's hour of grief, he stood,
Happy, and young, and free,
Gazing on Marathon!

From the Legendary, Vol. II.

IDLENESS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The rain is playing its soft, pleasant tune
Fitfully on the skylight, and the shade
Of the fast flying clouds across my book
Passes with delicate change. My merry fire
Sings cheerfully to itself; my musing cat
Purrs as she wakes from her unquiet sleep,
And looks into my face as if she felt,
Like me, the gentle influence of the rain.
Here have I sat since morn—reading sometimes,
And sometimes listening to the faster fall
Of the large drops, or, rising with the stir
Of an unbidden thought, have walked awhile,
With the slow steps of indolence, my room,
And then sat down composedly again
To my quaint book of olden poetry.

It is a kind of idleness, I know;
And I am said to be an idle man—
And it is very true. I love to go
Out in the pleasant sun, and let my eye
Rest on the human faces that pass by,
Each with its gay or busy interest;
And then I muse upon their lot, and read
Many a lesson in their changeable cast,
And grow so kind of heart, as if the sight
Of human beings were humanity.
And I am better after it, and go
More gratefully to my rest, and feel a love
Stirring my heart to every living thing,
And my low prayer has more humility,
And I sink lightlier to my dreams—and this,
'T is very true, is only idleness!

I love to go and mingle with the young
In the gay festal room—when every heart
Is beating faster than the merry tune,
And their blue eyes are restless, and their lips
Parted with eager joy, and their round cheeks
Flushed with the beautiful motion of the dance.
'T is sweet, in the becoming light of lamps,
To watch a brow half shaded, or a curl
Playing upon a neck capriciously,
Or, unobserved, to watch, in its delight,
The earnest countenance of a child. I love
To look upon such things, and I can go
Back to my solitude and dream bright dreams
For their fast coming years, and speak of them
Earnestly, in my prayer, till I am glad
With a benevolent joy—and this, I know,
To the world's eye, is only idleness!

And when the clouds pass suddenly away,
And the blue sky is like a newer world,
And the sweet growing things—forest and flower—
Humble and beautiful alike—are all
Breathing up odours to the very heaven—
Or when the frost has yielded to the sun,
In the rich autumn, and the filmy mist
Lies like a silver lining on the sky,
And the clear air exhilarates, and life
Simply, is luxury—and when the hush
Of twilight, like a gentle sleep, steals on,
And the birds settle to their nests, and stars
Spring in the upper sky, and there is not
A sound that is not low and musical—
At all these pleasant seasons I go out
With my first impulse guiding me, and take
Wood-path, or stream, or sunny mountain side,
And, in my recklessness of heart, stray on,
Glad with the birds, and silent with the leaves,
And happy with the fair and blessed world—
And this, 't is true, is only idleness!
And I should love to go up to the sky,
And course the heaven like stars, and float away

Upon the gliding clouds that have no stay
In their swift journey—and 't would be a joy
To walk the chambers of the deep, and tread
The pearls of its untrodden floor, and know
The tribes of its unfathomable depths—
Dwellers beneath the pressure of the sea!
And I should like to issue with the wind
On a strong errand, and o'ersweep the earth,
With its broad continents and islands green,
Like to the passing of a presence on!—
And this, 't is true, were only idleness!

From the Bijou, for 1829.

THE SLEEPERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

O, lightly, lightly tread!
A holy thing is sleep,
On the worn spirit shed,
And eyes that wake to weep!

A holy thing from heaven,
A gracious dewy cloud,
A covering mantle, given
The weary to enshroud.

Oh, lightly, lightly tread!
Revere the pale still brow,
The meekly drooping head,
The long hair's willow flow!

Ye know not what ye do,
That call the slumberer back
From the world unseen by you,
Unto life's dim faded track.

Her soul is far away,
In her childhood's land perchance,
Where her young sisters play,
Where shines her mother's glance.

Some old sweet native sound
Her spirit haply weaves;
A harmony profound,
Of woods with all their leaves:

A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams:—
Long may her sojourn be
In the musick-land of dreams!

Each voice of love is there,
Each gleam of beauty fled,
Each lost one still more fair—
Oh! lightly, lightly tread!

From the same.

THE FEAST OF LIFE,

BY MISS L. E. LONDON.

I bid thee to my mystick feast,
Each one thou lovest is gathered there;
Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear;
The board with faded flowers is spread;
Shadows of beauty flit around,
But beauty from each bloom has fled;

And musick echoes from these walls,
But musick with a dirge-like sound;
And pale and silent are the guests,
And every eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, though dark it seem,
And drink to human hopes and fears;
'T is from their native element
The cup is filled—it is of tears.

What! turnest thou with averted brow?
Thou scornest this poor feast of mine;
And askest for a purple robe,
Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain, the veil has left thine eyes,
Or such these would have seemed to thee;
Before thee is the feast of life,
But life in its reality!



Nov. 8, 1823.

REMOVAL.—ALLISON & WEEB
have removed from No. 4 Green-st. to 471
South Market-street, opposite James Gould's
Coach Maker's shop, where they intend to
carry on the SADDLE, HARNESS AND
TRUNK making business, in all its various
branches. Military Caps and Horse Equip-
ments made according to order, and on the
shortest notice. All orders from the coun-
try, thankfully received and promptly atten-
ded to. Thankful for past favours, they
hope to merit a continuance of the same.
4117

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North
Market and Steuben-streets, up stairs. Entrance from Steuben
street. To city subscribers. Three Dollars a year.

MASONIC RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II. ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1829. NO. 49.

MASONICK RECORD.

MEMOIRS OF MR. WILLIAM PRESTON,

Author of the Illustrations of Masonry.

The subject of these memoirs was born at Edinburgh, on the 26th of July, O. S. 1742, and was the son of William Preston, Esq. writer to the signet in that city; a gentleman who had the advantage of a very liberal education, and in time arrived at considerable eminence in his profession. In 1740, Mr. Preston married Helena Cumming, daughter of Mr. Arthur Cumming of Edinburgh, by whom he had five children: four of these died in infancy, and William, their second son, alone survived.

His professional talents were great, and his intellectual faculties remarkable; for the writer of this article has heard the present Mr. Preston more than once relate, that he has known his father walk to and fro in his office, and dictate to different clerks at the same time, each of whom was employed on a different subject. As a Greek and Latin scholar, too, he was eminently distinguished; and his poetical talents were highly spoken of in the circle of his private connexions, to which, indeed, they were for the most part confined. A poem, however, "To the Divine Majesty," and some other pieces, have appeared in print, and justify the judgment of his friends. To the education of his son, Mr. Preston paid peculiar attention; for which purpose he sent him to school at a very early age; and in order to improve his memory (a faculty which has been of infinite advantage to him through life) he taught the boy, when only in his fourth year, some lines of Anacreon in the original Greek, which, for the entertainment of his friends, he encouraged young William to recite in their presence. The novelty of this performance was sufficiently pleasing, without requiring that the boy should understand what with wonderful accuracy he uttered.

In 1750, Mr. Preston retired to his house at Linlithgow, twelve miles distant from Edinburgh; and in the following year, died suddenly, in a fit of apoplexy, while on a visit at the house of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Meldrum, of Meldrum, near Torphichen, where he was afterwards interred. Though this gentleman had succeeded, by the death of his father and sister, to a considerable landed property in the city of Edinburgh, yet, through the mismanagement of his guardians, and his own unfortunate attachment to some friends who had espoused the cause of the Stuart family, after the rebellion of 1745, his business suffered a temporary suspension, which preyed on his spirits, and at once impaired both his health and his spirits.

Mr. William Preston, his son, to whom our attention will be henceforth directed, having finished his English education under the tuition of Mr. Stirling, a celebrated teacher in Edinburgh, and before he was six years of age, was entered at the High School, where, under Messrs. Farquhar, Gibbs and Lee, he made considerable progress in the Latin tongue. From the High School he went to college, and was taught the rudiments of the Greek under Professor Hunter.

While he was at the university, his habits of study and attention to literature, recommended him to the notice of the late celebrated grammarian, Mr. Thomas Ruddiman, who, from intense application to classical pursuits, and the infirmities of age, had greatly impaired, and at length totally lost his sight. To the friendship and protection of this

gentleman, Mr. Preston having been consigned after the death of his father, he left college to attend on his patron as an amanuensis, in which character he continued until Mr. Ruddiman's decease.

Before that event, however, Mr. Thomas Ruddiman had bound young Preston apprentice to his brother, Walter Ruddiman, printer in Edinburgh; but his eyesight having, as before mentioned, failed him long before he died, he employed Mr. Preston the greater part of his apprenticeship in reading to him, and in transcribing such of his works as were not completed, as well as correcting such as were in the press.* This employment, as must be supposed, prevented Mr. Preston from making great proficiency in the practical branch of the art. After Mr. T. Ruddiman's death, however, he went into the office, and worked as a compositor for about a twelvemonth, during which time he finished a neat Latin edition of Thomas-a-Kempis in 18mo., and an edition of Mr. Ruddiman's Rudiments of the Latin Tongue. But his natural inclination being bent on literary pursuits, he resolved, with the consent of his master, to go to London, where he arrived in 1760.

He brought with him several letters of recommendation from his friends in Scotland, and, among the rest, one from his master to the late William Strahan, Esq. his majesty's printer, who not only kindly received Mr. Preston, but engaged him in his service, and honoured him with his friendship and esteem till his death in July, 1785. As a strong mark of his approbation, Mr. Strahan, by his will, among many other liberal benefactions, left an annuity to Mr. Preston.

Andrew Strahan, Esq. his son, having succeeded to the business, Mr. Preston, naturally attached to a family to whose liberality and friendship he was so much indebted, continued to act in the same confidential capacity for him, and at this time superintends the correction of the press of his kind friend and generous benefactor: so that in the service of father and son he has now been engaged for thirty years. During that time, however, he has also been employed in occasional literary pursuits, and has furnished materials for various periodical publications.

We come now to consider Mr. Preston in relation to our ancient fraternity.

Soon after his arrival in London, a number of brethren from Edinburgh resolved to institute a Freemason's Lodge in this city, under the sanction of a constitution from Scotland; but not having succeeded in their application, they were recommended by the Grand Lodge at Edinburgh to the ancient Lodge in London, who immediately granted them a dispensation to form a lodge, and to make masons. They accordingly met at the White Hart in the Strand, and Mr. Preston was the second person initiated under that dispensation.

The Lodge was soon after regularly constituted by the officers of the ancient Grand Lodge in person. Having increased considerably in numbers, it was found necessary to remove to the Horn Tavern in Fleet-street, where it continued some time, till that house being unable to furnish proper accommodations, it was removed to Scots' Hall, Blackfriars. Here it continued to flourish about two years, when the decayed state of that building obliged them to remove to the Half Moon Tavern, Cheapside, where it continued to meet for a considerable time.

* Mr. Preston afterwards compiled a very laborious catalogue of Mr. Ruddiman's books, under the title of *Bibliotheca Romana*, which did considerable credit to his literary abilities.

At length Mr. Preston, and some others of the members having joined the lodge under the regular English constitution, at the Talbot Inn in the Strand, they prevailed on the rest of the Lodge at the Half Moon Tavern to petition for a constitution. Lord Blaney, at that time Grand Master, readily acquiesced with the desire of the brethren; and the Lodge was soon after constituted a second time, in ample form, by the name of "The Caledonian Lodge." The ceremonies observed, and the numerous assembly of respectable brethren who attended the Grand Officers on this occasion, must long be remembered to the honour of that lodge.

This circumstance, added to the absence of a very skilful mason, to whom Mr. Preston was attached, and who had departed for Scotland on account of his health, induced him to turn his attention to the masonic lectures; and, to arrive at the depths of the science, short of which he did not mean to stop, he spared neither pains nor expense. Wherever instruction could be acquired, thither he directed his course; and with the advantage of a retentive memory, and an extensive masonic connexion, added to a diligent literary research, he so far succeeded in his purpose as to become a competent master of the subject. To increase the knowledge he had acquired, he solicited the company and conversation of the most experienced masons from foreign countries; and, in the course of a literary correspondence with the fraternity at home and abroad, made such progress in the mysteries of the art, as to become very useful in the connexions he had formed. He has frequently been heard to say, that in the ardour of his inquiries he has explored the abodes of poverty and wretchedness, and, where it might have been least expected, acquired very valuable scraps of information. The poor brother in return, we are assured, had no cause to think his time or talents ill bestowed. He was also accustomed to convene his friends once or twice a week, in order to illustrate the lectures: on which occasion objections were started, and explanations given, for the purpose of mutual improvement. At last, with the assistance of some zealous friends, he was enabled to arrange and digest the whole of the first lecture. To establish its validity, he resolved to submit to the society at large the progress he had made; and for that purpose he instituted, at a very considerable expense, a grand gala at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand, on Thursday, May 21, 1772, which was honored with the presence of the then grand officers, and many other eminent and respectable brethren. On this occasion he delivered an oration on the institution, which, having met with general approbation, was afterwards printed in the first edition of the "ILLUSTRATIONS OF MASONRY," published by him the same year.

Having thus far succeeded in his design, Mr. Preston determined to prosecute the plan he had formed, and to complete the lectures. He employed, therefore, a number of skilful brethren, at his own expense, to visit different town and country lodges for the purpose of gaining information; and these brethren communicated the result of their visits at a weekly meeting.

When by study and application he had arranged his system, he issued proposals for a regular course of lectures on all the degrees of masonry, and these were publicly delivered by him at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet-street, in 1774.

For some years afterwards, Mr. Preston indulged his friends by attending several schools of instruction, and other stated meetings, to propagate the

knowledge of the science, which had spread far beyond his expectations, and considerably enhanced the reputation of the society. Having obtained the sanction of the Grand Lodge, he continued to be a zealous encourager and supporter of all the measures of that assembly which tended to add dignity to the craft, and in all the lodges in which his name was enrolled, which were very numerous, he enforced a due obedience to the laws and regulations of that body. By these means the subscriptions to the charity became much more considerable; and daily acquisitions to the society were made of some of the most eminent and distinguished characters. At last he was invited by his friends to visit the lodge of Antiquity No. 1, then held at the Mitre Tavern in Fleet-street, when the brethren of that Lodge were pleased to admit him a member; and, what was very unusual, elected him at the same meeting.

He had been master of the Philanthropic Lodge at the Queen's head, Gray's-inn-gate, Holborn, above six years, and of several other lodges before that time. But he was now taught to consider the importance of the first master under the English constitution; and he seemed to regret that some eminent character in the walks of life had not been selected to support so distinguished a station. Indeed, this too small consideration of his own importance has pervaded his conduct on all occasions; and the writer of this brief account has frequently seen him voluntarily assume the subordinate offices of an assembly over which he has long presided, on occasions where, from the absence of the proper persons, he has conceived that his services would promote the purposes of the meeting.

To the lodge of Antiquity he now began chiefly to confine his attention, and during his mastership, which continued for some years, the lodge increased in numbers, and improved in its finances.

That he might obtain a complete knowledge of the state of the society under the English constitution, he became an active member of the Grand Lodge, was admitted a member of the hall committee, and, during the secretaryship of Mr. Thomas French, under the auspices of the Duke of Beaufort, then grand master, had become an useful assistant in arranging the general regulations of the society, and reviving the foreign and country correspondence. Having been appointed to the office of deputy grand secretary, under James Heseltine, Esq. he compiled, for the benefit of the charity, the History of Remarkable Occurrences inserted in the two first publications of the Freemason's Calendar, prepared for the press an Appendix to the Book of Constitutions, and attended so much to the correspondence with the different lodges, as merit the approbation of his patron. This enabled him, from the various memoranda he had made, to form the History of Masonry, which was afterwards printed in his "Illustrations." The office of deputy grand secretary he afterwards resigned.

An unfortunate dispute having arisen in the society in 1779, between the grand lodge and the lodge of Antiquity, in which Mr. Preston took the part of the lodge and his private friends, his name was ordered to be erased from the hall committee; and he was afterwards, with a number of gentlemen, members of that lodge, expelled.

The treatment he and his friends received at that time was circumstantially narrated in a well-written pamphlet, printed by Mr. Preston at his own expense, and circulated among his friends,* entitled "A Statement of Facts," &c. &c. and the leading circumstances were recorded in some of the latter editions of the "Illustrations of Masonry." Ten years afterwards, however, on a reinvestigation of the subject in dispute, the grand lodge was pleased to reinstate Mr. Preston, with all the other members of the lodge of Antiquity, and that in the most handsome manner, at the grand feast in 1790, to the general satisfaction of the fraternity.

During Mr. Preston's exclusion, he seldom or never attended any of the lodges, though he was actually an enrolled member of a great many lodges at home and abroad, all of which he politely resigned at the time of his suspension; and directed his attention to his other literary pursuits, which may fairly be supposed to have contributed more to the advantage of his fortune.

To the lodge of Antiquity, however, he contin-

ued warmly attached, and at present fills a very respectable office in that lodge. It has been matter of deep regret with many of the best friends of the institution, that so active and zealous a brother should at any time have had occasion to desert a society to which he had proved so diligent and useful a friend.

In 1787, Mr. Preston revived the ancient and venerable order of HARODIM, of which he instituted a Chapter in London. In this Chapter the lectures of masonry are rendered complete, and periodically illustrated by the companions, over whom the right honorable lord Macdonald presides as grand patron, and James Heseltine, William Birch, John Spottiswoode, and William Meyrick, Esqrs. as vice-patrons. The public meetings of this chapter are held on the third Mondays in January, February, March, April, October, November, and December.

London, January, 1795.

* It was never published.

ELECTIONS.

Officers of St. George's Lodge, No. 8, in the city of Schenectady, for the ensuing year:—

Edward Yates, Master; Jonathan C. Burnham, Senior Warden; John J. Yates, Junior Warden; John Allen, Secretary; John Lascells, Treasurer; J. C. Barker and H. Perry, Deacons; John S. Ten Eyck, Tyler.

The result of the recent elections in this city will be published next week.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

PURE WATER.

Some experiments have been recently made in Paris to determine the comparative value of different modes of filtration. The first experiment was made upon about six gallons of water taken from the Seine, into which, for some days previously, a small portion of animal matter had been allowed to become tainted, so as to give a disagreeable taste and smell to the water; a portion of this water was then passed through a bed of charcoal, sand, and pebbles, according to the process adopted at the establishment for the supply of filtered water to the inhabitants of Paris. It was found, when filtered, to be perfectly free from the dirt which it had held suspended, and also very nearly deprived of the bad taste which had been conveyed to it by the animal matter. Its chemical properties, however, seemed to remain unaltered; and the gypsum, which the water of the Seine holds in solution so extensively, remained, (it being proved an analysis,) almost as abundant in the filtered as in the unfiltered water. After this experiment, another portion of the water was filtered through a thin bed of animal charcoal, which was prepared by burning bones in a close crucible, with a kind of chimney to allow the escape of the gas. The water so filtered came out perfectly bright, entirely free from the odour and taste which it had possessed, and was more brisk and sparkling than the result of the first filtration; no chemical change beyond this, however, seemed to have been produced. A third experiment was then tried with the remaining portion of the water. Into two gallons there was placed about one drachm of powdered alum; the water after being stirred up, was allowed to remain quiet for twenty-four hours, at the expiration of which it was examined. This water, with the exception of an inch from the bottom of the vessel, was found to be more clear and sparkling than the result of the second filtration; it was perfectly pure in taste and smell, and was more brisk in the mouth than the other. Towards the bottom was a thick, cloudy, and light sediment, independent of the sand and other heavy particles which had been precipitated. This sediment, on being analysed, gave strong evidence of the presence of putrid animal matter; whilst in the other precipitate were detected several grains of gypsum. It was then determined to ascertain what degree of astringency had been given to the water by the alum which had been introduced, and it was found that at least one third of the alum had been neutralized, and that the remaining portion

had not imparted to the water any astringency which could at all interfere with its valuable properties, or become injurious to the consumers. An equal weight of carbonate of soda, however, was subsequently introduced, so as entirely to neutralise any acidity which might be supposed to be in the water. The introduction of this soda gave no taste whatever to the liquid. The result of this experiment being considered very satisfactory, a simple and cheap filterer was constructed for domestic purposes. It is thus described in the letter from which we have taken the above particulars. Into a wooden cask, of any size set upright upon a stand, are placed two cocks, one close to the bottom and the other six inches above it. The cask being filled with water, powdered alum, in the proportion of something less than half a drachm to each gallon, is stirred into the water. No water is drawn out for twenty-four hours: at the end of that time it is taken as wanted from the upper cock; and when no more remains except what is below the upper cock, the water containing the sediment is let off by the lower cock, and the cask is then filled as before, for further use.

EPITOME OF COMETS.

"Hast thou ne'er seen the Comet's flaming light?" [Young.]

Comets, according to Sir Isaac Newton, are compact, solid, fixed, and durable bodies: in one word, a kind of planets, which move in very oblique orbits, every way with the greatest freedom, persevering in their motions even against the course and direction of the planets; and their tail is a very thin slender vapour, emitted by the head, or nucleus of the comet, ignited or heated by the sun.

There are *bearded*, *tailed*, and *hairy* comets; thus, when the comet is eastward of the sun, and moves from it, it is said to be *bearded*, because the light precedes it in the manner of a beard. When the comet is westward of the sun, and sets after it, it is said to be *tailed*, because the train follows it in the manner of a tail. Lastly, when the comet and the sun are diametrically opposite, (the earth being between them) the train is hid behind the body of the comet, excepting a little that appears around it in the form of a border of hair, or *coma*, it is called *hairy*, and whence the name of comet is derived.

For the conservation of the water and moisture of the planets, comets (says Sir Isaac Newton) seem absolutely requisite; from whose condensed vapours and exhalations all that moisture which is spent on vegetations and putrefactions, and turned into dry earth, may be re-supplied and recruited; for all vegetables increase wholly from fluids, and turn by putrefaction into earth. Hence the quantity of dry earth must continually increase, and the moisture of the globe decrease, and at last be quite evaporated, if it have not a continual supply. And I suspect (adds Sir Isaac) that the spirit which makes the finest, subtlest, and best part of our air, and which is absolutely requisite for the life and being of all things, comes principally from the comets.

Another use which he conjectures comets may be designed to serve, is that of recruiting the sun with fresh fuel, and repairing the consumption of his light by the streams continually sent forth in every direction from that luminary—

"From his huge vapouring train perhaps to shake
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining suns,
To light up worlds, and feed the "ethereal fires."

Thompson.

Newton has computed that the sun's heat in the comet of 1780,* was, to his heat with us at midsummer, as twenty-eight thousand to one; and that the heat of the body of the comet was near two thousand times as great as that of red hot iron. The same great author calculates, that a globe of red hot iron, of the dimensions of our earth, would scarce be cool in fifty thousand years. If then the comet be supposed to cool a hundred times as fast as red hot iron, yet, since its heat was two thousand times greater, supposing it of the bigness of the earth, it would not be cool in a million of years.

An elegant writer in the Guardian, says, "I

* The comet which appeared in 1759, and which (says Lambert) returned the quickest of any that we have an account of, had a winter of seventy years. Its best surpassed imagination.

cannot forbear reflecting on the insignificance of human art, when set in comparison with the designs of Providence. In pursuit of this thought, I consider a comet, or in the language of the vulgar, a blazing star, as a sky-rocket discharged by a hand that is Almighty. Many of my readers saw that in the year 1680, and if they were not mathematicians, will be amazed to hear, that it travelled with a much greater degree of swiftness than a cannon ball, and drew after it a tail of fire that was fourscore millions of miles in length. What an amazing thought is it to consider this stupendous body traversing the immensity of the creation with such a rapidity; and at the same time wheeling about in that line which the Almighty had prescribed for it! That it should move in such inconceivable fury and combustion, and at the same time with such an exact regularity! How spacious must the universe be, that gives such bodies as these their full play, without suffering the least disorder by it! What a glorious show are those beings entertained with, that can look into this great theatre of nature, and see myriads of such tremendous objects wandering through those immeasurable depths of ether, and running their appointed courses! Our eyes may hereafter be strong enough to command the magnificent prospect, and our understandings able to find out the several uses of these great parts of the universe. In the meantime, they are very proper objects for our imagination to contemplate, that we may form more extensive notions of infinite wisdom and power, and learn to think humbly of ourselves, and of all the little works of human invention." Seneca saw three comets, and says, "I am not of the common opinion, nor do I take a comet to be a sudden fire; but esteem it among the eternal works of nature."

NATURAL HISTORY.

EELS.

The problem of the generation of eels is one of the most abstruse and curious in natural history; but we have been much pleased, and not a little enlightened, by some observations on the subject in Sir Humphrey Davy's delightful little volume, *Salmonia*, of which the following is the substance:—

Although the generation of eels occupied the attention of Aristotle, and has been taken up by the most distinguished naturalists since his time, it is still unsolved. Lacepede, the French naturalist, asserts, in the most unqualified way, that they are viviparous; but we do not remember any facts brought forward on the subject. Sir Humphrey then goes on to say—This is certain, that there are two migrations of eels—one up and one down rivers, one from and the other to the sea; the first in spring and summer, the second in autumn or early winter. The first of very small eels, which are sometimes not more than two or two and a half inches long; the second of large eels, which sometimes are three or four feet long, and which weigh from 10 to 15, or even 20 lbs. There is great reason to believe that all eels found in fresh water are the results of the first migration; they appear in millions in April and May, and sometimes continue to rise as late even as July and the beginning of August. I remember this was the case in Ireland in 1823. It had been a cold, backward summer; and when I was at Ballyshannon, about the end of July, the mouth of the river, which had been in flood all this month, under the fall was blackened by millions of little eels, about as long as the finger, which were constantly urging their way up the moist rocks by the side of the fall. Thousands died, but their bodies remaining moist, served as the ladder for others to make their way; and I saw some ascending even perpendicular stones, making their road through wet moss, or adhering to some eels that had died in the attempt. Such is the energy of these little animals, that they continue to find their way, in immense numbers, to Loch Erne. The same thing happens at the fall of the Bann, and Loch Neagh is thus peopled by them; even the mighty fall of Shaffhausen does not prevent them from making their way to the Lake of Constance, where I have seen very many large eels. There are eels in the Lake of Neufchatel, which communicates by a stream with the Rhine; but there are none in the Lake of Geneva,

because the Rhone makes a subterraneous fall below Geneva; and though small eels can pass by moss or mount rocks, they cannot penetrate limestone rocks, or move against a rapid descending current of water, passing, as it were, through a pipe. Again: no eels mount the Danube from the Black Sea; and there are none found in the great extent of lakes, swamps, and rivers communicating with the Danube—though some of these lakes and morasses are wonderfully fitted for them, and though they are found abundantly in the same countries, in lakes and rivers connected with the ocean and the Mediterranean. Yet, when brought into confined water in the Danube, they fatten and thrive there. As to the instinct which leads young eels to seek fresh water, it is difficult to reason; probably they prefer warmth, and, swimming at the surface in the early summer, find the lighter water warmer, and likewise containing more insects, and so continue the courses of fresh water, as the waters from the land, at this season, become warmer than those from the sea. Mr. J. Couch, in the *Linnean Transactions*, says the little eels, according to his observation, are produced within reach of the tide, and climb round falls to reach fresh water from the sea. I have sometimes seen them in spring, swimming in immense shoals in the Atlantic, in Mount Bay, making their way to the mouths of small brooks and rivers. When the cold water from the autumnal flood begins to swell the rivers, this fish tries to return to the sea; but numbers of the smaller ones hide themselves during the winter in the mud, and many of them form, as it were, masses together. Various authors have recorded the migration of eels in a singular way; such as Dr. Plot, who, in his *History of Staffordshire*, says they pass in the night across meadows from one pond to another; and Mr. Arderon, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, gives a distinct account of small eels rising up the flood-gates and posts of the water-works of the city of Norwich; and they made their way to the water above, though the boards were smooth planed, and five or six feet perpendicular. He says, when they rose out of the water upon the dry board, they rested a little—which seemed to be till their slime was thrown out and sufficiently glutinous—and then they rose up the perpendicular ascent with the same facility as if they had been moving on a plane surface. There can, I think, be no doubt that they are assisted by their small scales, which, placed like those of serpents, must facilitate their progressive motion; these scales have been microscopically observed by Lewenhoeck. Eels migrate from the salt water of different sizes, but I believe never when they are above a foot long—and the great mass of them are only from two and a half to four inches. They feed, grow, and fatten in fresh water. In small rivers they seldom become very large; but in large, deep lakes they become as thick as a man's arm or even leg; and all those of a considerable size attempt to return to the sea in October or November, probably when they experience the cold of the first autumnal rains. Those that are not of the largest size, as I said before, pass the winter in the deepest parts of the mud of rivers and lakes, and do not seem to eat much, and remain, I believe, almost torpid. Their increase is not certainly known in any given time, but must depend upon the quantity of their food; but it is probable they do not become of the largest size from the smallest in one or even two seasons; but this, as well as many other particulars, can only be ascertained by new observations and experiments. Block states, that they grow slowly, and mentions that some had been kept in the same pond for fifteen years. As very large eels, after having migrated, never return to the river again, they must remain in salt water; and there is great probability that they are then confounded with the conger, which is found from a few ounces to one hundred pounds in weight.

THE GATHERER.

THE GREEN ROOM.

Nothing can be more striking than to hear a lady, who has just been figuring upon the stage as a coquette or a romp, explaining to some friend the distress she is labouring under in consequence of the serious illness of her mother or aunt; or to see a

gentleman fresh from the boards, upon which he has been amassing the audience as Caleb Quotem or Jeremy Didler, with tears in his eyes, and a low comedy wig on his head, giving an account of the melancholy state of his wife and three children, all dying of scarlatina; but such is too often the case: too often, while the player is tortured with physical pain, or sinking under moral distress, he is obliged in his vocation to wear the face of mirth, and distort his features into the extremes of grimace. The actress, writhing under the pangs of ingratitude in man, or insult from woman, is similarly driven to strain her lungs to charm the ears of an audience, or exhibit her graceful figure to the best advantage in the animated dance; for the amusement of the half-price company of a one shilling gallery, while her heart is bursting with sorrow; add to all these inevitable ills, the constant labour of practice and rehearsal, the caprice of the public, the tyranny of managers, the rarity of excellence, the misery of defeat, and the uncertainty of health and capability, and then might one ask; Who would be an actor, who could be any thing else? —*Hook's Gervase Skinner.*

TRAVELLING INVALIDS.

We cannot refrain from stating our belief, and this on the authority of intelligent physicians, as well from personal observation, that much mischief is done by committing invalids to long and precarious journeys, for the sake of doubtful benefits. We have ourselves seen consumptive patients hurried along, through all the discomforts of bad roads, bad inns, and indifferent diet, to places, where certain partial advantages of climate poorly compensated for the loss of the many benefits which home and domestic care can best afford. We have seen such invalids lodged in cold, half-furnished houses, and shivering under blasts of wind from the Alps or Apennines, who might more happily have been sheltered in the vales of Somerset or Devon. On this topic, however, we refrain from saying more—further than to state our belief, that much misapprehension generally prevails, as to the comparative healthiness of England, and other parts of Europe. Certain phrases respecting climate have obtained fashionable currency amongst us, which greatly mislead the judgement as to facts. The accurate statistical tables, now extended to the greater part of Europe, furnish more secure grounds of opinion; and from these we derive the knowledge, that there is no one country in Europe where the average proportion of mortality is so small as in England. Some few details on this subject we subjoin,—tempted to do so by the common errors prevailing in relation to it.

The proportion of deaths to the population is nearly one-third less in England than in France. Comparing the two capitals, the average mortality of London is about one fifth less than that of Paris. What may appear a more singular statement, the proportion of deaths in London, a vast and luxurious metropolis, differs only by a small fraction from that of the whole of France; and is considerably less than the average of these Mediterranean shores which are especially frequented by invalids for the sake of health. In Italy, the proportion of deaths is a full third greater than in England; and even in Switzerland and Sweden, though the difference be less, it is still in favour of our own country.

CRANIOLOGY.

Philosophy is a very pleasant thing, and has various uses; one is, that it makes us laugh; and certainly there are no speculations in philosophy, that excite the risible faculties, more than some of the serious stories related by fanciful philosophers. One man can not think with the left side of his head; another, with the sanity of the right side judges the insanity of the left side of his head. Zimmerman, a very grave man, used to draw conclusions as to a man's temperament, from his nose!—not from the size or form of it, but the peculiar sensibility of the organ; while some have thought, that the temperature of the atmosphere might be accurately ascertained by the state of the tip! and Cardan considered *acuteness of the organ* a sure proof of genius!

POPULAR TALES.

From the London Literary Souvenir, for 1820.

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANY THING.

By E. Lytton Bulwer, Author of Pelham.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favourite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too,—such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children, "What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she, to her husband. "Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him." "And why, love?" "Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar." "And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife. So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form! They took our hero from school. "What profession shall he follow?" said his mother. "My first cousin is the lord chancellor," said his father; "let him go to the bar." The lord chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him. His lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer. "Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer!" "And that's true enough, my lord!" said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the—regiment of dragoons. Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him. "He is a d—d ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "a horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "if he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!" said Capt. Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "if he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say, Mr. Bumpenwell (to the riding-master,) make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack." "Pooh, sir, he will never ride better." "And why the d—l will he not?" "Bless you! colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!" "True!" said Cornet Horsephiz. "Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem. "We must cut him!" said the colonel. And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut. Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the—regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed! "What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations. "Very true!" said the world. The parents were in despair! They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle. "He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet." So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of relieving his character. He fagged like a dragon

—coned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English Constitution. He rose to speak. "What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member. "Ah, a coxcomb!" said another. "Never do for speaker!" said a third, very audibly. And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heard!*—Impudence is only indigenous in Miletia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed. "Told you so!" said one of his neighbours. "Fairly broke down!" said another. "Too fond of his hair to have anything in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit. "Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse; and many a county member had been declared a phoenix of promise upon half his merit. Not so, thought the heroes of corn laws. "Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose. "Nor men of business, either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's. "Poor devil!" said the civilest of the set. "He's a deuced, deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again! this will never do; we must cough him down." And Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down. Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsome than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's. "We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. "You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress." "I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses. Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one: a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"—"handsome is that handsome does," says another;—"he was turned out of the army and murdered his colonel!"—"never marry a beauty," said a third;—"he can admire none but himself;"—"will have so many mistresses," said a fourth;—"make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth;—"spend your fortune," said a sixth;—"and break your heart," said a seventh. Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a-year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversions to a lover; especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor and his coach-maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for. Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business;—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. "If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank." "Certainly, sir!" said the nephew; "Humph!" grunted the uncle; "a pretty fellow for a banker!" Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to marry a man so admired,—will you always be faithful?" "By heaven!" cried the love. "Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed. But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new carriage. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences—"Cheer up,

my Ferdinand," said she; "for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!" "Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony;" "All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply. Away goes our hero to be present at the opening of his uncle's will. "I leave," said the testator (who I have before said was a bit of a satirist,) "my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brode*)—"my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew, Ferdinand, my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker: his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds." "A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal. "I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!" And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion. "Alas! sir!" said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of parliament he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach, bound to the King's Bench,—"Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

MISCELLANY.

A CHAPTER OF BULLS.

I confess it is what the English call a *bull*, in the expression, though the sense be not most enough. [Page.]

We are friends to the exposition of the weak sides of great men, inasmuch as it reads them a valuable lesson on their own infallibility, and tends to lower the molehills of conceit that are raised in the world as stumbling-blocks along every road of petty ambition. It would, however, be but a sorry toil for the most cynical critic to illustrate these vagaries, otherwise than so many slips and trippings of the tongue and pen, to which all men are liable in their unguarded moments—from Homer to Anacreon Moore, or Demosthenes to Mr. Brougham. Our course is rather that of a goodhumoured exposure, the worst effect of which will be to raise a laugh at the expense of poor humanity, or a merited smile at our own dullness and mistaken sense of the ridiculous.

First, of the ancient Poets, who make departed spirits know things past and to come, yet ignorant of things present. Agamemnon foretells what should happen to Ulysses, yet ignorantly inquires what is become of his own son. The ghosts are afraid of swords in Homer, yet Sibylla tells Æneas in Virgil, that the then habit of spirits was beyond the force of weapons. The spirits put off their malice with their bodies; and Cæsar and Pompey accord in Latin, hell; yet Ajax in Homer, endures not a conference with Ulysses.

In Painting alone we have a rich harvest. Burgoyne in his travels, notices a painting in Spain, where Abraham is preparing to shoot Isaac with a pistol!

There is a painting at Windsor, of Antonio Verrio, in which, he has introduced himself, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Bap. May, surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, as spectators of Christ healing the sick.

In the Luxembourg is a picture of Reubens, in which are the queen-mother in council, with two cardinals, and Mercury!

There may be, also, a sort of anachronism of the limbs, as in the case of the painter of Toledo, who painted the story of the three wise men of the east coming to worship, and bringing their presents to our Lord, upon his birth, at Bethlehem, whence he presents them as three Arabian, or Indian kings;

two of them are white, and one of them black; but, unhappily, when he drew the latter part of them kneeling, which, to be sure, was done after their faces, their legs being necessarily a little intermixed, he made three black feet for the two white kings; and yet never discovered the mistake till the piece was presented to the king, and hung up in the great church.

There was, also, in the Houghton Hall collection, Velvet Brughel's Adoration of the Magi, in which were a multitude of figures, all finished with the greatest Dutch exactness; in fact, the ideas are rather a little too Dutch, for the Ethiopian king is dressed in a surplice, with boots and spurs; and brings, for a present, a gold model of a modern ship.

The monks of a certain monastery at Messins, exhibited, with great triumph, a letter written by the Virgin Mary with her own hand; Unluckily for them, this was not, as it easily might have been, written on the ancient papyrus, but on paper made of rags. On some occasion, a visiter, to whom this was shown, observed, with affected solemnity, that the letter involved also a miracle, for the paper on which it was written was not in existence till several hundred years after the mother of our Lord had ascended into heaven.

In the church of St. Zacharia, at Venice, is the picture of a Virgin and Child, whom an angel is entertaining with an air upon the violin. Jean Belin was the artist, in 1500. So, also, in the college library of Aberdeen, to a very neat Dutch missal, are appended elegant paintings on the margin, of the angels appearing to the shepherds, with one of the men playing on the bagpipes.

There is a picture in a church at Bruges that puts not only all chronology, but all else, out of countenance. It is the marriage of Jesus Christ with saint Catherine of Sienna. But who marries them? St. Dominick, the patron of the church. Who joins their hands? Why, the Virgin Mary. And to crown the anachronism, King David plays the harp at the wedding!

Albert Durer represented an angel in a flounced petticoat, driving Adam and Eve from Paradise.

Lewis Cigoli painted a picture of the Circumcision of the Holy Child, Jesus, and drew the high priest, Simeon, with spectacles on his nose; upon a supposition, probably, that, in respect of his great age, that aid would be necessary. Spectacles, however, were not known for fourteen centuries afterwards.

In a picture painted by F. Chello della Puera, the Virgin Mary is placed on a velvet sofa, playing with a cat and a parrot, and about to help herself to coffee from an engraved coffee-pot.

In another, painted by Peter of Cortona, representing the reconciliation of Jacob and Laban, (now in the French Museum,) the painter has represented a steeple or belfry rising over the tree. A belfry in the mountains of Mesopotamia, in the time of Jacob!

N. Poussin's celebrated picture, at the same place, of Rebecca at the Well, has the whole background decorated with Grecian Architecture.

Paul Veronese placed Benedictine fathers and Swiss soldiers among his paintings from the Old Testament.

A painter, intending to describe the miracle of the fishes listening to the preaching of St. Anthony of Padua, painted the lobsters, who were stretching out of the water, red! probably having never seen them in their natural state. Being asked how he could justify this anachronism, he extricated himself by observing, that the whole affair was a miracle, and that thus the miracle was made still greater.

In the Notices des MSS. de Roi VI. 120, in the illuminations of a manuscript Bible at Paris, under the Psalms, are two persons playing at cards; and under Job and the Prophets are coats of arms and a windmill.

Poussin, in his picture of the Deluge has painted boats, not then invented. St. Serome, in another place, with a clock by his side; a thing unknown in that saint's days.

NOTES ON NORTHERN LITERATURE.

Tordenskiold is a name frequently met with in the annals of Denmark. A singular anecdote is

connected with one of the bravest individuals who ever bore the name—the renowned Admiral Tordenskiold, of the days of Frederick IV. While he was yet a young and undistinguished naval officer, he chanced to be in the hall of the royal palace at the time that the king, wearied with the flatteries of some courtiers, who were congratulating him on the success of his war with Sweden, exclaimed, "Ay, I know what you will say, but I should like to know the opinion of the Swedes themselves." Tordenskiold slipped unobserved from the royal palace, hurried to his ship, set sail, and was an hour on the coast of Sweden. The first sight that caught his eye on landing was a bridal procession. Hastily seizing bride, bridegroom, minister, peasants, and all, he hurried them aboard, and returned to Denmark. Two hours had scarcely elapsed from the moment of the king's expressing his wish, when Tordenskiold, stepping from the crowd of courtiers who surrounded his majesty, informed him that he had an excellent opportunity of gratifying his wishes, as Swedes of every class of society were in waiting. The astonished monarch, who had not yet missed the young captain from the hall, demanded his meaning; and on being informed of the adventure, summoned the captives to his presence. After gratifying his curiosity, he dismissed them with a handsome present, and ordered them to be conveyed back to Sweden. The promptness of young Tordenskiold was not forgotten, and he speedily rose to the high admiralty of Denmark, a post which he filled with more glory than any other of his countrymen, either before or since.

Holberg, Samsoc, and Oehlenschläger are the three dramatic luminaries of Denmark. The best production of Samsoc is the play of *Dyveke*, produced a few days after his death. Such was the enthusiasm it excited, that the following epitaph was proposed to be inscribed on his tomb, in the public cemetery of Copenhagen:—

"Here lies Samsoc.
He wrote *Dyveke* and died."

The best poet that Sweden has ever produced is Esaias Tegner, the bishop of Wexio, now living. His first production was *Axel*, a short poem on the adventures of one of those pages of Charles XII. who were sworn to a single life, to be entirely devoted to the fortunes of war. He has struck out great interest by plunging this hero in love, and painting the conflicts between his passion and his reverence for his oath. The words have been translated into Danish, German, and English. The latter translation appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Although the Danish language is so akin to the Swedish, that translation is the worst of the three. It is said that this poem procured Tegner the bishopric of Wexio. A singular circumstance is connected with it. A German literary gentleman was so delighted with the version of it in his own language, that he actually studied Swedish for the sole purpose of reading it in the original. A compliment like this has rarely been paid, as the poem does not contain more than about a thousand lines. Since then, Tegner has written a poem, entitled *Frethioff's Sage*, founded on one of the wild and singular traditions of the North. It has been more popular than even *Axel*, and the announcement of a third poem from the same hand, said to outdo all former efforts, excites the greatest interest in Stockholm.

Novels have only been introduced within these few years in Denmark. Ingemann is their most successful manufacturer. His last production is entitled *Valdemar Seier*, or Waldemar the victorious. The Danes have translations of Sir Walter Scott and Cooper.

It is supposed there are not above three persons in Copenhagen who cannot speak German. Oehlenschläger, the best modern author of Denmark, writes equally well in German and Danish.

PHILOSOPHY.

In the second volume of the *Legendary*, there is (as every body knows, who has either heard of, or read the book,) an article from the pen of the editor, N. P. WILLIS,

called *Unwritten Philosophy*. We recommend it to those who have not already perused it, not because there is any truth in the story itself, but because there is something in the manner of telling it, which every one who reads it must feel, admire, and remember. The subjoined extract is a digression, and may be relished by itself. It is a tolerable specimen of the spirit and style of the article from which it is taken.

ED. RECORD.

"I have always thought that the most triumphant intellectual feeling we ever experience, is felt upon the first opening of philosophy. It is like the interpretation of a dream of a lifetime. Every topic seems to you like a phantom of your own mind from which a mist has suddenly melted. Every feature has a kind of half familiarity, and you remember musing upon it for hours, till you gave it up with an impatient dissatisfaction. Without a definite shape, this or that very idea has floated in your mind continually. It was a phenomenon without a name—a something which you could not describe to your friend, and which, by and by, you came to believe was peculiar to yourself, and would never be brought out or unravelled. You read on, and the blood rushes to your face in tumultuous consciousness—you have had feelings in peculiar situations which you could not define, and here are their very features—you know, now, that it was jealousy, or ambition or love. There have been moments when your faculties seemed blinded or reversed. You could not express yourself at all when you felt you should be eloquent. You could not fix your mind upon the subject of which, before, you had been passionately fond. You felt an aversion to your very partialities, or a strange warming in your heart towards the people or pursuits that you had disliked; and when the beauty of the natural world has burst upon you, as it sometimes will, with an exceeding glory, you have turned away from it with a deadly sickness of heart and a wish that you might die.

"These are mysteries which are not all soluble, even by philosophy. But you can see enough of the machinery of thought to know its tendencies, and like the listener to mysterious music, it is enough to have seen the instrument, without knowing the cunning craft of the player."

STORY OF RIENZI.

The following story is the original of a new tragedy from the pen of Miss Mitford.

In the year 1437, an obscure man, Nicolla di Rienzi, conceived the project of restoring Rome, then in degradation and wretchedness, not only to good order, but even to her ancient greatness. He had received an education beyond his birth, and nourished his mind with the study of the best writers. After many harangues to the people, which the nobility, blinded by their self confidence, did not attempt to repress, Rienzi suddenly excited an insurrection, and obtained complete success. He was placed at the head of a new government, with the title of Tribune, and with almost unlimited power. The first effects of this revolution were wonderful. All the nobles submitted, though with great reluctance; the roads were cleared of robbers; tranquillity was restored at home; some severe examples of justice intimidated offenders; and the tribune was regarded by all the people as the destined restorer of Rome and Italy. Most of the Italian republics, and some of the princes, sent ambassadors, and seemed to recognize pretensions which were tolerably ostentatious. The King of Hungary and Queen of Naples submitted to their quarrel to the arbitration of Rienzi, who did not, however, undertake to decide it. But this exaltation intoxicated his understanding, and exhibited feelings entirely incompatible with his elevated condition. If Rienzi had lived in our age, his talents, which were really great, would have found their proper orbit, for his character was not unusual among literary politicians; a combination of knowledge, eloquence, and enthusiasm for ideal excellence, with vanity, inexperience of mankind, unsteadiness, and physical timidity. As these latter qualities became conspicuous, they eclipsed his virtues, and caused his benefits to be forgotten: he was compelled to abdicate his government, and retire into exile. After several years, some of which he passed in the

prison of Avignon, Rienzi was brought back to Rome, with the title of senator, and under the command of the legate. It was supposed that the Romans who had returned to their habits of insubordination, would gladly submit to their favourite tribune. And this proved the case for a few months; but after that time they ceased altogether to respect a man who so little respected himself in accepting a station where he could no longer be free and Rienzi was killed in a sedition.

"The doors of the capitol," says Gibbon, "were destroyed with axes and with fire; and while the senator attempted to escape in a plebeian garb, he was dragged to the platform of his palace, the fatal scene of his judgments and executions;" and after enduring the protracted tortures of suspense and insult, he was pierced with a thousand daggers, amidst the execrations of the people.

At Rome is still shown a curious old brick dwelling, distinguished by the appellation of "The House of Pilate," but known to be the house of Rienzi. It is exactly such as would please the known taste of the Roman tribune, being composed of heterogeneous scrap, of ancient marble, patched up with barbarous brick plaister of his own age; affording an apt exemplification of his own character, in which piecemeal fragments of Roman virtue, and attachment to feudal state—abstract love of liberty, and practice of tyranny—formed as incongruous a compound.

INFLUENCE OF COFFEE UPON THE SPIRITS.

From the Coffee-Drinker's Manual.

If coffee had been known among the Greeks and Romans, Homer would have taken his lyre to celebrate its virtues; Horace and Juvenal would have immortalized it in their verses; Diogenes would not have concealed his ill-humour in a tub, but would have drunk of this divine liquid, and have directly found the honest man he sought for; it would have made Heraclitus merry; and with what odes would it have inspired the muse of Anacreon!

In short, who can enumerate the wonderful effects of coffee?

Seest thou that morose figure, that pale complexion, those deadened eyes, and faded lips! It is a lamentable fit of spleen. The whole faculty have been sent for, but their art is unavailing. She is given over. Happily one of her friends counsels her against despair, prescribes a few cups of Moka, and the dying patient, being restored to health, concludes with anathematizing the faculty, who would thus have sacrificed her life.

The complexion of this young girl was, as the poets say, of lilies and roses; never was there a form so celestial, or one more gifted with life and vigour. Arrived at this stage, so fatal to the existence of females, the young girl sickened, lost her colour, and those cheeks, but yesterday so brilliant, were dull and heavy. "Travelling," said one; "a husband," said another; "coffee, coffee," replied a doctor. Coffee flowed in abundance, and then the drooping flower revived, and flourished again.

O! all ye who have essayed at rhyme, say if you have not often derived your happiest thoughts from this inspiring beverage. Delille has some beautiful lines, and Berchoux, in his poem of "Gastronomie," has a pompous eulogium on its many virtues.

Coffee occupies a grand place in the life and pursuits of the gastronome. Oft-times on leaving table his head aches and becomes heavy; he rises with pain; the savoury smells of viands, the flame of wax-lights, and the imperceptible gases which escape from innumerable wines and liqueurs, have produced around him a kind of mist or shade, equal to what the poet calls darkness visible. Coffee is quickly brought; our gastronome inhales the aroma, sips drop by drop this ambrosian beverage, and his head already lightened, he walks with his his accustomed vigour. What gaiety smiles in his countenance! the liveliest sallies of wit flow unnumbered from his lips; he is another being—a new man; but coffee alone has produced this regeneration. The late Doctor Gastaldi, who was an excellent table companion, used to say that he should have died ten times of indigestion if he had not ac-

customed himself himself to take coffee after dinner.

Would you then sleep tranquilly after your meal, and never fear those dreams which are so fatal to gourmands, quaff your coffee; it will fall like dew upon your lips, and sweetly temper with all those juices which oppress your exhausted stomach. If you can drink your coffee without sugar, for then it preserves its natural flavour, and is much more efficacious than when mixed with other ingredients. Laugh at doctors who tell you that coffee irritates the stomach and injures the nerves; tell them that Voltaire, Fontenelle, Stacey, and Forcroy, who were great coffee-drinkers, lived to a good old age.

TURNING DOLLARS INTO PISTAREENS.

A Latin student, at one of our Academies, had somehow or other taken it in his head that hard study was not easy, and was therefore in the habit of applying to his fellow student to help him out with his lessons. It was on one of these occasions, that coming to the passage in Virgil, where Aeneas, about to relate his adventures and sufferings at the earnest desire of Queen Dido, tells her that she commands him "to renew unutterable grief;" the idle student got as far as *renovare*, and there he stuck fast. It was almost the hour of recitation, and not having a minute to lose, he applied to the person nearest at hand for assistance. The latter, happening to be of rather a waggish turn, told him to translate the passage thus:—"Regina, O Queen—*jubes*, you order me—*renovare*, to turn—*dolorem*, dollars—*infandum*, into pistareens!" The idle fellow swallowed the hoax, and hastened to his recitation, flattering himself that he was well prepared to give a good account of his lesson—and coming to the knotty passage, he read it in a full voice, and with more than usual confidence, precisely in the words of his waggish comrade—and at the same time assumed a look and tone, as much as to say, "beat that, my boys, if you can." The burst of laughter that followed at his expense, may be easily imagined. He was, besides, reproved by the master, is no very measured terms, for turning the sacred words of Virgil into ridicule; and he was not likely soon to hear the last of the matter from his fellow students.—This put him upon a resolution to retaliate, and an opportunity was not long wanting.—Finding the roguish translator lying on his back one day asleep, he poured a tincture of red pepper upon his eyes, which insinuated itself betwixt the lids and soon put an end to his slumbers. Feeling his eyes smart intolerably, and seeing his late dupe standing over him with the direful bottle in his hand, he bawled out, "What are you about here, you scoundrel?" "Why," replied the other, "I'm only turning dollars into piastereens!"

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

SHOOTING AT THE POPINJAY.

The Popinjay or Poppingo (signifying painted bird) is a very favourite and popular diversion in Denmark, and of which it may be interesting to give some account. A society is constituted of various members, called the "King's Shooting Club," who have a code of laws and regulations drawn up for their observance; and are under the direction of nine managers. The entrance-money is 60 dollars. Members are admitted by ballot, and on election receive a diploma on parchment, with the seal of the society.

The meetings are held in a large building in the environs; and members are decorated with an order or badge of distinction, which is the figure of a gilded bird with outstretched wings, perching on a branch of laurel. This is worn on the left breast, and attached to a button-hole of the waistcoat by a green silk riband. On the breast are marked the letters "D. C." meaning "Danish Company." On one side of the branch is the date 1542, and on the other 1739.* In the month of August, when the amusement commences, the members meet in their hall, and proceed in formal procession to an adjoining field on the western side of the city; where arrangements are previously made for the numerous

* I imagine this to mean the time of the introduction of the sport, and the year when the company was instituted.

spectators. The bird to be shot at is almost the size of a parrot, gilded, and placed on the top of a high pole. On their way to the field they are attended by a band of music, which precedes the members as they march with their pieces over their shoulders.

According to a law of the institution, the competitors fire at this mark with large rifle pieces charged with balls, and rested on triangular stands. Whoever is so fortunate as to strike the wing of the Poppingo first, is entitled to a prize. This is sometimes a pair of handsome candlesticks, or a silver tea-pot and spoons. Whoever hits the tail is entitled to another prize not inferior to the last; but he who wounds the body of the bird is complimented with the principal one which weighs at least 65 ounces of silver, and is honoured with the title of the "Bird King." These prizes are surmounted with the royal cipher and crown. His Danish majesty opens this ceremony in person, and is entitled to the first shot, and the queen to the second, then they are followed by the other branches of the royal family in succession. The firing continues until the bird falls. In returning to the hall, the "Bird King," accompanied by the procession, first enters the room, and is placed at the head of the table laid out for an entertainment, even in the presence of his majesty. On this occasion he is understood to be invested with peculiar privileges, such as proposing toasts, directing the order of the feast, &c. and his own health is first given by the judges. The members pay 100 dollars each. The festival is honoured by the presence of the royal family, and no person excepting the members, the foreign ministers, and other distinguished persons, who are specially invited, can be admitted.

The practice of shooting at the Poppingo or Popinjay, however, is not peculiar to Denmark. In Scotland a nearly similar amusement is observed, where the head marksman receives the title of "Captain."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

In accordance with ancient and honourable usage, we tender our readers the compliments of the season; desiring that all the events with which the year shall connect them, may be fraught with happiness and profit. A thousand commonplace things, which have been a thousand times said, might here be repeated; but, according to our own judgement, we have devoted our columns to a better use, by storing them with selections from publications which are unknown to most American readers.

Miss Frances Wright is travelling through the United States, and delivering lectures in support of her own and Mr. Owen's notions of theology and the influence of circumstances. She recently tarried a week in Baltimore, where she was listened to by multitudes, and according to the Emerald, "crammed the heads of numberless persons with ideas which never before entered them." Subsequently she was in Philadelphia, and it is said to be her intention to visit the New England States, in the hope, doubtless, of convincing the steady and peaceable Yankees that they are not half so wise as they suppose themselves to be. The Emerald says there is a certain class of people in Baltimore who are "crazy after Miss Wright, who reasons with great power and clearness, but with the most refined subtlety." She will probably gain many proselytes, but not among the most intelligent.

The editor of the *Western Monthly Review*, an ably conducted journal, and a very useful one, especially to those who would be informed of the true condition and importance of the western States, contemplates a change in the character of his journal, which may render it more answerable to the literary necessities of the west, and more acceptable to the general taste. Arrangements have been made for receiving the best known reviews and literary journals from

France and England. Having a coadjutor, who reads and translates French and Spanish with fluency and facility, whose whole time will be devoted to reading, abstracting, and condensing the contents of the reviews, the editor intends to give a summary of the contents of the French, English, and American reviews. The literature of the west will receive the same particular attention that it heretofore has done, and a short and appropriate notice will be taken of every book and pamphlet that arrives at the office. "Such a work," says the editor, "as far as our knowledge extends, will be unique and alone in the annals of periodicals. Every reading man in the community, who has not literary leisure for the perusal of reviews of books, *in extenso*, will here be able to take a bird's eye view of them all." "It seems to us, that such a journal would supply an important desideratum in a walk, as yet untrodden; and would be important to all that portion of the reading community, that has not leisure for literature as an integral pursuit. In giving the sum and abstract of these reviews, we shall always take leave to add our own opinion upon the ability and impartiality of the review." W. C. Little is agent for this work in this city.

§3- The first number of the *ALBANY TIMES, and Literary Writer*, was published on Saturday last. It has a neat appearance, and is chiefly occupied by original matter. The sketch of "Lord Mortimer" is undoubtedly from the pen of one of the editors; and were we allowed to express an opinion upon it, which we have no desire to do ill-humouredly, we should say the following paragraph is almost as modest as some of Governor Southwick's:

"We had never seen a lord, it is true, but we had a foolish idea that we could tell one by instinct; and upon watching the operations of this young sprig of nobility, we ventured to assert that he was an impostor. Before we had time, however, to speculate on the subject, we were introduced to this 'gentleman of England,' and we were satisfied that he never had 'lived at home, at ease.'"

ITEMS. A Gloucester paper complains that they have not empty houses in that village to meet the demand of their population. Marriages are taking place so rapidly that they are in great trouble for dwelling places.—*Comet*. The Nantucket Inquirer states, that a comet has for several weeks been visible by the aid of ordinary glasses. It has hitherto presented the appearance of a nebulous spot or defined star. It is thought that it is the comet of 1818, or Euke's comet, and that it will pass its perihelion on the 10th of next month.—*Distressing*. An advertiser in the Philadelphia Chronicle, calling himself Roland (it should have been Oliver) very seriously informs the ladies that he is in search of a wife, hoping a knowledge of this fact "may induce some young lady to reflect upon the nature of matrimony!" Truly a very delicate and perhaps necessary suggestion. Mr. Roland describes himself as of domestic habits, desirous of becoming a useful member of society, 22 years old, &c. He had better tarry a little longer at Jericho.

§3- The *Catskill Recorder* and *Green County Republican* have been united, and will hereafter be published by Faxon, Elliott and Gates.

HORNED FROGS, NO FICTION. It will be seen by the following correspondence, for a copy of which we are indebted to the politeness of Doctor Mitchell, that one of those curious animals which, before the natural history of our country was as well known as at present, exposed the philosophical Jefferson to so much ridicule, has safely arrived at Washington, and is now doing well. We are happy to state, that Major Hook's offer has been gratefully accepted, and that the horned reptile will soon be transported to New-York. The officers of the United States' army, as well as of the navy, deserve great credit for their uniform attention to the promotion of natural science.

[N. Y. Statesman.

Dear Major—A friend mine, Mr. Sandford, will hand you this, and at the same time a Horned frog, taken on the Arkansas prairies, which I hope will reach you alive. To preserve him so, you have to do nothing but let him have the air, and keep him warm—sprinkling his head occasionally with a little water. He will alight upon a scalp lately taken. Most truly yours,
L. KINGSBURY.

Major Hook.
Dear Sir—The Horned frog alluded to in the within, arrived last evening in a torpid state; but the warm rays of a genial sun have perfectly restored him—and although he has taken no sustenance for seven months, he is now hopping about my room. If you have no such animal (I believe it should be called reptile) in your museum, I freely tender it to you, and will, on hearing from you; transmit it by some

friend going to New-York. There is no difficulty in the transmission, as it was brought here in a gentleman's travelling trunk, packed in a tin box.—Your obedient servant,
J. H. HOOK, U.S.A.

To Dr. SAMUEL L. MITCHELL, New-York.

INTERESTING FROM SOUTH AMERICA. By the brig Sarah, from the Rio Grande, we learn that a revolution broke out in the province of Misiones, headed by general Revardo, who had taken possession of the province. He was received with open arms by the inhabitants. He had issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Rio Grande, promising that should they lay down their arms, their personal property would be respected. Colonel M'Gregor, of the Brazilian army, had marched with three battalions to attack Revardo; but it was generally believed that the latter would retain the place.

[N. Y. Statesman.

TAM O'SHANTER. A late Scottish paper has recorded the death of Thomas Reid, labourer, at Lochwinnoch. The importance attached to this circumstance arises from his having been the celebrated equestrian hero of Burns's poem of Tam O'Shanter. "He was born on the 21st of October, 1746, in the clachan of Cyle-Ayrshire, and he has now at length surmounted the 'mosses, rivers, slaps, and stiles of life.' For a considerable time past he had been in the service of Major Hervey, of Castle Semple, and for nine months previous to his death, had been incapable of labour; during which time, to the honour of Major Hervey, be it remembered, the many ills of old age and disease were soothed as far as possible by a fostering and laudable generosity. Reid, however, retained to the last the desire of being 'fu' for weeks thegither.'"

[Balt. Emerald.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Gazette urges the inhabitants of that city to send, for the use of the seamen, who are about to go on the voyage of discovery to the south, a keg of tobacco, a quarter cask of wine, box of cigars, or the like, to cheer their solitude in the vast frigid oceans at the south, and drink their healths when they cross the antipodes.

VARIETIES.

Selected from foreign journals received at this office.

DEATH OF YOUNG PARK. It is quite inconceivable with what increased zeal new candidates for African discovery come forward the moment that the death of any fresh victim to this pestilential country is announced. To the list of those who have already fallen, may be added young Park, the son of the late enterprising Mungo Park, and a midshipman of his majesty's ship Sybille. He went out in this ship with a full determination to proceed, on foot, and alone, from the coast to the spot where his father perished, in the hope of hearing some authentic and more detailed account of the catastrophe than had yet been received. With leave of the commodore he set out from Accra, and proceeded as far as Yansong, the chief town of Acquimbo, distant from the coast about one hundred and forty miles. Here the natives were celebrating a Yam feast, a sort of religious ceremony, to witness which Park got up into a Fetish tree, which is regarded by the natives with fear and dread. Here he remained a great part of the day, exposed to the sun, and was observed to drink a great quantity of palm wine. In dropping down from one of the lower branches, he fell on the ground, and said he felt a severe shock in his head. He was that evening seized with a fever, and died in three days, on the 31st October, 1827. As soon as the king, Akitto, heard of his death, he ordered all his baggage to be brought to his house, and instantly despatched a messenger to Accra, first making him swear "by the head of his father," that he would not sleep till he had delivered the message; it was to inform the resident of the event, and that all the property of the deceased would be forthwith sent down to Accra. This was accordingly done, and it did not appear on examination, that a single article was missing; even an old hat, without a crown, was not omitted. There was an idle report of Park being poisoned, for which there appears not the slightest foundation.

End of the World. A popular panick, the origin of which it is difficult to discover, spread itself over Europe towards the conclusion of the tenth century. It was believed that the world would be destroyed at the termination of the year 1000. That epoch was awaited with an anxiety that may easily be conceived; but it passed without any extraordinary event. A profound feeling of piety then took possession of all hearts. Every one thought that he owed to Heaven a token of acknowledgment for having rescued him from so terrible a danger. The kings and the nobility, who had partaken of the general alarm, were the first to prove their gratitude, by building churches, which were consecrated to God, or rich monasteries destined for his servants. It was a contest of magnificence and generosity. In a short time Europe was covered with those Gothick abbeys and churches which are still the ornaments of the most remarkable and picturesque scenes.

The Mole. Does the mole see? Aristotle, and all the Greek philosophers, maintain that it does not; Galen, on

the contrary, maintains that it does. The question has been re-agitated in modern days: Naturalists discovered the eye; but as it was unprovided with an optic nerve, its capacity of vision was still doubted. It has, however, since been ascertained that the mole actually sees, and that it is enabled to do so by the aid of a particular nerve, of which which it is exclusively possessed.

Indian Corn, about which so much has been written lately, is grown very extensively in the south of France, where, however, it is rarely converted into flour for bread; the inhabitants having an opinion that it gives less nutrition than any other grain. At Bayonne most of the horses live upon it; but they are said to possess less strength than horses fed upon oats: and altogether, it is thought so little equal to the grain common to Europe, that if it were not for the facility and abundance with which it is produced in a climate so favourable to its growth, the cultivation of it would be neglected.

The weight of the diamonds found by the government agents in the district of Tajsco, in Brazil, from 1772 to 1818, was 1,298,037 carats; and the quantity received from farming out the mines to a company, after the government had ceased to work them on its own account, was 1,700,000 carats, being together equal in value to about 67,000,000 sterling. The largest of the Brazilian diamonds hitherto obtained weighs 188 1-2 carats. It was found in the year 1771, near the river Abaite, by a poor negro slave, who was liberated, and had a pension of nearly 50l per annum settled upon him for life.

Scientific Inquiries. The scientific men who accompanied the French expedition to the Morea, have received orders to spare no expense in prosecuting their discoveries. The botanists are particularly desired to ascertain the kind of grain which can be grown in the Morea with the greatest advantage. They are to report to the Paris Academy of Sciences; a copy being at the same time sent to the king for his perusal.

The ridiculous style in which the Germans advertise domestic occurrences is well known. Take the following specimen from a Leipzig paper of 1817. "Dr. and Mrs. Baumgouten make known to their sympathizing friends, that yesterday evening, at seven o'clock, it pleased God to remove from them, by her teeth, their darling, little Eliza, aged three years and twenty days."

Animated Leaves. The author of a "Relation des Indes," relates, that in Ceylon there is a tree, the leaves of which, on being shaken from the branches, fly away like butterflies. They have four slender legs, the two first short, and the others long; the back is animated, and at the point there are two little projecting eyes. The editor of the "Recueil des Voyages au Nord" doubts the fact!

Prussian Blue. Numerous experiments have lately been made in France to dye woollen cloths with Prussian blue, instead of with indigo; but although much has been accomplished, the result does not as yet appear to have been perfectly satisfactory.

March of Improvement. The academick society of Metz are forming a library of the books that treat of mechanics, agriculture, and general industry, which are to be lent out to the workmen of that city. Similar institutions are being formed in many parts of France.

The Ear. It appears by recent experiments made on the semi-circular ducts of the ear, that the division of them by the scissors produces no sensible effect on the hearing, but occasions a complete derangement of the bodily movements.

Rousseau. The Genevese are about to erect a monument to their fellow citizen, the author of *Emilie*, and have opened a subscription for that purpose.

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Frost's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new founts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Peculiar care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new founts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting-Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO.
Albany, October 4, 1836.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *Houses and Signs Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1839. JOHN F. PORTER.

POETRY.

We received the following through the post-office. It is worth printing, but we do not know that it originated with the one who sent it to us; if it did, we should be pleased if he would favour us with more "Trifles," either from the French, or his own brain, as may best suit his convenience.

ED. RECORD.

TRIFLE.

From the French.

In summer's beauteous sky, afar
I view the lovely evening star,
Its beaming ray,
The poets say,
Illumes the path for Cupid's car.

Perhaps his course may sometimes be
The star-lit path—but love could see

A fairer light,
More pure and bright,

In Julia's eyes to guide to me.

L.

Notwithstanding the length of the following poem, its singular spirit induces us to publish it. We think that any one who has read *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, by Coleridge, will easily recognize an imitation in *The Dream of Eugene Aram*. It is taken from *THE GEM*, a London souvenir for 1829, and is from the pen of the celebrated and inimitable Thomas Hood, whose easy oddity seems to have troubled the half a dozen Yankee merry-makers, who recently twisted their wisdom into *P's and Q's*.

ED. RECORD.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

The late Admiral Burney went to school at an establishment where the unhappy Eugene Aram was usher, subsequent to his crime. The admiral stated, that Aram was generally liked by the boys; and that he used to discourse to them about *murder*, in somewhat of the spirit which is attributed to him in this poem.

'T was in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drove the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he leaned his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and loaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That perched upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is 't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historick page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Ael.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Wo, wo, unutterable wo—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!"

One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old:
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot,
But lifeless flesh and bone!

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill:
And yet I feared him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down a blame:
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name!

Oh, God, it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out again!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groaned; the dead
Had never groaned but twice!

And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's utmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:—
"Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!"

I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember, this
Is nothing but a dream!

Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school!

Oh heaven, to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
Mid holy cherubim!

And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was the grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

One stern, tyrannick thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

Heavily I rose up—as soon
As light was in the sky,—
And sought the black, accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew drop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again,
Under the horrid thing.

With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man.

And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
A mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corpse was bare!

Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land, or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

Oh God, that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now, awake!
Again, again, with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!
The fearful boy looked up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the odd and heavy mist,
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.



Nov. 8, 1894

REMOVAL.—ALLISON & WEEB have removed from No. 4 Green-st. to 471 South Market-street, opposite James Gould's Cane Maker's shop, where they intend to carry on the SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK making business, in all its various branches. Military Caps and Horse Equipments made according to order, and on the strictest notice. All orders from the country thankfully received and promptly attended to. Thankful for past favours, they hope to merit a continuance of the same.

Published every Saturday by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben-streets, up stairs. Entrance from Steuben-street. To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year.

ALBANY MASONICK RECORD,

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1829.

NO. 60.

MASONICK RECORD.

AN ADDRESS.

On the principles of Freemasonry, pronounced before the brethren of Allen Lodge, No. 24, in the Presbyterian Church, at Glasgow, on the 30th day of June, A. L. 5822, being the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, by Henry Miller, M. D.

Infinitely complex and diversified are the operations of the mind of man: consisting of various and dissimilar propensities, sentiments, intellectual and reflective powers.

Among the different faculties which are arranged under these classes, and the assemblage of which constitutes mind, the moral sense is the most important, whether we consider it in relation to the present or future happiness of its possessor. It is the prerogative of this sense to discriminate between good and evil; in the dark and rugged paths of our pilgrimage, to shed a shining refulgence to direct our steps; to reward our virtuous actions with the smiles of approbation, and to chastise our iniquity with the scourge of remorse. Considered as thus embracing an intuitive perception of virtue and vice, or the moral faculty and conscience, the moral sense is certainly the highest and noblest faculty of the soul; and well might St. John practically term it "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

In the primitive condition of man, before he was tempted to partake of the fruit,

"whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our wo,"

all the emotions, passions and faculties of the mind existed in a state of perfect equilibrium, and harmonious concert; or, if its sincerity were ruffled, it was the swell of generous affection and filial devotion to the all-wise and beneficent Architect of Heaven and Earth. The will, the supreme executive of the mind, was excited and determined alone by the suggestions of the moral sense; man was pure and holy, and enjoyed the immediate presence and converse of his God. Alas! my friends, how melancholy is the contrast between our present situation and that of primordial innocence and rectitude! How seldom do we behold the fruits of the operation of a well regulated moral instinct, in man's intercourse with his fellow man! The history of his actions is the record of midnight murders, destructive wars, revolutions, treason, cruelty, ingratitude, perfidy, profanity, and impiety! The poison of sin has insinuated itself into the inmost fibres of the soul, and corrupted the fountain from whence flow its best dispositions! The moral sense, the rightful sovereign of the mind, is dethroned and volition subjected to the dominion of every vicious and malignant propensity! Whenever we cast our eyes into the abysses of darkness into which man's folly has hurled him, we cannot avoid crying,

"How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devoted?"

We may felicitate ourselves that the transgression of our progenitor, instead of impairing the energy and perception of his moral sense, did not produce its entire extinction. Perhaps we cannot picture to our minds an object more miserable than a rational intelligent creature, totally devoid of a moral sense, of his obligations to himself, to society, and to his God. Persons arrived at this degree of moral degradation, may well cry with the penitent Satan,

"Farewell remorse, all good to me is lost,
Evil, be thou my good."

But, my friends, such is not the humiliating con-

dition of man. His mind is still illuminated by the glimmering lights of enfeebled moral sense; and of all the divine and human institutions, devised for its entire resuscitation, Freemasonry, religion only excepted claims the proud pre-eminence. Her province it is, by the most admirable precepts and appropriate and expressive emblems, to revive in the soul of the initiate the glow of boundless philanthropy and brotherly love, wipe the tear of affliction from the widow's eye, pour cordials into the venerated frame of the bereaved and starving orphan; cause the tear of gratitude and joy to bedew the maiden's cheek; avert the storm of approaching danger from a brother's head; with Howard enter the dark and loathsome cells of the dungeon, unbind the shackles of its wretched inmate, and cheer his sight with the blaze of the noon-tide sun, to inspire his breast with the patriotic fervour of our beloved Warren, Franklin, and Washington; to inculcate submission to the constitutional authorities of our country, and though always to deprecate the calamities of war, to sacrifice our lives on the shrine of its liberty, its honour, and its glory.

In the sanguinary field of battle, where horror, pale dismay, and ghastly death are depicted in every countenance; on the tumultuous ocean,

"Where ships in battle bold unite;
Where gallant hearts to quarters haste,
Terrific frown, and frowning fight;"

Oh! many a victim, bending beneath the conqueror's sword, has experienced the divine efficacy of the mystic sign and word, and found in his deadliest foe a friend, a brother, to fold him to his arms, sympathize with his misfortunes, and administer to his necessities. It is not the least recommendation of Masonry that it is universal. Like the glorious orb of day, rising in the east, it has progressed to the west by the south, and the inhabitants of both hemispheres, civilized and savage, have had their minds enlightened, and their hearts rectified and expanded, "by that hieroglyphic bright, which none but craftsmen ever saw." During the dark ages, the devastations of war, and the fluctuation of empires, Masonry was the repository of all the wisdom and learning of the preceding ages, and of the great light of Masonry, the inestimable gift of God to man, the shield and directory of his faith. The Lodge is still the peaceful asylum of the arts and sciences, of virtue and piety, of charity and benevolence, and on the *Mosaic pavement*, surrounded by the *indented tessel*, the Jew, Mahometan and Christian may meet and embrace, a sacred band of friends and brothers, and divesting their minds of sectarian jealousies, by means of the *common gavel*, conducted by the rays of the *blazing star*, ascend the rounds of *Faith, Hope and Charity*, to the *mercy seat*, where between the cherubim in a cloud of glory the *Shekinah* for ever dwells, for ever reigns. Masonry impresses on our minds a belief of the being and existence of a Supreme Deity, without beginning of days or end of years. While it is only "so far interwoven with religion, as to lay us under obligations to pay that rational homage to the Deity, which at once constitutes our duty and our happiness, it leads the contemplative to view with reverence and admiration the glorious works of creation, and inspires him with the most exalted ideas of the perfection of his divine Creator." If Freemasonry be thus noble and excellent; if it is a "moral order, instituted by virtuous men, with the praiseworthy design of recalling to our remembrance the most sublime truths, in the midst of the most innocent and social pleasures, founded on liberality, brotherly love, and charity;" surely we

cannot be otherwise than zealous for its honour and prosperity. Our devotion to its interest should be increased, no less from a conviction of its being the twin-sister and coadjutor of religion, in the great work of reformation, than from the solemn and interesting circumstances, attending our initiation into its mysteries.

The mind of the candidate, entering the *ground floor* of the masonick edifice, may be assimilated to that state of darkness and chaos, in which the materials of the universe existed, before the Almighty fiat gave them arrangement, order and harmony. In this state of doubtful suspense, apprehensions, and anticipations, his prospects are brightened, and his despondency dissipated by the reflection, that his "*trust being in God*, his faith is well founded," and he is convinced that a firm reliance on divine providence "will make darkness light before him, and crooked things straight."

When the Supreme Architect proclaimed "Let there be light," the irradiations, which emanated from his *rainbow royal diadem throne*, did not reflect the works of creation in more glowing brightness, than stream the rays from the lesser lights, which discover to the eye the three great lights of masonry. And, my brethren, can the counsel and admonition then imparted to us ever be effaced from our minds? Or can we prove unworthy of the confidence reposed in us? Never, while we are gifted with a silent tongue, a listening ear, and faithful heart. While we have the invaluable book of God to *square* our actions and *compass* our passions, is this not keener than a pointed sword in exciting us to the discharge of our every duty? While we are invested with the badge of a mason, which is more honourable than all the titles which any king, prince or potentate can confer, should we ever forget that it is an emblem of innocence? And should we not be reminded of that "purity of life and conduct, which is so essentially necessary to our gaining admission into the celestial Lodge above, where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides?" While *guttural, pectoral, manual and pedal*, shall be connected with solemn and lasting associations, we never can debase the dignity of our profession, by the minutest deviation from the cardinal virtues, temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice, so forcibly recommended to our notice in the "North East corner." With freedom, fervency and zeal, let us prosecute our labour, remembering that the reward of our fidelity will be our incorporation into "that spiritual building, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The great object of freemasonry is the promotion of human happiness and human enjoyment; which being the will and design of our Creator is the criterion by which we estimate the utility of every institution. In what does happiness consist? In the gratification of certain animal appetites, and the transitory pleasures of the senses? Assuredly not; for these, supplied in the greatest variety and profusion may charm for a while, but cannot afford that substantial aliment, which alone can satisfy an active and immortal mind. The landscape with all its picturesque scenery, the luxury and grandeur of wealth, the representations of the theatre, the sweet melody of music, and the busy pursuits of life, by repetition cease to be novelties, and like the illusory phantoms of a dream, vanish before reflection's intellectual sun. Does happiness consist in the pomp and splendour of imperial glory, or in the proud pursuits of ambition? Unless all the sensibilities of the heart are paralyzed, the

cries of orphans, the tears of widows, and the scenes of desolation and bloodshed, which are its consequences, must embitter all the enjoyments of its votaries, and give them to see and to feel the enormity of their crimes. What real satisfaction, I ask you, was experienced in the proud conquests of Cesar; the brilliant victories of Alexander, and the ravaging and bloody marches of Bonaparte? Their ears were saluted with the noisy acclamations of an adulating multitude, while with the benevolent and wise, they laboured to deserve the enviable epithet of butchers of the human race!! Hear the impartial decision of posterity. "Alexander upon his imperial throne, with a restless and ambitious mind, is in a worse condition than Diogenes in his tub." Does happiness consist in an exemption from pain, suspense or molestation, or in the possession of wealth and competency? These are the habitations where we are most inclined to suspect the goddess dwells; but when we approach the imaginary residence, she takes wings and eludes our search, and the shadow occasioned by her flight but serves to cast a darker gloom over the objects which surround us.

(Concluded next week.)

Officers of Charity Lodge, No. 249, in Danby, Tompkins county:—

Sherman Miller, Master; Luther Smith, Senior Warden; Elihu Doolittle, Junior Warden; Hudson Jennings, Treasurer; Benjamin Jennings, Secretary; Edmund Dreel, Senior Deacon; Moses Bantfield, Junior Deacon; Miles Mix and George Thompson, Stewards; Nathan Beers, Tyler.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

GASTRICK EXPERIMENTS.

In some recent numbers of the *Clinique*, a Paris paper chiefly devoted to medical and surgical reports, there is an account of several experiments performed with the gastric juice of a young man who had a fistulous opening of the stomach. The results were curious, as shewing the rate of time at which this extraordinary fluid acts upon different animal substances. Through the opening alluded to, the following substances were introduced into the stomach, each being secured by a silk thread: a piece of very highly-seasoned cooked beef, a piece of lean salted beef, a piece of raw bacon, a piece of raw lean beef, a piece of boiled beef, some bread, and a piece of white raw cabbage. The quantity of each substance was forty grains. At the expiration of an hour, during which time the young man followed his usual occupations, these substances were drawn from the stomach. It was found that the cabbage and the bread were more than half digested, whilst the meat did not appear to be at all affected by the gastric juice. These substances were then replaced in the stomach; and at the end of another hour, the cabbage, the bread, the bacon and the boiled beef, were completely digested, and of course separated from the thread. The other pieces of meat were, however, scarcely altered: they were replaced in the stomach, and an hour afterwards, it was found that the highly-seasoned beef (*boeuf à la mode*) was partly digested while the raw beef was merely softened a little on its surface, but retained internally its hard and cellular texture. The fluid contents of the stomach had at this time a disagreeable and rather rancid smell, and the young man complained of uneasiness and pain in the epigastric region. The undigested substances, however, were replaced. At the end of the fifth hour he complained of a sense of oppression, nausea and headache. The meat was then withdrawn in the same state as it had been two hours previously, but the liquid of the stomach had become more rancid and bitter. Dr. Beaumont then introduced into the stomach, through the fistulous opening, some calomel pills, which produced the same effect as if they had been taken by the mouth. A few days afterwards, the young man having previously fasted for seventeen hours, there was introduced into the stomach the bulb of a Fahrenheit thermometer, the mercury of which rose, in five minutes, to more than 100, and remained at that point. By means of a tube of Indian rubber, there was then withdrawn from the stomach an ounce of pure gastric juice, which was

put into a three-ounce glass, and placed in an earthen vessel filled with water, of the same temperature as that indicated by the thermometer, the point of temperature being kept up by means of a sand bath. Into the gastric juice thus arranged was put a piece of salted beef of the size of a little finger. At the end of forty minutes, the surface of the beef was being acted upon, and in ten minutes more the liquid seemed to be agitated, and the exterior of the beef was evidently softened. In three hours it was dissolved, and in ten hours no trace remained of it. The gastric juice, which when taken from the stomach was perfectly clear, and nearly as thin as water, had become thick, and when placed in a state of repose for a few minutes, it gave a sediment of the colour of flesh. At the same time that the meat was placed in the glass, a piece corresponding in size was introduced into the stomach. The result was similar, except that the solution in the glass had been rather more prompt, owing to frequent stirrings, by which the gastric fluid was brought to act upon it more generally. A last experiment was made seven days after the first, with an ounce and a half of gastric juice, into which were placed two pieces of boiled fowl: they were longer dissolving than the beef, on account of their texture, and the sediment which they felt was more clear. The contents of both glasses were kept hermetically sealed for one month, at the end of which time they had neither unpleasant smell nor taste. Some days afterwards, the liquid in which the beef had been dissolved began to corrupt; the other, on the contrary remained unchanged. It was the intention of the author of these experiments to follow them up with others, the result of which might have been highly useful to the medical world; but he was prevented doing so by the flight of his patient, who suffered some inconvenience from the experiments.

THE TRAVELLER.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES IN HOLLAND.

While in Italy excavations have been making among towns overwhelmed ages since with lava, the government of Holland is employed in uncovering the remains of antiquity buried at nearly as early a period by the inundations of the ocean. At a spot called Ahrenburgh, traces of an ancient Roman villa or town have been discovered; it has been purchased by the king, and sixty labourers are engaged in digging out and laying bare its antiquities. The Dutch newspapers contain minute accounts of the progress of the undertaking. Urns, vases, rings, seals, lamps, coins, and domestic instruments, have been found without number, and a Professor has been appointed and sent to the spot to direct the labors of the workmen and to see that proper care is taken of whatever he may deem worthy of preservation. In an account given by him of the progress of the undertaking, he supposes the place to have been occupied with one building of great extent. Others who have subsequently visited it, say that it is obviously a town or village with remnants of houses of various sizes. As many urns of the Lower Empire have been picked up there, it is thought that the town could not have been overwhelmed at an earlier period than the fourth century. Coins, however, have been discovered of a date previous to the Christian era. Many of the vases are of the most beautiful antique forms, and the rings are engraved with inscriptions. A letter from the Hague, which has appeared in a London paper, speaking of a visit paid by the writer to the place where the excavations are making, says:

"The most interesting thing I observed was a human skeleton of a female, of which the Professor gives the following account: The most extraordinary discovery of all, is that of a human skeleton, the uppermost half of which has been found perfect in its original position. It appears to be that of a female, and is lying with the head towards the east! The left arm is in position with the hand upon the stomach as if it were supporting a garment; the right hand rests upon the bosom. Upon the throat between the clavicles, is a clothes clasp (*fibula*) of the shape commonly used by the Romans. On the left wrist is a double bracelet, and upon the left breast two loose clasps were found.

The head and the elbows rest upon loose pieces of brick. This discovery is the more remarkable, as the body lies within the circumference of the building, near to the best preserved *hypocaustum*, of the central parts. There are some slight indications that ash urns were also there. The impression it left upon my mind was, that it was the remains of some person of distinction, who had died a violent death—most probably by the fall of a building; and I am much inclined to think, from the sandy appearance of the soil, and the immense quantity of household ornaments daily dug out, that it was some Roman station, overlooked in the third or fourth century by one of these calamitous visitations which mark the history of Holland from immemorial time. The place was dependent on, or may have formed part of, the *Forum Adriani*, which Adrian is known to have established near the Hague, supposed close to the village of Voorburg, which is very near the ruins I have been mentioning. Your classical readers will not forget the account of that Batavian (Soranus) who lived at this period, and whose dexterity exalted him, having shot an arrow in the air, to follow it with another and shatter it in pieces before it fell.

"A great number of the tiles which have been found among the ruins bear the inscription *ex germ. erf.* (Arm of Lower Germanys.) Some pipeclay images have been also discovered and a considerable number of the coins of Trajan and Adrian. The Professor (Renvens) who has charge of the excavations, compares the buildings to some of the Roman *villæ* in England. He thinks from the symmetry of the whole edifice, that it was originally only one extensive building, whose wings he imagines he has succeeded in tracing. Such it appeared not to me; for the ground is occupied by a great many small apartments remains of baths, kitchen and ovens. In a pit filled with water, was found a large water cask, nearly perfect, covered with an outer case of clay; the pit was walled round with Roman tiles and bricks."

THE GATHERER.

THE TOUR OF A PRESENT.

A French girl, equally remarkable for beauty and merit, was addressed by a young nobleman, who, having tried all arts to gain her affections unsuccessfully, was determined to see what effect presents would have on her. For this experiment he purchased four pottles of pease at an exorbitant price (as they were then the only ones to be gotten in Paris,) and sent to his beloved. The mother of the young lady accepted them for her; and being at that time engaged in a law-suit, and much reduced in finances, proposed selling them. The daughter was for some time averse to this disgraceful conduct; but she was at length over-ruled, and an old servant was sent out to sell them to the prince de Conde. Another lover of the young lady's met the servant, and, not knowing who she was, bought them of her for a very extravagant sum: he immediately dispatched them to his mistress, who laughed heartily at their return, and had one of the pottles served up for dinner. Three more were now remaining, and these the mother sent as a douceur to her attorney, hoping to insure his honesty by her liberality. The attorney transferred them to a marquis who patronised him, and the marquis dispatched them a third time to the lovely Parisian, with whom he was also enamoured. The last present arrived when the two other lovers were in company with their mistress, and they both sat down to supper with her upon their own pease!

GERMAN BEDS.

Throughout Germany the beds are very small, short and narrow. The popular prejudice seems to be, that the more you are squeezed and cramped up, the sooner you are likely to get warm; and to accomplish this without waste of fuel, is a great object of consideration among a people who pay so dear for firing. Economy being one of the leading virtues of the country, its ends are found to be better attained in a box niched like a cupboard in the wall than by such an extravagant profusion of beds and clothing as English folks think requisite to give a tolerable appearance to a

spacious bedstead: it is, therefore, more convenient to place the altar of Morpheus in a hole in the wall properly decorated. Besides, there is a great saving of curtains, as in these snug little alcoves a very small one answers the essential purposes of decency and ceremony blended together. Then as they are very lofty-minded people, and decided advocates for a due subordination of the parts, of every organized body, politick or animated, they cannot bear the thought of reducing the head for a moment to the level of the inferior members; they therefore contrive to have the bed places somewhat shorter than five feet, and pile a sufficient quantity of pillows and bolsters at the capital extremity, which enables them to maintain their favourite posture all night as well as during the day. Then, because blankets require to be renewed, and the washing of sheets is very expensive, besides that the water does not answer for washing without much work and proper soap, it is much more eligible to sleep between two comfortable feather beds.

DEAN SWIFT.

Of Jonathan Swift Mr. Granger says, "he was blessed in a higher degree than any of his contemporaries with the powers of a comparative genius. The more we dwell upon the character and writings of this great man, the more they improve upon us; in whatever light we view him, he still appears to be an original. His wit, his humour, his patriotism, his charity, and even his piety, were of a different cast from those of other men. He had in his virtues few equals, and his talents no superior. In that of humour, and more especially in irony, he ever was, and probably ever will be, unrivalled. He did the highest honour to his country by his parts, and was a great blessing to it by the vigilance and activity of his public spirit. His style, which generally consists of the most naked and simple terms, is strong, clear and expressive; familiar without vulgarity or meanness, and beautiful without affectation or ornament. He is sometimes licentious in his satire, and transgresses the bounds of delicacy and purity. He, in the latter part of his life, availed himself of the privilege of his great wit to trifle; but when in this instance we deplore the misapplication of such wonderful abilities, we at the same time admire the whims, if not the dotages, of a Swift. He was, perhaps, the only clergyman of his time who had a thorough knowledge of men and manners. His "Tale of a Tub," his "Gulliver's Travels," and his "Draper's Letters," are the most considerable of his prose works; and his "Legion Club," his "Cadenus and Vanessa," and his "Rhapsody on Poetry," are at the head of his poetical performances. His writings in general are regarded as standing models of our language, as well as perpetual monuments of their author's fame."

PUGNACITY.

The town of Rindrabad in India, is in high estimation with the pious Hindoos, who resort to it from the most remote parts of the empire. The town is embosomed in groves of trees, which (says Major Thorne) are the residence of innumerable apes, whose propensity to mischief is increased by the religious respect paid to them in honor of Hunaman, a divinity of the Hindoo mythology, wherein he is characterized under the form of an ape. In consequence of this degrading superstition, such numbers of these animals are supported by the voluntary contributions of pilgrims, that no one dares to resist or ill-treat them. Hence, access to the town is often difficult; for should one of the apes take an antipathy against an unlucky traveller, he is sure to be assailed by the whole community, who follow him with all the missile weapons they can collect, as pieces of bamboo, stones, and dirt, making at the same time a most hideous howling. Of the danger attending a rencontre with enemies of this description a melancholy instance occurred in the year 1808. Two young cavalry officers, belonging to the Bengal army, having occasion to pass this way, were attacked by a body of apes, at whom one of the gentlemen inadvertently fired. The alarm instantly drew the whole body, with the fakeers, out of the place, with so much fury, that the officers, although mounted upon elephants,

were compelled to seek their safety in flight; and in endeavoring to pass the Jumna, they both perished.

INDIAN SANCTUARY.

Bishop Heber, in his Journal of his travels in India gives us the following interesting account of the fortress of Chunar:—"Colonel Robertson called for a key, and unlocking a rusty iron door, in a very rugged and ancient wall, said he would show me the most holy place in all India. Taking off his hat, he led the way into a small square court, overshadowed by a very old peepul tree, which grew from the rock on one side, and from one of the branches of which hung a silver bell. Under it was a large slab of black marble, and opposite, on the walls, a rudely carved rose, enclosed in a triangle. No image was visible; but some Sepoys who followed us in, fell on their knees, kissed the dust in the neighbourhood of the stone, and rubbed their foreheads with it. On this stone, Colonel Alexander said, the Hindoos all believe that the Almighty is seated, personally though invisibly, for nine hours every day, removing during the other three hours to Benares. On this account, the Sepoys apprehended that Chunar can never be taken by any enemy, except between the hours of six and nine in the morning; and for the same reason, and in order, by this sacred neighbourhood, to be out of all danger of witchcraft, the kings of Benares, before the Mussulmen conquest, had all the marriages of their family celebrated in the adjoining palace."

THE ALPINE HORN.

The Alpine Horn is an instrument made of the cherry-tree, and like a speaking-trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of those mountains, takes his horn, and cries with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighbouring shepherds hear him they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the mountains, and grottoes of the rocks, repeat the name of God. Imagination can not picture any thing more solemn, or sublime, than this scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and then retire to their huts to rest. The sun-light gilding the tops of those stupendous mountains, upon which the blue vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, must fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

ANECDOTE OF BERENGER.

Perhaps nothing can show the state of political sentiment in France, in a more striking light, than the following anecdote which I have never seen in print, and which I received from an authentic source. In 1820, Berenger, a popular writer of odes, &c. had the boldness to publish some lines, which were declared by the Court critics, to be a libel on the King. Berenger was accordingly seized, tried, and condemned to solitary imprisonment for some time, and to pay a sum equal to 10,000 dollars. He was known to be poor; consequently, when the fine was imposed, it was imagined that he would remain in prison for life. Not so:—the event of the trial was no sooner made public, than a subscription was opened, each individual was allowed to pay but one cent. In a short time the amount of the fine was made up, and Berenger set at liberty, to the no small surprise and mortification of the nobility.

BISHOP BURNET.

He was extravagantly fond of tobacco and writing, to enjoy both at the same time, he perforated the broad brim of his large hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed again. He was a remarkable absent man in company. He earnestly entreated the great John Duke of Marlborough to allow him to meet prince Eugene at his table. "Bishop," said the duke, "you know how forgetful you are: will you be accurate?" "Your grace may depend upon my caution." Prince Eugene observed the bishop at table, enquired very politely of him whether he

was ever at Paris? "Yes, and please your highness," said the bishop, "I was there in the very same year the princess de Soissons was taken up on suspicion of poisoning her husband." Now it happened that this lady was the mother of prince Eugene! The bishop, recollecting himself when too late, retired covered with confusion; and it is superfluous to add, that neither the duke nor prince Eugene was anxious to recall him.

TRYING AN IRISHMAN.

An Irishman, at an assize in Cork, was arraigned for felony, before Judge Mounteny. He was asked who he would be tried by? "By no one, by J—s," says he. The jailor desired him to say, by God and his country. "Upon my shoul I will not," says Paddy, "for I don't like it at all at all, my dear!" "What's that you say, honest man?" says the judge. "See there now," says the criminal, "his lordship, long life to him, calls me an honest man, and why should I plead guilty?" "What do you say?" says the judge, in an authoritative voice. "I say, my lord, I won't be tried by God at all, for he knows all about the matter! But I will be tried by your lordship and my country."

THE QUAKERS.

Fox, the founder of Quakerism, was in the habit of attending public worship at the established church. When the preacher uttered sentiments of which he disapproved, he would most solemnly put on his broad brimmed hat, and take it off again whenever a more welcome strain of doctrine occurred. If he had sat long with his hat on, and the ill-sounding propositions or fulminations continued, he would rise slowly and silently walk out. Thus it appears that it was for purposes of habitual protest that the Quakers first learned to sit in places of worship with their hats on.

RENOWNED WHISKEY.

Three Irishmen, who had drank pretty freely of whiskey at a tavern in Dublin, were loud in their praise of its virtues as, they reeled along the banks of the Liffey. One of them had just declared that "Whiskey was meat and drink to a man," when his foot slipped, and he fell into the river. "There, Pat, said one of his friends, "you are fully provided for; you had meat and drink, and now you have got washing and lodging."

STEAKS.

People who want to enjoy a steak should eat it with shalots and tarragon. Mr. Cobbett says, an orthodox clergyman once told him that he and six others once ate some beef-steaks with shalots and tarragon, and that they "voted unanimously, that beef-steaks were never so eaten before."

PERSONS OF DISTINCTION.

Of German pride we have the following extraordinary anecdote: A German lord left orders in his will not to be interred, but that he might be enclosed upright in a pillar, which he had ordered to be hollowed and fastened to a post in the parish, in order to prevent any peasant or slave from walking over his body.

SELF ESTEEM.

Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea, found a negro prince seated under a tree, on a block of wood for his throne, and three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes, for his guards. His sable majesty anxiously inquired, "Do they talk much of me in France?"

THE OPERA.

Rousseau defines the opera to be a dramatick, lyrical, and scenick representation, in which agreeable sensations are conveyed by the combined effect of all the fine arts, the poetry and action being addressed to the mind, the music to the ear, and the scenick decorations to the eye of the spectator.

SMOKING.

Such is the passion for smoking at Hamburgh, that children about ten years of age may be seen with pipes in their mouths, whiffing with great gravity and composure.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith.

THE BLOODY BUSINESS.

So stand the Thracian huntsman, with his spear
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear—
And hears him in the rustling wood, and sees
His courser at distance by the bending trees—
And thinks—he comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight or I.
Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

Nav, never shake thy gory locks at me—
Thou canst not say I did it!

Macbeth.

It was on a fine summer morning, somewhere about four o'clock, when I wakened from my night's rest, and was about thinking to bestir myself, that I heard the sound of voices in the kail-yard stretching south from our back windows. I listened—and I listened—and I better listened—and still the sound of the argle-bargling became more distinct, now in a fleeching way, and now in harsh angry tones, as if quarrelsome disagreement had taken place. I had not the comfort of my wife's company in this dilemma; she being away, three days before, on the top of Tammie Trundle the carrier's cart, to Lauder, on a visit to her folks there; her mother, (my gude-mother like,) having been for some time ill with an income in her leg, which threatened to make a lamiter of her in her old age, the two doctors there—not speaking of the blacksmith, and sundry skeely old women—being able to make nothing of the business; so none happened to be with me in the room, saving wee Benjie, who was lying asleep at the back of the bed, with his little Kilmarnock on his head, as sound as a top. Nevertheless, I looked for my claes; and opening one half of the window shutters I saw four young birkies, well dressed—indeed three of them customers of my own—all belonging to the town; two of them young doctors, one of them a writer's clerk, and the other a grocer; the whole looking very fierce and fearsome, like turkey-cocks; swaggering about with arms as if they had been the king's dragoons; and priming a pair of pistols, which one of the surgeons, a spinty out-spoken lad, Maister Blister, was holding in his grip.

I jaloused at once what they were after, being now a wee up to fire arms; so I saw that skaith was to come of it; and that I would be wanting in my duty on four heads,—first, as a christian; second as a man; third, as a subject; and fourth, as a father; if I withheld myself from the scene; nor lifted up my voice, however fruitlessly, against such crying iniquity, as the wanton letting out of human blood; so forth I hastened, half dressed, with my gray stockings rolled up my thigh, over my corduroys, and my old hat above my cowl to the kail-yard of contention.

I was just in the nick of time; and my presence checked the effusion of blood for a little—but wait a wee. So high and furious were at least three of the party, that I saw it was catching water in a sieve to waste words on them, knowing, as clearly as the sun serves the world, that interceding would be of no avail. Howsoever, I made a feint, and threatened to bowl away for a magistrate, if they would not desist from their barbarous and bloody purpose; but i'fegs, I had better have kept my counsel till it was asked for.

"Tailor Mansie," quoth Maister Thomas Blister, with a furious cock of his eye,—he was a queer Eirish birkie, come over for his education,— "since ye have ventured to thrust your nose, ma vouneen," said he, "where no body invited ye, you must just stay," said he, "and abide by the consequences. This is an affair of honour," quoth he; "and if ye venture to stir one foot from the spot, och then, ma bouchal," said he, "by the poker of St. Patrick, but whisk through ye goes one of these leaden playthings, as sure as ye ever spoiled a coat, or cabbaged broadcloth! Ye have now come out, ye observe,—hark ye,"—said he, "and are art and part in the business; and, if one, or both, of the principals be killed, poor devils," said he, "we are all alike liable to take our trial before the Justiciary Court, hark ye; and, by the powers," said he, "I doubt not but, on proper consideration, ma chree, that they will allow us to get off mercifully, on this side of hanging, by a verdict of manslaughter."

'Od, I found myself immediately in a scrape; but how to get out of it baffled my gumption. It set me all a shivering; yet I thought that, come the worst when it would, they surely would not hang the father of a helpless small family, that had nothing but his needle for their support, if I made a proper affidavit, about having tried to make peace between the youths. So, conscience being a brave supporter, I abode in silence, though not without many queer and qualmish thoughts, and pit-patting of the heart, not unco pleasant in the tholing. "Blood and wound!" bawled Maister Thomas Blister, "it would be a disgrace forever on the honourable profession of physick," egging on poor Maister Willy Magneezhy whose face was as white as double bleached liren, "to make any apology for such an insult. Arrah, my honey! you not fit to doctor a cat—you not fit to bleed a calf—you not fit to poultice a pig—after three years' apprenticeship," said he, "and a winter with Doctor Monro? By the cupping glasses of Pocrates," said he, "and by the pistol of Gallon, but I would have caned him on the apt, if he had just let out half as much to me! Look ye, man," said he, "look ye, man, he is all shaking;" (this was God's truth,) "he'll turn tail. At him like fire, Willy."

Magneezhy, though sadly frightened, looked a thought brighter; and made a kind of half step forward. "Say that ye'll ask my pardon once more,—and if not," said the poor lad, with a voice broken and trembling, "then we must just shoot one another."

"Devil a bit," answered Maister Bloatsheet, "devil a bit. No, sir; you must down on your bare knees, and beg ten thousand pardons for calling me out here in a raw morning; or I'll have a shot at you, whether you will or not."

"Will you stand that?" said Blister, with eyes like burning coals. "By the living jingo, and the holy poker, Magneezhy, if you stand that—if you stand that, I say, I stand no longer your second, but leave you to disgrace, and a caning. If he likes to shoot you like a dog, and not as a gentleman, then cuishla ma chree,—his will be done."

"No, sir," replied Magneezhy, with a quivering voice, which he tried in vain, poor fellow, to render warlike, (he had never been in the volunteers like me.) "Hand us the pistols then, and let us do or die!"

"Spoken like a hero, and a brother of the lancet: as little afraid at the sight of your own blood, as at that of other people," said Blister. "Hand over the pistols."

It was an awful business. Gude save us, such goings on in a christian land! While Mr. Bloatsheet, the young writer, was in the act of cocking the bloody weapon, I again, but to no purpose, endeavoured to slip in a word edgeways. Magneezhy was in an awful case; if he had been already shot, he could not have looked more clay and corpse-like; so I took a kind of whispering, while the stramash was drawing to a conclusion, with Mr. Harry Molasses, the fourth in the spree, who was standing behind Bloatsheet, with a large mahogany box under his arm, something in shape like that of a licensed packman, ganging about from house to house, through the country-side, selling toys and trinkets; or niffing plaited ear-rings and sic like, with young lasses, for auld silver coins, or cracked teaspoons.

"O!" answered he, very composedly, as if it had been a cannister full of black rappee or black-guard that he had just lifted down from his top shelf, "it's just Doctor Blister's saws, whittles, and big knives, in case any of their legs or arms be blown away, that he may cut them off." Little would have prevented me sinking down through the ground, had I not remembered at the preceese moment, that I myself was a soldier, and liable, when the hour of danger threatened, to be called out, in marching order, to the field of battle. By this time the pistols were in the hands of the two infatuated young men, Mr. Bloatsheet, as fierce as a hussar dragoon, and Magneezhy, as suple in the knees as if he was all on oiled hinges; so the next consideration was to get well out of the way, the lookers on running nearly as great a chance of being shot as the principals, they not being accustomed, like me, for instance, to the use of arms;

on which account I scougged myself behind a big pear tree; both being to fire when Blister gave the word "Off!"

I had hardly jouked into my hidy-hole, when "crack—crack" played the pistols like lightning; and as soon as I got my cowl taken from my een, and looked about, wae's me, I saw Magneezhy clasp his hand to his brow, wheel round like a peerie, or a sheep seized with the sturdie, and then play flap down on his broadside, breaking the necks of half a dozen cabbage stocks, three of which were afterwards clean lost, as we could not put them all into the pot at one time. The whole of us ran forward, but foremost was Bloatsheet, who, seizing Magneezhy by the hand, said, with a mournful face, "I hope you forgive me. Only say this as long as you have breath; for I am off to Leith harbour in half a minute."

The blood was running over poor Magneezhy's een, and drib-dribbling from the neb of his nose, so he was truly in a pitiful state; but he said with more strength than I thought he could have mustered—"Yes, yes, fly for your life. I am dying without much pain; fly for your life, for I am a gone man!"

Bloatsheet bounced through the kail-yard like a maukin, clamb over a bit wa', and off like mad; while Blister was feeling Magneezhy's pulse with one hand, and looking at his doctor's watch, which he had in the other. "Do ye think that the poor lad will live, doctor?" said I to him;

He gave his head a wise shake, and only observed, I dare say, it will be a hanging business among us. In what direction, do you think, Mansie, we should all take flight?"

But I answered bravely, "Flee them that will, I've flee nane. "If I am ta'en prisoner, the town officers maun take me frae my ain house; but, nevertheless, I trust the visibility of my innocence will be as plain as a pike-staff to the een of the Fifteen."

"What then, Mansie, will we do with poor Magneezhy? Give us your advice in need."

"Let us carry him down to my own bed," answered I; "I would not desert a fellow creature in his dying hour! Help me down with him, and then flee the country as fast as ye are able!"

We immediately proceeded, and lifted the poor lad, who had now dwalmed away, upon our wife's handbarrow—Blister taking the feet, and me the oxters, whereby I got my waistcoat all japanned with blood; so, when we got him laid right, we proceeded to carry him between us down the close, just as if he had been a sticked sheep, and in at the back door, which cost us some trouble, being narrow, and the barrow getting jammed in; but, at long and last, we got him streaked out above the blankets, having previously shaken Benjie, and wakened him out of his morning's nap.

All this being accomplished and got over, Blister decamped, leaving me my liefu' laue, excepting Benjie who was next to nobody, in the house with the deeing man. What a frightful face he had, all smeared over with blood and powder; and I really jaloused, that if he died in that room, it would be haunted for ever mair, he being in a manner a murdered man; so that, even should I be acquitted of art and part, his ghost might still come to bother us, making our house a hell upon earth, and frightening us out of our seven senses. But, in the midst of my dreadful surmises, when all was still, so that you might have heard a pin fall, a knock-knock knock, came to the door, on which, recovering my senses, I dreaded first that it was the death-chap, and syne that the affair had got wind, and that it was the beagles come in search of me, so I kissed little Benjie, who was sitting on his creepie, blubbering and greeting for his parritch, while a tear stood in my own ee, as I went forward to lift the sneck to let the officers, as I thought, harrie our house, by carrying off me, its master, but it was, thank heaven, only Tammie Bodkin, coming in whistling to his work, with some measuring papers hanging round his neck.

"Ah, Tammie," said I to him, my heart warming at a kent face, and making the laddie, although my bounden servant by a regular indenture of five years, a friend in my need, "come in, my man! I fear ye'll hae to take charge of the business for some time to come; mind what I tell'd ye about the

shaping and the cutting, and no making the guse ower warm; as I doubt I am about to be harled away to the tolbooth."

Tammie's heart swelled to his mouth. "Ah, maister," he said he "ye're joking. What should ye have done that ye should be ta'en to sic an ill place!"

"Ay, Tammie, lad," answered I, "it is but ower true."

"Weel, weel," quoth Tammie—I really thought it a great deal of the laddie—"weel, weel, they canna prevent me coming to sew beside ye; and if I can take the measure of customers without, ye can cut the clath within. But what is't for, maister!"

"Come in here," said I to him, "and believe your ain een, Tammie, my man."

"Losh me!" cried the poor laddie, glowing at the bloody face of the man in the bed. "Ay—ay—ay! maister; save us, maister; ay—ay—ay—you have na clowred his harpan with the guse? Ay, maister, maister! whaen an unearthly sight!! I doubt they'll hang us a'; you for doing 't—and me on suspicion—and Benjie as art and part, puir thing. But I'll rin for a doctor. Will I maister!"

The thought had never struck me before, being in a sort of a manner, dung stupid; but catching up the word, I said with all my pith and berr, "Rin, rin, Tammie, rin for life and death."

Tammie bolted like a nine-year-old, never looking behind his tail: so, in less than ten minutes, he returned, hauling along old Doctor Peelbox, whom he had wakened out of his bed, by the lug and horn, at the very time I was trying to quiet young Benjie, who was following me up and down the house, as I was pacing to and fro in distraction, girning and whinging for his breakfast.

"Bad business, bad business; bless us, what is this?" said the old Doctor, staring at Magneezhy's bloody face through his silver spectacles—"What's the matter?"

"The poor patient knew at once his maister's tongue, and, lifting up one of his eyes, the other being stiff and barked down, said in a melancholy voice, "Ah, master, do you think I'll get better!"

Doctor Peelbox, old man as he was, started back as if he had been a French dancing master, or had stamped on a hot bar of iron. "Tom, Tom, is this you? what, in the name of wonder, has done this?" Then, feeling his wrist—"but your pulse is quite good. Have you fallen boy? Where is the blood coming from?"

"Somewhere about the hairy scalp," answered Magneezhy, in their own sort of lingo. "I doubt some artery's cut through!"

The doctor immediately bade him lie quiet and hush, as he was getting a needle and silken thread ready to sew it up; ordering me to have a basin and water ready, to wash the poor lad's physog. I did so as hard as I was able, though I was not sure about the blood just; old Doctor Peelbox watching over my shoulder with a lighted penny candle in one hand and the needle and thread in the other, to see where the blood spouted from. But we were as daft as wise; so he bade me take my big sheers, and cut out all the hair on the fore part of the head as bare as my loof; and syne we washed and beter washed; so Magneezhy got the other ee up, when the barked blood was loosed; looking, though as pale as a clean shirt, more frighted than hurt; until it became plain to us all, first to the doctor, syne to me, and syne to Tammie Bodkin, and last of all to Magneezhy himself, that his skin was not so much as peeled. So we helped him out of bed, and blithe was I to see the lad standing on the floor, without a hold, on his own feet.

I did my best to clean his neckcloth and shirt of the blood, making him look as decentish as possible, considering circumstances; and lending him as the scripture commands, my tartan maud to hide the infirmity of his bloody trowsers and waistcoat. Home went he and his master together; me standing at our close mouth, wishing them a good morning, and blithe to see their backs. Indeed, a condemned thief with a rope about his neck, and the white cowl tied over his een, to say nothing of his hands yerked together behind his back, and on the nick of being thrown over, could not have been

more thankful for a reprieve than I was, at the same blessed moment. It was like Adam seeing the devil's rear marching out of Paradise, if one may be allowed to think such a thing.

The whole business, tag, rag and bob-tail, soon, however, spunked out, and was the town talk for more than one day.—But ye'll hear.

At the first I pitied the poor lads, that I thought had fled for ever and aye from their native country, to Bengal, Seringapatam, Botany Bay, or Jamaica, leaving behind them all their good friends and old Scotland, as they might never hear of the goodness of Providence in their behalf. But—wait a wee.

Would you believe it! as sure 's death, the whole was but a wicked trick played by that mischievous loon Blister and his cronies, upon one that was a simple and soft headed callant. De'il a hair was in the one pistol but a pluff of powder; and in the other, a cartridge paper full of blood was rammed down upon the charge; the which, hitting Magneezhy on the ee brow, had caused a business that seemed to have put him out of life, and nearly put me, though one of the volunteers, out of my seven senses.

MISCELLANY.

From the Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette.

FALSEHOOD.

"Integrity knows no variation, honesty, no shadow of invention."

Every moralist, in every age, has had something to say about truth. It has been called the universal bond between man and man, the grand cement of society, and a great many other fine names, not recollected by me at present, and which it would be of little use for the reader to know. I should say, truth was like some bank bills the goodness of which every one acknowledges, but no one cares to have too many of. Its value is acknowledged by every nation and by every people. To hear men talk, one would suppose it was more dear to them than all other treasures; but could you look into the secret pocket of their hearts, you would perceive a large store of the small coin of falsehood, ready to be used on the first occasion. Liars are, and always have been, my admiration. I look back with pleasure on those happy days, which first introduced me to the character of Young Wilding. His ready invention, his admirable tact at polishing off his lies, the confusion they led to, the hair breadth escapes which he run, affected me more than all the dull, prosaical walking gentlemen of the stage. In these days, I love to hear a man tell a downright falsehood for the benefit of his friends when all the truth has been told and repeated, and repeated over and over again, and yet is insufficient to keep open the eyes of the company. The falsehood comes upon them like a new thought, enlivens the imagination, sharpens the wit, quickens invention, and makes the closing eyes "stare outright." The man who can tell a good lie, holds a rank in company equal to one with a fine voice. The poetry of language, the "extempore inventions" in which he deals, have a charm for every heart, while the dull truth teller, the prosier, the matter-of-fact man, plods wearily through life, without a smile to cheer him, and doomed to hear nothing but the truth spoken of himself, and this, be it ever so true, no man cares to hear. He may be consulted as a dictionary, or listened to in a storm, during the intervals of the thunder claps, when the voice of any human creature is sweet, or on burial days, when consolatory prose is in fashion—though in the latter case, no one could regret it were he as silent as the dead whose loss he is endeavouring to make up by words. Fontenelle says (see Helvetius) that truth ought not to be spoken at all times, and cites a strong example to prove the truth of his assertion. Mankind all agree in the justice of this maxim, but each one, though he reverences truth, and never slackens in the pursuit of it—chooses to select a case for himself, wherein the truth ought not to be told. And so, we have lies of all kinds, and under all circumstances. Like the good Mussulmen, unsure about the part of the beast which Mahomet interdicted, each one chooses his favourite piece, and thus Mussulmen—as Cowper

expresses it—"eat up the whole hog." My friend, I do not wish to move your wrath, by classing you with regular built liars, but merely to touch the spring of your mirth, and have you confess with me, that all, the best of us—good men—christians, if you please, do occasionally lie a little, and some of us not a little. The truth we find about in society, calls to one's mind the honesty of the East India mechanick, who being asked if he would do his work faithfully, answered—yes, it shall be done faithfully, very faithfully, but *I must cheat a little*. Sit yourself down in a friend's apartment, eat of his bread and drink of his cup; listen to the inquiries of his lovely wife about your sister's health, or mother's indisposition. I warrant you are quite charmed, and if after giving you an account of the extreme forwardness of her little ones, she asks your opinion about the carrotty-headed, ill-natured, pouting little rascal who has been bawling for the last ten minutes, in spite of sweet words and sweet-er candy; I know you will "eign, lie and flatter"—I know your epithets will exceed, if possible, those of its tender mother, though had you power, you would order as Pizarro did, "that the brat should be thrown into the sea." To lie to one's own advantage is a cheat, to lie to another's advantage, is a fraud, says Rousseau—"but what of that," say you, "politeness requires one to fib now and then, and a little lying can do no harm, besides it is countenanced in the polite circles of society." I am no catechizer, and a good lie is better than a meagre excuse, and, therefore my friend, away with all subtleties, and we will shake hands, and believe each other, and bear each other's infirmities, as brethren should do. Should you have a brother or a friend, about being married to a lovely girl, whose extravagance you well know will make him a bond-slave for life, dare you tell him your opinion honestly or openly? I hesitate not in saying, you dare not. It is easier to flatter both, than expose the faults of one; to join in the hosanna to beauty, than to endure beauty's frown. The number who wish to hear the truth on all occasions, are very few, those who dare to speak it boldly, still fewer. Let a man undertake to speak his true opinion of different persons and things, the merits of which are discussed in society. How many enemies would he gain! He would be set down as odd, ill-natured, and critical, be cut by his friends, ridiculed by his enemies, and probably own after a winter's campaign, "that private and individual truth often proves a curse." But though there are no doubt some (though from such fool-hardy persons I desire to be preserved,) who have the courage to speak the truth at all times, and to all persons, who among us dare speak the truth to himself—to his own heart—after driving a sharp bargain—refusing the call of charity—looking back as we now do, on a year elapsed. We are certain there are not many; may be there are a few; perhaps, none. I think we must all come under this head, as liars, and liars to one who is most concerned to know the truth.

We can frequently discover the aim of those whose aim it is to impose on others, but who among the race of men, shall point out the person who is most successful in deceiving himself. Therefore, all hail! brother liars—we have found a spot at last where we can meet on equal terms—that spot is the human heart! And all hail, dear, sweet falsehood! Thou art at all times welcome to all classes and all conditions. At times thou art exhaled in the breath of flattery, again thou hidest thyself under the wing of fear; now thou art kneeling at Mammon's golden altar, and now pouring out thy vows at the feet of beauty. It is thy gloss which often throws itself over the damaged goods of the shopman, and bears them, to his joy away. It is thy voice which has often cheered my heart when weighed down with the sober truths of life. It is thy flattering voice which alone never seems harsh in the social circles. It is thy voice by which all who have deceived, will in turn be deceived, and that finally shalt deceive thyself.

If the reader's own experience does not convince him that the above remarks are correct, he had better reject them, as the writer is proud to sign himself one of the greatest liars in the country.

P. G.

POETICAL LICENSE.

The following whimsical anecdote is related in the *Life of Kotzebue*, translated from the German:—

I wrote, says Kotzebue, a tragedy, in five acts, Demetrius, Czar of Moscow. It was founded on the well known story of the real or pseudo Demetrius, who, tradition says, was murdered when a child, at Uglitsch; but suddenly started up some time after, and, being supported by the Poles, dethroned the hypocrite Boris Gudenow. It ought to be remembered that the best historians are divided upon the question, whether this Demetrius was an impostor or not. It suited, however, my poetical fancy not to let him appear as such. When my tragedy was finished, I read it to a small select circle, which included the Prussian Ambassador at the Russian court, and the President of the Academy of Arts at Petersburg, both men of acknowledged taste. It was approved, and General Baur ordered it to be performed. Splendid scenery and magnificent old Russian dresses were prepared. As the general had been intrusted by his sovereign with the sole management of the theatre, he thought it unnecessary to submit the manuscript to the censor, and this neglect had nearly proved fatal; for when the day of the first representation of my tragedy was fixed, and announced in all the public prints, the minister of the police sent one morning to the theatre and prohibited its performance. Ejala, the stage-manager, ran, alarmed, to General Baur, who hastened to the minister of police to assure him that the piece was perfectly harmless and inoffensive: but there had been an ukase issued by Peter the Great, which expressly declared this Demetrius an impostor. How then could I have the audacity of presenting my hero to the public as Czar of Moscow? Regard for General Baur, however, at length induced the minister of the police to consent to my tragedy being acted; but he despatched an officer to me with the injunction to alter the piece so far that Demetrius should be publicly unmasked and branded as an ardent impostor. In vain did I represent to the police officer that I might as well cast the whole drama into the flames; he insisted upon this single trifling alteration. The general again interceded in my behalf, and the police was at last satisfied with my own solemn written declaration, that, in conformity with the imperial ukase, I was perfectly convinced that Demetrius was an impostor, and the liberty which I had taken of representing him otherwise in my tragedy was a mere poetical license. The play was then performed and received with very great applause.

THE AIMS AND PROSPECTS OF LIFE.

Not only distant aims are never sure to be attained, but are not even sure, when attained, to afford the happiness they promise. They resemble the regions which from the mountain's summit I spy at its base. Viewing these from afar, the valleys indeed appear a level plain; and it seems as if the moment I set foot within their boundaries, all fatigue is to cease, and a delicious saunter over a velvet turf is to terminate my journey. But this apparently even surface—what hidden pools, and torrents, and quagmires, may I not still find it to contain—a thousand times more irksome than the steep and rugged path along which I toiled! As it is with these valleys, so it fared, I thought, with every object of human pursuit. When considered in the gross, and from that point of view from whence only its leading features could be discerned, each alike promised a series of unalloyed enjoyments. But how different the scene, when we approached within sight of the minutest details! what numberless little troubles, nameless inconveniences, and hourly cares unthought of before, often started up when in possession, inch by inch, to devour like a gnawing worm that felicity which, viewed from a distance, seemed so entire! What diminutive insects will, by their numbers, consume the finest fruit ere it be ripe for gathering! Upon this principle I now renounced all distant pursuits, and resolved only to seek the enjoyments within my immediate grasp—forgetting that many objects, even though we should never approach them near enough to impress the sense of touch, may still, by their towering splendour, long at least gladden the sight of the fancy; that the pleasure, whether it ac-

tually thrills the body or only warms the mind, still, while it lasts, is pleasure: and that he manages his means of happiness but poorly, who, while his existence affords ample room both for realities and dreams, gives up the smiling visions of the future, in his blind devotion to the present. Indeed, in my ardor for tangible enjoyments, I went so far as to deem unworthy of my seeking every present pleasure itself, which rose beyond those of the most grovelling description. Who, cried I, would only contemplate the gilded clouds over his head, that could cull around his very feet rich fruits and fragrant flowers! Let those rest their hopes solely on the airy phantoms of the imagination, who possess not the means to taste the daintier sweets of the senses. I, in whose composition flesh and blood more than balance soul and intellect, am impelled to follow a different course, and to gather all I can of the milk and honey which bountiful nature, the true Ephesian Diana, pours from the thousand streams which cover her bosom.

From the Berkshire American.
NEVER QUARREL

With your Physician, because he may—mix poison with your physic! No, that is a stale notion; no physician is such a blockhead as to deprive himself of a future patient to gratify present resentment. Bleed you with a dull lancet! He may, or he may not. Refuse to go with break-neck haste when he is sent for to cure the scratch of a pin! No; but he may be malicious enough to set your bed-ridden uncle upon his legs again, and keep you out of an expected legacy for ten years longer.

With your Butcher, because he may—knock you down with his cleaver! No. Supply you with horse meat, and call it beef! No. Set his ferocious dog upon you as you pass by his stall! No—none of these things—but ten to one he will foot up his bill.

With your Baker, because he may—forget your daily bread! No. Supply you with cold instead of hot rolls to your coffee! No. Mix plaster of Paris with the staff of life, and swear it is prime Genesee or Howard street! No. Make his loaves too light! No: but he may make them so heavy as to give you the dyspepsia, and send you to the world of "grimly ghosts," on a nightmare.

With your Vintner, because he may—stop your supply of liquors! No. Trick you off with a villainous compound of cider, alum and logwood, and call it Port wine! No. Put Chamber's medicine in your next supply of liquors! No—but he may swear positively that you are no judge of liquors.

With your Landress, because she may—forget to starch your ruff! No. Fill your cravat with *dolichos pruriens*? No. Thrust a chestnut burr into the foot of your stockings! No—but the poor woman, in a moment of vexation, may perhaps declare that you have not paid your washing bill for the last two years, and that her children are starving for bread.

With any body with whom you may have accounts of long standing, because in a majority of cases your antagonist will have no more conscience than to demand a short reckoning.

In short, never quarrel with any body except your wife or sweetheart, and with them only for the pleasure of making up again.

OTTO OF ROSES.

The usual method of making it is, to gather the roses with their calyces, and put them into a still with nearly double their weight of pure spring water; which, when sufficiently distilled, will be highly scented with roses; this is then poured into shallow vessels and exposed to the nocturnal air. Next morning, the *Atar*, or essential oil of the flowers is found swimming in small congealed particles on the surface of the water; it is carefully collected and preserved in small glass bottles." A hundred pounds of the flowers scarcely afford in India two drachms of essential oil. "Cen livres de petalias de Roses," says a French chemist, "Ne'en fournissent par la distillation que quatre drachmes." Tac-henius from the same quantity obtained half an ounce, and Hoffman a much larger proportion. The trials of other chemists have been attended with various results. It is most difficult to procure the genuine Otto of Roses, since even in the countries

where it is made, the distillers are tempted to put sandal wood, scented grasses, and other oily plants into the still with the roses, which alter their perfume, and debase the value of the *Atar*; colour is no test of genuineness; green, amber, and light red or pink. The hues of the real otto, are also those of the adulterated; the presence of the sandal wood may be detected by the simple sense of smelling; but in order to discover the union of a grosser oil with the essential, drop a very little otto on a piece of clean writing paper, and hold it to the fire; if the article is genuine, it will evaporate without leaving a mark on the paper, so ethereal is the essential oil of roses! if otherwise, a grease spot will declare imposition. I need scarcely expatiate upon the delicate and long-continuing fragrance which this luxuriant perfume imparts to all things with which it comes in contact; it is peculiarly calculated for the drawer, writing-desk, &c. since its aroma is totally unmingled with that most disagreeable effluvia, which is ever proceeding from alcohol. Lavender water, *esprit de rose* &c. &c. are quite disgusting shut up in box drawer, but the *Atar Gul*, is as delightful there as in any most open and airy space.

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1820.

Now subscribers can be furnished with the "*American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*," from the commencement of the present volume. Also, a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

In another column will be found the report of Mr. Mosely, the special commissioner of the state, appointed to investigate the Morgan affair. Our readers must make their own summary of its contents.

GOVERNOUR'S MESSAGE. The message of Governor Van Beuren, made to the legislature of this state on Tuesday last, is the longest document of the kind which has "appeared this season." There is nothing very brilliant in it, nor very new, if we except the plan of making banks responsible for each other's honesty. The finances of the state are represented as being in a fair condition. The surplus income of the canal fund, for the last year, amounts to about \$410,755. Since the completion of the Erie and Champlain canals, \$384,615 of the canal debt has been discharged, and no part of the remainder (\$7,730,145) is payable till 1837, and the greater part of it not till 1845 and 1846. The returns in relation to the common schools exhibit the most gratifying results. "The number of organized common schools is 8,122; in which, 467,947 scholars have been instructed during the average period of eight months." On the subject of banks the governor treats largely, and seems to think (though he does not absolutely recommend the measure) that it would be a very good plan to appropriate "a part of their income towards a common fund, to be placed under the controul of the state," in order to create a responsibility "for any loss the publick may sustain by the failure of any one or more of them." We hope that this measure, or some one equally capable of benefiting the publick, may be entered into; for at present, a man scarcely knows whether he is rich or poor, unless he has something better than bank bills to rest an opinion upon. The message relies upon its plausibility for its popularity, and the governor "trusts" in the "wisdom of the legislature" and in the "favour of Divine Providence" for the successful issue of all his recommendations and semi-recommendations.

ROBERT MORRIS. Our readers may recollect that in our hasty and brief notice of the *Legendary* we mentioned the name of this individual, and connected it with certain words, not quite so respectful in their bearing as some others which might have been chosen had we entertained a more profound respect for sundry effusions, emulating poetry, which had accidentally, and otherwise, been subject to our observation. At the time of putting those remarks in type, (for they were never written,) nothing was farther from our thoughts than an allusion to the personal character of Robert Morris: for any thing that we know, he may be

one of the cleverest* and most amiable fellows in the world. We are not aware that we ever spoke to, or even looked upon, the gentleman; and to prevent all mistakes on this subject in future, we assure him, that we shall never attempt to extract an opinion of his *personal* worth from such shallow stuff as his *poetry*.

This acknowledgement is called for by a note which we received on Tuesday evening, professedly from the editor of the Philadelphia Album, and probably from Mr. Morris himself, setting forth, that we had "wantonly and unjustly abused a young writer," and so forth. Now, we especially deny the correctness of this charge, and think that the gentleman is as deeply indebted to the sensitive qualities of his nerves, as to our language, for his grievances. If any other construction can honestly be given to our words than that of an allusion to the literary portion of their subject, we freely say, they express more than we intended they should. The poetical ambition of Mr. Morris would be a matter of total indifference to us, did not its fruits occasionally interfere with the pleasures of our very few leisure moments. And having laid the Token and the Legendary upon the shelf, and not enjoying an exchange with the Philadelphia Album, he would have slipped from our thoughts without being missed, and been left to "waste his sweetness" in his own proper sphere, even had not a friend whispered to us that he was too small matter to deserve any further notice.

* According to the Yankee—not the British—meaning of the term.

MR. MOSELY'S REPORT.

To his Excellency the Governor of the state of New York:

The undersigned having received a commission from the executive department of the government, under the act passed on the 15th April, 1826, deems it proper, as well to comply with what may be considered an implied requisition of the law imposing special duties, as to meet a reasonable public expectation, to report to that department the progress which has been made under it, so far forth as the present condition of the subject renders it practicable.

In proceeding to "institute inquiries concerning the abduction of William Morgan, and his fate subsequently thereto," as rejoined by the act, the first question which presented itself was, whether the statute contemplated an original and primary course of legal prosecution, or to embrace the subject in its existing condition? At the time of the passage of the law, one indictment in relation to the transaction, had already been brought to a successful termination, and others had been recently presented before the proper tribunals. To disregard these and commence a new, would seem to be a work of supererogation, and to a certain extent, would render the law ex post facto in its operation. The alternative was to proceed with the investigation in the suits already instituted, and this has been done in those cases in which there was good reason to believe they were founded upon a sufficient legal basis.

In relation to the first branch of the inquiry, the prosecutor has proceeded with as much diligence as the facilities afforded by the organization of the courts of law would admit.

One indictment has been tried, which resulted in the conviction of the party charged, and in which suit a question of law is reserved for the decision of the supreme court. At the sittings of the court of oyer and terminer in and for the county of Niagara, in November last, several other cases were prepared and ready for trial, but which were necessarily postponed, upon the application of all of the defendants, in consequence of the absence of witnesses whose testimony was proved to be material. Two other indictments have been delayed in consequence of the sittings of courts in different counties in the same week, and the intrinsic difficulties attending them. However desirable it might have been to have brought this investigation to a close during the current season, the delay arises from the necessary imperfectness of human systems, a sacred regard to the principle, that every one is presumed to be innocent until his guilt is established, and the preservation of rights, which men, though charged with crime, may constitutionally protect.

The voluminous nature of the testimony taken would seem to forbid its introduction into a communication of this kind; besides it is somewhat inchoate and would be exparte in its statement. Certain facts, however, appear to be affirmatively established. In pursuing their investigations in the physical sciences, men yield not their assent to proposition until their truth is evidenced by experience or demonstration. But in asserting civil rights, and in the conviction and punishment of offences against the laws, we necessarily resort to and rely upon human testimony. When this goes to establish a fact beyond reasonable doubt, it entitles itself to belief, and upon this foundation rest our civil institutions.

From testimony thus disclosed, it appears, that William

Morgan, a citizen of this state, was taken from the goal of the county of Ontario, into which he had been committed under circumstances of peculiar aggravation and cruelty; and was from thence transported, under duress of imprisonment, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, to the county of Niagara, and was placed in confinement in the Magazine in Fort Niagara, situated at the confluence of the Niagara river with lake Ontario, on the morning of the fourteenth of September aforesaid.

Here are the boundaries of the testimony. As to "his fate subsequently thereto," it is not yet developed; nor can it be anticipated, with much confidence, to be judicially determined, by any tribunal over which men have controul.

It is not believed to be within the legitimate purpose of this report, to speak of societies or denominations of men, but of men as individuals, citizens of a commonwealth. As such, and many of them acting in concert, upon their own responsibility, they manifested the deliberate purpose of withdrawing the subject of these inquiries from the protection of the laws and the government under which he lived, and subjecting him to the controul of themselves, and to be placed at the mercy of their own passions. He had offended against no law, recognized in the code of any civilized nation; and was taken away without any legal process or pretence of authority.

At the time of the commission of this offence, and until the passage of the law of 16th April 1827, by which similar offences were made felony, and punishable by imprisonment in the state prison not exceeding fourteen years, it amounted only to a misdemeanor. Three of the agents in the transaction were subjected to trial soon after its occurrence, and promptly met the retributions of the law, at a court of oyer and terminer held in January 1827, and were sentenced to imprisonment in the county goal for different periods; the term of one of which it yet unexpired.

From this statement, it will be perceived what progress has been made under the act; and, so far as the testimony warrants, the nature of the transaction.

It ought to be remarked, that the situation of some of the witnesses on the part of the prosecution, is such as to present the question whether pecuniary relief ought not to be afforded. I allude to that class of witnesses, who, it is believed, do not come within the letter, nor perhaps the spirit of the law, making provision for the payment of witnesses unable to support themselves. Though not in a situation to avail themselves of that statute, yet the frequency of their attendance at court, and at great distances from home, has subjected them to expenses which they are illy able to defray.

Which is submitted with the highest respect,

By your obedient servant,

DANIEL MOSELY.

Onondaga, December 25, 1826,

ANTI-MASONRY. A number of Solomon Southwick's disciples have long been striving, doubtless with great sincerity and disinterestedness, to disturb the good people of these regions with the Morgan question. A convention has been held at Dedham, and a long report of its proceedings appears in the Patriot of this morning. One of the resolutions denounces "all secret societies,"—therefore, ye religious associations—ye political, charitable, and social institutions of every name and nature—ye jurymen—ye national senators—ye families of men, women, and children—throw open the doors of your sanctuaries, hereafter hold no communion in which the whole world may not freely participate, and transact no more business in private.

Another resolution condemns certain titles, such as Grand High Priest, &c. &c., as absurd, foolish, and anti-republican; yet, in the course of the proceedings of this sapient body, there are no less than half a dozen Esquires, two or three Reverends, &c. recognized as among its members. "Masonry," says another resolve, "gratifies some, from the consideration that they can in a lodge room accost as a brother, a judge or a governor!" Very anti-republican, truly!

But the most important matter is the promotion of captain William Morgan to the enviable rank and title of *Martyr*, as per Resolution VIII.—wherefore, let posterity, and all "future historians" consider the captain as regularly canonized.

[Boston Bulletin.]

OREGON SETTLEMENT. The mouth of Columbia river, as it was named by white men, or Oregon, as the natives call it, seems destined soon to become the scene of busy trade, as it may be apprehended it will, in future times of combat and bloodshed, among the rival commercial nations of the earth. Already, in fact, has the British government, in the true character of Englishmen, extended her jurisdiction over all north-west America, not already in the occupancy of some other power. And nothing remains for the government of the United States but to take possession of the immense and important territory west of the Rocky Mountains, washed by the Pacific Ocean, and extending to the 61st degree of north latitude. One of the objects contemplated in establishing the authority of this government at the mouth of the Oregon, is the assumption and protection of our rights, now seriously menaced by the all-grasping hand of Great Britain.

A voyage to China from the mouth of the Oregon is performed in about thirty days. How splendid is the vision which the imagination frames of the greatness and power of the republic; extended, not by conquest, but by the enterprise of her citizens, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean; united together, and chained as it were to indissoluble union, by interests the most powerful, and by means of easy internal communication, wonderfully designed by heaven, and still more wonderfully increased by the wisdom and industry of man. Soon shall we see the vast regions of the Mississippi covered with a population like our own, and supplied with merchandize from a city that shall be formed at the mouth of the Oregon. The rivers will be traversed with steamboats, and the Rocky Mountains will be scaled with canals and rail-roads, and it would not be singular if the merchants of New-Orleans should, in a few years open a trade with China by the way of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Oregon.

It is a few leagues further from the Oregon river to Canton than from Boston to London.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE. We give the following paragraph as we find it in a morning paper:—Captain Dunlevie of the Sarah Thornton, who arrived early this morning from New-Orleans, states that the captain of the revenue cutter at New-Orleans was a passenger on board the steam-boat which towed him down, and informed him that orders had been given not to ship goods in French vessels, as war had been declared between France and England.

[N. Y. Statesman.]

RUSSIAN UNIVERSITY. From a report made in June last by professor Bonditsky, the secretary of the Imperial University of St. Petersburg, it appears that the number of students in 1825 was thirty; in 1826, sixty-six; in 1827, one hundred and thirty-two; and in the last year, one hundred and fifty—not including the pupils in the "Noble Establishment," which was one hundred and three. In 1826, the number of seminaries subordinate to the University, was 10,610; in 1827, 11,209. There are 800 teachers connected with these establishments. It is estimated that, in the nine governments or districts of Russia, which send pupils to these schools, about one scholar is sent out of every 555 inhabitants.

[Boston Bulletin.]

UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW. A farmer is now confined in the King's Bench prison under these circumstances: He impounded some sheep that broke into his ground and destroyed several apple trees, and one guinea was estimated for the damage done, when the farmer offered to take three shillings. The party who owned the sheep replevied, and took the cause into the county court; then moved it into the King's Bench, and tried the cause at the assizes, and got a verdict of seven guineas against the farmer, and costs £127. Execution was issued against the farmer's goods, all of which were sold for £70. The witnesses the farmer took to the assizes cost ten pounds, and his own attorney's bill, now due, £70, and the prisoner was walked near 150 miles to surrender to his bail.

Potatoe Farina. The farina obtained from potatoes is now an article of commerce in Scotland, where very fine samples of it are brought to market. It is said to be quite equal to arrow root, and is sold at about half the price of that preparation. Mixed with wheaten flour in the proportion of one third, it is a great improvement to household bread, and is light of digestion. Sir John Sinclair's mode of preparing the farina is perhaps generally known; but the following short account of the process for domestic use may not be uninteresting. Into a pail of clean water place a fine colander or coarse sieve, so that it may be two inches in the water; grate the potatoes when pared into the colander, taking care from time to time to agitate the pulp in the colander, so that the farina may fall to the bottom of the pail. When the fibrous part which remains in the colander or sieve, has accumulated so as to impede the washing of the farina into the pail, remove it. About one gallon of potatoes is sufficient for a pail of water. After the water has remained in an undisturbed state for twelve hours, pour it off, the farina will be in a cake at the bottom. It is to be dried slowly before the fire, being rubbed occasionally between the hands to prevent its becoming lumpy; and it is then fit for use. The French prepare an extract from the apple in the same way; but this is expensive, as the farinaceous part of the apple is very small.

* Published in the Record, present volume, No. 4, page 379



Nov. 9, 1826.

REMOVAL.—ALFRED A. WELLS have removed from No. 4 Green st. to 421 South Market street, opposite James Gould's Coach Maker's shop, where they intend to carry on the SADDLERY, HARNESS AND TRUNK making business, in all its various branches. Military Caps and Horse Blankets made according to order, and on the shortest notice. All orders from the country, thankfully received and promptly attended to. Thankful for past favours, they hope to merit a continuance of the same.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record, and Saturday Magazine:

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

Thou Hour of Love! Mem'ry shall cling
With fervour fond to thee,
My dreaming spirit frequent wing
Its mystick flight, and visions bring
That hour again to me.

That roseate hour of dear delight
Shall ever joy impart,
Shall shine, in beaming beauty bright,
Through fortune's day, and sorrow's night,
The beacon to my heart.

Albany, January, 1829.

From Friendship's Offering, for 1829.

SWORD CHAUNT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

FROM THE GERMAN.

'T is not the gray hawk's flight
O'er mountain and mere;
'T is not the fleet hound's course
Tracking the deer;
'T is not the light of hoof print
Of black steed or gray,
Though sweltering it gallop!
A long summer's day—
Which mete forth the lordships
I challenge as mine:

Ha! ha! 't is the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches
And numbers define.
Land Giver! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses,
Base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships
I owned at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute,
When I point with my sword.
East, west, north, and south,
Shouting, "There am I lord!"
Wold and waste, town and tower,
Hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway,
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules Fate, is
This falcion's red gleam.
Might Giver! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harp's sound;
In brave bower and hall;
I've drank the sweet musick
That bright lips let fall;
I've hunted in greenwood,
And heard small birds sing—
But away with this idle
And cold jargon;
The musick I love, is
The shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields Death's sickle,
And garners the grave.
Joy Giver! I kiss thee.

Fair Isles of the ocean
Thy lightning hath known,
And wide o'er the main land
Thy lightning hath shone.
Great sword of my father,
Stern joy of his hand,
Thou hast carved his name deep on
The stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory
Of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes,
And scourge of the strong,
Fame Giver! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding
Than that the heart knows,
For maiden more lovely
Than summer's first rose,
My heart's knit to thine,
And lives but for thee.
In dreamings of gladness
Thou'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness
In some battle-field,
Where armour is ringing.

And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet,
Stout hauberk and shield,
Death Giver! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye
Soon may depart;
And light is the faith of
Fair woman's heart:
Changeful as light of clouds,
And wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern
Weak woman's mind.
But thy metal's as true
As its polish is bright;
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber,
But, star like, burns fiercer,
The darker the night.

Heart Gladner! I kiss thee.
My kindred have perished
By war or by wave—
Now, childless and sireless,
I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory
Is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber
Below the browa heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom,
And with it decay—
While harps shall be ringing,
And scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in
Our old fearless day.
Song Giver! I kiss thee.

From the Literary Souvenir.

THE CAPTIVE OF ALHAMA.

Said to be from the pen of Lord John Russell.

The Moslem star was on the wane,
Eclipsed the Paynim powers,
And the haughty lord of Christian Spain
Besieged Granada's towers;
Gonsalvo, with a hundred knights
Of Leon's chivalrie,
Well posted on Alhama's heights,
Staid succour from the sea.

One morn a Moorish youth was led
To brave Gonsalvo's tent,
His escort from the field had fled,
And his horse had fallen o'erspent;
He hung his head in speechless grief,
As the tear rolled down his cheek,
And scornful looked each mailed chief,
To behold a youth so weak.

"Is it a girl," Gonsalvo cries,
"That in our toils is caught?
That thus it weeps, in woman's guise,
Where its fierce forefathers fought?"
"Nay, hear my tale," exclaimed the youth,
His eye one moment brightning,
"And Allah, if I speak not truth,
Consume me with his lightning!"

From beauteous Malaga I came,
But by no beaten way;
Superb Granada was my aim—
Wo, wo the luckless day!
For had I in my journey sped
To Darro's rushing water,
This morn Zorayda I had wed,
Granada's fairest daughter!

If pity then, or love's sweet power,
E'er touched thy gallant breast,
But grant me freedom for an hour—
To the car I give the rest;
These few bright moments yield in grace,
My mournful fate to tell,
To see once more Zorayda's face,
And take my long farewell!"

Gonsalvo had no marble heart,
Albeit his look was stern;
He bade the Moorish youth depart,
And ere set of sun return:
Each pass and strait the chieftain eyed,
Yet sometimes turned his head,
To mark how down the mountain side
His captive fealty sped

The Seirra's dazzling peak of snow
Yet blushed with rosy light,
When again the grieving Moor bowed low
Before the Christian knight;
But alone he came not, as he went,
For a damsel pressed his arm,
Faint as a rose by tempests bent,
And quivering with alarm.

Awhile they stood in speechless gloom—
She looked at him and wept;
And the knights still reckless of his doom,
An equal silence kept.
At length the maid unveiled her head,
She knelt at the chieftain's knee,
Few were the stifled words she said,
But he well could guess the plea.

"Gazul, thy captive, Christian knight,
Is here by solemn vow—
He was my lover yesternight,
He is my husband now;
Without him life to me is vain,
And its sounding pageants hollow,
With him I have promised to remain;
Him, him alone, I follow.

'T was for me he dared, unwisely brave,
The ambushed road to take;
He was your foe, he is your slave,
But he suffers for my sake;
Ah! then, his love still let me share,
To whom I've pledged my oath;
The fetters if you will, prepare,
But let them bind us both!"

Knights, little used to pity, sighed,
They softened to his suit;
For her voice to their hearts was felt to glide
Like musick from a lute.
"Our arms," Gonsalvo said, "achieve
The buttress, not the bower:
My falcion's edged the oak to cleave,
And not to crush the flower.

Peace be to both! you both are free!
Live happy; and when'er
To you a Christian bends his knee,
Believe Gonsalvo there!"
They silent kissed his robes, and sped
To their own dear Darro's water;
And thus Gazul Zorayda wed,
Granada's noblest daughter.

From the London Weekly Review.

SYSIPHUS.

Through ages eternal in anguish,
It is thine thy burthen to roll,
In hope still permitted to languish,
But ah, never to reach the goal!
So from thee in the realms where Sorrow
Repines in Despair's dim abyss,
Let the moral Muse some emblems borrow
To image Man's lot in this.

Yes, like thee in our hope we hover
'Tween the empires of Joy and Fear,
And rest for our woes we discover,
Yet it baffles our reach, though near;
Like thee do we learn that Pleasure
Beckons but to illude away;
Yet we turn to her call, and measure
Over barren sands, day by day.

Time teacheth that Beauty is fleeting;
That mocketh but Love the heart;
That all we most pine for in meeting,
But poison our peace, and depart:
Then oh, from this chilly earth turning,
Let Reflection our thoughts allure
To yon Heaven, where the stars are burning,
And the hopes, sown by Faith, endure!

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Prout's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new founts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Peculiar care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices.

Their Specimen Book has been published, and generally distributed among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new founts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Minion, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting-Room No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO.
Albany, October 4, 1828. 36 17

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the best quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1829. JOHN F. PORTER.

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. 37 Entrance from Steuben street. To city subscribers, Three Dollars a year.

ALBANY MASONICK RECORD

AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1829.

NO. 51.

MASONICK RECORD.

ADDRESS.

(Concluded.)

Disappointed and bewildered in our enquiries, let us resign our fortunes to the benign genius of masonry, as the heavenly pilot, who can safely waft us over this tempestuous sea of troubles, and moor us in a peaceful harbour, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary shall find rest. Oh! then, celestial guide, impart to us thy salutary instruction, and teach us that the only sources of real and permanent delight are the exercise of the social affections, and a well founded hope of a more refined and immortal existence, "in fairer worlds on high."

In the breast of every man, there is implanted by the author of his existence, a fondness for society and the pleasure, derived from an interchange of ideas, which is the source of friendship, wisdom and delight. In the first ages of the world, while men, from the facility of tracing their lineage to their common progenitor, could feelingly realize their consanguinity, all were but parts of one great whole, all were unatized by the pervasive soul of friendship. But the lapse of time, diversity of interests, laws, religion, manners and customs, together with the metamorphoses effected by the climate and other circumstances, have almost annihilated our consciousness of kindred affinity. Masonry presents herself as the intermedium to unite insulted individuals and nations, who, as created by one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support, and protect each other. How like a paradise would be this world, did we all live under the benign influence of a principle so noble, so heavenly, so unboundedly benevolent! All animosities, all jealousies, all local and selfish considerations would then be lost in the endearing sentiment of friendship.

"O'er the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
Aid elevating spirit of a friend,

to whom we can safely disclose our most secret thoughts, and into whose bosom we can pour our affections, and receive the invigorating wine of sympathy, of counsel and relief.

"Poor" indeed "is the friendless master of a world.
A world to purchase for a friend is gain."

Nor is this all. Masonry, elevating our views superior to the grovelling scenes and bounded horizon of this world, bids us live and die, in expectation of pure and ineffable bliss, beyond this vale of tears. Scorning all the self-consoling arguments of the atheist, and the chimerical surmises of the sceptic, in favour of an annihilation of soul and body, she bids her disciples, by the rounds of Faith, Hope and Charity, mount to the *cloudy canopy* or *starry decked* Heaven, restored to life, to joy, to sweetest reminiscence, to tenderest reunion, to grateful adoration, to intelligence never ending.

Since, if worldly wisdom has never been able to adduce conclusive arguments, drawn from reason and observation, in support of the immateriality and immortality of soul, the most learned and subtle atheists have failed to disprove it, faith directs us to impose great confidence in the promise of divine revelation, as that promise is not incompatible with reason, or more than infinite wisdom and omnipotence can execute. Then finite and impotent as we are, let us adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, "For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death;" and again, "But I am like a green olive tree in the

house of God; I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever."

Hope is the joyful companion of faith. When faith's mirror is tarnished, and reflects the evidences of invisible realities with indistinctness, hope lends her assistance, dispels the mists of darkness, and cheers us with the most invigorating visions. Withdraw the sunshine of hope from the mind, and futurity has nothing in it attractive, but all is dim obscurity, trembling apprehension, and despair!

"Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, Oh! leave the light of hope behind!
Her musing mood shall every pang appease;
And charm, when pleasures lose the power to please."

Charity recommends liberal benevolence and diffusive usefulness. It teaches us to look with lenity on the faults, frailties, and imperfections of our fellow creatures, to compassionate the miseries of the unhappy and afflicted, and to extend the hand of relief to the indigent and suffering. Hence it is deservedly esteemed the summit and cap-stone of all the other virtues, in the sacred volume of inspiration, where it said, "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness *charity*." What can be more beautiful than the description we have of this virtue, in our book of constitutions, where we are told, "that our faith may be lost in sight; hope ends in fruition; but charity extends beyond the grave to the boundless realms of eternity!"

All attempts to fix the precise epoch of the origin of free-masonry have hitherto proved abortive, and researches the most learned and recondite, have terminated in the twilight haze of conjecture and unauthenticated assertions. But if we may rely on the evidence furnished by sacred and profane history, our order must have subsisted from the remotest periods of antiquity, even in the very childhood of time.

Notwithstanding, it must be confessed that many of the circumstances on which the ancient degrees of masonry, as now conferred in our lodges and chapters, are founded, transpired at the erection, destruction and rebuilding of that splendid, sumptuous and magnificent model of architecture, the Jewish Temple at Jerusalem. And there can be no doubt that our grand master, Hiram Abiff, who was the most celebrated and accomplished artist of his, or any age, was under the immediate direction and inspiration of heaven, as God himself declares, in Exod. xxxi. iii. concerning Bezaleel and Aholiab, who superintended the erection of the tabernacle of Moses. They were "filled with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship."

When we reflect that notwithstanding the opposition of ignorance, the calumny of prejudice, the persecution of bigotry, the formidable bulls of popes, and the illiberal insinuations of ecclesiastical synods, masonry has not only maintained its primitive respectability, but made rapid accessions in every part of the globe, we are constrained to acknowledge its divine origin, and that that God, who inspired the great institution, has continually been its guardian and protector. Hence, like the Eleusinian mysteries, instituted by Ceres, while in pursuit of her daughter Proserpine, masonry was not abolished by Theodosius the Great. The rites and ceremonies, practised in the temple of Eleusis,

the principles of probity, civility, charity, and humanity inculcated there, which Pausanias was forbidden by a vision of divulge, were no doubt intended to improve the understanding and ameliorate the affections, but being established and supported by human imbecility and participated wisdom, they inherited human imbecility and participated in human ephemerality!

The temple of masonry, whose foundation is charity and benevolence, whose pillars are wisdom, strength and beauty, whose furniture is the Holy Bible, square and compass, whose ornaments are virtue and piety, whose cement is brotherly love and affection, and whose arch is the arch of heaven, has bid proud defiance to the rude buffetings of the storms, and will survive the "war of elements and the wreck of worlds." Are such the principles, tendency, origin, and prospect of masonry? Then hail! all hail!

"Hail, mystic art! ineffable! sublime!
The bond of charity mid every clime!
Whose silken cord in love fraternal binds,
Ten thousand thousand varying forms and minds,
I bid thee hail! blest magic power, 'tis thine,
Thou sun of life and light and peace divine,
One tide of bliss, fer round a world to roll,
And human nature breathes one kindred soul;
A soul that feels for joy; that melts at human woe,
And burns with kind philanthropy's celestial glow."

ELECTIONS.

Officers of Temple Chapter, in the city of Albany: J. T. B. Van Vechten, H. P.; Martin Gaylord, K.; D. P. Marshall, Scribe; J. O. Cole, Captain of the Host; Russell Watts, Principal Sojourner; E. Vanderlip, Jun. Royal Arch Captain; John Evertsen, Eli Perry, Roland Adams, Masters of the Veils; Julius Chrbch, Sec'y.; William Voorhees, Treas.

Officers of Temple Lodge in the city of Albany: D. P. Marshall, W. M.; Roland Adams, S. W.; Julius R. Ames, J. W.; Julius Church, Sec'y.; Wm. Voorhees, Treas.; Talma Hampton and S. Radliff, Deacons; J. O. Cole and Martin Gaylord, Stewards; Corn's. Higgins, Tyler.

Officers of Master's Lodge, in the city of Albany: G. W. Ryckman, Master; James Campbell, Jun. Sen. W.; Edward Livingston, Jun. W.; Rufus Brown, Treas.; H. H. Hickox, Sec'y.; J. G. Brush, Sen. D.; L. G. Taylor, Jun. D.; Joel A. Wing, John S. Walsh, Stewards; John Pearce, Tyler.

Officers of Mount Vernon Lodge, in the city of Albany: D. M'Glashan, W. M.; Russell Watts, S. W.; John Evertsen, J. W.; Eli Perry, Sec'y.; Abraham Sickles, Treas.; Giles K. Winne, Sen. Dea.; Jacob Henry, Jun. Dea.; Josiah Wynants, Stewards; Cornelius Higgins, Tyler.

Officers of Apollo Lodge, No. 49, for the ensuing year, elected at St. John's Hall, in the city of Troy, Dec. 2d. 1828:

John D. Willard, Master; Peter Sharpe, Senior Warden; Dyman Garfield, Junior Warden; Samuel Pitcher, Treasurer; Herman Griswold, Secretary; William Mather, Senior Deacon; John Clark, Junior Deacon; H. J. Rousseau and Robert D. Siliman, Masters of Ceremonies; John S. Perry and George B. Griffin, Stewards; Reuben Purdy, Jun. Tyler.

Officers of Apollo Royal Arch Chapter, No. 48,

for the ensuing year, elected at St. John's Hall, in the city of Troy, Dec. 23, 5928:

Samuel Pitcher, High Priest; Matthew Lane, K.; Stephen S. Selleck, S.; William T. Smith, C. of H.; Joseph W. Churchill, P. S.; Peter Sharpe, R. A. C.; Adna Treat, Simon Relyea and John Clark, U. of V.; Stephen R. Warren, Treas.; A. J. Rousseau, Sec.; Reuben Purdy, Jun. Tyler.

ARCANA OF SCIENCE.

TANNING.

From Brando's Lectures, published in the *Lancet*

The tanner steeps the skin at first in a weak infusion of bark, until it has acquired a nutmeg brown colour, and then he gradually increases the strength of the steeping liquors, and after a time he draws the skin out, and finds that it is converted into leather. A thick piece of hide requires ten, twelve, or fourteen months, to be converted into good leather; and when you consider the length of time consumed in the process, and the great capital necessarily employed, you can not feel surprised that various plans should have been proposed to lessen both. It was proposed to tan with warm instead of cold liquors; and although the tan appeared to promote the skins in a shorter time, the quality of the leather was so much injured, that it was soon given up. Then it was tried to force the tan through the pores of the skin, by employing great pressure; but this was not found to answer. But you may ask why the tanner does not put the skins at once into a strong liquor? The reason is, that the exterior surface of the skin would soon become tanned, and the central part would remain untanned, which, in a short time, would begin to rot and decay, and the leather so treated would soon fall to pieces. The tanner, therefore, judges of the perfection of the tanning by cutting through the leather; and if he finds it of an uniform brown colour, without any white streak in the centre, he considers that the process has been successfully conducted. It would require much time to describe all the operations of the *tan-yard*, but many of them are interesting, as regards the chemical agents employed. I might have mentioned to you, that the mode of preparing the skin for tanning, is first to soak it in lime-water, by which the hair is easily detached; but the cuticle and under part of skin, the cellular substance, are scraped off after it has been soaked in the lime-water. A great variety of substances have been used for tanning, as the acorn-cup of the oriental bark; catechu and sumach have been also used; but the oak bark is most generally used, as furnishing a large quantity of astringent matter. It is not the business of the chemist to describe the different kinds of leather, but I may just mention, that the upper leather of shoes is called *curried* leather; the leather having been tanned, is rubbed over with oil before it is dried, and it is then very flexible, pliable, and durable; but if you take a piece of dry leather, and try to rub it over with oil or grease, you can not make it enter the pores of the leather; the black colour is produced by rubbing it over with a solution of green vitriol, the sulphate of iron. Russian leather is tanned in an infusion of birch bark, and is said to be afterwards mixed with a quantity of birch tar, to give it that odour for which it is peculiar, which renders it valuable for book-binding, on account of preventing it from being attacked by insects. Tawed leather, used for gloves, is made by impregnating the skin with a liquor containing alum and salt, and afterwards washed in a mixture of yolks of eggs and water; the saline and animal matters combine, and give it that peculiar softness, and such leather is afterwards coloured as may be required; having been rolled over wooden rollers, in which are grooves, it is called *Morocco* leather. These are the principal varieties of leather employed in this country.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Changes which take place in the Domestic Animals of Europe, when transported to America.—The mammiferous animals transported from the Old to the New World are the hog, the sheep, the goat, the ass, the horse, the cow, and the dog. 1st. *The Hog*. This animal, in the hot valleys of South America, where he wanders whole days in the

woods, living chiefly upon wild fruits, loses speedily the marks of domestication, and partakes largely of the nature of the wild boar. The year 1493 was the date of his first introduction into the New World; and now he is found established from 25 degrees north latitude to 45 degrees south, and everywhere breeds as plentifully as in Europe. 2d. *The Cow*. Animals of this species appear to require a considerable quantity of salt, as a part of their nourishment. When salt is placed where they feed, they return punctually to seek it; but when this duty is neglected by their masters, the flock disperses and becomes wild. There is also a difference in the size of the udder, particularly in Columbia, where milk is not reckoned of the same importance as in Europe. 3d. *The Ass*. The ass suffers hardly any alteration either in his form or habits. In some places where he is overworked, and little cared for, he becomes deformed; but nowhere does he lose his civilization. 4th. *The Horse*. Not so with this animal: he finds chestnuts in the woods, and speedily presents one of the distinctions of wild animals—a sameness of colour, which with him is almost invariably chestnut. The amble is the pace most admired by the Columbians; they accordingly breed up their horses to this mode of motion; and it is no less remarkable than true, that with the present race the amble is the natural pace, just as the trot is with ours. 5th. *The Dog* suffers no change. 6th. *The Sheep*, in temperate, breeds as freely as in Europe, and never shows any inclination to escape from the dominion of man. In the warmer plains, they are more difficult of preservation. The wool grows slower; but if shorn at the proper time, presents nothing remarkable. If, on the other hand, this time is allowed to pass, it is detached by the shears of nature; and instead of a new crop growing, as in other cases, a short, smooth, shining hair presents itself, resembling that of the goat of the same climate. 7th. *The Goat*, although with us a mountaineer, suits better the low warm valleys of South America, than the more elevated parts of the Cordilleras. The only change it undergoes is similar to that of the cow.

ELECTROSCOPE.

The following is Mr. Sturgeon's description of the electroscope, with which his atmospheric and electrical experiments are made. From its simplicity and correctness, it seems to be a very useful instrument: "A thin wire of soft steel is covered with stout sewing silk, well waxed, round which is twisted several times a soft copper wire in the form of a spiral, leaving the ends of the latter wire two or three inches long. If sparks be taken from the kite-string by one extremity of the copper wire, the enclosed piece of soft steel becomes magnetized, and its polarity may easily be determined by applying either end to a small compass-needle, which is always to be in readiness for that purpose. That the experimenter may not be deceived, and to ensure correctness, the polarity of the steel may readily be reversed, by drawing sparks with the other end of the copper wire; and as four or five sparks will generally reverse the magnetism, the experiments may be varied several times in a few minutes. If the sparks from the spring be not sufficiently powerful, a very small jar applied to it will at all times increase their energy. As this instrument acts upon the principle of electro-magnetism, regard must be had to the direction of the spiral enclosing the piece of soft steel; so that by observing the acquired polarity, the direction of the electric current may be determined. The whole of the atmospheric-electrical apparatus, with the exception of the kite, is very conveniently carried in the pocket, and the kite itself is quite as portable as a lady's parasol.

THE TRAVELLER.

PERSIAN METHOD OF DINING.

When the concert was over, says Mr. Morier, we collected our legs under us (which, until this time, we had kept extended at our ease) to make room for the *soufras* or table cloths, which were now spread before us. On these were first placed trays of sweet viands, light sugared cakes, and sherbet of various descriptions. After these, dishes of

plain rice were put, each before two guests; then pillaus, and after them a succession and variety, which would have sufficed ten companies of our number. On a very moderate calculation, there were two hundred dishes, exclusive of the sherbets. All these were served up in bowls and dishes of fine china, and in the bowls of sherbet were placed long spoons, made of pear tree, each of which contained about the measure of six common table spoons, and with these every guest helped himself. The Persians bent themselves down to the dishes, and ate in general most heartily and indiscriminately of every thing, sweet and sour, meat and fish, fruit and vegetables. They are very fond of ice, which they eat constantly and in great quantities; a taste of which becomes almost necessary to qualify the sweetmeats which they devour so profusely. The minister, Nasim Oallah Khan, had a bowl of common rice constantly before him, which he kept eating when the other dishes were carried away. They are equally fond of spices, and of every other stimulant, and highly recommended one of their sherbets, a composition of sugar, cinnamon, and other strong ingredients. As the envoy sat next to the minister, and I next to the envoy, we frequently shared the marks of his attention and politeness, which consisted in large handfuls of certain favourite dishes. These he tore off by main strength, and put before us; sometimes a full grasp of lamb mixed with a sauce of prunes, pistachio nuts, and raisins; at another time, a whole partridge, disguised by a rich brown sauce; and then, with the same hand, he scooped out a bit of melon, which he gave into our palms, or a great piece of omelette thickly swimming in fat ingredients. The dishes lie promiscuously before the guests, who all eat without any particular notice of one another. The silence, indeed, with which the whole is transacted, is one of the most agreeable circumstances of a Persian feast. There is no rattle of plates, and knives, and forks, no confusion of lacqueys, no drinking of healths, no disturbance of carving, scarcely a word is spoken, and all are intent on the business before them. Their feasts are soon over; and although it appears difficult to collect such an immense number of dishes, and to take them away again without much confusion and much time, yet all is so well regulated, that every thing disappears as if by magic. The lacqueys bring the dishes in long trays called *conchas*, which are discharged in order, and which are again taken up and carried away with equal facility. When the whole is cleared and the cloths rolled up, ewers and basins are brought in, and every one washes his hand and mouth.

CLIMATES.

It is remarked by Tacitus, that the ancient Germans, dividing their year into three seasons, had no idea of autumn. That season, on the contrary, was better esteemed in ancient Thessaly, than either summer or spring; being remarkable for its long continuance, and its brilliant skies.

Though the summers in the Crimea are variable, the autumns pestilential, and the winters rigorous, the springs are highly delightful. The hills are covered with sheep; the air is mild; the sky serene; and the wild vine mingles in the hedges with the arbutus and jessamine. Flowers of every colour spring up in myriads; the perfumes, which ravish the senses, are unequalled by those of any other country in Europe; while the soil is capable of producing every species of fruit, that grows in France, Italy, or Greece.

The climate of the Dardanelles is delightful in the extreme; while the seasons of Syria may be said to be separated by hours; for so many varieties of climate are felt, in a short space of time, that the Arabian poets figuratively observed, "that the Sannin bears winter upon its head; spring on its shoulders; and autumn in its bosom; while summer lies sleeping at its feet."

The Morea has a climate temperate and agreeable. From April to August there is seldom rain: the most agreeable season is winter: the stars shed a golden light, unknown in ruder climates: its skies are exceedingly brilliant: and the water of its coasts, and of the Archipelago, is of a deep azure.

Mytilene was celebrated for its wine, its climate, and its women. Fragments of the finest marble attest its ancient magnificence. Croton was said, in ancient times, to have been remarkably conducive to the strength of men, and the beauty of women. The Isle of Samos consists of rocks, mountains, and precipices, interspersed with pines, mulberries, and olives, growing over mines and quarries of white marble. Thunder-storms in this island are more frequent in winter than in summer. Samos was so fertile and beautiful, that Horace applies to it the epithet *concinna*. The air in the Isle of Siphnos was so pure, that men lived longer on that island, than in any other of the Greek republics: and Rhodes, and island once so celebrated for its roses, had so mild a climate, that there was not a day in the year, in which the sun did not shine upon it. Pindar called it the daughter of Venus and the wife of Apollo.

The climate of Crete is as delightful, as its constitution was formerly excellent. Its winter of two months resemble the May of England and the April of Italy. The rest of the year is a continued succession of fine days and brilliant nights. In the day, the sky is cloudless; in the night, a countless profusion of stars, whose brilliancy is seldom obscured by vapours, renders the season of sleep more beautiful than the splendour of the day. Hence it was called "Macarias, the happy island." The ancients might well fable this country to be the birth place of Minerva, the cradle of Jupiter, and the theatre in which he consummated his nuptials.

NECROMANCY.

From Parry's Journal

The necromancer is called by the Esquimaux, Angekok. This man was, after much entreaty, prevailed upon to exhibit his supernatural powers in the captain's cabin of one of the ships. He was accompanied by his wife, and began his operations by having every glimpse of light carefully excluded: he then stripped himself naked, lay down upon the floor, and pretended that he was going to the lower regions where the spirits dwell. His incantations consisted of scarcely articulate sounds, apparently without meaning. He also practiced a kind of ventriloquism; and modulated his voice so as to give it the effect of nearness or distance, the latter designed to represent the depths to which he wished it to be believed he had descended. This farce lasted about twenty minutes; and on the re-admission of the light, the actor gave an account of his adventures, and of what the spirits had said to him. As a proof his facts and the reality of his colloquies, he produced several strips of fur which one of the spirits had fastened on the back of his skin coat while he was below, which, indeed, his wife had been busily stitching on during the dark performance. Yet by such fables and impostures he maintained his sway over his ignorant countrymen, who implicitly credited his inventions and powers. The latter were consequently invoked upon all important occasions. Thus, for example, when the animals which constitute the principal food of the Enuee became scarce, or when the supposed evil genius had taken them away from the waters and the earth to her caverns beneath, our Angekok was employed to bring them back again. This he accomplished, according to his own story, by the following means. He called to his assistance, Torngak, his familiar, and a friendly spirit, in company with whom he journeyed to the realms below, to combat with the Evil Genius. With this aid and his own address he vanquished the enemy and forced her to submit to his decrees. He then cut off the lower joints of her four fingers, and immediately the bears were released and found their way to the upper regions. His next operation was to cut off the second joints, by which the seals were liberated. The excision of the upper joints performed a like service for the walruses; and finally, by amputating the hand, the whales were freed to revisit the shores of the Esquimaux. To substantiate the truth of this grand exploit, the bloody knife with which the deed has been done is produced, and the reappearance of the bears, seals, walruses, and whales is thought infallibly to follow. Such a value is set upon the testimonies of supernatural intimacy, that the Angekok declared

that he would not exchange the spirit's gifts (one of the strips of fur) for any thing that could be offered to him; add it was with much difficulty that he was prevailed on him to barter one for some highly coveted article, but he would not part with any more.

JAVAN COTTAGES.

The cottages in Java are never found detached or solitary; they always unite to form villages of greater or less extent, according to the fertility of the neighbouring plain, abundance of a stream, or other accidental circumstances. In some provinces, the usual number of inhabitants in a village is about two hundred, in others less than fifty. In the first establishment of a village on new ground, the intended settlers take care to provide themselves with sufficient garden ground round their huts for their stock, and to supply the ordinary wants of their families. The produce of this plantation is the exclusive property of the peasant, and exempted from burden; and such is their number and extent in some regencies, that they constitute perhaps a tenth part of the area of the whole district. The spot surrounding his simple habitation the cottager considers his peculiar patrimony, and cultivates with peculiar care. He labours to plant and to rear in it those vegetables, that may be most useful to his family, and those shrubs and trees, which may at once yield him their fruit and their shade; nor does he waste his efforts on a thankless soil. The assemblage of cottages, that compose the village, become thus completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun, and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a human dwelling can be discovered; and the residence of a numerous society appears only a verdant grove, or clump of evergreens. Nothing can exceed the beauty or the interest, which such detached masses of verdure, scattered over the face of the country, and indicating each the abode of a collection of happy peasantry, add to scenery otherwise rich; whether viewed on the sides of the mountains, in the narrow vales, or on the extensive plains. In the last case, before the grain is planted, and during the season of irrigation, when the rice fields are inundated, they appear like so many small islands, rising out of the water. As the young plant advances, their deep rich foliage contrasts pleasingly with its lighter tints; and when the full-eared grain, with a luxuriance that exceeds an European harvest, invests the earth with its richest yellow, they give a variety to the prospect, and afford a most refreshing relief to the eye. The clumps of trees, with which art attempts to diversify and adorn the most skilfully arranged park, can bear no comparison with them in rural beauty, or in picturesque effect. [Ruffles Java.

THE GATHERER.

HIPPOTAMUS.

The head of a Hippopotamus has recently been brought to England, with all the flesh about it, in a high state of preservation. This amphibious animal was harpooned while in combat with a crocodile, in a lake in the interior of Africa. The head measures near four feet long, and eight feet in circumference; the jaws open two feet wide, and the cutting teeth of which it has four in each jaw, are above a foot long, and four inches in circumference. Its ears are not bigger than a terrier's, and are much about the same shape. This formidable and terrific creature, when full grown, measures about 17 feet long from the extremity of the snout to the insertion of the tail, about 16 feet in circumference round the body, and stands above 7 feet high. It runs with astonishing swiftness for its great bulk, at the bottom of lakes and rivers, but not with as much ease on land. When excited, it puts forth its full strength, which is prodigious. "I have seen," says a mariner, as we find it in Dampier, "one of these animals open its jaws, and seizing a boat between its teeth, at once bite and sink it to the bottom. I have seen it on another occasion place itself under one of our boats, and rising under it, overset it, with six men who were in it, but who, however, happily received no other injury."

At one time it was not uncommon in the Nile, but now it is no where to be found in that river, except above the cataracts.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.

Among the monkish legends and superstitions which have continued down to a comparatively recent period in England, was that of the Glastonbury Thorn, growing upon a hill in the churchyard near the abbey. It was said to have sprung from the staff of St. Joseph of Arimathea, who having fixed it in the ground with his own hand, on Christmas day, the staff took root immediately, put forth leaves, and the next day was covered with milk white blossoms. It was added that shoots from the parent stock ever afterwards continued to put forth buds on Christmas eve, and blossoms on Christmas day. It was gravely asserted in the London Evening Post, so late as 1753, that on Christmas Eve, (new style) a vast concourse of people attended the noted thorn, but to their great disappointment there was no appearance of its blowing, which made them watch it narrowly the 5th of January, the Christmay day, (old style) when it bloomed as usual. On the same evening, (the new style of Christmas of 1753) above two thousand people went with lanterns and candles to view a thorn at Quainton, in Buckinghamshire, which was known to be a slip from the Glastonbury thorn, and which also had always budded on the 24th, and blossomed on the 25th. Like the parent stock, however, it would not blossom at that season, and the clamour became so great that the ministers of the surrounding parishes were obliged to celebrate the old Christmas day as before. The superstition had this for its foundation—no more. A hawthorn had been brought from Aleppo, and planted in Glastonbury, which blossomed twice a year—once in December or January, if the season was mild. This was cut down in the civil wars. Other thorns brought from the east have been found the same as the Glastonbury thorn.

LUXURY AT ROME.

Cicero and Pompey meeting the Roman General Lucullus one day, told him they intended doing themselves the pleasure to go and sup with him that night; but on one condition only, which was, that he should have nothing extraordinary on their account. Lucullus said, that he would be most happy to receive such distinguished guests on their own terms, provided they would at least allow him to dispatch a messenger before them, to inform his servants in which apartment they should prepare the banquet. To this reasonable condition, no objection was made, and Lucullus accordingly sent word home that he would sup that evening with some friends in the Apollo. When the party arrived and sat down to table, what was the surprise of the two chance guests, to see an entertainment served up to them, which could not have cost less than fifty thousand crowns!

The secret of this splendid hospitality has been thus explained. Lucullus had a number of supper rooms, distinguished by different names, and to each of which a supper in a particular style was appropriated, and always kept in a certain state of readiness. When he sent word to his servants that he would sup in the Apollo, it was a sign to them to prepare the most sumptuous entertainment his mansion could yield.

EQUANIMITY.

The celebrated Henderson was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who getting out of temper, threw a glass of wine in his face. Mr. Henderson, applying his handkerchief, wiped himself, and coolly said, "That, Sir, was a digression; now for the argument."

PRIDE.

Diogenes being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed—"This is pride." Afterwards meeting with some Lacedemonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "This also is pride."

POPULAR TALES.

THE MAGICIAN OF VICENZA.

In the year 1796, on one of the finest evenings of an Italian autumn, when the whole population of the handsome city of Vicenza were pouring into the streets to enjoy the fresh air, that comes so deliciously along the current of its three rivers; when the Campo Marzo was crowded with the opulent citizens and Venetian nobles; and the whole ascent, from the gates to the Madonna who sits enthroned on the summit of Monte Berico, was a line of the gayest pilgrims that ever wandered up the vine-covered side of an Alpine hill; the ears of all were caught by the sound of successive explosions from a boat running down the bright waters of the Bachiglione. Vicenza was at peace, under the wing of the Lion of St. Mark, but the French were lying round the ramparts of Mantua. They had not yet moved on Venice; yet her troops were known to be without arms, experience, or a general, and the sound of a cracker would have startled her whole dominions.

The boat itself was of a singular make; and the rapidity with which this little chalupe, glittering with gilding, and hung with streamers, made its way along the sparkling stream, struck the observers as something extraordinary. It flew by every thing on the river, yet no one was visible on board. It had no sail up, no steersman, no rower; yet it plunged and rushed along with the swiftness of a bird. The Vicentine populace are behind none of their brethren in superstition, and, at the sight of the flying chalupe, the groups came running from the Campo Marzo. The Monte Berico was speedily left without a pilgrim and the banks of the Bachiglione were, for the first time since the creation, honoured with the presence of the Venetian authorities, and even the sublime podesta* himself.

But it was fortunate for them that the flying phenomenon had reached the open space formed by the conflux of the three rivers, before the crowd became excessive; for, just as it had darted out from the narrow channel, lined on both sides with the whole thirty thousand old, middle-aged, and young—men, maids, and matrons of the city, a thick smoke was seen rising from its poop, its frame quivered, and, with a tremendous explosion, the chalupe rose into the air in ten thousand fragments of fire.

The multitude were seized with consternation; and the whole fell on their knees, from the sublime podesta himself, to the humblest saffron gatherer. Never was there such a mixture of devotion. The *dowager* dropped down beside the smuggler; the *cavalier servente* beside the husband; the Vicentine patriot beside the Venetian *stirro*; the father confessor beside the blooming penitent, whom he had condemned but that morning to a week's confinement on dry bread and the breviary; the bandit beside the soldier; and even the husband beside his own wife. Never was there such a concert of exclamations, sighs, calling on the saints, and rattling of beads. The whole concourse lay for some minutes with their very noses rubbing to the ground, until they were all roused at once by a loud burst of laughter. Thirty thousand pair of eyes were lifted up at the instant, and all fixed in astonishment on a human figure, seen calmly sitting on the water, in the very track of the explosion, and still half hidden in the heavy mass of smoke that curled in a huge globe over the remnants. The laugh had proceeded from him; and the nearer he approached the multitude, the louder he laughed. At length, stopping in front of the spot where the sublime podesta, a little ashamed of his prostration, was getting the dust shaken out of his gold embroidered robe of office, and bathing his burning visage in orange-flower water, the stranger began a sort of complimentary song to the famous city of Vicenza. In Italy every man is a poet, which accounts for the Italian poetry being at this hour the very worst in the world; and panegyric is the only way to popularity, which accounts for the infinite mass of folly, laziness, beggary, and self-admiration, that makes Italy pre-eminent in masquerades, monks, madonnas, and marquises.

* The governor, a Venetian noble.

The stranger found a willing audience; for his first stanza was in honour of the "most magnificent city of Vicenza;" its "twenty palaces by the matchless Paladio;" much more "its sixty churches;" and much more than all "its breed of Dominicans, unrivalled throughout the earth for the fervour of their piety and the capacity of their stomachs." The last touch made the grand prior of the cathedral wince a little, but it was welcomed with a roar from the multitude. The song proceeded; but if the prior had frowned at the first stanza the podesta was doubly angry at the second, which sneered at Venetian pomposity in incomparable style. But the prior and the podesta were equally out-voted, for the roar of the multitude was twice as loud as before. Then came other touches on the *cavalieri serventi*, the ladies, the nuns, and the husbands, till every class had its share: but the satire was so witty, that, keen as it was, the shouts of the people silenced all disapprobation. He finished by a brilliant stanza, in which he said, that "having been sent by Neptune from the depths of the ocean to visit the earth, he had chosen for his landing place its most renowned spot, the birth-place of the gayest men and the handsomest women—the exquisite Vicenza." With these words he ascended from the shore, and was received with thunders of applause.

His figure was tall and elegant: he wore a loose scarlet cloak thrown over his fine limbs, Greek sandals, and a cap like that of the Italian princes of three centuries before, a kind of low circle of green and vermilion striped silk, clasped by a large rose of topaz. The men universally said, that there was an atrocious expression in his countenance; but the women, the true judges after all, said, without exception, that this was envy in the men, and that the stranger was the most "delightful looking *Diavolo*" they had ever set eyes on. The *cavalieri serventi* were never in less repute than within that half hour; and quarrels ensued in the most peaceable establishments, that dismissed from combing their dogs, carrying their pocket-handkerchiefs, and yawning six hours a day in their presence, full five hundred of the most faithful adorers of the most exalted matrons of Vicenza.

The stranger, on his landing, desired to be led to the principal hotel; but he had not gone a dozen steps from the water side, when he exclaimed that he had lost his purse. Such an imputation was never heard before in an Italian city; at least so swore the multitude; and the stranger was on the point of falling several fathoms deep in his popularity. But he answered the murmur by a laugh; and stopping in front of a beggar, who lay at the corner of an hospital roaring out for alms, demanded the instant loan of fifty sequins. The beggar lifted up his hands and eyes in speechless wonder, and then shook out his rags, which, whatever else they might show, certainly showed no sequins. "The sequins, or death!" was the demand, in a tremendous voice. The beggar fell on the ground convulsed, and from his withered hand, which every one had seen empty the moment before, out flew fifty sequins, bright as if they had come that moment from St. Mark's mint. The stranger took them from the ground, and, with a smile, flung them up in a golden shower through the crowd. The shouts were immense, and the mob insisted on carrying him to the door of his hotel.

But the Venetian vigilance was by this time a little awakened, and a patrol of the troops was ordered to bring this singular stranger before the sublime podesta. The crowd instantly dropped him at the sight of the bayonets, and knowing the value of life in the most delicious climate in the world, took to their heels. The guard took possession of their prisoner, and were leading him rather roughly to the governor's house, when he requested them to stop for a moment beside a convent gate that he might get a cup of wine. But the Dominicans would not give the satirist of their illustrious order a cup of water.

"If you will not give me refreshment," exclaimed he, in an angry tone, "give me wherewithal to buy it. I demand a hundred sequins."

The prior himself was at the window above his head; and the only answer was a sneer, which was loyally echoed through every cloister.

"Let me have your bayonet for a moment," said the stranger to one of his guard. He received it; and striking away a projecting stone in the wall, out rushed the hundred sequins. The prior clasped his hands in agony, that so much money should have been so near, and yet have escaped his pious purposes. The soldiers took off their caps for their discoverer, and bowed them still lower when he threw every sequin of it into the shakos of these polite warriors. The officer, to whom he had given a double share, showed his gratitude by a whisper, offering to assist his escape for as much more. But the stranger declined this civility, and walked boldly into the presence-chamber of the sublime podesta.

The Signor Dominico Castello-Grande Tremamondo was a little Venetian noble, descended in a right line from *Æneas*, with a palazzo on the Canale Regio of Venice, which he let for a coffee-house; and living in the pomp of a *magnifico* on something more than the wages of an English groom. The intelligence of this extraordinary stranger's discoveries had flown like a spark through a magazine, and the *illustrissimo* longed to be a partaker in the secret. He interrogated the prisoner with official fierceness, but could obtain no other reply than the general declaration, that he was a traveller come to see the captivities of Italy. In the course of the inquiry the podesta dropped a significant hint about money.

"As to money," was the reply, "I seldom carry any about me; it is so likely to tempt rascals to dip deeper in rogues. I have it whenever I choose to call for it."

"I should like to see the experiment made, merely for its curiosity," said the governor.

"You shall be obeyed," was the answer; "but I never ask for more than a sum for present expenses. 'Here, you fellow,' said he, turning to one of the half naked soldiery, 'lend me five hundred sequins!'"

The whole guard burst into laughter. The sum would have been a severe demand on the military chest of the army. The handsome stranger advanced to him, and seizing his musket, said loftily, "Fellow, if you won't give the money, this must." He struck the butt-end of the musket thrice upon the floor. At the third blow a burst of gold poured out, and sequins ran in every direction. The soldiery and the officers of the court were in utter astonishment. All wondered, many began to cross themselves, and several of the most celebrated swearers in the regiment dropped upon their knees. But their devotions were not long, for the sublime podesta ordered the hall to be cleared, and himself, the stranger, and the sequins, left alone.

* For three days nothing more was heard of any of the three, and the Vicenzese scarcely ate, drank, or slept, through anxiety to know what was become of the man in the scarlet cloak, and cap striped green and vermilion. Jealousy, politicks, and piety, at length put their heads together, and, by the evening of the third day, the *cavalieri* had agreed that he was some rambling actor or Alpine thief, the statesmen that he was a spy, and the Dominicans that he was Satan in person. The women, partly through the contradiction natural to the lovely sex, and partly through the novelty of not having the world in their own way, were silent; a phenomenon which the Italian philosophers still consider the true wonder of the whole affair.

On the evening of the third day a new Venetian governor, with a stately cortege, was seen entering at the Water Gate full gallop from Venice: he drove straight to the podesta's house, and, after an audience, was provided with apartments in the town-house, one of the finest in Italy, and looking out upon the *Piazza Grande*, in which are the two famous columns, one then surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, as the other still is by a statue of the founder of our faith.

The night was furiously stormy, and the torrents of rain and perpetual roaring of the thunder drove the people out of the streets. But between the tempest and curiosity not an eye was closed that night in the city. Towards morning the tempest lulled, and in the intervals of the wind strange sounds were heard, like the rushing of horses and the rattling of carriages. At length the sounds grew so loud that curiosity could be restrained no

longer, and the crowd gathered towards the entrance of the Piazza. The night was dark beyond description, and the first knowledge of the hazard that they were incurring was communicated to the shivering mob by the kicks of several platoons of French soldiers, who let them pass within their lines, but prohibited escape. The square was filled with cavalry, escorting waggons loaded with the archives, plate, and pictures, of the government. The old podesta was seen entering a carriage, into which his very handsome daughter, the betrothed of the proudest of the proud Venetian senators, was handed by the stranger. The procession then moved, and last, and most surprising of all, the stranger, mounting a charger, put himself at the head of the cavalry, and, making a profound adieu to the new governor, who stood shivering at the window in care of a file of grenadiers, dashed forward on the road to Milan.

Day rose, and the multitude rushed out to see what had become of the city. Every thing was as it had been, but the column of the lion: its famous emblem of the Venetian republic was gone, wings and all. They exclaimed that the world was come to an end. But the wheel of fortune is round, let politicians say what they will. In twelve months from that day the old podesta was again sitting in the government house—yet a podesta no more, but a French prefect; the signora Maria, his lovely daughter, was sitting beside him, with an infant, the image of her own beauty, and beside her the stranger, no longer the man of magic in the scarlet cloak and green and vermilion striped cap with a topaz clasp, but a French general of division, in blue and silver, her husband, as handsome as ever, and, if not altogether a professed *Diavolo*, quite as successful in finding money whenever he wanted it. His first *entree* into Vicenza had been a little theatrical, for such is the genius of his country. The blowing up of his little steamboat, which had nearly furnished his drama with a tragick catastrophe, added to its effect; and his discovery of the sequins was managed by three of his countrymen. As an inquirer into the nakedness of the land, he might have been shot as a spy. As half-charlatan and half-madman, he was sure of national sympathy. During the three days of his stay the old podesta had found himself accessible to reason, the podesta's daughter to the tender passion, and the treasures of the state to the locomotive skill of the French detachment, that waited in the mountains the result of their officer's diplomacy. The lion of St. Mark, having nothing else to do, probably disdained to remain, and in the same night took wing from the column, to which he has never returned.

MISCELLANY.

EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

"A wise man," said the philosopher Zeno, "will drink wine, but will not suffer himself to be intoxicated by it." "Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contentions, who hath babblings, who hath wounds without cause, who hath redness of eyes? They," saith Solomon, "that tarry long at the wine."

It may be remarked of drunkenness, that like some diseases, its paroxysms are periodical, returning regularly after longer or shorter intervals. At first a man will think it no shame to get drunk once a year, on his birth-day; he marries, and lest he should be thought to pay less regard to the birth-day of his wife than his own, gets drunk on that also; he becomes a father, and as if children brought nothing but cares with them, he drowns the remembrance of every addition to his family in wine. Then there are friends' birth-days, and great men's birth-days, and great publick occasions, all of which he must assist in celebrating; till, at length, there is scarcely a day in the year which does not furnish its apology for an anniversary debauch. What was an occasional indulgence, becomes a uniform habit; a disease, the paroxysms of which return daily and hourly, till its victim is destroyed.

Aristotle tells us, that Dionysius the Younger would sometimes continue in a state of intoxication for ninety days at a time; and that he at last

drank himself blind. It is natural that the infusion of too great a quantity of oil should extinguish the lamp.

The Emperor Zeno, who was in the daily practice of drinking till he was insensible, was taken up in one of these drunken fits, by order of his wife Ariadne, and committed to the tomb. On returning to sobriety, and to a sense of his dreadful situation, he sent forth the most lamentable cries, but hated by his wife, and detested by his people, his cries were unheeded, and he was left to perish.

Alexander the Great, after conquering the world, was conquered by a cup of wine, the great cup of Hercules, drinking off which to the bottom, he gave a loud shriek, fell back as if struck with some mighty blow, and soon after expired.

At the funeral of Calanus, a celebrated Indian philosopher, thirty of the guests died of suffocation on the spot, and a great many more of indigestion, the following day. To any one who quaffed a large quantity of liquor, without drawing breath, the company cried, "Long may you live!" and as neutrality was not tolerated at these conflicts of the stomach, the moderate drinkers were driven off with a "drink, or be gone."

Stowe relates, that in the year 1446, there was a wedding near Zeghebuick, celebrated with such intemperance, that no less than nine score persons, men and women, died of excessive eating and drinking.

Who can be surprised at such effects, when it appears from an analysis made by Mr. Brande, reported in the Philosophical Transactions for 1811, that port, and some other sorts of wines, contain about half their bulk of pure brandy? Were wine bibbers to react that every time they drink two bottles of strong bodied wine, they swallow exactly one bottle of the strongest brandy, it might tend to lessen their achievements, if it did not lessen their numbers.

Intoxication and quantity, are, it is true, things of very indefinite relation, there are men of two bottles and men of five; but nothing can be more fallacious than the bacchanalian conclusions, which are sometimes drawn from instances of great drinkers proving long lives. There was lately living at Brighton a citizen of London, who had never before been ten miles beyond the health-consuming atmosphere of the metropolis; who had, for fifty years, daily frequented an inn in Bishopsgate-Street, and during the latter days of that period, never drank less than five bottles of port per day; who had, from first to last, drank at that house alone, thirty-five thousand six hundred bottles of wine, or in convertible terms, seventeen thousand eight hundred bottles of brandy; and notwithstanding all this, was a hale old man, of not less than ninety-two years of age! Ought any man to infer from this, that he may do the like with impunity? Should we not rather conclude, that had this nonogenerian drank less, he would have lived longer! and that, but for "the sweet poison," he might have rivalled in age, a Jenkins or a Parr?

It has been justly observed, that the degree in which strong liquors may be drunk to excess, depends much on the temperature of the climate in which we live. The same indulgence which may be necessary to make the blood move in Norway, would make an Italian mad. A German, therefore, says Montesquieu, drinks through custom, founded upon constitutional necessity; a Spaniard drinks through choice, or out of the mere wantonness of luxury; and drunkenness, he adds, ought to be more severely punished, where it makes men mischievous and mad, as in Italy and Spain, than where it only renders them stupid and heavy as in Germany, and more northern countries. Accordingly, in the warmer climate of Greece, a law of Pittacus enacted, "that he who committed a crime when drunk, should receive a double punishment," one for the crime itself, and the other for the ebriety which prompted him to commit it. The Roman law, however, made great allowances for this vice; *per vinum delapsis capitalis poena remittitur*. But the law of England, considering how easy it is to counterfeit this excuse, and how weak an excuse it is, if real, will not suffer any man thus to vindicate or privilege one crime by another.

Webb, the celebrated walker who was remarka-

ble for vigour both of body and mind, drank nothing but water. He was one day recommending his regimen to a friend who loved wine, and urging him with great earnestness to quit a course of luxury by which his health and intellects would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him that he would conform to his counsel, though he thought he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees. "By degrees!" exclaimed Webb, "If you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants to pull you out only by degrees?" A smart, but after all absurd, analogy. For it is by degrees that rooted habits are best cured, and we must still say with Zeno, "a wise man will drink wine." It is not the use, but the abuse of it, which is to be condemned.

ANCIENT FLUTES AND FLUTE PLAYERS.

"The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute."

Dryden.

The ancient flutes were made of reeds, wood, and metal: they were of great importance in antiquity, and of different sorts, some of which were used in times of mirth, and others in times of mourning. The invention has been given by poets, to Appollo, Mercury, and Pan. Among the ancients they were called *fistula*, and sometimes *tibia*-pipe. Borel says the word *flute* is derived from *fluta*, the Latin for a lamprey or small eel, taken in the Sicilian seas, having seven holes immediately below the gills on each side, the precise number of those in the front of the flute. Aristotle tells us, that the flute after its first invention, was used by mean people and thought an ignoble instrument; unworthy of a freeman, till after the invasion and defeat of the Persians, whose ease, affluence, and luxury, soon rendered its use so common that it was a disgrace to a person of birth, not to know how to play upon it. Epaminondas was an able performer on the flute. The Thebans were great performers on this instrument. It appears that Alcibiades setting up for a fine gentleman, and taking the utmost care of his person, was soon disgusted with the flute, as Minerva herself had been before; for happening to see himself in a mirror while he was playing, he was so shocked at the distortion of his sweet countenance, that he broke his flute in a transport of passion, and threw it away, which brought the instrument into great disgrace among the young people of rank at Athens; however, this disgust did not extend to the sound of the flute itself, since we find by Plutarch, that the great performers upon it continued long after to be much followed and admired. Horace speaks of bands of female flute-players, some of whom existed in his time; they became so common in all private entertainments as well as at public feasts, obtruding their company, &c. unasked, that their profession was regarded as infamous, and utterly abolished. The most celebrated female flute player of antiquity was Lamia, her beauty, wit, and abilities in her profession, made her regarded as a prodigy. As she was a great traveller, her reputation soon became very extensive; her first journey from Athens, the place of her birth, was into Egypt, whither she was drawn by the fame of the flute-players of that country. Her person and performance were not long unnoticed at the court of Alexandria; however, in the conflicts between Ptolemy, Soter, and Demetrius, for the island of Cyprus, about 312 B. C. Ptolemy being defeated in a sea engagement, his wives, domesticks and military stores fell into the hands of Demetrius, Plutarch says, the celebrated Lamia was among the female captives taken in this victory. She had been universally admired at first on account of her talents, for she was a wonderful performer on the flute; but afterwards her fortune became more splendid, by the charms of her person, which procured her many admirers of great rank. The prince, whose captive she became, and who, though a successful warrior, was said to have vanquished as many hearts as cities, conceived so violent a passion for Lamia, that from a sovereign and a conqueror he was instantly transformed into a slave, though her beauty was more on the decline, and Demetrius the handsomest prince of his time, was much younger than herself; at her instigation he confer-

red such extraordinary benefits upon the Athenians that they rendered him divine honours, and as an acknowledgment of the influence which she had exercised in their favour, they dedicated a temple to her under the name of "*Venus Lamia*." Ismenias, the Theban, was one of the most celebrated performers on the flute of antiquity. Having been taken prisoner by Atheas, king of the Scythians, he performed on the flute before that rude monarch; but though his attendants were charmed so much that they applauded him with rapture, the king laughed at their folly, and said that he preferred the neighing of his horse to the flute of this fine musician. He was sent ambassador into Persia, and Lucian says that he gave three talents, or £581. 6s. for a flute at Corinth. Dorian, the celebrated flute player, was a great wit and a great glutton, and was often invited by Philip of Macedon, in order to enliven his parties of pleasure. Having lost a large shoe at a banquet, which he wore on account of his foot being swelled by the gout, "*the only harm I wish the thief, (said he,) is, that the shoe may fit him*." How great a demand there was for flutes in Athens, may be conceived from a circumstance mentioned by Plutarch, in his life of Isocrates. This orator, says he, was the son of Theodorus a flutemaker, who acquired wealth enough by his employment, not only to educate his children in a liberal manner, but also to bear one of the heaviest public burdens to which an Athenian citizen was liable, that of furnishing a choir or chorus for his tribe or ward, at festivals and religious ceremonies. Each tribe furnished their distinct chorus; which consisted of a band of vocal and instrumental performers and dancers, who were to be hired, maintained, and dressed during the whole time of the festival: an expense considerable in itself, but much increased by emulation among the richer citizens, and the disgrace consequent to inferior exhibition. The fluctuations of trade and public favour have rendered the business of boring flutes far less profitable at present than it was in the time of Theodorus. But then (says a modern writer on this subject) we had an harpsichord maker in our own country (Kirkman) who died worth £100,000. and who was as able to maintain a choir as Theodorus, or any dean or chapter of a cathedral.

THE BEARD.

The beard was given to man by nature, and, as it is with much plausibility contended, for the purpose of being worn, otherwise it would not have been conferred. Though at present it is deemed an unseemly excrescence, it was considered by all the nations of antiquity as one of the greatest ornaments of the person, and gods, as well as mortals, were supposed to be decorated with this emblem of wisdom and virility. It was fashion which first lopped its honours from the chin; fashion, which is always studying either to satisfy avidity, or to conceal imperfection.

The beard has not been less the sport of fashion than the different articles of dress. A long bushy beard was in great estimation among the Greeks and Romans, the most polished nations in the world. When the Gauls who sacked Rome under Brennus, saw the venerable beards of the Roman senators in the Capitol, they were struck with such reverential awe (for they wore no beards themselves) as for a while suspended their fury and slaughter, in order to contemplate the venerable spectacle. Homer never mentions the beard of Priam or of Nestor without respect. At Sparta and in Egypt the beard was held in such high estimation, that it was deemed a mark of wisdom. In later times it was the custom of great men to swear by their beards; and to put three hairs, plucked from their chins, upon the wax, when they were going to fix their seal to any deed.

The longest beard that is mentioned in history was that of the celebrated John Mayo, painter to the Emperor Charles V. It is said of him, that though he was very tall, his beard was so long that he could tread upon it: he was very proud of it, and had it generally tied up with great care, and fastened with a ribbon to a button hole: he used sometimes to untie it, by direction of the emperor, who, making him sit down at table with him, with all the windows open, took great delight in seeing the wind blow this long beard in the faces of his

courtiers. The reign of Henry IV. of France was the golden age of beards; then it was that the modes of cutting them were as various as those at present of dressing the hair; beards were clipped round, square, or ending in a point, shaped like a fan, or an artichoke leaf; but unfortunately Louis XIII. coming to the throne while he was still a child, and consequently without a beard, the honours of the chin were cut off; and it became fashionable to wear only a little tuft of toupee at the lower extremity of the centre or the chin. Count de Bouteville, the most famous duellist of his age, having been condemned to be beheaded for a breach of the law against duelling, and finding on the scaffold that the executioner had cut off his hair, and was preparing to cut off his whiskers also, which were large and well grown, he could not conceal the sorrow he felt at such an indignity; and endeavouring to save his whiskers, he covered them with his hand; upon which the bishop of Nantes, who was on the scaffold to attend him in his last moments, said to him—"My child, you must think no more of this world; why would you wish still to think of it?"

The bearded and the shaved chins have by turns been the objects of persecution. In many cathedrals of France the capitulary statutes had declared war against the beards of the prebendaries; or rather it had been suggested, that attached as the clergy were to their beards, a very handsome revenue might be raised from the sale of licences to them to wear beards: it was necessary therefore that an edict should first be published, forbidding the clergy to wear their beards. The celebrated Duprat, who was Lord High Chancellor of France in the reign of Francis I. was the adviser of this measure; and at the persuasion of that king, the pope published a bull, by which he enjoined the clergy of France to shave their chins; and authorized the king to levy a tax upon such of them as would wish to purchase an exemption from the ordinances of the bull. The bishops and all the possessors of fat benefices soon paid the tax, and saved their beards; but the inferior clergy, not being rich enough to purchase the privilege of preserving the covering which nature had given to their chins, were obliged to give them up to the edge of the razor.

BURMAN PAGODAS.

The last Christian Watchman contains an engraving of a Burman Pagoda, which is the frontispiece of a little volume just published in Boston. Below the engraving is the following description, from the pen of Mrs. Judson: [*Pitts. Argus*].

The Pagoda, to which such multitudes resort, is one of the largest and most splendid in the empire. To give an accurate description of this noble edifice, requires an abler pen than mine; and perhaps a better one of its construction and dimensions can not be given, than that which has already been presented to the publick by Col. Symmes, of a similar pagoda at Pegue. The beauty and variety of its appendages, however, are far superior. After having ascended the flight of steps, a large gate opens, when a wild, fairy scene is abruptly presented to view. It resembles more the descriptions we sometimes have in novels, of enchanted castles, or ancient abbeys in ruins, than any thing we ever meet in real life. The ground is completely covered with ludicrous objects, which meet the eye in every direction, interspersed with the banyan, cocoa-nut and toddy trees. Here and there are large open buildings, containing huge images of Gaudama; some in a sitting, some in a sleeping position, surrounded by images of priests and attendants, in the act of worship, or listening to his instructions. Before the image of Gaudama are erected small altars, on which offerings of fruit, flowers, &c. are laid. Large images of elephants, lions, angels, and demons, together with a number of indistinguishable objects, all assist in filling the picturesque scene.

The ground on which this pagoda is situated, commands a view of the surrounding country, which presents one of the most beautiful landscapes in nature. The polished spires of the pagodas, glistening among the trees at a distance, appear like steeples of meeting-houses, in our American sea-ports. The verdant appearance of the coun-

try, the hills and valleys, ponds and rivers, the banks of which are covered with cattle, and fields of rice; each in their turn, attract the eye, and cause the beholder to exclaim, "Was this delightful country made to be the residence of idolators? Are those glittering spires, which, in consequence of association of ideas, recall to mind so many animating sensations, but the monuments of idolatry?" O, my friends! scenes like these, productive of feeling so various and opposite, do, notwithstanding, fire the soul with an unconquerable desire to make an effort to rescue this people from destruction, and lead them to the Rock, that is higher than they. We feel strongly encouraged to hope, though our present prospects are not very flattering, through the prayers and intercessions of our dear American friends, that this rural, this delightful country, will one day be inhabited by the friends of Jesus; and that houses will be raised for his worship, on the ruins of these idolatrous monuments.

SEERS.

The word is derived from see-ers, those who have visions. An account of the second sight, in Irish called *Taush*, is thus given in Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland. "The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers that they neither see nor think of any thing else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them."

"At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me."

"There is one in Skie, of whom all his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision, the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way."

"This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not: and vice versa. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict enquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly."

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "*American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine*," from the commencement of the present volume. Also, a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY. In another column the reader will find the latest advices received from the east; and he will probably be gratified to learn that a suspension of hostilities has taken place, and that there is some prospect of a permanent peace. We are not "outrageous admirers" of the Turks, nor do we much "love" the Russian character. We are very comfortably seated upon the fence; but, to confess the truth, have a moderate desire to jump off upon the Turkish side. We feel interested in the fate of the Greeks; but the Russian invasion is one of ambition more than of justice; and now that the Greeks are in a measure "free and independent," we should be very well pleased to have the Czar soundly drubbed and inducted into a new policy. Tur-

key, however, is not sufficiently powerful to bear up single handed against the superior power of her antagonist, and those who have a friendly feeling towards her on the score of right, will therefore be happy in a continuation of peace. We think the following remarks from the Philadelphia Aurora contain the feelings and opinions of a majority respecting the Russian measures:—"In the first outbreaking of the war, sympathy for the Greeks and veneration for the Christian religion, produced a burst of applause in favour of Russia and her declaration of war against the 'Turks.' Time has been allowed for reflection, and it is perceived that the sacred names of religion and liberty, were used only to cloak dark and long cherished designs of aggrandizement and conquest. It was seen, too, that the attack was wanton, the end unlawful, and that the means by which it was to be accomplished, were bloodshed and desolation. The people of the United States, as disciples of Christ, doubtless ardently desire the overthrow of the mussulman faith, but they do not wish this to be effected by force and fraud. As patriots and champions of law and order, they must denounce the Russian invasion, and as men and fathers, they must mourn over desolated cities, widowed mothers, and fatherless children, left in the track of the ruthless invaders. As far as order and civilization are concerned, nothing, perhaps, would be gained by placing the Ottoman sceptre in the hands of the autocrat, therefore, justice and humanity would alike suffer in the means and the end, and it is extremely doubtful whether religion would gain anything by the alteration."

DR. CHESTER. The death of this individual has created an unusual sensation in this city. He died at Philadelphia, on the 12th instant. Universally esteemed for his piety, and admired for his abilities, it is not strange that his loss should be deeply regretted. As observed by a correspondent in the Argus of to-day, "to say that the death of such a man is a public loss, is but to give utterance to the common feelings of our city. To say that to his family and immediate connexions it is irreparable, is to confess what all must feel—our inability to comfort or console them. Yet in the midst of the gloom and despondency which such a providence is calculated to produce, we would 'take courage and thank God,' that he was pleased to raise up such a man as John Chester; to endow him with such high capacities to be useful; to spare him for so long period to the church and to the world; and to make him in life and in death, a bright example of the excellency of virtue, and the triumphs of faith."

✂ "L." shall be inserted next week.

SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA. A preamble and resolutions, having for their design the ultimate, gradual abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, were presented to the House of Representatives on the 6th inst. by Mr. Miner. The house decided, yeas 104—nays 70, that the subject should be considered by the Committee of Congress on the District of Columbia.

ITEMS. Bolivar is preparing for war against Peru, and will go first against Popayan. He has ordered a squadron from Porto Cabello round to the Pacific. Bolivar has issued a decree admitting the produce of Spain and her colonies, in neutral vessels. [The New-York Gazette says sugar and tobacco are excepted.] If Spain will admit Colombian vessels and produce, Colombia will reciprocate it.—About half an acre of the rock at Niagara falls broke off lately, and fell into the chasm below with a terrific noise, which was heard at the distance of seven miles. The rock which fell formed one of the corks of the horse shoe.—It is said, in a letter from Paris that much encouragement is given to the following new invention for heating rooms. "A piece of quick lime dipped into water, and shut hermetically into a box constructed for the purpose, gives almost a purgatory heat, and prevents the necessity of fire during the winter." How large a piece?—The bank of the United States has declared a semi-annual dividend of three and a half per cent. payable after the 15th instant. In Bolton, recently, an eagle, weighing ten pounds, was caught in a trap set for a fox, by a son of Major Barrett. The mate was caught in a second trial, and weighed twelve pounds.

—**Bets.** The supreme court of Pennsylvania have decided that bets of any kind about any human being are not recoverable in a court of justice. The reasoning is, that such bets are either malicious, indecent, or indelicate, and therefore, illegal.—**The Sky of Canada.** Says a good writer in the Montreal Herald:—"The pure and brilliant glow of the sky, during our short but luxuriant summer, is not inferior to the boasted character of an Italian atmosphere; and a Canadian moonlight loses nothing of its splendour, when placed in competition with that which glistens on the mosques and minarets of an eastern clime."—**Proposed Extension of the Credit System.** One day this week, a 'scape-gallows looking fellow from the Bay State, more recently from the Montreal jail, was brought before justice Russell, on a charge of theft. He was found guilty, and adjudged to pay a fine of five dollars, and costs of prosecution. Whereupon he very gravely proposed to "turn in some small articles, and give him due-bill for the balance," promising 'pon honour that he would "send the money the first opportunity."—**Burlington, Vt. paper.**—**Economy.** A post office in Indiana, of the name of Economy, reported to the General Post office the receipt of nine cents, during the year ending 21st of March, 1827.

CHEROKEES. The legislature of Georgia, at their late session, passed an act "to add the territory lying within the limits of this state, and occupied by the Cherokee Indians, to the counties of Carrol, De Kalb, Gwinette, Hall, and Habersham, and to extend the laws of this state over the same, and for other purposes."

By this act, white persons residing among the Cherokee Indians within the limits of the state, are made subject to the operation of its laws immediately after the passage of the act; and after the first of June, 1830, the Indians then residing there, to be subject to such laws as the legislature may hereafter prescribe—the laws, usages, and customs established by the Cherokees within the limits of the state declared null and void after the 1st June, 1830. No Indian, or descendant of an Indian, residing within the Creek or Cherokee Nations, to be a competent witness or party to a suit in any court of the state to which a white man may be a party.

ENGLISH WARS. Of the one hundred and twenty-seven years from the Revolution to 1815, sixty-five England passed in war, during which "high trials of right," 2,023 1-8 millions were expended in seven wars. Of these we give a synopsis:

War of the Revolution, 1688 to 1697	Length years.	Cost in millions.
War of Spanish Succession, 1702 to 1713	11	36
Spanish War, 1739 to 1748	9	62 1-2
Seven Years' War, 1775 to 1783	8	54
American War, 1775 to 1783	8	112
War of the French Revolution, 1793 to 1802	9	136
War against Napoleon, 1803 to 1815	12	464
		1159

Of this expenditure the government borrowed \$84 1-2 millions, and raised by taxes 1189 millions. During the 127 years, the annual poor-rates rose from three-fourths of a million to five and a half millions, and the price of wheat from 44 shillings, to 92 shillings and eight pence per quarter.

HISTORY OF BOSTON. The late Mayor, Hon. Josiah Quincy, has petitioned the Board of Aldermen for free access to the municipal papers and records, for the purpose of aiding him in writing a History of Boston, embracing the first seven years of its city government. The prayer of the petitioner was granted. The history, coming from such a pen, will be invaluable. [Boston Palladium]

ROYAL PRIVILEGES. A paper published at Brockville, in Upper Canada, in alluding to the law of our state which makes it necessary that the execution of malefactors should be performed in private, pronounces such a course murder. After arguing for the British side of the question, and maintaining that every citizen has a right to be hung publicly! he adds the following comment on the paternal care of the king in giving his subjects more rope than the Yankees are disposed to allow:—"We thank God that we live under the paternal government of Great Britain, and not under such a mobocracy as that of our neighbours." [Nat. Adv.]

THE LATEST SMYRNA NEWS. Capt. Soule, arrived at this port yesterday, from Smyrna, and who sailed November 1, informs us that no affair between the Russians and Turks, had taken place since the capture of Varna.

The Delos, which left Smyrna November 9, has arrived at Plymouth. Letters to that date, from one of the most respectable and intelligent houses in Smyrna, were received in this city last evening. They allude to no war event since the fall of Varna, where the Russians had gone into

winter quarters—and express a hope that before the new campaign opens, peace will take place.

Captain Smith, of the Delos, writes that the blockade of the Dardanelles was to take place shortly after he sailed.

It will be seen that our accounts from Smyrna direct, are two or three days later than the advices from London.

We have received numbers of "Le Courier de Smyrna," to November 8—the latest Turkish intelligence that has reached this country. Le Courier of November 1 communicates the effect which intelligence of the fall of Varna had on the Turks, which we translate for the Palladium: "The news of the fall of Varna made a profound impression on Mussulmen of all classes—sadness was depicted on every countenance—but no discouragement was discoverable in looks that only bespoke concern for the danger of their country. The business of recruiting goes on—no murmurs—no acts of disobedience on the part of the numerous conscripts who are enrolled under Turkish banners—all believe that they, with their bodies should form their country's last rampart, if the Russians should continue the campaign, instead of retiring to winter quarters.

"It appears certain," says the Courier, "that negotiations for peace are about to be commenced; the place of meeting has not yet been designated. It is believed that the Porte will be very willing to send his plenipotentiaries.

"There is much activity in the movements of the Turkish ministry—the divan meets almost every day, and the Reis Effendi visits the camp of Ramid frequently, to confer with the Grand Seigneur. About ten thousand soldiers are in this camp—1500 are cavalry, well disciplined and appointed.

"The Porte has granted firmans, allowing four loaded Austrian vessels to enter into the Black sea—they will receive these firmans in four or five days, and it is thought that liberty soon will be given to all vessels."

The Courier of the 8th of November gives the Turkish official account of the fall of Varna. Under the head of Constantinople, October 27, the cause of the fall of Varna is ascribed to the treachery of Yussuf Muhlis. He is distinctly accused of being bribed by Russian gold. The Turks make the number killed on both sides, in the three days of hard fighting previous to the taking of Varna, to be 40,000. The particulars of the conflict do not vary essentially from the Russian accounts. Preparations are making to retake Varna—a body has been formed of 80,000 men, between Aides and Suada, for this purpose, and eighty pieces of cannon have been forwarded under the command of Abduraman Pacha, the ancient governor of Bosnia.

The Porte regards Yussuf Muhlis as a traitor. The Grand Vizier has been accused of bad management, is deposed, and is banished to Dimotica in Romalia, and Mehemet has been appointed to his station—and thus has become the second dignitary in the empire. [Bost. Fal. Jan. 13.]

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE YEAR 1828. The battle of Navarin, and the liberation of Greece by the French troops.

The invasion of Turkey by the Russians, and the unexpected vigour and success of the Turks in defence.

The usurpation of Don Miguel in Portugal, and the submission of the Portuguese.

The fall of the minister Villele and his party in France, and the comparative triumph of liberal principles throughout the French government.

The rapid changes of the British ministry, and the final ascendancy and elevation of the Duke of Wellington.

The repeal of the Test Acts by the British parliament, the election of O'Connell in Ireland, to the exclusion of Fitzgerald; the diffusion and completion of the project of Catholic Association in that country; the general progress in Great Britain of the cause of Catholic Emancipation, or religious right.

The peace between Buenos Ayres and Brazil, including the establishment of the independent state of Montevideo, under the auspices of Great Britain.

The convulsions in the Republic of Colombia; the overthrow of her constitution; the assumption of the supreme power by the military chief, Bolivar.

The various revolutions in Peru and Chili adverse to the power and plans of Bolivar, and the subversion of his Bolivian constitution in Upper Peru; the declaration of war between Colombia and Peru.

The conspiracies and rebellions in Mexico; the failure of Bravo's plot, and his banishment; the election of Pedrazza to the exclusion of general Victoria; the insurrection of general Santa-Anna.

In the United States—the adoption of a tariff deemed exceptionable by all parties; the violence of the opposition to it in the south; the proceedings thereon of the legislatures of South Carolina and Georgia; the violence of the contest for the office of President; the abuse of the liberty of the press by incessant invective and calumny; the publication of private letters; the reports of private conversation; the election of general Jackson, to the exclusion of Mr. Adams; the general and easy submission to the will of the majority; the new evidence of almost universal trust in the efficacy of our institutions and the spirit of the country. The chief glory of the end of the year 1828, is the situation of the Union. [National Gazette.]

POETRY.

The following beautiful old song was written by GEORGE WITHER, and published in a long pastoral piece called *The Mistress of Philarete*, in 1622. Wither was born in 1588, and as we learn from his biographer, in his younger years distinguished himself by some pastorals which were not inelegant. He is, however, considered a poet of little power. He involved himself in the political and religious disputes in the time of James I. and Charles I. and exerted his rhyming vien in pasquins upon the court and clergy, and sometimes suffered for his freedom. He served the Parliament in the civil war, and shared considerably in the spoils. He survived the Restoration, outlived his power and affluence, was imprisoned in the tower for libelling the court, and died in May, 1667. Percy thinks his name would have been utterly forgotten, had it not been preserved by Swift, in his endeavours to throw contempt upon Dryden. There is, however, much beauty in *The Shepherd's Resolution*: and though some may smile at its philosophy, it is worth volumes of the stiff and laboured trash that is so profusely put forth as *original* in some of the male as well as female barrows of moonshine which infest the country.

ED. RECORD.

THE SHEPHERD'S RESOLUTION.

Shall I, wasting in dispaire,
Dye because a woman's faire?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosie are?
Be shee fairer then the day,
Or the flowry meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how faire shee be.

Shall my foolish heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed nature
Joyned with a lovely feature?
Be shee meeker, kinder, than
The turtle dove or pelican:
If shee be not so to me,
What care I how kind shee be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or, her well deservings knowne,
Make me quite forget mine owne?
Be she with that goodness blest,
What care I how good she be?
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and dye?
Those that beare a noble minde,
Where they want of riches find,
Thinke what with them they would doe,
That without them dare to woe;
And, unlesse that minde I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or faire,
I will ne'er the more dispaire:
If she love me, this beleve;
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I wooe,
I can scorne and let her goe:
If shee be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

From the *Library*, Vol. II.
HOPE.

BY WILLIAM GRIGG, M. D.

Hope is the bird that we fondly chase
Through the day from early dawn;
When night has come and we're sure of him,
We grasp, but the bird has gone.
So when the lake on its surface shows
The bubble some spell has woke,
We endeavour to dip up the fairy shell,
But alas! the bubble is broke.
The simple child as he strives to grasp
The sunbeam upon the wall,
Is astonished to find the light is gone,
Unknowing he shades its fall.
Just so with man;—for the bird of hope
He follows, though still it flies,
The bubble he breaks, and the light he shades,
And when they vanish, he dies.
But hopes that spring in the lover's heart,
When dreams of misery lower,
Beam bright on his soul as the glaring light
That breaks through the summer shower—
And dear to him is their hallowed smile

As the holy rays that shine
On the flower that's doomed through the chilling storm,
For that nourishing light to pine.
In their welcome glow the future seems
Arrayed in her best attire,
And his ear is filled with the rapturous sound
She flings from her golden lyre.
Alas! should the blissful spell be broke
And those hopes be quenched in tears,
Oh! never again will their brightness shine
As in scenes of early years.

The soldier's hope is the down that's borne
On the breeze from spray to spray,
Though wooing the hand and eluding the grasp,
Still taking his flight away,
Till the soldier sees the brittle thread
Connecting success with power,
When the monarch resolves that the free born soul
At his footstool's base shall cower:
But the down will sport on freedom's breeze,
And float o'er liberty's shore,
Until, wet with the gush of the hireling's blood,
It can skim the breeze no more;
And when on the earth it quiet lies,
Where slumber the freeborn brave,
It is dearer by far to the soldier's eye,
Than the gem that decks the slave.

The scholar's hope is the praise that comes
From the lips of his fellow men,
Until Echo has whispered from distant climes,
The enchanting sound again;
That voice is heard, and his bosom heaves
With pleasures unknown before;
But that voice will be hushed, and Echo die,
And tell of that praise no more;
And the richest wreath that art can weave
O'er the scholar's furrowed brow,
Will let fall its leaves when the wintry winds
Shall wither hope's verdant bough;
But Time shall gaze on the scholar's book,
And shall read the scholar's name,
And he will decide if that word be writ
On the scroll of deathless fame.

From the *New Monthly Magazine*.
GYPSIES.

Whether from India's burning plains,
Or wild Bohemia's domains
Your steps were first directed;
Or whether ye be Egypt's sons,
Whose stream, like Nile's forever runs
With sources undetected;
Arabs of Europe, Gypsy race;
Your eastern manners, garb, and face
Appear a strange chimera;
None, none but you can now be styled
Romantick picturesque, and wild,
In this prosaick era.

Ye sole freebooters of the wood
Since Adam Bell and Robin Hood:
Kept every where asunder
From other tribes;—King, Church, and State,
Spurning, and only dedicate
To freedom, sloth, and plunder.

Your forest camp—the forms one sees
Banditti-like, amid the trees,
The ragged donkies grazing,
The sibyl's eye prophetick, bright
With flashes of the fitful light,
Beneath the caldron blazing,—

O'er my young mind strange terrors threw:
Thy history gave me, Moore Carew!
A more exalted notion
Of Gypsy life, nor can I yet
Gaze on your tents, and quite forget
My former deep emotion.

For "Auld lang syne" I'll not maltreat
Yon pseudo-Tinker, though the Cheat,
As sly as thievish Reynard,
Instead of mending kettles, prowls
To make foul havock of my fowls,
And decimate my hen-yard.

Come thou, too, black-eyed lass, and try
That potent skill in palmistry,
Which sixpences can wheedle;
Mine is a friendly cottage—here
No snarling mastiff need you fear,
No constable or beadle.

'T is yours, I know, to draw at will
Upon fatuity a bill,
And Plutus to importune:
Discount the bill—take half yourself,
Give me the balance of the pelf,
And both may laugh at fortune.

From the *Gem*, for 1823

"POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANY."

The baron is feasting in lighted hall,
And forty bold yeoman will mount at his call;
His kinsman is left in the cold porch to sigh;
O! "Poverty parts good company!"

Time was when that baron was fain to ride,
And carry the hawk by his kinsman's side;
But fortune can faster than falcon fly,
And "Poverty parts good company."

The baron's broad mantle hath vair on its fold.
His hose are of velvet, his hood is of gold;
His kinsman, in russet, creeps shivering by,
For "Poverty parts good company."

Time was when that baron was proud to wear
The brodered badge of his kinsman fair;
But fortune is fickle, and time hath gone by,
And "Poverty parts good company."

Baron and kinsman hath sickened and died—
Scutehooned and plumed is the hearse of pride;
But a coffin of the plain elm tree
Must keep that proud hearse company!

Into the same dark vault they thrust
The rich man's clay and the poor man's dust;
Side by side again they lie:
In the grave we are all of a company.

From the *Boston Bulletin*.

TO THE AMERICAN FLAG,

ON SEEING IT AFTER AN INTERVAL OF FIVE YEARS.
Thou flag of my country, whose meteor light,
Like the halo of glory beams widely and bright;
All hail to the Banner, whose eagle and star
Soar majestick in peace, and triumphant in war!

When the despots of Europe, embattled, essayed
Thy lustre to sully, thy rights to invade;
When the veterans of Albion, with brand and claymore,
Sought to cover with carnage thy forest crowned shore;

Indignant, Columbia's proud spirit arose,
And the vengeance of freemen was hurled on thy foes,
Unblenched and unquelled, soared the proud bird of
Heaven,
While the foes' haughty host by its light'ning was riven.

Behold, far and wide, o'er ocean's deep wave,
In full glory vaulted, the star of the brave!
The footsteps of Victory that star shall illumine,
And shed its pure beams o'er the warrior's tomb.

And oh, dearest object of love and devotion,
Source of the bard's best and fondest emotion;
Thou comest, as alone and forsaken I roam,
With visions of happiness, kindred, and home.

Thou comest to me now, like a ray from above,
That shall light me to fortune, to rapture, and love;
Like the day-star of hope, thy effulgence shall glow,
While the heart's holy feelings in unison flow.

Then hail to the flag of the Eagle and Star,
Majestick in peace, and victorious in war;
Ever bright be its lustre, and long may it wave,
The Patriot's last hope, and the pride of the Brave!

THE FRANKLIN LETTER FOUNDRY.—The subscribers, proprietors of this Foundry, thankful for the patronage they have received, respectfully give notice to the printers of the United States, that they continue to furnish Types of almost every description. Also, Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases and Printing Materials of every kind, and Prout's Printing Ink.

They are making large additions in the variety of Job, Fancy, and Book Type. An artist of the highest celebrity is engaged in cutting new fonts of letter. In every department of their business, workmen of great experience and skill are employed. Neither expense nor time has been spared in making the Types cast at their Foundry worthy the attention of Printers. Peculiar care has been taken to cast them of the hardest metal. The large letter is cast in moulds and matrices. Their Specimen Book has been published, new fonts of letter among Printers. Since publishing their Specimen, new fonts of letter have been cut, viz. Meridian, and Double Small Pica; Pica, Small Pica, and Long Primer Black; English, Pica, Long Primer, Brevier, Mixture, and Nonpareil Antiques, each with lower case. Specimens of these will be sent to Printers.

All orders, either by letter or otherwise, left at their Counting-Room, No. 41 State street, or at their Foundry, Eagle street, south of State street, will receive prompt attention. A. W. KINSLEY & CO. 36 if
Albany, October 4 1823.

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the publick, that he continues the *House and Sign Painting and Glazing*, at the old stand, No. 299, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the publick with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. JOHN F. PORTLER.
March 9, 1824.

Published every Saturday, by E. B. CHILD, at the corner of North Market and Steuben streets, up stairs. Entry Entrance from Steuben street. To edit, and publish, by E. B. CHILD.



AND ALBANY SATURDAY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1829.

NO. 52.

MASONICK RECORD.

THE PRINCIPLES OF MASONRY.

Extract from an address delivered before Essex Lodge, in Salem, Massachusetts, December 26, 1819.

By Rev. T. B. CARLILE.

The history of the origin of Masonry is satisfactorily explained to all of you, brethren, in the lectures of the various degrees, you may have received; and although the institutions is changed as to the employment of its members, yet, you must all cherish it with warm affection for the valuable lessons which its founders have left us; for all these lessons have the tendency to make us "good men and true." From the facts that there are masons to be found in all civilized nations—of their being united together by ties peculiar to themselves, which bind equally the Mahometan, the Jew and the Christian, many doubts have arisen in the minds of well disposed persons as to the correctness of the principles on which an institution so extensive is founded—and whether, unrestrained by any particular religion, it is possible for it to be productive of much good. The obligations by which masonry exists, and the virtues it inculcates, are such as grow out of a prevailing sense of the existence of one Supreme Being, a Being of infinite power and goodness, who has given to every member of the human family the power of discriminating between good and evil to an extent sufficient for the temporal welfare of society, and who has made that welfare in a great measure dependant on the interchange of friendly offices among the members composing this society. These general principles are capable of being extended to the production of minor virtues; and as these principles are among the fundamentals of those religions which can furnish a sufficient security to principles of morality, masonry exists in almost every nation, in harmony with the religion of the people; and where the principles of any received religion are defective, (which is undoubtedly the case in some codes) the principles of masonry afford not an improper substitute for them, so far as the temporal welfare of mankind is concerned. In a country, blessed as this is with the light of the gospel of Jesus Christ, there are superadded to the motives which masonry inculcates, the highest of all possible motives; and the light of Masonry is rendered more brilliant, and its influence more benign, by the glorious light of christianity. We consider that masonry, in a christian country, exists in much greater perfection than it possibly can elsewhere; and, although there are good masons among those who are not christians, yet with us, no man who is a mason, and calls himself a christian, can ever be esteemed a good one, unless he makes the gospel the rule of his faith and practice. It is, of course, incompatible with the generally received principles, which, we consider, form the basis of masonry, to incorporate the institution with any other which inculcates sentiments and opinions at variance with the religious feelings and prejudices of any of our brethren. Masonry does not assume to itself the title of a religious, but a moral association, and of course, can not consistently sanction the dissemination of any religious opinions beyond those which have been mentioned. This accounts for the inactivity which has been charged upon masons as a body, in the exertions that are making to propagate the christian faith. For the same reason it has never been used as a means of disseminating the knowledge of Mohammedism.

If the former is done by us, the latter may be done by our brethren of the East; and the consequence would eventually be, the destruction of those general principles and obligations which now unite us together, and ensure us as *Masons*, a brotherly reception even among those who in their religion differ the most widely from us. It is sufficient further only to remark—We are all obliged to be good men, according to the best of our abilities and opportunities—ever having the fear of God before our eyes—ever recognizing him in all our solemn meetings, and never engaging in any important enterprise without first invoking his aid and direction. Let us, never, brethren, lose sight of the solemn duties imposed on us by masonic obligations, but endeavour faithfully to prepare ourselves in the labour that is appointed us for that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Neither does masonry interfere with any political institutions, but enjoins, upon all, obedience to the powers that be. Attempts, we know, have been made, to render it instrumental in the accomplishment of certain political projects, and these attempts were, for a time, to those ignorant of masonry, so successful, as to bring reproach upon the whole body; but at the period to which I allude, and with the events of which you are undoubtedly familiar, *Masonry* had nothing to do with the furtherance of the views of the uneasy and aspiring spirits, who wished to subvert all government. Some of its distinctive marks were artfully interwoven with the proceedings of this body, and some of the signs and tokens by which masons are known to each other, were adopted by these people. Attempts too were undoubtedly made to corrupt the principles of masonry, but the world is now satisfied that these attempts were made in vain. There is no form of government, at present known, which Masons cannot consistently support and to which, if they are legal subjects, that they are not obliged as Masons to yield quiet and implicit obedience. The affairs of the fraternity are indeed conducted in secret, and a scrupulous attention paid to keeping the world in ignorance of their proceedings; but, notwithstanding this secrecy in their operations, every one may rest assured that religious and political discussions are never tolerated among them—that the divisions apt to be created on these points are never known in their lodges, and that a Republican would hear no more of the superior advantages of a Monarchical form of government, in an assemblage of Masons in Great Britain, than a christian would, of the obligation of the Mosaic ritual, and the imposition of the religion he professes in a lodge of Jewish Masons.

It is on these two subjects, that the objections to Masonry are most commonly made, and I have particularly adverted to them on this account, as well as to show that the principles we profess, are not such as many are willing to say they are; or rather, that they are more correct than most people who are not Masons, are willing to allow them to be.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

STATE OF NEW-YORK.

Officers of *Mohawk Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 88, in Minden, Montgomery county, elected December 16, 1828:—

Charles C. Chase, High Priest; Henry D. Van Camp, King; Peter Green, Scribe; Abraham Snyder, Secretary; John Christy, Treasurer; Daniel M'Mullen, Captain of the Host; Adam W. Wal-

rath, Principal Sojourner; John Moak, Royal Arch Captain.

Officers of *Waterloo Royal Arch Chapter*, in Waterloo, Seneca county, elected December 16, 1828:—

Isaac Rosa, High Priest; Jesse Fifield, King; Oren R. Farnsworth, Scribe; Luther R. La Belle, Captain of the Host; Pierre A. Barker, Principal Sojourner; Caleb Fairchild, Royal Arch Captain; Jesse Clark, Abraham Person, and Leonard W. Osgood, Masters of Vails; Hartman Shear, Sentinel.

Officers of *Columbia Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 115, in Columbia, Herkimer county, elected December 18, 1828:—

Thurston Mabbitt, High Priest; Willard Cleland, King; Charles Wightman, Scribe; C. C. Burr, Captain of the Host; Orrin Rose, Principal Sojourner; Benjamin Golden, Royal Arch Captain; Henry Bell, Henry L. Easton, and Henry S. Devendorf, Masters of Vails; John Wightman Treasurer; Enoch Judd, Secretary; Peter K. Warren, and Guy D. Comstock, Stewards; Horace Benfoy, Sentinel.

Officers of *Hamilton Royal Arch Chapter*, No. 62, in Rochester, Monroe county, elected December 19, 1828:—

Robert Martin, High Priest; Bill Colby, King; Ebenezer Watts Scribe; C. G. Cummings, Captain of the Host; Samuel Stone, Royal Arch Captain; V. Alcott, Secretary; S. P. Alcott, Treasurer; Daniel Warren, Sentinel.

Officers of *Mohawk Lodge*, in Minden, Montgomery county, elected December 20, 1828:—

John Baum, Master; John Moak, Senior Warden; Henry D. Van Camp, Junior Warden; John Price, Secretary; George N. Schuyler, Treasurer.

Officers of *Penfield Union Lodge*, No. 335, in Penfield Monroe county, elected December 18, 1828:—

A. S. Beers, Master; William R. Penfield, Senior Warden; W. Sheldon, jr., Junior Warden; H. Ward, Treasurer; J. B. Bryan, Secretary; D. Baker, Senior Deacon; David Wilson Junior Deacon; Daniel Wilson and William C. Ross, Stewards; Charles Peet, Tyler.

STATE OF MARYLAND.

Officers of the *Maryland Encampment of Knights Templars*, No. 1, in Baltimore, state of Maryland, chosen for the current year, and duly installed, at the regular anniversary of the institution, on the evening of Good Friday, April 24, A.L. 5828, and year of the order, A.D. 719:—

Philip P. Eckel, M. E. G. Commander; Joseph K. Stapleton, Generalissimo; Henry S. Keatinge, Captain General; Rev. Charles Williams, Prelate; Benjamin Edes, Senior Warden; David S. Barnum; Junior Warden, William Cook, Treasurer; Elisha Tyson, Recorder; Henry Starn, Standard Bearer; Christian Gross, Sword Bearer; Elijah Stansbury, Warder; Henry Lusby, Captain of Guards.

Much honour is due the Sir Knights of this illustrious order, for reviving their ancient charter, and establishing their society in harmony and good fellowship, with its best improvements and in a style of splendour and interest, for the reception of

into it a bucket full of water. Volumes of steam instantly pour forth from it into the room, and a thick fog pervades every part, bringing additional heat to the surface of the body, which breaks forth more quickly than can be stated into a deluge of perspiration, when the breathing becomes natural, and the head clear and light, imparting at once such a general sensation of comfort as I can scarcely describe. In this state and while the atmosphere gradually clears away, the vapours returning to the upper part of the room, the bather lies down in a sort of apathy and general relaxation which are by no means disagreeable.

The Parlistchick next brings his large painful of soap suds, and, grasping with both his hands a quantity of the inner bark of the lime-tree (commonly called bass) cut into fine slips, soaked in the soap suds, rubs every part of the body, softly pressing on every joint, and bidding you turn whenever he thinks it requisite. After continuing this operation for some time, tepid, or perfectly cold water, at the pleasure of the bather, is scattered over him as he lies, and lastly, over the head and body generally, while sitting. Some at this stage of the operation jump from the bench to the door, and have cold water showered over them, while every pore is open, without feeling any inconvenience; but I declined such an experiment perfectly well pleased with returning to the outer room where I dried and dressed myself at leisure.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE BANNERS.

In the Swiss Cantons there is an officer termed a Banneret, whose duty it is to take care of the banners of the canton, and those taken from the enemy. It was formerly the custom in the Canton of Glaris, on the ascension of a new functionary to this honourable office, to consecrate "the day of the banners," with the solemnities of Liberty, but since the year 1783, till the 30th of last September, this had been discontinued. On that day, however, by a decree of the General Assembly, the ancient custom was renewed, and a most heart-stirring scene presented to the eyes of the inhabitants. At five o'clock in the morning a salute of cannon, reverberating among the mountains and valleys of that romantic region, awoke to the festivities of the day several thousand persons, who came hurrying from all quarters to the scene of action. At eleven, the cavalcade, consisting of the members of the Councils, and other officers, set out from the Government Hotel, in the midst of the roar of cannon, and the ringing of bells; the new banner of the Canton floating over their heads, and the old ones carried in an armoury on the shoulders of old, white-haired men. On arriving at the place selected for the ceremony, where a tribune had been raised, the militia ranged themselves around it, and the immense crowd, taking their places immediately behind, awaited in silence the display of the banners. The "Landammann" then addressing his countrymen, entered into a brief but animated sketch of the history of the Canton. Each warlike epoch, formed by the arms and honour of the Swiss, was illustrated by the display of the banner which had then been used, and the new banner of the Canton, bending before it, was made to do homage to its glory. The exhibition of the banner of the battle of Noefels, in 1388; seemed to strike the people with a kind of awe: their murmuring voices sunk into breathless silence; the militia presented arms; the new banner bent its proud head before the recollected glory of the old; the band struck up a warlike march; and a salute of cannon thundered over the heads of the multitude, and lost itself among the thousand echoes of the Alps. The historical picture being finished, the procession returned to the Government Hotel, amidst the roar of artillery, the ringing of bells, and the roll of drums; and the day was concluded by a feast.

HOME TRUTHS.

Relations take the greatest liberties, and give the least assistance. If a stranger can not help us with his purse, he will not insult us with his comments; but with relations, it mostly happens, that they are the veriest misers with regard to their property, but perfect prodigals in the article of advice.

THE GATHERER.

PORSON AND SHERIDAN.

The worst effect of "the scholar's melancholy," is when it leads a man, from a distrust of himself, to seek for low company, or to forget it by matching below himself. Porson, from not liking the restraints, or not possessing the exterior recommendation of good society, addicted himself to the lowest indulgences, spent his days and nights in cider-cellars and pot-houses, cared not with whom or where he was, so that he had somebody to talk to and something to drink, "from humble porter to imperial tokay," (a liquid, according to his own pun,) and fell a martyr, in all likelihood, to what in the first instance was pure *mauvaise honte*. Nothing could overcome this propensity to low society and sotting, but the having something to do, which required his whole attention and faculties; and then he shut himself up for weeks together in his chambers, or at the university, to collate old manuscripts, or edit a Greek tragedy, or expose a grave pedant, without seeing a single boon companion, or touching a glass of wine. I saw him once at the London Institution with a large patch of coarse brown paper on his nose, the skirts of his rusty black coat hung with cobwebs, and talking in a tone of suavity approaching to condescension to one of the managers. It is a pity that men should so lose themselves from a certain awkwardness and rusticity at the outset. But did not Sheridan make the same melancholy ending, and run the same fatal career, though in a higher and more brilliant circle? He did; and though not from exactly the same cause, (for no one could accuse Sheridan's purple nose and flashing eye of a bashfulness—"modest as morning when she coldly eyes the youthful Phœbus!") yet it was perhaps from one nearly allied to it, namely, the want of that noble independence and confidence in its own resources which should distinguish genius, and the dangerous ambition to get sponsors and vouchers for it in persons of rank and fashion. The affectation of the society of lords is as mean and low-minded as the love of that of cobblers and tapsters. It is that cobblers and tapsters may admire, that we wish to be seen in the company of their betters. [New Monthly Magazine.]

EXPERIMENT BY STEAM.

In the seventh chapter of the fifth book of Agathias, (one of the most distinguished of the Byzantine historians) under the year 447, are some singularly curious details respecting the expansive force of steam, produced by Athemius, the famous architect of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and which is probably the oldest experiment of the kind of which we have any account. The following is an abridgement of Agathias's account: Athemius had a neighbour called Zeno, a celebrated rhetorician; their houses joined together in such a manner as to appear only one. In the course of time a dispute arose between them that ended in a lawsuit, in which Zeno pleaded his own cause and gained the victory. Athemius, finding he could not cope with his adversary in eloquence, resolved to give him a proof of his superiority in his own art. The lower part of Zeno's house was so connected with his as to afford him the necessary facilities for executing his scheme. He procured several large vessels which he filled with water, to which he attached long leathern pipes wide enough at the bottom to cover the vessels entirely, and very narrow at the tops, which he fixed to the joists of his neighbour's floor with so much nicety that not a particle of the vapour which ascended could escape. As soon as the water began to boil it threw up a thick steam, which rose with violence and pressed against the joice with so much force as to make the floor and the whole house to tremble, so as to resemble the shock of an earthquake; the servants of Zeno were so terrified as to run into the street.

"A FRIEND IN NEED."

Doctor Friend, the intimate companion of the celebrated Doctor Mead, happened, while in Parliament, to oppose with violence, the measures of the ministry. In consequence of this conduct, he was in the month of March, 1722, committed to the

Tower; upon a charge of High Treason. About half a-year afterwards, the Premier, being taken ill, sent for Mead, who after informing himself about the nature of his distemper, told him that he would answer for his recovery; but that he would not write a single prescription for him, till his Friend, the doctor, was enlarged from the Tower. The minister finding that his malady still increased, obtained in a few days after, his majesty's pardon, for the supposed culprit, and again sent to Dr. Mead. Though the pardon was already despatched from the secretary's office, the doctor persisted in his resolution till his Friend was actually restored to his family. The minister was soon restored to health; and Friend, on the very evening of his release, received from the hands of the doctor, the sum of five thousand guineas, which the other had received as fees, for attending the patients of his imprisoned companion; nor could Friend, with all his rhetoric, persuade him to accept them, as the just fruit of his labour.

SELECT SENTENCES.

When blessed with health and prosperity, cultivate an humble and compassionate disposition: think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

Avoid all harshness in behaviour: treat every one with that courtesy which springs from a mild and gentle heart.

Be slow in forming intimate connexions: they may bring dishonour and misery.

Almost all our desires are apt to wander into an improper course: to direct them properly requires care; but that care will render us safe and happy through life.

The days that are past are gone for ever; those that are to come may not come to us; the present time is only ours: let us therefore improve it as much as possible.

They who are moderate in their expectations meet with few disappointments: the eager and presumptuous are continually disappointed.

Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well: but it is impossible to do any thing well without attention.

METHOD OF MAKING COFFEE IN PARIS.

When the finest possible beverage is required, equal quantities of Martinique, Bourbon, and Moka, are roasted separately, and then mixed together and ground. In roasting, the utmost care must be taken not to do it too much; and in grinding, the particles must be rather coarse than fine. The coffee is then put into a pot with a double bottom the upper one drilled with small holes, and boiling water is poured upon it, which oozes through, carrying with it the essential part of the berry. The product thus obtained is put upon the fire till it boils, and a drink is produced, for which the gods would only be too happy to exchange their nectar.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

A barrister being concerned in a cause which he wanted to postpone for a few days, asked Lord Mansfield when he would bring it on? "On Friday next," said his lordship. "Will you please to consider, my lord, next Friday is Good-Friday?"—"I don't care for that; the better day the better deed."—"Well, my lord, you will of course do as you please; but if you do sit on that day, I believe you'll be the first judge who did business on a Good-Friday since Pontius Pilate's time."

TAXATION.

A Humourist remarked that, in England, the people are taxed in the morning for the soap that washes their hands; at nine, for the tea, coffee, and sugar; at noon, for the starch, with which they powder their hair; at dinner for the salt that savours their meat; in the evening, for the porter that cheers their spirits; all day long, for the light that enters their windows; and at night, for the candles that light them to bed!

WING OF AN OX.

This expression applied to a joint of beef, is perhaps borrowed from the French, who call familiarly an ox, "the bird of St. Luke."

POPULAR TALES.

From the Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette.

THE DEATH OF POLON.

If Sebago Lake were in Scotland or France, or Italy, people would cross the Atlantick, to see it—sail on its waters—angle for its fine trout—and come home and tell of it. As it is, many, who live within three hours' ride, know less about it, than they know about the Lake of Geneva, or Loch Lomond.

More than seventy years ago, a party of Indian warriors arrived with their birchen canoes on the northern shore of the Lake, about the middle of the afternoon, on a pleasant May-day, and near the close of the month. As the wind then blew fresh from the south, they concluded to lie by, for a few hours, confidently predicting that as the sun went down, there would be a change of wind to favour their descent of the Lake, in a south eastern direction. In this they were not disappointed. Soon after the sun had become obscured by the tops of those hills, which lie in the now good farming towns of Baldwin and Sebago, the Indians pushed off from the shore, and by raising a few boughs, which they had broken from a pine tree, were wafted down the Lake, by a gentle breeze from the north-west—having but little use for their paddles.

These men were savages—nay, savage warriors—they had been in a hundred fights, and had committed a thousand cruelties; yet, however unwilling the white man may be to allow it, they had hearts susceptible of tender emotions. They were the children of nature, and the varied expressions of her face, whether in smiles or in frowns, in sunshine or in thunder, had a powerful influence over their feelings. The adjacent forests, on the hill-tops, as well as by the water side, had not then been galled by the axe, nor scathed by fire—they stood in their native grandeur. The trees had just put on their new foliage, and the whole Lake was encircled by a deep green border. The little "Emerald Isles," seen here and there, on the bosom of the waters, with tall trees standing out of them, appeared at a distance, like ships anchored for the night in a capacious bay. Evening came on—and as twilight disappeared, thousands of stars looked down from the blue darkness above, and as many more seemed to look up from the deep dim waters below. It was one of those evenings, when every person, not altogether insensible to the beauties of nature, loves to go out, and look abroad upon the heavens—to see the varied flushes of the fading west,—to watch the parting rays of the gone-down sun—to enjoy the mild twinkling of the stars—to breathe the soft and spicy air, and to feel a quiet pensiveness come over him—pure, devout, and holy—a twilight of the soul—such was the evening.

The red warriors moved down the Lake; all was still, save when a loon would rise before them, or suddenly dip into the water, and show his head again at too great a distance, to be reached by a musket ball. When they came to the "Images,"* they concluded to tarry there, till a late hour of the night.

Stretched on the dry leaves, the warriors soon sunk into profound sleep—one only excepted, and this was their chief. This Sachem was the descendant of brave men, and was then on ground, which he called his own. The forefathers of the tribe to which he belonged, had possessed the Lake, and its outlet—a fine river—from the source to the mouth in Case Bay; and these, with their adjacent lands, had fallen to him by inheritance. Over his grandfather's grave he had sworn, and to his dying father he had renewed the oath, that he would never relinquish the right to these possessions, while a drop of their blood coursed in his veins. But the white man had become strong, and the red man weak. The former, therefore, was able to make sad encroachments into the territory of his red brother.

Polon, for that was the name of the chief, had at this time gathered the last of his warriors, to make one more effort to regain his native rights. Early the preceding day, they had started upon this ex-

cursion, from the head waters of the Androscoggin, "full of courage and full of war." The chief could not sleep. His breast was agitated with conflicting emotions—a warfare of the soul. He walked to the top of the crag—startled an eagle from his aerie—once, thought he, the red men were the eagles of the forest—what are they now? The moon was up, and the stately hemlock and the tall pine threw their huge shadows on the surface of the Lake. But as she moved up the sky, their shadows waxed smaller and fainter, reminding him that his race was now a mere shadow—and that this shadow was rapidly disappearing before the searching power of his white foe. Whether the surrounding objects, the silence and melancholy of the evening, had much effect on the feelings of the warrior; or whether the still small voice of some divine impulse told him that he had seen the sun go down for the last time, is not known. But he was indeed altered. Not that he was afraid to die—"Polon never feared death!"

But the thoughts that his father's wrongs were yet unavenged, and that no one would come up in his name, to avenge his own—for in his fall his tribe would become extinct—these thoughts were enough to shake, and subdue his heart, great as it was.

He prayed to the spirit of the Lake, and called on the Great Spirit of the Universe to forgive his errors—to let him behave in the unequal conflict of the coming day with a valour and spirit worthy of his name; and if he had rightly read his destiny, to receive him to the region of shadowy forests and sunny lakes, where he might fish and hunt with his departed friends, having none to molest or make afraid. The deep—deep agony was over. He strode calmly back, stretched forth his manly form by the side of his less thoughtful warrior, and soon resigned himself to a quiet and refreshing sleep.

Long before sunrise the next morning, Polon and his men were on the borders of the infant settlement of New-Marblehead, and more than half way from the Lake to the sea-shore. The settlers at this time were expecting an attack, and had concentrated their forces at the garrison-house, a building, the walls of which were constructed of heavy timbers, and through which a musket ball would not pass. During the long continued wars between the Indians and the white people, each party had been learners. The former had acquired the use of fire arms, and the latter had become expert in planning an ambuscade, or managing an irregular tree-fight. The settlers cultivated their fields in rotation, going in a body and well armed; on the morning of which we now speak, they were proceeding from the garrison, to labour on a piece of land belonging to Brown, one of their number. Soon after entering the woods, they were fired upon by a party of Polon's men, and the battle immediately commenced. Stratagem was used on both sides. The sure aim of the red chieftain had already brought two men to the ground; when Manchester, a white man, fixed his eye on Polon, whom he well knew. He secreted himself behind a tree, hastily clapped his hat on the muzzle of his gun, and his jacket around the barrel; these he cautiously moved out to the view of Polon, whose eye, keen as it was, for once deceived him, and he lost his fire. Posting himself in an angle formed by two logs, the one crossing the other, he began to reload his gun, when Manchester fired from behind the tree, and Polon fell. The Indians, at the fall of their leader, set up a dismal yell, and both parties left the ground. The white men retreated to the garrison, and the Indians into the thick woods, carrying on their shoulders the body of their much loved chief. They had not gone far, however, when they found that their enemies, being reinforced, were in fresh pursuit. They were convinced that resistance would be in vain, and flight impossible, unless they could dispose of their venerated burden. In this emergency several of them ascended a tall, but not large tree, swayed over the top, turning up the root on one side, under which they cast the lifeless body;—the tree righted, and grew as vigorously as before. Thus fell Polon—there still lie the bones of a brave warrior—and here ended the Indian wars in New-Marblehead.

MISCELLANY.

THE EVIL EYE.

Among the qualities attributed to the eye in some persons, and once universally credited, was the power of working evil and enchantment by its glances. The operation of the "evil eye" (once so denominated,) upon mankind, as being a pretty general belief in past times, has been recorded by many writers. Bacon says that its effects have, according to some historians, been so powerful as to effect the mind of the individual upon whom they fell; that even after "triumphs, the triumphants" have been made sick in spirit by the evil eyes of lookers on. In most modern European nations, in their earlier ages, the fear of the fascination of children by an "evil eye," made nurses very careful how they permitted strangers, to look upon them. In Spain it was called *mal de ojos*, and any one who was suspected of having an "evil eye," while regarding a child, was forced to say, while observing the infant, "God bless it." This notion, however, is far more ancient than the name of England. The Greeks and Romans gave credit to it, when they were in their high career of glory. We find, in many ancient writers, allusions to the malicious influence of what they call the "vicious" or "evil eye." Theocritus, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and others, allude to it in a way not to be mistaken in its alliance with the later superstition. I have never heard what charms were used by our forefathers or the ancients against the influence of the "evil eye":

Vorvain and dill
Hinder witches from their will,—

was, we know, a sovereign receipt against the daughters of the Lady of Endor. Lilly has the following charm to obviate the effect of an "evil tongue," which, for curiosity sake, I will mention. "Take *unguentum populeum, verovin, and hypericon*, and put a red hot iron into it. Anoint the backbone, or wear it on the breast." Notwithstanding this sovereign mode of guarding against an "evil tongue," the evil eye seems to have been as much proof against the wisdom of our forefathers as against our own. It would therefore, in the language of the olden time, be an "insult to Providence," if, after the experience of our ancestors in such matters, we presumed to attempt the discovery of an efficient antidote.

In our times the "evil eye" still survives, though its operations may not be so much a matter of general attention as formerly. It works still, in a manner equally as injurious as when the "irradiations" of the visual orb were supposed to be solely confined to the subtle operations of magic. The "evil eye," in modern days, is observed to be not less dangerous in its consequences to its possessor, than those whom it fixes upon as victims of its malignity. He smarts in heart consuming anguish while he regards the happiness of a neighbour; the success of an acquaintance in an honourable calling, or the hard struggle and merited reward of literary assiduity. No rank of life is beyond the glance of the "evil eye;" no talent mailed against its deadly malignity; no robe of innocence so pure as to conceal the wearer from its blighting observation. The sensibilities of genius, with whatever art or science they may be linked, are too often scorched by its fatal gaze. It blanches the cheek of beauty, dries up the springs of charity, extinguishes the noblest ardours, withers the fairest blossoms of the soul, and almost renders indifferent the glorious triumphs of virtuous age, by blasting the honours due to its protracted perseverance in goodness. The subjects of Vathek, in the terrible hall of Eblis, had a heart of self-wasting fire, which was disclosed on putting aside the vest. The man with the "evil eye" exhibits the burning heart through the organ of vision. His glances explain what is passing within, as if the ribs and pericardium were pellucid crystal, or the transparent summer atmosphere.

The "man with the evil eye" always looks obliquely at society. His tongue may be silvery smooth, tipped with velvet, dropping honey, like Nestor's, though blackness be beneath. He cannot conceal the glances that shoot insidiously towards the objects of his hatred—glances, that, were they rays of a pestilence, (as he would they

* The "Images" took their name from a crag of rock, rising to an immense height, and hanging over the water, which was many hundred feet deep at its very base. On the front of the rock, were drawn, with red paint, several figures, bearing a rude resemblance to men.

were) must make perish all against whom they are directed. No glance from the basilisk could be more fatal in reality than his glance, had he his wish. To provoke the latent vengeance of the "evil eye," it is sufficient offence to be fortunate: success is a brand on the forehead of another in its sight. The specious lingo of the "evil eye" may have four senses of the five such as the best might select for themselves; but with him, these only administer to the sovereign lord of vision, and exist subordinate to the "aspect malign." The man of the "evil eye" finds his heart ignite with ten-fold violence when excellence of any kind meets due reward. Who but the man with the "evil eye" has, in his own opinion, a right to be fortunate in industry?—who but he has a lawful claim to the suffrages of society and the crown of reward? The bonds of friendship are melted before him; human sympathies dried into dust; envy and selfishness furnish fuel to the heart, and malignant flames rush from the "evil eye" with terrible intensity. Lord of the ascendant, the "evil eye" makes reason its vassal, and never allows the claims of self or self interest to be balanced against common sense or obligation. Is the object regarded an artist? he may be a far superior one to him of the "evil eye;" is he an orator? he may far excel him; or, is he an author, possessing genius and learning, and patronized by the public? it matters not: the baser passions have put down reason, and drowned even a fool's degree of reflection. The "evil eye" can see nothing but what is tinged with its own green hue, and no longer discriminates colour or form. The result is a consequence mathematically correct—true to the very point: envy and hatred become the guiding star of the soul. Does he peester society with his diatribes?—he mingles in them, to second the desires of his heart, the venom of the snake, with the stratagem of the fox, and the reasoning of the ostrich, which hides its head alone from the hunter, and fancies itself unseen. He has no sight but for the objects of his malice, and loses the view of his own interest in the eagerness of ocular vengeance. Is the owner of the "evil eye" a trader?—he looks fatal things to his industrious neighbour's credit; is the owner a female?—she glances away her friend's virtue. Lastly, the owner of the "evil eye" is a universal enemy, whom man cannot trust, time marks out for retribution, and fiends abroad call him a villain.

If society still hold one man to whom this alleged power, anciently attributed to the organ of vision, remains in action, let him be watched. The "evil eye" cannot be mistaken: unsteady as the ocean waves, it rolls around and about in fevered restlessness; now extended, it exhibits its orb clear of the lid, surrounded by the white, in angry convulsion—now half closed, it questions with wariness and shallow cunning—now calm and dead as Lethe, it represses the pale beam of its malice, and with saintly bearing seems piety itself, the herald of cordiality, the star of friendship and rectitude. But it is all the charmed disguise of the magician, that he may make his spells the surer. The "evil eye" is still the same; its Tophetick beams are less visible, only from the hope that may more effectually operate on the objects of their malignity.

THE LATE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA.

From Ruess's Tour in Germany.

Kings, and especially absolute kings, usually appear to be cut off by their peculiar destiny, from the sympathy of their fellow men; but the following picture of royal grief is deeply interesting:—"In a retired corner of the grounds, where no sound can penetrate from the world without to disturb the repose to which the spot is consecrated, a small Dorick temple is seen lurking beneath the melancholy shade of cypresses and weeping willows. It is the tomb and monument of the late Queen of Prussia, the fairest and most amiable, the most interesting, and most unfortunate, Princess of her day. The place is so well chosen, and all its accompaniments are so much in unison with the sacred purpose to which it has been applied, that even the ignorant stranger feels he is approaching a scene of tender and melancholy recollections. In the interior of the temple, the walls are covered to a certain height, with marble—

the rest is painted in imitation of marble. Excepting this, and two magnificent candelabras, formed after antique models, there is no effort at splendour of decoration. The body lies in a vault beneath; the back part of the floor of the temple, which corresponds to the ceiling of the vault, is elevated above the anterior part; and on this elevation is a full length statue of Louisa, reclining on a sarcophagus. It is a work of Rauch. It is a portrait statue, and the likeness is allowed to be perfect; the king insisted it should be Louisa; he would not sacrifice a single feature to what the artist might perhaps have reckoned a pardonable embellishment; but Louisa's was a face and a form which few artists could have successfully embellished. The expression is not that of dull, cold death, but undisturbed repose. The hands are modestly folded on the breast: the attitude is easy, graceful, and natural; but the partial crossing of the legs, and the perpendicular erection of both feet, which start up under the shroud in nearly a triangular form, give some stiffness and harshness to the lower extremity of the figure. The artist had no opportunity of displaying anatomy, in which so many find the perfection of sculpture. Only the countenance and part of the neck are bare; the rest of the figure is shrouded in an ample, and extremely well-wrought drapery. As the management of drapery is the rock on which modern German sculptors, and, in fact, mediocre sculptors of all times, and of all countries most frequently split, either bundling it up in heavy cumbersome masses, or frittering it down into numerous small parallel grooves, Rauch may be the prouder of having here given his countrymen a very good example how it ought to be done. The great charm of the statue is, the decent, simple, tranquil air, which pervades the whole figure; there is no tinge of that unfortunate striving after effect which disfigures so many monumental piles. I observed no inscription, no pompous catalogue of her titles, no parading eulogy of her virtues; the Prussian eagle alone, at the foot of the sarcophagus announces that she belonged to the house of Hohenzollern, and the withered garlands which still hang above her, were the first offering of her children at the grave of their mother. The king still spends many of his hours in this solitary tomb, which however, breathes nothing of death, except its repose. The key of the vault in which the body is deposited is always in his own possession, and annually, on the anniversary of her death, he gathers his children round him at her grave, and a religious service is performed by the side of her coffin."

We cannot refrain from copying a notice of the amiable and admirable Louisa: "She was not distinguished for talent, but she was loved and revered for virtues. She had all the qualifications of an amiable woman; of a queen she had only the feelings. Every Prussian regarded her, and still speaks of her with a love approaching to adoration. It was not merely her beauty or female graces, richly as she was endowed with them, that captivated her husband's people: it was her pure, mild, simple and affectionate character. They had sighed beneath the extravagant government of mistresses and favourites, which disgraced the closing years of the reign of the preceding monarch; and they turned with fondness to the novel spectacle of domestic happiness and propriety which adorned the throne of Prussia, when his present majesty mounted it, with the fairest princess of Europe by his side, and both of them surrounded by a family in which alone they continued to seek their pure pleasures and simple amusements. Courtly extravagance and dissoluteness were banished, for empty pomp and noisy gaiety did not suit their domestic attachments; while they supported the dignity of the crown, they never made themselves slaves of court etiquette."

"From the moment that Prussia awoke, too late, on the brink of the precipice to which an unstable and short-sighted policy had conducted her, the life of this young and beautiful woman was uninterrupted bodily decay, the effect of mental suffering. Her hopes had been high, that the exertions of 1806 might still save the monarchy; she accompanied the king to the army, but retired to a place of safety immediately before the battle of Jena. She and the king parted in tears, and they

never met again in happiness; the battle was lost, and Prussia was virtually effaced from the number of the nations.

"From this moment the queen visibly sunk;—her high spirit could not brook the downfall of her house, and her keen feelings only preyed the more rapidly on her health from the effort with which she concealed them; the unassuming piety and natural dignity of her character allowed neither repining nor complaint. She lived just long enough to witness the utter degradation of the monarchy, and to exhort her sons to remember that they had but one duty to perform to avenge its wrongs and retrieve its disgraces,—and they have done it. 'My sons' said she to them when she felt, what all were yet unwilling to believe, that the seal of death was upon her, 'when your mother is gone, you will weep over her memory, as she herself now weeps over the memory of our Prussia. But you must act. Free your people from the degradation in which they lie; show yourselves worthy to be descendants of Frederick—God bless you, my dear boys! this is my legacy, save your country, or die like men.'"

REGIMEN OF HEALTH.

Plato, when he returned to Athens from his travels, was asked by the Philosophers there, If he had seen any notable things in Tinacria, which is now called Sicily? Answered, *Vidi monstrum in natura, hominem bis saturatum in die—I saw a monster in nature, a man gormandizing, twice a day*—This he said, because he saw Dionysius the tyrant, who first invented to eat at noon, and afterwards to sup at night. In ancient times they used to sup and not to dine. All nations in the world did eat at night, only the Hebrews fed at noon.

We heap suppers upon dinners, and dinners upon suppers without intermission. It costs us more to be miserable, than would make us perfectly happy.

Vita nostra est instar comedia—Our life is like a comedy—the breakfast is the prologue, a dinner the interlude, a supper the epilogue.

We do not eat to satisfy hunger, but luxury and ambition. We are dead while we are alive; and our houses are so much our tombs, that a poet might write an epitaph upon our very doors: "We are poisoned in the very pleasures of luxury, and betrayed to a thousand diseases by the indulgence of our palate."

Every man is his own Atropos; and by his intemperance lends a hand to cut the thread of his life. Excess may be good physick, but is bad diet. Give me the man that takes his meat as a sick man does his physick, merely for health's sake. Tiberius's aphorism is good, That every man is his own best physician, and his life sets a *probatum est* to it. Observe Cato's rule—*Eat to live, not live to eat*.

We pass the bounds of nature, and sally out into superfluities; inasmuch that it is nowadays only for beggars to content themselves with what is sufficient.

Pulse and leguminous food were a great part of the diet of our forefathers before the flood; and the Romans, who were called *Pultifagi*, fed much on pulse for six hundred years.

From the Providence Literary Gadget.

DISCONTENT.

"It's a slavish life that we lead," said the Devil to the foreman, the other night, as both were rubbing their eyes over a dirty proof sheet at twelve o'clock. The Devil looked as though he believed what he said, when he stuck his grim visage through a wreath of lamp smoke for an answer. "It's a slavish life that we lead, penned up here, amid musty papers and stale ink, small type and low cases, with weak eyes and unintelligible copy—night after night, to be smoked like southern bacon—day after day, to be tormented with the errors that we have overlooked—and finally, get more kicks than coppers for our trouble." Thus did the Devil vent his feelings, which a thousand little vexations had rendered peevish, and which had for a time soured his Devilship's disposition. And is there no moral to be drawn from this feeling and expression of discontent?

Pass from the highest station in life, downward to the dregs of civilized society, and among all, in a greater or less degree, you meet with the same

discontented feelings. The farmer, the mechanic, the merchant, and the professional man, entertain the same opinion on this point, and there is not one in a thousand but will tell you if he had not commenced his present course of life he should have been better to live in the world; and were he to begin again he would do something else. It seems to be a law of human nature, which none can get over, that man should ever be discontented with the situation in which he is placed, and envy one where he would find no more satisfaction, and perhaps less ease.

The plain matter of fact is, that every situation is a slavish one. If a man is poor, and compelled to labour for a livelihood, that man can not reasonably expect to live as he would live were he not compelled so to labour: if he follows his business as he should follow it, he must labour hard, steadily, early and late, in season and out of season—nothing short will ensure him a competency. It is not one kind of trade or profession that makes a man a slave, but it is the attention which he bestows upon that business. Some men of the most simple calling in the world, sacrifice themselves upon the altar of application and industry, while others, who follow the most intricate handicraft work, that demands more than all of their time, rise in the morning without care, and retire at night without fatigue. It is not the trade, but the man, who wears the system—if he do much of a less laborious employment, it is equivalent to a smaller task of harder work.

Mankind do wrong to keep up this constant croaking. The task of all is hard, and every one knows it, or ought to know it. Man was made to labour—business of one kind or another is his element, and in the discharge of its duties he feels better than in a continued idleness. By indulgence he unstrings the nerves and unfits the organs to perform their proper functions, and the mind, taking its tone from the body, is consequently disturbed and unfit for enjoyment. Blue devils and hypochondria follow—the mind becomes tainted with melancholy—and the man who would not become a slave to his business, becomes a double slave to his indolence. Every movement is shackled, and every necessary change of position of posture gives pain; habit has chained him to a mental disease that will attend him to his grave, and be felt in the last struggle of dissolving nature. "It's a slavish life that we lead," say all, high and low, rich and poor. None are content to be slaves, or able to be otherwise; so all use the universal privilege of complaining—and like our Devil vent their spleen in words which neither do nor can make one hair black or white.

PIGS.

If there be any thing in which perverseness is humourously provoking, it is in the stubborn wrong headedness of a thorough paced pig. He that drives a pig ought to be blest with even more patience than Job, for surely none other could drive one to market. Imagine yourself at a cross road, with a whip in one hand, and a pig at the extreme end of a long rope, for he will have the whole length of his tether. If you direct the head of your charge, by directing his tail due north, he looks toward the road as if conscious that it led to that "undistinguishable bourne from whence no traveller returns," he can not oblige you, so turns round and makes with all his legs for the south. If neither of these ways are agreeable, he has no objection to turning entirely round and retracing his steps back to the sty of his nativity; and if you can not decide on this proposition immediately, he is polite enough to persist in waiting your leisure, and sticks to his point as immovable as a rusted weathercock; at last he veers round and round like the boxing hand of a compass to all points, but keeps to none, neither making way forward, side-ward, or backward. Your patience now begins to fail, and you apply the whip in the most persuasive manner possible; he squeaks very penitently, and utters his shrill laments till all the passengers stop their ears with their fingers, and housekeepers shut down their windows. He seems to regret his incapacity to please you, let him turn which, ever way he will; but relaxes nothing of his perverseness. You then twist his thin and useless tail

round your thumb, till you have screwed it as tight as it were in a tourniquet, and endeavour to urge him forward by that last resource of defeated pig-drivers. His counter-tenor squeak is only the more piercing and pathetick; but he is as undecidedly decided as ever as to the tenor of his way. And now, stunned by his shrieks, you loose his tail, and pull resolutely at the string which keeps him prisoner by the leg. He was at that moment advancing almost twice his own length on the road we wished him to take, but that pull is construed a direct command to stand still, and once more he into is as "fixed as monumental marble." You ply the whip till his sides look like a tally of the number of lashes he has received; but he seems to think whipping an unmerited compliment. You pull the leg, twist the tail, and flog the flank, for half an hour longer; he squeaks up and down the whole compass of the chromatick scale, till every note is run through, and your head feels as if sharp swords were thrusting through both ears. Meanwhile the blackguard boys swarm round you like bees at a gathering—one volunteers a stick with a nail in it, a second a stone, a third pushes his cap in the pace of your charge; and the rest raise the exulting halloo, or keep up the roaring laugh. These insults put your pig on his mettle, and he either bolts in between their legs promiscuously, and tumbles them down one after another, or else, selecting some newly breached urchin in particular, he flings the bread-and-butter muncher over his back into the mud. The bystanders laugh louder than ever—seizing the porky perplexity by the hind legs, you fling him over your shoulder, and sweat all the way to the market town, while your tender charges making the streets vocal with one long continued shriek.

[London Paper.]

From the Washington City Chronicle.

NEGRO SENSIBILITY.

We give the following interesting narrative, without pretending to vouch for its correctness. It is found in an old history of Jamaica, published in 1751, from which we have abridged it.

When Jamaica was invaded by the English, during the Protectorate of Cromwell, the negroes joined the British army, and abandoned their masters the Spaniards, against whom they fought with singular bravery. Col. Dooley, the English commander, gave them all their liberty, and rewarded some, especially one whose ardour was most remarkable, and who had killed many of the enemy with his own hand. It appeared that he had formerly belonged to a Spaniard of rank and wealth in the island. He loved passionately a female of his own colour, by whom he had had several children. Nothing could equal their happiness, if happiness could be found in slavery; when his master cruelly snatched from his arms the woman he loved so fondly, and forced her to yield to his desires.

The husband applied to all the tribunals of the island to obtain redress, but the ardour of his pursuit only served to draw down upon him severer punishments. He formed a determination to avenge himself sooner or later, and the descent of the British into the island furnished him with a favourable opportunity. He found means of making an assignation with his unfortunate wife, and when they had met and embraced each other tenderly, he communicated to her his projects of vengeance; swore to her that the sincere attachment he had for her would always make him lament her loss; that their happiness was now forever at end, for however innocent she might be of the indignity which she had received, the stain could never be effaced; and that, not being able to receive into his arms a dishonoured woman, he would not consent to see her living in the arms of another. He then affectionately embraced her once more, and plunged a dagger deep into her heart. "It is thus," he cried, in agony, "that your husband uses his power over you." He held her in his arms till he had heard her last sigh; he then fled, and took refuge in the British camp. In all their battles he served them faithfully and gallantly, and particularly in the last, in which the sight of his barbarous master so roused his fury, and so inflamed his desire of vengeance, that he plunged, like a madman, into the hottest part of the battle to meet him, and soon felled him to the earth. He also sacrificed a num-

ber of Spaniards to his fury, and fought so boldly that Col. Dooley remarked his bravery, and, without inquiring into the motives, immediately liberated him, made him several presents, and gave him a portion of land, where he afterwards lived, in peace, but in deep and settled melancholy, which he found himself unable to subdue. He died in 1708, at an advanced age.

From the Nantucke Inquirer.

A REAL HEROINE.

A few days ago, a young woman at Sciasconset, who might well be styled a daughter of Neptune, took it into her head to make a short excursion on the sea-shore to search for booty. She soon discovered a bolt of duck, partly concealed by the surf that was breaking upon the beach, and being anxious to obtain the prize, ventured quite in contact with the rolling wave, seized the duck and drew it ashore. Just as she had succeeded in dragging it out of the reach of waves, and as the surge receded to a more than ordinary distance, she discovered the end of another bolt. Without waiting to reflect on the danger of contending with the furious elements, she bolted for the bolt of duck, stooped and embraced it with all her "might and main," but just at that instant the returning billow rolled over the intrepid madam, and wholly concealed her from view. Fortunately, however, a resolute bachelor, who was cruising the shore on the same business, rushed through surge and surf, grasped the immersed fair one by the feet, and tugged, and tugged, and tugged again—wondering what made her so reluctant to be rescued from the overwhelming billow; but finally at imminent hazard of losing his own life, succeeded in saving that of the lady—and found to his great surprise that it was the bolt of duck that made her drag so confoundedly hard—she having maintained her hold, as if determined to gain the spoil or perish in the attempt. After the gallant bachelor had got the young lady and duck high but not dry, he remarked that he ought to have half the duck for his aid; but the heroine, without seeming to place any value on the salvation of her own life from a watery grave, most resolutely replied that he should not have a single inch—probably feeling that she would sooner surrender all of herself as compensation, than half of her duck. The bachelor became testy, and exclaimed "You and your duck may go (—) to—" "Where?" a very suitable place indeed, for the mercury in the thermometer stood at fourteen, and the lady's clothes so instantaneously froze, that it was with difficulty the bachelor and another man, who was coasting succeeded in getting her to the village before she perished. The young lady might well say to all female wreckers—*non tibi ego exempli satis sumi?*

ALBANY:

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1829.

New subscribers can be furnished with the "American Masonick Record and Albany Saturday Magazine," from the commencement of the present volume. Also, a few copies of the first volume will be disposed of.

The present number of the Record concludes the second volume; and the termination of a volume is an interesting incident in the life of a hebdomedary publisher. Thoughts and things of a more selfish nature than ordinarily influences his actions creep into his attention; and however averse he may naturally be to looking upon the "crooked leg," the ills which all printers' flesh is heir to, make serious attacks upon his philosophy, and engender suspicions of the future. We shall, however, go on;—we shall commence another editorial year with good spirits, tolerable prospects, and a plentiful supply of hope to meet the exigencies which it may be our destiny to encounter.

We did contemplate some improvements upon our journal; but on counting over our peace we find that it will be necessary for us to be content with our present dimensions. We shall amend the character of the Record as much as industry, any warranted additional expense, and our humble abilities will enable us to. We have no hope of pleasing every one, and shall not enter upon quixotic plans to gain the friendship of any but the honest and sensible. *Utility*

shall be the motto of our improvements, and we trust that our readers will fairly value our efforts to give them their money's worth.

We intend that the Record shall be equal in appearance, at least, to any periodical in the union. Paper of a fine quality will be used, and no pains shall be spared to render it as worthy as a journal of its pretensions may be, of extensive patronage.

A word or two about the price. Present subscribers (out of the city) shall receive the paper next year for two dollars, provided they transmit us the amount immediately, otherwise the price will be, as heretofore, two dollars and fifty cents, or if payment be delayed more than ninety days, three dollars. To those who shall hereafter subscribe the terms will be three dollars a year; but if the paper be sent by mail, two dollars and fifty cents, IN ADVANCE, or three dollars if not in advance.

The title page and index to the present volume will be furnished to subscribers within a month. We like to fulfil our promises, and therefore take time enough.

EUROPEAN NEWS. The accounts by the late arrivals are possessed of little interest, in the news line. Russia and Turkey are resting upon their arms, and it seems to be the general opinion that peace will take place notwithstanding a trifling show of preparation for another campaign. The Emperor, it is said, desires peace, and the Porte will not be averse to it. The Queen mother died at St. Petersburg, about the time of the Emperor's arrival, and the Russian court have gone into mourning for her. While returning to St. Petersburg Nicholas was near being wrecked on the Black sea; in which event he would have fallen into the power of the Sultan.

The limits of Greece are determined. They extend from Prevesa to Volo,—including the islands of Samos, Chio and Patmos; the former of which is intended as the head quarters of the Russian admiral who has repaired thither. As to Candia, nothing is yet determined upon; Cyprus will fall to the Turks, and all the others either to Greece or some of the continental powers. A Havre paper observes, "It is well known that England has for a long time coveted the island of Lemnos, and the United States that of Poros."

Portugal is in a troubled state. Don Miguel has been thrown from his carriage, and had his thigh and some of his ribs broken. He vomits blood, is subject to spasms, and it is thought his recovery will be very slow.

The English ports have been opened for the admission of foreign grain. The King and the Duke of Clarence are both sick. Mr. Barbour, the American minister, had a private audience with the King, at Windsor Castle, on the 24th of November. It is expected that Cobbett will be introduced into Parliament by Earl Radnor. The London Sun thinks "he will make glorious sport for a month, and then sit down silent as a muzzled lurcher."

Peace has been concluded between Naples and Tripoli.

COLOMBIA. There has been a great deal said of late in this country against the character and policy of Bolivar, of his connexion with the recent conspiracy, and of his views of revolution in the form of his government. On such a point there is ample room for unjust surmises and false speculations; and the American people, distinguished as they have recently shown themselves to be, for discernment and reward of true merit, should be slow in condemning a man, who, like Bolivar, has ventured so much in the cause of freedom. By a letter from a very respectable gentleman in Bogota to the editor of the New-York Enquirer, we are enabled to present the following particulars in relation to the late conspiracy; which, if they be unquestionable, deprive Santander of much of the sympathy which would otherwise be felt for him.

It appears by the account that the plan of the conspiracy was originated in Ocana, by Santander and a number of his followers; that on their arrival at Bogota it was communicated to, and embraced by Forentino Gonzales, a writer of some notoriety among them, and by his friends, colonel Guerra, general Padilla, Horment, a Frenchman, and a doctor Arguill, supposed to have been engaged in the French revolution. This latter person, by instigating several young men under his tuition, induced them to join in the party, which, however, was mostly composed of the lower class of society. On their detection fourteen of the conspirators suffered death. Guerra and Padilla were hung—numbers were banished for a limited season; and others condemned to close confinement. Santander, the principal, has been

banished for life. He is stated to have left Bogota on the 18th of November for the United States, where he anticipates much sympathy,—in which, if the foregoing account be true, he deserves to be, and we have no doubt will be—disappointed. The account in the Enquirer closes with a well written defence of the character of Bolivar from the many aspersions with which it has been assailed by some of the editors of this country. He is stated to be purely republican in his manners,—free from ostentation, yet maintaining his dignity; accessible to all; conciliatory to his known personal enemies, and free from any of those fears and jealousies which are the inevitable attendants of one whose views are tyrannical, or whose heart is corrupt. The country is in a prosperous state. The Peruvians, who depended on the presence of Santander to promote their cause, it is expected, will be obliged to come to a speedy reconciliation. [Boston Statesman.]

MEXICO. We have conversed with a gentleman recently arrived here from Mexico, from whom we have learned some particulars respecting that distracted country, which will no doubt prove interesting to many of our readers. He states that the new congress was to meet on the first of January, and it was the general opinion, when he left, that the first act of the deputies would be to contest the votes of the states of Puebla, Oajaca, and Yucatan or Correto, all of which had voted for Pedraza for president. The reason assigned for this course was, that the elections in these states had been controlled by the military. If the votes should be declared illegal, new elections would have to be held in these states, and there was no doubt, in such an event, that they would give their suffrages for Guerrero when tranquility would be restored. But, on the contrary, if the congress should declare in favour of Pedraza, the revolution would continue, and there was no doubt that Guerrero would eventually be placed in the presidential chair. He is the favourite of the people, and Pedraza is chiefly supported by the old Spanish party.

Our informant states that Zavala, the former governor of Mexico, for whose arrest the government had issued orders, had not left the country for the United States, as was reported a short time since; neither had he taken any money from the public treasury. He had, however, joined Santa-Anna, and was acting in concert with him. [N. Y. Gaz.]

MORGAN. We saw last evening a letter written to his father by a young man, employed on board the brig Palestine, belonging to this port, dated Smyrna, November 1, 1825, from which we have been permitted to copy the following extract—"I suppose you recollect Morgan who made such a disturbance in America a few years since. He is now at this place. He has turned Turk for life, and wears the turban. He spoke to me yesterday when I went ashore and told me the whole affair of his leaving his native land, which I shall relate to you on my arrival." This intelligence is strongly corroborative of other reports of the same kind, which, at various times, have come from Smyrna. We should think that those who have been so deeply implicated in the abduction of Morgan, if they have any desire to remove the suspicions that now hang over them,—would adopt some measure to ascertain the truth or falsity of these reports. If Morgan be actually alive in Smyrna, there could be no difficulty in settling the fact. The expense of a special agent would be nothing in comparison with the importance of the information. [Boston Courier.]

The trial of Thomas Wiard, for slandering Mr. H. Brown came on at the circuit court in Livingston county, in October last. Mr. Brown is a man of unblemished character, and a tavern keeper at Avon. The suit arose from these circumstances. Hamilton, the noted swindler, who was imprisoned here some time since, and who has since been sentenced to the state prison, for a brutal crime committed in Ontario county, was lecturing on anti-masonry in the interval between his imprisonment here and his last conviction. Being at Avon, lecturing, he one day drank, as was proved on trial, about one pint and a half of liquor within an hour and a half, and on going to his lodgings, was taken sick in fits. Wiard, on hearing of it, and without seeing or knowing the particulars of Hamilton's sickness, declared that the "devilish masons had poisoned Hamilton," and in the course of the same day charged Mr. Brown (it whose tavern Hamilton last drank) with having poisoned his drink. The jury were all anti-masons—the case, as the judge (Birdsall) remarked, grew out of the excited state of public feeling, and the defendant had all the advantage of a jury composed of his own party. The defendant (Wiard) did not attempt to justify, and the jury exonerated Mr. Brown by giving a verdict of nearly three hundred dollars against his calumniator. [Rochester Republican.]

The following blasphemous paragraph is copied from Southwick's Observer of the 24th of November, it speaks for itself, and affords matter of astonishment, how it can be possible, that any of the enlightened part of community—any who love their country—who venerate its civil and religious institutions, should be found in the ranks of a faction, led on and controlled by infidels and blasphemers. We

only ask the candid and serious to reflect on their heedless and unholy course, and then decide, whether they are doing justice to their consciences and their God—whether it is better to sustain and cry up the infidelity of Miller and Giddings, and patronize the blasphemy of Southwick, or spurn their vile publications from existence. [Penn Yan Dem.]

"ANTI-MASONRY sprung from the THRONE of God, and under his ALMIGHTY WINGS, it will conquer 'HELL'S MASTER-PIECE,' and redeem our country from vile slavery and galling chains! from ETERNAL DISGRACE, from EVERLASTING RUIN and DEGRADATION! The man who hesitated to support such a cause STAMPS HIS COUNTRY and DISHONOURS HIS CREATOR. Let no such man be trusted. Let him live neglected, and die pitted and despised—and let no monument tell his name, or point to the spot where his RECREANT ASHES POLLUTE THE SOIL THAT GAVE HIM BIRTH."!!!

A BOOK. Lorenzo Dow is about to publish a strange sort of book, entitled "Omni-farious Law Exemplified, how to Curse and Swear, Lie, Cheat, and Kill, according to Law." The cost of this work is no doubt semi-religio-politico, and, if put into a library, would make every other volume jump out. All of you know Lorenzo Dow, a man that never bought a razor in his life, and whose chin by this time would defy old Hodge, and call aloud for the operation of a chisel. [Georgetown Herald.]

THE INFERNAL TRADE. It is thought about 80,000 slaves are annually imported into Brazil, and as about one third die, or are murdered on the passage, the whole amount of the export from Africa for this market must amount to 120,000. "God is just!" [Niles.]

WHAT A NAME! A paper is to be published in Morris, Vermont, entitled *The Green Mountain Forest Requiem*. Its object we suppose must be, to lull asleep the angry ghosts of bears and catamounts. [Berks. Amer.]

A singular instance of avarice was witnessed in Paris not long ago. A Jew, of the name of Bunck, was found almost lifeless, on a filthy bed, but still grasping the key of his coffers; he was taken to the hospital, where he recovered his senses for a few days; but nature was exhausted by age and voluntary privation, and in a short time he expired, bitterly regretting that he could not take with him his hoarded treasure of about 600,000 francs; 100,000 of which were concealed in different kitchen utensils.

DIED,

At the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee, Mrs. RACHEL JACKSON, wife of General Andrew Jackson, in the 62d year of her age. It is a sufficient eulogy upon her character to say, her loss is sorely felt by all who knew her.

From the Free-Press, Concord, January 7.

A gloom was thrown over the festivities incident to the first day of the new year, in this place, by the sudden death of one of our most estimable citizens, Mr. AMBROSE BARNABY, who, about one o'clock of that day, fell down as he was walking the street and instantly expired. On no occasion have we witnessed such a sensation in our village as this dispensation produced. The gloom which was depicted in every countenance, and the reluctance to meet each other's eye, showed how deeply his death was lamented by his fellow citizens, and how strongly the manner of it was impressed upon their minds. The public amusements of the evening were dispensed with, and places which were to have been lit up with brilliancy and to have been the scene of joy and mirth were shrouded in darkness. And well might we mourn his loss—for he was a man in whose every action of life, either public or private, the milk of human kindness flowed spontaneous and uncurled, and we fear it will be long ere we shall look upon a better man. His death was supposed to have been occasioned by some rupture near the heart. His remains were committed to the grave with masonic honours, on Sunday last, attended by the largest collection ever witnessed in this place. He was thirty two years of age, and has left a wife and one child.



Nov. 6 1825

REMOVAL.—ALLISON & WEED have removed from No. 4 Green-st. to 471 South Market street, opposite James Gould's Coach Maker's shop, where they intend to carry on the SADDLE, HARNESS AND TRUNK making business, in all its various branches. Military Caps and Horse Equipments made according to order, and on the shortest notice. All orders from the country, thankfully received and promptly attended to. Thankful for past favours, they hope to merit a continuance of the same. 41st

PAINTING AND GLAZING.—The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting and Glazing, at the old stand, No. 399, corner of North Market and Steuben streets, where he will accommodate the public with any article in his line. Paints in pots mixed ready for use, of the first quality, can be had at any time. Personal attention will be paid to all orders. March 9, 1825. JOHN F. PORTER.

POETRY.

For the Masonick Record, and Saturday Magazine.

CARPE-DIEM.

Life is what?—an April day
Of sunshine and of showers:
Life is what?—the rose in May,
With briars and with flowers.
Then seize the sunbeam ere it flies,
Or is damped by gloomy showers,
And pluck the rose-bud ere it dies,
Ere its thorns destroy its flowers.
The roses shine more fresh and bright
When briars guard the flowers,
And sweeter is the sunbeam's light
When it sparkles after showers.
Then seize on pleasures ere they fly,
They are life's fairest flowers,
And sweetest smile, when griefs go by,
Like sunbeams after showers.

THE YOUNGLING OF THE FLOCK

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred. *Miss Bowles.*

Welcome! thrice welcome to my heart, sweet harbinger of
bliss!
How have I looked, till hope grew sick, for a moment bright
as this;
Thou hast flashed upon my aching sight, when fortune's
clouds are dark,
The sunny spirit of my dreams—the dove unto mine ark!
Oh, no, not e'en when life was new, and love and hope
were young,
And o'er the firstling of my flock with raptured gaze I hung,
Did I feel the glow that thrills me now, the yearnings fond
and deep,
That stir my bosom's inmost strings as I watch thy placid
sleep.

Though loved and cherished be the flower that springs 'neath
summer skies,
The bud that blooms 'mid wintry storms more tenderly we
prize;
One does but make our bliss more bright, the other meets our
eye
Like a radiant star, when all beside have vanished from our
high.

Sweet blossom of my stormy hour—star of my troubled
heaven!
To thee, that passing sweet perfume, that soothing light is
given;
And precious art thou to my soul, but dearer far that thou,—
A messenger of peace and love,—art sent to cheer me now.
What though my heart be crowded close with inmates, dear
though few,
Creep in my little smiling babe, there's still a niche for you!
And should another claimant rise, and clamour for a place,
Who knows but room may yet be found, if it wears as fair a
face!

I listen to thy feeble cry, till it wakens in my breast
The sleeping energies of love—sweet hopes too long re-
posed!
For weak as that low wail may seem to ether ears than
mine,
It stirs my heart like a trumpet's voice, to strive for thee
and thine!

It peals upon my dreaming soul sweet tidings of the birth
Of a new and blessed link of love, to fetter me to earth;
And, strengthening many a bright resolve, it bids me do
and dare
All that a father's heart may brave, to make thy sojourn fair!

I cannot shield thee from the blight a bitter world may fling
O'er all the promise of thy youth—the vision of thy spring;
For I would not warp thy gentle heart—each kinder im-
pulse ban,
By teaching thee—what I have learned—how base a thing
is man!

I cannot save thee from the grief to which our flesh is heir,
But I can arm thee with a spell, life's keenest ill to bear.
I may not fortune's frowns avert, but I can bid thee pray
For wealth this world can never give, nor ever take away.

From altered friendship's chilling glance—from hate's en-
venomed dart;
Misplaced affection's withering pang,—or "true love's"
wounded smart,

I cannot shield my sinless child, but I can bid him seek
Such faith and love from heaven above, as will leave earth's
malice weak.

But wherefore doubt that He who makes the smallest bird
his care,
And tempers to the new shorn lamb the blast it ill could
bear,
Will still his guiding arm extend, his glorious plan pursue,
And if he gives thee ills to bear, will grant thee courage too!

Dear youngling of my little fold, the loveliest and the last!
'Tis sweet to deem what thou mayest be, when long, long
years have past;
To think, when time hath blanched my hair, and others
leave my side,
Thou mayest be still my prop and stay, my blessing, and my
pride.

And when the world has done its worst—when life's fever
'fit is o'er,
And the griefs that wring my weary heart can never touch
it more;
How sweet to think thou mayest be near, to catch my latest
sigh,
To bend beside my dying bed, and close my glazing eye.

O, 'tis for offices like these the last sweet child is given,
The mother's joy,—the father's pride,—the fairest boon of
heaven;
Their fireside plaything first, and then, of their failing
strength the rock;
The rainbow to their waning years—the Youngling of their
Flock.

THE VICTIM BRIDE.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

I saw her in her summer bower, and oh! upon my sight
Methought there never beamed a form more beautiful and
bright!

So young, so fair, she seemed as one of those serial things
That live but in the poet's high and wild imaginings;
Or like those forms we meet in dreams, from which we wake
and weep
That earth has no creation like the figments of our sleep.

Her parent—loved he not his child above all earthly things!
As traders love the merchandise from which their profit
springs;
Old age came by, with tottering step, and, for the sordid
gold
With which the dotard urged his suit, the maiden's peace
was sold.
And thus (for oh! her sire's stern heart was steeled against
her prayer)
The victim to the altar, gained from love, she won from her
despair.

I saw them through the church yard pass, but such a nuptial
train
I would not for the wealth of worlds should greet my sight
again.

The bridemaids, each as beautiful as Eve in Eden's bowers,
Shed bitter tears upon the path they should have strewn
with flowers.
Who had not deemed that white robed band the funeral
array,

Of one an early doom had called from life's gay scene away?
The priest beheld the bridal group before the altar stand,
And sighed as he drew forth his book with slow reluctant
hand:
He saw the bride's flower-wreathed hair, and marked her
streaming eyes,
And deemed it less a christian rite than a pagan sacrifice:
And when he called on Abraham's God to bless the wedded
pair,
It seemed a very mockery to breathe so vain a prayer.

I saw the palsied bridegroom too, in youth's gay ensigns
drest;
A shroud were fitter garment far for him than bridal vest;
I marked him when the ring was clamed, 't was hard to
loose his hold,
He held it with a miser's clutch—it was his darling gold.
His shrivelled hand was wet with tears she poured, alas! in
vain,
And it trembled like an autumn leaf beneath the beating
rain.

I've seen her since that fatal morn—her golden fetters rest
As e'en the weight of incubus, upon her aching breast.
And when the victor, Death, shall come to deal the wel-
come blow,

He will not find one rose to swell the wreath that decks his
brow;
For oh! her cheek is blanched by grief which time may not
unseal,—

Thus early Beauty sheds her bloom on the wintry breast of
Age.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY.

If from our purse all coin we spurn
But gold, we may from mart return,
Nor purchase what we're seeking;
And if in parties we must talk
Nothing but sterling wit, we balk
All interchange of speaking.

Small talk is like small change; it flows
A thousand different ways, and throws
Thoughts into circulation,
Of trivial value each, but which
Combined, make social converse rich
In cheerful animation.

As bows unbent recruit their force,
Our minds by frivolous discourse
We strengthen and embellish,
"Let us be wise," said Plato once,
When talking nonsense—"yonder dance
For folly has no relish."

The solemn bore, who holds that speech
Was given us to prose and preach,
And not for lighter usance,
Straight should be sent to Coventry;
Or omnium concensus, be
Indicted as a nuisance.

Though dull the joke, 'tis wise to laugh,
Parched be the tongue that cannot quaff
Save from a golden chalice;
Let jesters seek no other plea,
Than that their merriment be free
From bitterness and malice.

Silence at once the ribald clown,
And check with an indignant frown
The scurrilous backbiter:
But speed good humour as it runs,
Be even tolerant of puns,
And every mirth-exciter.

The wag who even fails may claim
Indulgence for his cheerful aim;
We should applaud, not hiss him;
This is a pardon which we grant,
(The Latin gives the rhyme I want,
Et petimus vicissim.)

FATE OF GENIUS.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

To have thy glory mapped upon the chart
Of time, and be immortal in the truth
And offspring of a lofty soul; to build
A monument of mind, on water-rotten wood
May gaze, and round it future ages throng—
Such is the godlike wish forever warm
And stirring in thy spirit's depth; and oft
Beneath the mute magnificence of heaven,
When wandering at the radiant hour of noon,
Ambition dares and hopes secures thee all.

Romantic boy! ambition is the curse;
And ere upon the pinnacle of fame
Thou stand'st with triumph beaming from thy brow,
The grave will hide thee and thy buried hopes.
The path of glory is a path of fire
To feeling hearts, all gifted though they be,
And martyrs to the genius they adore.
The wear of passion and the waste of thought;
The glow of inspiration, and the gloom
That like a death-shade clouds the brightest hour—
And that fierce rack on which a faithless world
Will make thee writhe—all those enervating pangs,
With agonies that mock the use of words,
Thou canst not bear—thy temple is a tomb.

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